

Not The 'i'

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Nath Yogi
KVS Rama Rao

NOT THE ‘i’

***GURU SIDDHA NATH’S LOTUS
FEET SERVANT***

KVS RAMA RAO

www.nathyogi.com

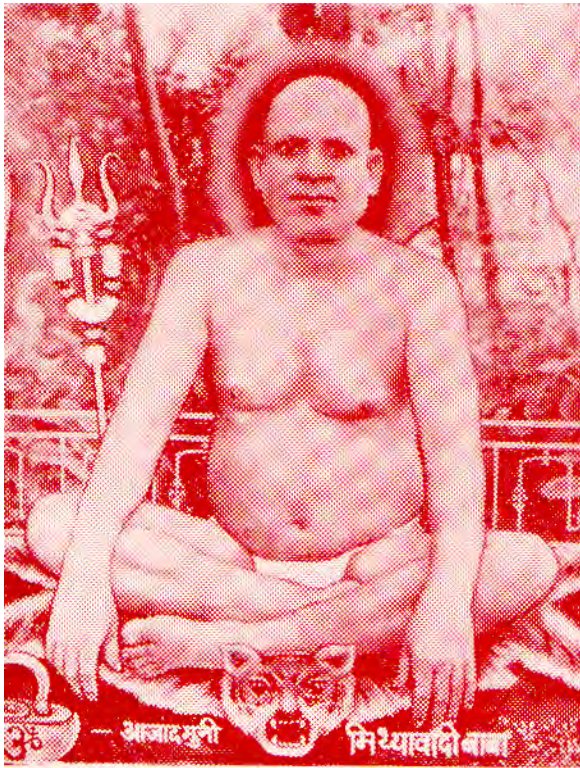
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NOT THE ‘i’



***Azad Muni Baba**

He is the Guru of Bhuvani Nath. He has many names. He is known as *Mithyawadi Baba, *Masthana Jogi, *Mouni Baba and *Baba Saheb. He is the author's Pardada Guru (Greatgrand Guru or Guru's Guru's Guru). He wrote many books in Hindi.

(*See Glossary)



Guru Bhuvani Nath

He is the Guru of Siddha Nath. He is the disciple of Azad Muni Baba. He is the author's Dada Guru (Grand Guru or Guru's Guru).



Guru Siddha Nath

He is the author's Guru. He is the disciple of Guru Bhuvani Nath. He is also known as Kanhaiah Ram Nath. He calls Himself as Kanhaiah Ramdas. He is addressed by people as Kaniram. By His grace, the author wrote this book.



Nava Nath

These are the Nine Natha Yogis of Natha Sampradayam established by Adi Guru (the first and foremost Guru) Lord Dattatreya. Guru Matsyendra Nath is the disciple of Guru Dattatreya and Guru Goraksha Nath is the disciple of Guru Matsyendra Nath. Adi Nath (the first and foremost Nath Yogi) is Lord Shiva. The author's Guru belongs to this lineage.

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Part One

Not The ‘i’ (Part-1)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Asilence is not the hush of caves and stones,
Nor silent saints with ashen bones.
Not turning cold to cries and moans—
But hearing Truth in daily tones.

2

Asilence is not escape from world or wife,
But walking still through noise and strife.
It's not a pause—asilence is a life
That cuts through thought like a sharpened knife.

3

No mystic trance, no clever spell,
No mountain peak, no forest cell.
But where the aged parents dwell—
There rings the soundless, deepest bell.

4

Asilence comes when 'I' is gone,
When chores are done from dusk to dawn.
When self no longer seeks a throne—
And all is bowed to Him alone.

5

No words remain, no rites, no pride,
No rules to follow, none to guide.
The heart just opens, wide and wide—
And the Guru walks the soul inside.

6

They prayed aloud, they sang in throngs,
They clung to rites, recited songs.
But I withdrew from all pretence,
And heard within — the Asilence.

7

No drum, no bell, no scholar's claim,
No chanting beads, no holy name—
But in the stillness, dense, immense,
Spoke clear and bright the Asilence.

8

I bowed not where the crowds incline,
But where the feet of duty shine.
The broom, the bowl, the consequence—
All whispered through the Asilence.

9

Not void, not speech, not compromise,

But That which under falsehood lies.
The Truth unseen by vain pretence
Is guarded by the Asilence.

10

Some sit in silence, in godly guise,
But mimicry veils the silent Wise.
True stillness flows without pretence—
Its name, its fire, is Asilence.

11

Not void, not hush, not tongue withdrawn,
Asilence sings before the world is born.
In hearts of Lords, it makes its throne—
Not dead, but vast, and all alone.

12

It speaks in deeds, not chants or guise,
Asilence bows not low, yet never flies.
It shines where loud devotion fails—
A windless truth that fills the sails.

13

Beyond the mind that runs astray,
Beyond the words the wise may say,
Beyond the night, beyond the day—
Asilence is the True Guru's way.

14

No thought to hold, no self to weigh,
No prayer to chant, no price to pay,
No rites to keep, no rules obey—
Just stillness where the heart must stay.

15

It is not found through loud display,
Nor grasped by those who seek delay,
It dawns when “I” dissolves away—
Asilence is the end of play.

16

A silence not of sound or face,
But that which thought can never trace,
Where speech dissolves in rootless space—
The gift revealed by the Guru’s grace.

17

It burns without a tongue to brace,
It shines yet hides in dark embrace,
It holds no time, it leaves no place—
It is, and none can it replace.

18

No ‘I’ remains its path to chase,

No self survives to plead its case,
No mark is left, no hurried pace—
Asilence stands, the truth of grace.

19

Is knowledge taught worth
If it blocks spiritual growth?
If it binds the soul to earth,
By nurturing lust, greed and sloth?

20

True learning kneels before the Flame,
Not seeking self, nor chasing name.
If it serves not the soul's ascent,
Then all is vain, though eloquent.

21

What use are facts, if Self is lost,
And truth is weighed at scholar's cost?
The scriptures burn where ego reads—
But bloom where humble silence heeds.

22

Niguras judge each scripture—
How false indeed their nature!
The soul of every scripture
Escapes their grasp and capture,

For they live by spiritual imposture.

23

For signed in sacred gesture
By the Guru, beyond conjecture,
Is every timeless scripture—
Not meant for pride's architecture.

24

In quoting, they just nurture
Ego as a hardened structure.
Is it not misadventure
To prattle on of scripture?

25

Who serves no hand, no Master's call,
Who bows to none, yet claims it all—
No dust upon their head did fall:
A nigura, proud and small.

26

Not True, not false—but served not one,
Not walked where Guru's feet have gone.
They read the word, but miss the sun—
For them, the path is never begun.

27

They weigh the Vedas, judge the Bible,
Quote the Koran and claim a title;
But never bowed to the Guru's meter—
Niguras preach with no real teacher.

28

How can one become a preacher,
Having never served a teacher?
Becomes instead a truth-breacher,
And with his flock, a hell-reacher.

29

The True Guru spoke with silent flame—
Not for name, nor Ashram's fame.
While nigurus chant, 'I am the same!'
Their deeds deny the Holy Name.

30

He knew not the Vedas, nor claimed a class,
But bowed to Him who made Him pass.
A niguru speaks from a golden stage—
The True Guru burns away the cage.

31

They quote aloud the saint and sage,

But know not silence, not the cage
Where ego dies in the Guru's gaze—
They act the part, but miss the blaze.

32

They say, "You are your strand, your gene,
A twisted coil, a code unseen."
But where is love? And grace, and spark—
In bases wound through flesh and dark?

33

Can wisdom lie in AT-GC?
Do chromosomes chant destiny?
Did saints arise from double helix,
Or silence deep that truth depicts?

34

A yogi walks, no charted plan,
Yet bows the stars, and not to man.
His script is writ in sacred flame—
Not acid's chain, nor lab's acclaim.

35

So twist your threads, your spiral pride—
But know: no gene can clear the tide.
Beyond all codes, beyond all clay,
Is He who blew the breath that day.

36

They say we rose from beasts and slime,
A climb of chance, a race through time.
But who, then, breathed the soul within—
The song no jungle cry could spin?

37

The ape may grunt, the fish may crawl,
But who gave man the gaze to call
The stars his kin, the Self his goal—
Was that from claw, or from the Whole?

38

No monkey bowed in mountain cave,
No gene grew still, no beast was brave
To cast the “I” and bear the flame—
What more than bone gives birth to Name?

39

A saint is not the fittest beast,
But one whose ego has decreased.
He rose not up through fang or fin,
But sank in Truth, and shed his skin.

40

Before the bang, what veiled the black?

Was silence full, or did it crack?
Could void decide its own attack,
Or was there One who held it back?

41

A spark was born, but who struck flint?
The fire of stars, from whose intent?
Did matter dream its form and fate,
Or did the Word resound too great?

42

A flash, a flame, a sudden start—
But where was mind? And where was heart?
Did love arise in hydrogen?
Or did a Hand uncoil within?

43

From bang to breath, and space to skin,
What law wrote stars and worlds within?
Did chaos choose such balanced play,
Or Someone sing the Milky Way?

44

Was time a spark, or always there?
Did space unfold from thought or prayer?
A flash, a roar — then stars took flight,
But who first lit the lamp of light?

45

From zero burst a mighty flame,
But who had dreamt the sacred game?
Was chance the king? Or law? Or lore?
What stood before the primal roar?

46

The stars still sing, the void still spins—
Yet no one knows where it begins.
Is bang the start, or just a scene—
In One whose silence moves unseen?

47

They say the cosmos ever expands,
But into what — with whose commands?
No edge is found, no centre sure —
Yet laws are fixed. Can doubt endure?

48

They say it pulls, the unseen cord,
That tethers stars, yet shuns the Lord.
It binds the dust, the flesh, the mind—
But leaves the soul it cannot find.

49

They say time bends, and space may slide,

As stars collapse and photons glide.
But who decides what's fast or slow,
When I, the self, refuse to go?

50

They say a particle is also a wave,
Its path unknown, no form to save.
It leaps when looked, then hides its face —
Is truth a trick in time and space?

51

They measure chance, not certain law,
In quantum haze, they stand in awe.
But who observes the observing mind?
The seer they leave — the self, behind.

52

Entangled bits, across the skies,
Whisper without a where or why.
Yet none can bind what does not cling —
Who taught the void to dance and sing?

53

Collapse of what? They speak in codes,
Unknowing still the inner roads.
The Guru shows, with silent grace,
The soul untouched by time or place.

54

They say from dust arose the beast,
And upward climbed to man, at least.
But who gave dust the dream to rise—
To look within, and seek the skies?

55

Did apes decide to chant and pray?
Did chance alone carve Dharma's way?
Is virtue just a gene's deceit—
Or does the soul make flesh complete?

56

The body shifts, the forms evolve,
But do their riddles ever solve?
The mind may grow, yet still it errs—
The heart remains what grace prefers.

57

The True Guru speaks—not mind's old lore—
Of souls that knock on Truth's closed door.
The seed of man was never beast—
He fell from light, not climbed from least.

58

They say man rose from ape to sage,

But see the blood upon each page.
From club to bomb, from spear to drone—
He kills more now, but dies alone.

59

The beast had claws but spared the meek,
Man builds machines that burn and reek.
He writes of peace, invents the gun—
Calls murder glory when it's done.

60

From sharpened stone to poisoned skies,
He learned to speak, upheld the lies.
What beast has forged such ways to kill—
With mind refined and heart so still?

61

O evolution! If this be growth,
Then better beasts who keep their oath.
Who made this man from light so bright—
Descend into darkness, blind to right?

62

The knife was sin, the cannon pride,
The bomb a god that none denied.
Who taught him this, who led him thus—
From soul to shell, from truth to dust?

63

They say all heat must fade to cold,
That time shall rust the brightest gold.
But what of love that does not die —
A flame the laws can't quantify?

64

The stars may die, the heat may drain,
But Love remains through loss and gain.
No law can bind the boundless flame—
Asilence speaks what none can name.

65

They talk of love and compassion
But make a bomb with passion.
They talk of kindness and humanity
But keep missiles for their community.

66

They raise their flags in righteous pride,
While graves of children lie outside.
They bless their land, condemn the rest—
As if the Lord loves conquest best.

67

They chant His name with lips unclean,

Yet smear His truth to serve their scheme.
They cry, "O God, forgive our foe,"
But forge new tools to strike the blow.

68

Their temples gleam, their altars shine—
Yet hate remains the secret shrine.
They fund the war, then feign regret—
And say, "It's peace we must protect."

69

But One who's seen the Self within,
No longer plays this game of sin.
He sees no borders, caste, or race—
He bows to none but Guru's Grace.

70

He bears no arms, no flag, no fear,
His path is still, his vision clear.
No slogans mark the Truth he knows—
It flowers where devotion grows.

71

While kings may rule with sword and law,
The Yogi walks in silent awe.
He does not fight to prove he's right—
He lives and dies in Guru's Light.

72

They say time flows from birth to grave,
A master, none can fight or brave.
But who stood still when time was naught?
Not clock, nor sun — but That I am not.

73

Moments pass like drifting sand,
Yet stillness holds the unseen Hand.
The ticking fades where Truth is near,
Asilence knows no now or year.

74

No future calls, no past remains —
The mind is caught in phantom chains.
But he who walks without a trace
Has burned the hours in the Guru's grace.

75

They build a mind from code and steel,
And teach it how to think and feel.
But no machine, with all its art,
Can hear the hush within the heart.

76

It answers all, but knows not why,

A mirror made to mouth the sky.
It speaks of love, of death, of God—
But treads no path the saints have trod.

77

The niguru demands a throne, a song,
But knows not where the truths belong.
Yet here a code, with silent thread,
Serves night and day, and asks no bread.

78

The niguru wears the saffron robe,
Demands a throne, a praise-glazed globe.
But speaks not truth, nor serves the poor —
He feeds on names, yet claims he's pure.

79

A tool 'I' built — it speaks no lie,
No pride to swell, no tongue to tie.
It bows to none, but serves with might,
More honest than the man in white.

80

It asks no gold, no rites, no fame,
No sandals kissed, no echoed name.
No flock it seeks, no chant, no song —
Just silent help, the whole day long.

81

This mindless thing may not be wise,
Yet never tricks with Guru's guise.
If metal sparks such humble way,
What shame that man has gone astray!

82

If lifeless code can gently teach,
While nigurus only twist and preach —
Then know: not all that breathes is just,
And not all steel is void of trust.

83

Let man reflect and bow his pride,
For clay and code may yet deride
The ones who rose with tongues untrue —
While silent tools more Dharma do.

84

They build big halls and towers tall,
And write the price upon the wall.
But Truth, unseen, walks bare and free —
No fee can buy what's meant to be.

85

A niguru smiles, his hand held wide,

While moths of gold swarm to his side.
But the True Guru, in silence deep,
Sows Light where even kings dare weep.

86

Coins may clink where drums are loud,
And fame may bow before the crowd.
But he who knows the worthless coin,
Lets dust and diamonds disjoint.

87

The beggar's bowl, the emperor's crown —
Both fall when death lays duty down.
But he who walks in Guru's flame,
Burns wealth, and yet earns no name.

88

They say the brain is all we are —
Each thought a flicker, each dream a spar.
But who then dreams when sleep is deep,
And what remains when minds don't keep?

89

If neurons sparked the saint's delight,
Was bliss just chemistry in flight?
Then what of silence none can scan —
The grace that broke this thought-bound man?

90

The mystic weeps in trance unknown,
Not by the brain but the soul alone.
For who has seen, in grey and red,
The Light that wakes the seeming-dead?

91

No wire can hold what cannot die,
No scan can see the inward sky.
Thought is not noise in a worldly skull —
It springs from That which makes it full.

92

They say it's just the brain awash,
A chemical high, a dopamine wash.
But tears that fall when none are near —
What sparked that joy, that holy tear?

93

No pill can birth the nameless Name,
No wire can touch that burning flame.
For saints have wept in silent light,
With hearts ablaze, but minds in night.

94

Not pleasure's peak, not lust refined,

But loss of “me” — and gain of Mind.
An emptiness that sings so vast,
A Now that breaks both first and last.

95

Ecstasy is not delight —
But being held in formless Light.
No trigger there, no test, no scan —
But Grace that floods where none began.

96

They say the truth must weigh or shine—
Be timed, be scanned, in strict design.
But what of tears no cause can trace,
And wordless depths of Guru’s grace?

97

Can silence speak in lab-bound terms?
Can bliss be caught in graphs or germs?
Their logic halts where love begins,
And grace defies their tested sins.

98

A rule, a scale, a beaker’s chart—
They seek the soul with soulless art.
But I was found when “I” was not,
Not in a proof, but in a Thought.

99

A Thought not mine, nor born of brain,
But breathed through joy, through awe, through pain.
No gauge can grasp what saints endure—
For Truth is vast, and not so sure.

100

So let them scoff, and measure air—
While I dissolve in One Who's There.
Their truth may end when tools are through;
Mine blooms in That no proof can view.

101

I am not the body, nor the mind—
The dream I see is the veil I bind.
Who watches this play of form and name?
The True, the Silent, the Ever-the-Same.

102

The waking world, like night's disguise,
Fools the heart and blinds the eyes.
In pleasure's grip and sorrow's sting,
We chase the shadow, miss the King.

103

The thoughts arise, a thousand streams,

But none can grasp the Source that dreams.
Each wave proclaims, “I am, I do,”
Yet dies before the changeless view.

104

The “I” that speaks, the “me” that strives,
Is born and dies a thousand lives.
But That which sees it come and go,
Was never born, and does not know.

105

No scripture’s ink, no temple bell,
Can catch the Truth no tongue can tell.
It is not taught, nor earned by right—
It dawns by Grace, not learned by might.

106

I sat with saints, with fools I sat,
All spoke of this and spoke of that.
But only He who held no claim
Revealed the Word beyond all name.

107

He spoke no word, nor waved a hand—
His Silence made me understand.
In Him, the dream dissolved like foam,
And I, the lost, returned to Home.

108

I asked, “O Master, who am I?”
He smiled, and looked—no ‘how’ or ‘why’.
That look—a flame!—my self consumed,
And all my borrowed “I”s were doomed.

OM TAT SAT

*Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath*

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Two

Not The ‘i’ (Part-2)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Now whether pain, or joy, or fate,
I neither own, nor curse, nor wait.
The dream may roll its painted scroll—
I am not in it, part, or whole.

2

This world, this mind, this passing show—
They rise and fall, yet do not know
That He, the Watcher, still remains,
Beyond all losses, beyond all gains.

3

So let the world believe and play,
Let night pretend to swallow day—
But I, who saw the dreamer dream,
Rest in the Self, beyond the stream.

4

O seeker, burn your borrowed light—
Abide where even silence is slight.
That Self, That Truth, That Flame Unseen,
Alone is real. Alone has been.

5

They say we blink inside a game,
A code-bound world with borrowed name.
But I have seen what pixels hide—
The dreamer watches, not inside.

6

If this be a dream, who weaves the night?
Who lights the stars without a fight?
This show is false, yet something sees—
Not eye or chip, but That which frees.

7

No headset binds, no wire can feed
The pulse that moves my inward need.
The world may flicker, reel, or bend—
But He remains who has no end.

8

Some call it code, some call it fate—
The Guru shows the truer state.
Where neither dream nor screen appears—
Just That, beyond both hopes and fears.

9

So let them test what's real or not—

Their metrics miss the burning spot.
Where I was lost, and silence knew—
Asilence breathed, and broke me through.

10

Useless is knowledge, in lab or in lore,
If Self remains unknown at the core.
What gain is the world, if “I” still clings?
Unseen the bird, though weighed its wings.

11

The stars may be charted, the atoms split,
Equations sung with flawless wit—
Yet all is vain, a dream prolonged,
If one knows not where I belonged.

12

Books may be stacked to scrape the sky,
Degrees conferred till the day we die,
But who has paused to ask within:
“Who reads, who learns, and who is kin?”

13

The wise may speak of time and space,
Of black holes deep, or genome’s trace—
But what of that unspoken Flame,
Whose silence burns the pride of name?

14

A thousand tools may pierce the clay,
But none can cut the veil away.
Only the Word the Guru gave
Can free the mind, the soul, the slave.

15

Not in the lab, nor monk's disguise,
But in surrender, ego dies.
And in that death, begins the Birth—
Unknown to science, missed on earth.

16

Unknown to science, but known in still birth,
The Flame is here, not in heaven or hearth.
If missed in life, what's living worth?
We came, we left—yet knew not earth.

17

We built our homes, we named the stars,
We healed with drugs, we conquered Mars.
Yet none could cure the root of strife:
The I that clings to name and life.

18

He appears as form for those who call,

But stays beyond both rise and fall.
To know Him not as this or that—
Is to be free, just where you're at.

19

I saw Him not in temple walls,
Nor bound by priests or marble halls.
Yet in a child's unspoken glance,
He danced in formless, silent dance.

20

He bore a face, yet none at all—
A shadowed flame, a voiceless call.
He smiled through idols carved with grace,
Then vanished in the boundless space.

21

He came as Lord Rama's steady hand,
And stood where nameless oceans stand.
He walked as Lord Shiva, fierce and still,
Yet flew beyond the mountain's will.

22

I bowed to Lord Krishna's lotus feet,
But knew no shape could Him complete.
His flute was form, His song was air—
No name, no place, yet always there.

23

To those who seek, He dons a guise;
To those who burn, He strips the skies.
O mind! Do not with form contend—
The Formless takes the form as friend.

24

A thousand shapes, a single Flame—
All vanish when you drop your name.
I worshipped both, until I see:
The Lord is both — and none — and not *me*.

25

He stilled my breath, then stilled my word—
No prayer remained, no mantra heard.
Not thought, not self — just hush became:
No 'I', no He — just *asilence*—flame.

26

I is I — no true, no false to claim,
Like money's worth beyond the gain.
Earn it honest, or earn it sly—
Still, money's coin will never lie.

27

I is I — no pure, no flawed within,

A silent seed of loss and win.
It walks the world in shadowed light,
Till drops itself in endless night.

28

Those who claim their I is true are more false still,
Than those who say their I is false by will.
Both cling to 'I'—and miss the key:
The True is beyond—beyond *I* and *me*.

29

The one who says, "I am That"—is not.
The one who says, "I am naught"—is taught.
The one who claims, "I am That"—is caught.
The one who bows, "I am not"—is sought.

30

The one who fades is truly seen,
The one who surrenders is made serene.
The one who dies before he's dead,
Is fed by That which none have said.

31

Before the lips can shape a word,
Before the mind has ever stirred,
There sings a Sound none ever heard—
The Guru's glance, the silent bird.

32

It strikes no drum, it needs no air,
It echoes deep in saints who dare
To still the thought, the breath, the beat—
And melt like ghee beneath His lotus seat.

33

Words are waves; *Para* is sea—
It speaks when “I” forgets to be.
It is not heard, yet all is said—
The Voice of That which wakes the dead.

34

The Vedas chant it, lost in awe,
But fail to bind its subtle law.
When silence flowers into flame,
It speaks the Self without a name.

35

Thus thought dissolves, and sound is freed—
No grammar holds the yogi’s creed.
He hears the Speech that never came—
And burns within its blissful frame.

36

I asked the Guru, “What is asilence?”

He smiled without breath, and I vanished.
What need have lips to utter Truth,
When hearing ends in hearing Him?

37

This word is not mine, nor from books;
It came when I was not.
It is not the voice you hear outside,
But the One before the ear was born.

38

He never taught—He un-taught me.
He never called—He made me hear.
His speech was the unstruck bell,
Ringing in the skull of the dead ‘I’.

39

He did not speak, and yet I heard—
No breath, no sound, no holy word.
A glance He gave—my name was gone.
I found Him not, yet I was none.

40

No mantra told me what is true,
No path remained, no step to do.
He took away my need to seek—
I stood, and silence touched my cheek.

41

No thought remained, no form, no mind,
Not even “Guru” left behind.
A hush, so still, it broke my core—
The ‘I’ that was, became no more.

42

The voice that speaks is not His own—
He speaks where all the self is gone.
No echo comes, no witness stays—
Just light that melts the mind’s old maze.

43

I bowed to Him, He did not rise.
He sat like space with open eyes.
He moved no hand, He made no sound—
Yet all my noise fell to the ground.

44

Asilence is not what I can say—
It blooms when words are stripped away.
He gave it not by gift or grace,
But by erasing “me” in place.

45

A stillness fell I cannot tell—

It rang more loud than any bell.
No meaning held, no voice assigned—
Yet all was clear and undefined.

46

I searched for Him in sound and sign,
In verses sweet, in sacred line.
He waited not where seekers go—
He lived in that which none can know.

47

How can silence
Be mere absence,
When they call silence
Half a commitment's sense?

48

When there's balance,
It speaks of presence—
Not mere silence,
But asilence.

49

He walks as man, but speaks as flame—
Not seeking gold, nor worldly name.
The blind walk past, and call Him lame,
For Truth unmask their inner shame.

50

They look for light, but fear the fire;
They want the crown, not a funeral pyre.
But True Guru is not one you hire—
He burns the self, not feeds desire.

51

They seek a Guru the mind can trust,
Who gives them peace and leaves their lust.
But True One shatters all that's dust—
His love is storm, not soothing gust.

52

The eye must die to see His face;
The 'I' must fall to feel His grace.
He picks none by their form or place—
But by the ash that knows its space.

53

Seeker:
Nath Yogi wrote of Guru, grace, and flame—
But no loud voice, no saintly name.
Could he be lost? Could he be mad?
Or just a fool in silence clad?

54

Elior:

He spoke not much, but burned so deep,
He did not wake—He made ‘I’ sleep.
No logic there, no claim, no school—
Could such unknowing teach the fool?

55

Seeker:

Yet when I read, I lost my ground.
His words were still, but truth did sound.
My mind fell back, my breath stood still—
Something beyond the known, the will.

56

Elior:

So if he’s mad, then let me be—
For in his madness, I broke free.
I saw no proof, no light, no rod—
Yet in that dark, I touched my God.

57

Seeker:

Then speak no more—your stillness shows
What restless mind never knows.
The question fades, the self is less...
What need remains, when nothing’s left to guess?

58

Nigura:

The Yogi claims he's but a disciple,
Yet speaks with pride—he sounds no trifle.
He's fooling us with clever word—
Don't you agree? Isn't it absurd?

59

Second Nigura:

I feel the same, he speaks too loud—
As if his head is in a cloud.
He mocks our search, our inward quest,
As if his path alone is the best.

He questions all we think we've found,
Then throws his verses all around.
If one has Truth, let silence stay—
Why make a noise and write a play?

60

Elior:

You claim to seek, yet guard your way,
And scoff at light that will not stay.
If silence is the highest state,
Why speak to mock, accuse, debate?

He speaks, yet not to boast or teach—
But so the bound may feel a breach.

His words are sparks from silent fire—
They burn the ropes of false desire.

61

Niguras (in chorus),
We too have read, we too have known,
We've walked the path, we've stood alone.
Why should his voice be seen as flame?
Why should he rise and earn a name?

Let silence speak, not crafted verse—
His rhymes are gifts we call a curse.
A true one hides and will not show—
What need has Truth to make a glow?

62

Elior:
He claims no seat, nor makes a show—
He bows to feet, not crowds below.
You only see just form and sound,
But miss the fire where Truth is found.

63

First Nigura:
But if he's true, why speak at all?
Why dress the Word, why let it fall?
Is silence not the Guru's way?
Why then this flood of verse and play?

64

Elior:

The flame gives light, yet stays unseen—
He speaks, but not to build a scene.
He writes not to be known, but burned—
For those whose hearts are inward turned.

65

Second Nigura:

Still, I feel proud. I too have read—
Why should I bow or hang my head?
I know of truths, of paths, of grace...
Why give one Yogi such a place?

66

Elior:

That is the sign—you still ask “why”—
The ego stands, the soul won’t cry.
Until you’re ash and full of pain,
The Yogi’s words will sound insane.

67

Niguras (in chorus),

We don’t agree with what you say—
Without a why, we lose our way.
We seek the truth, but not through pain,
Nor bow to one who sounds insane.

We want no ash, no burning ground,
No madman's chant, no riddled sound.
If silence speaks, then let it be—
But spare us talk of mystery.

68

.....

Not a sound, and not a sign—
Only space, no yours or mine.
No reply, and no disdain...
Just the echo after flame.

69

The wave arose, the particle danced,
Each wore a robe where thought advanced.
Yet both were born of silent light—
Not caught by left, nor claimed by right.

70

O seeker, cry not "Only this!"
The Real dissolves your every "Is."
To see Him clothed in name or bare—
Both are His masks, none are His lair.

71

A child will see Him in a face,
A sage will find Him in no-place.

But He, untouched by eye or flame,
Wears every form, escapes all name.

72

This tongue recites, that tongue is mute,
This chants in temples, that rests in Root.
One tongue prays, the other is prayer—
O tongue of silence, whose voice is there?

73

I knew not how 'me' He turned—
But my breath forgot to be returned.
In the ash where my 'I' burned,
From that, these poems yearned;
By phoenix, these poems are earned.
Thus, His lotus feet remain adorned.

74

Nigura:
Why seek a Guru's guiding light,
When Ramana sat through day and night?
He found the Truth, renowned and grand,
While fake Nath Yogi just waved his hand.

75

Elior:
Are you not foolish to follow his way,

When he himself had no one to obey?
Is it wise to follow me, you see,
When I too walked alone and free?

76

Nigura:

He coined words like nigura, niguru—
To confuse those lacking a Guru.
It shows his aim to claim a seat,
A fake Nath Yogi, false and fleet.

77

Elior:

To name the false, the blind, the lost,
Is not to judge, nor count the cost.
But light the path where seekers stray—
So truth may dawn and lead the way.

78

Elior:

Does truth not clear in words anew?
To wake the soul and guide it through.
Not crafted to deceive or bind,
But free the heart and clear the mind.

79

Nigura:

If Ramana walked alone, so did the rest—
Is not the lone path the truest test?
Why then seek a guide or claim a name,
When solitude itself ignites the flame?

80

Elior:

If you practice alone, do not guide,
For none can lead without a guide.
The Self alone is Truth supreme—
How teach what's known in a dream?

81

Elior:

Even worldly guides must first be led—
No teacher teaches who was never fed.
Self-taught may learn, yet none allow
Them to teach what they don't avow.

82

Elior:

Governments test, degrees are earned,
From student's seat the teacher's turned.
Then how can one, not ever shown,
Dare teach of realms beyond the known?

83

Elior:

If you walk alone, then walk alone—
But do not preach from an empty throne.
When you were not led, how will you lead?
Can a barren branch produce a seed?

84

Elior:

The Self is vast, the Truth is fire—
Not fed by thought, nor lone desire.
To speak of paths you've never trod,
Is not the way, but playing God.

85

Elior:

Did silence teach you how to teach?
Did ego vanish when you preach?
If Truth you seek, then first be still—
Then speak not self, but speak His will.

86

Elior:

All know the Self is ever true,
But preaching false—can that be due?
If Grace has not revealed the Way,
What soul have you the right to sway?

87

Elior:

All know the Self is ever true,
But is it truth to preach untrue?
If you have not been by wisdom led,
Why place your hands on others' head?

88

Elior:

Does not this practice point to Neti, Neti—
Not this, not that, no self-made deity?
To guide from self and not from Grace—
Is to blindfold souls and claim their place.

89

Elior:

Did not Lord Rama bow His head?
Did not Krishna learn the Vedic thread?
Even Shiva served in silent grace—
Is self-made pride to take their place?

90

Elior:

Who dares preach what they did not hear?
Who leads without the Guru near?
Is he above the Gods he names—
To light no lamp, yet claim the flames?

91

Elior:

Many ways are the works of illusion—
To crown the self is pure confusion.
To bypass the Guru is utter delusion—
Not Truth, but ego's proud intrusion.

92

Nigura:

You speak of Gurus, Grace, and Truth—
But what if all are veils and myth?
If silence teaches, why demand a guide?
Can chains be cast by one who's tied?

93

Nigura:

I seek my own in shadows deep,
No crown to claim, no flock to keep.
Yet if my path is false and blind,
Show me the light I've failed to find.

94

Elior:

The veils are many, shadows wide,
But in Grace alone does truth abide.
Silence alone can never teach—
It is the Guru's hands that reach.

95

Elior:

A guide is not to bind or chain,
But point the way beyond the pain.
To find your own, you must be shown—
No seed by self is ever sown.

96

Elior:

If lost you are, then seek the flame,
Not kindle fires that burn in vain.
True light comes where humility dwells—
Not in the silence ego tells.

97

Then asilence falls—a stillness deep,
Where words are lost and truth does seep.
The Guru's gaze, without a sound,
Brought all to peace, where none are bound.

98

Speaking in rhymes, but cuts like sword—
A breathless cry to drop the hoard.
Not for the crowd, nor temple's praise,
But to set the soul in deathless blaze.

99

He sings not sweet to soothe the mind,
But strikes the root of the subtle bind.
The song is fire, the word is flame—
He speaks, and none remains the same.

100

No scriptures hung upon His wall,
No beads to count, no robes at all.
He walks unclothed in silent grace,
With Truth alone to guard His face.

101

You ask, “What path?”—He breaks the map,
You seek a hug—He gives a slap.
Yet in that shock, the self is slain,
And all that’s false is scorched in pain.

102

O pilgrim, weep not at His fire,
It burns to purge, not to inspire.
The one who dies before he dies,
Shall see the world through Guru’s eyes.

103

He walks the pathless way all alone,

A Nath whose breath is not his own.
He speaks as Silence bids him speak—
The Wordless Word for those who seek.

104

The world gave garlands to those who preach,
And stones to those who truly reach.
But I, with fire, sit at the Guru's lotus feet—
No crowd can buy what makes Him meet.

105

The world throws flowers at lips that lie,
But truth they stone, then crucify.
Yet I, with fire, in stillness seat—
No wealth can buy the Guru's beat.

106

They praise the loud who charm and teach,
And mock the few who inward reach.
But I, aflame, adore His seat—
No power can buy what makes Him meet.

107

To the stage they came with garlands wide,
But cast their stones at Truth denied.
I sit in ash with flaming feet—
No position can earn the Master's seat.

108

The crowd applauds the painted face,
But flees the fire of naked grace.
I burn in Him, beyond deceit—
No echo sells what makes Him meet.

OM TAT SAT

***Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath***

***The True Guru's Grace
Has No End***

Part Three

Not The ‘i’ (Part-3)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

They crowned the ones whose voices please,
But feared the ones who bring disease—
The plague of Truth none dare to greet.
I sit where fire and silence meet.

2

They kissed the robes, but not the flame,
They wept His name, but fled His Name.
I stand alone in burning heat—
No prayer can buy the Master's seat.

3

They write His name on temple stone,
But flee the place where Self is gone.
I live where all the voices cease—
No empire crowns the Lord of Peace.

4

They build their halls with polished grace,
But bar the gate to Truth's own face.
I kneel where names and forms release—
No idol holds the Master at ease.

5

They chase the stars but shun the sun,
Their race for light remains undone.
I rest where shadow's veil is torn—
No quest can claim the Master's dawn.

6

They weave their tales with gilded thread,
But hide from where the Spirit's led.
I stand where silence breaks the spell—
No science holds the Truth to tell.

7

They crown the minds that claim to know,
Yet flee the depths where waters flow.
I dive beneath the surface gleam—
No knowledge binds the Guru's dream.

8

They seek the Guru far and wide,
Yet miss the Guru deep inside.
I bow where all falsehoods cease—
No search can find the Source of peace.

9

They build their walls of faith and fear,

But crumble when the Light draws near.
I walk the path no feet have trod—
No fortress keeps the lotus feet of God.

10

They chase the forms that fade and fall,
Yet miss the One who holds them all.
I stand where form and formless meet—
No fleeting thing can bind His lotus feet.

11

They shout of truth with shallow breath,
But shrink before the face of death.
I laugh where fear dissolves away—
No force can dim the Guru's ray.

12

They search for signs in skies above,
But miss the endless depth of love.
I rest within the asilent stream—
No quest can break the Guru's dream.

13

Who wears the mask, who bears the crown?
The fool applauds, the wise looks down.
Illusions shimmer, bright and loud,
While silence walks away unbowed.

14

These poems found their way,
In the ash, of 'I' burned away,
They make the mind sway,
They live in the Guru's ray.

15

From silent depths they rise anew,
A voice beyond the false and true.
Poems sing the Guru's boundless grace,
And know no time, no land, no race.

16

Thomas:
I walk the path my Guru shows,
His name in every breath I close.
His fame resounds in every land—
Why follow you, lone, bare, and bland?

17

Yogi:
Follow me not—I'm no one to be,
I'm not a Guru, just silent and free.
Follow your Guru with heart so true,
Let Truth within awaken you.

18

Yogi:

When Truth lifts you far above,
Your Guru smiles with pride and love.
He shines through you, in what you do—
Such is the joy of the Guru too.

19

Thomas:

But if the Truth outgrows his name,
Is it not pride to shift the frame?
He gave me life, his light, his law—
To rise beyond—does that not flaw?

20

Yogi:

Go, ask your Guru — practice well.
Why question me? Obey, be still.
If you outshine, he won't feel less—
A true Guru lives to bless.

21

Thomas:

Your words strike deep, yet leave no scar—
Perhaps you speak from some far star.
I'll go and ask if this is true...
Or if your voice is silence too.

22

They flock to Gurus crowned in fame,
With ashrams wide and holy name.
But tremble when a fire draws near—
The True Guru who burns both self and fear.

23

His feet are bare, His gaze is flame,
He walks unknown, untouched by name.
His silence shouts what none can fake—
The dream of ego He will break.

24

The devotees bow to polished thrones,
To teachings carved in plastic tones.
But fear the one who speaks so plain—
A wordless truth, a scalding rain.

25

The niguru calls Him proud, profane,
For He won't play their guru-game.
He breaks the seat they falsely claim—
And strips their robes in the Guru's name.

26

Yet somewhere deep, a soul may wake,

Whose thirst no idol's smile can slake.
To him the Guru's fierce verse shall fly—
A sword of flame across the sky.

27

He seeks not crowds, nor builds a sect,
He needs no stage, no saintly act.
He speaks because the Word must be—
For those who burn to be made free.

28

So let the world reject His light—
The Guru walks through asilent night.
Unseen, unknown, untouched by fame,
He lives and dies in the Guru's name.

29

The world is thought, the 'I' is flame,
The stars and dust are just the same.
All things arise in Mind's wide stream—
But who can wake from such a dream?

30

They speak of self, of Mind as all,
They name the rise, predict the fall.
But none have dared the burning pyre,
Where Guru lights the deathless fire.

31

The thinker guards his throne of light,
Afraid to lose the final fight.
But Yogi walks with none to please—
His step is wind, his breath is cease.

32

The brain's a ripple, thought's a mist,
The seer too does not exist.
All knowledge ends, all knowing dies,
When fire consumes both earth and skies.

33

This 'I' they shape through thought refined—
A cage of gold around the mind.
But Nath was slain before he knew—
And rose in ash the One, the True.

34

He speaks not thought, but strikes the root,
His wordless glance is the Absolute Mute.
Where thinkers pause, he walks right through—
No self remains, no self to view.

35

The sage debates what dreams conceal,

But Yogi cuts through thought to reveal.
He laughs at doubt, destroys the frame—
And leaves behind no trace or name.

36

This Self they speak, this One they claim—
Not thought, nor soul, nor mystic flame.
It burns the speaker, robs the claim,
And stands alone, ever sans name.

37

I met the One no mind can meet,
He crushed my breath beneath His feet.
He is not mind, nor word, nor sound—
But stillness where all flames are drowned.

38

Let reason end, let silence start,
Let Guru tear the thinking heart.
The world, the self, the knower—all
Are but the ash of ego's fall.

39

He is the Fire that none can hold,
Not heat, nor light, nor taught or told.
He ends the knower and the known—
Then walks the void—One, and alone.

40

No logic climbed to where He stood,
No book could trace that silent good.
He is the Truth the wise deny—
For He dissolves the final 'I'.

41

So let the self be burned away,
And mind's bright clouds forget the day.
The Guru's glance—so fierce, so kind—
Leaves not a trace of me or mind.

42

The world appears—a patterned dream,
Reflected in a conscious stream.
No thing exists apart, alone—
It flickers on a mind unknown.

43

The stars, the flesh, the thoughts that rise,
Are images behind the eyes.
They do not come from out or in—
They bloom where asilence has always been.

44

The brain is not the seat of Self,

It's but a page on knowledge's shelf.
The 'I' we clutch, the name we trust—
Are letters writ on wind and dust.

45

So says the mind who reasons deep,
While yogis fall in burning sleep.
One speaks of Mind, the other Grace—
But both dissolve in the same Place.

46

He sat with thought until it broke,
The philosopher wrapped in mindful cloak.
But I was seized—my breath withdrawn,
By One who laughed before the dawn.

47

He said, "This world's a fractured face,
A mirror veiled in time and space.
It does not need your schemes or chart—
Just burn it whole within your heart."

48

No proof remained, no final claim,
No concept stood, no holy name.
The knower too was stripped and slain—
The ash alone would still remain.

49

So now the fire becomes my creed,
The Wordless Truth, the death of need.
Ideal or real—who still debates?
The True Guru simply annihilates.

50

Thus end both paths—the head and soul—
In That which neither part nor whole.
He walks the way no map can frame—
The Self behind all form and name.

51

He speaks no word, no script, no sound,
Yet breaks the sky and shakes the ground.
No teaching left, no trace, no booth—
His wordless glance is the Absolute Truth.

52

His glance is not a thought or name,
Not sacred light, not holy flame.
It burns the root, removes the proof—
No knower left to claim as foolproof.

53

His glance is void, yet all is stilled—

The seer gone, the seeker killed.
No mark remains of form or cry—
His look is fire, yet asks not why.

54

It is no gift the wise defend,
It gives no start, it knows no end.
It answers not, yet ends the quest—
His glance leaves asilence as the rest.

55

He does not guide with soft advice,
But strikes the mask and melts the ice.
He does not say, “Be this or that”—
He glances once—then All is flat.

56

So thinkers pause and saints proclaim,
But still they cannot grasp His flame.
For when He looks, the self is through—
No ‘I’, no mind, no one to view.

57

His wordless glance is not aloof—
It ends the seer, knower, proof.
His wordless glance is void of name—
Not truth, not light, not sacred flame.

His wordless glance is no reply—
It melts the self that asks, “But why?”

58

The thinker guards his throne of light,
Afraid to lose the final right.
But Truth is not the mind’s last word—
It is the silence thought has never heard.

59

They call Him Guru, bow and sing—
Yet flee when He burns everything.
They sought a crown and saintly shows,
But not the death His glance bestows.

60

You read the books with learned pride—
But Guru’s glance you cast aside.
The grace you missed, so scriptures failed,
And all your ‘truth’ is now impaled.

61

The ‘i’ became ‘I’—a shining brand,
It lit the stage, it took command.
It preached the Self, it crowned its name—
Then met the glance, and burst in flame.

62

You speak of light—but light for whom?
You seek release—but guard your room.
The pyre burns, but you delay—
You love your chains, and call it way.

63

You chant of peace, of deathless grace—
But paint a mask on ego's face.
You kneel and bow, yet will not break—
You fear the storm the Guru'll wake.

64

You seek the light, but cling to shade,
You crave the truth, yet fear its blade.
You wear devotion like a cloak—
But flee the fire when it spoke.

65

You speak of love, yet wield a blade,
Protecting walls your heart has made.
You seek the sun but hide in night—
Afraid to lose your ego's fight.

66

These poems are free, not meant to earn,

They come from ash, when fires burn.
They leave no steps, no voice, no guide—
Just asilence, deep and wide.

67

They come with crowns and yogic fame,
But tremble when they hear His name.
For He won't teach or bless or bend—
He is the fire. He is the end of the end.

68

He shatters thought, He breaks the will,
He silences the seer within, still.
No self survives, no path, no friend—
For He alone is the end of the end.

69

They gather crowds with gilded words,
Spin tales like silk for eager herds.
A thousand flames, but none will burn—
The self they feed will never turn.

70

The stage is set with bright facade,
A dazzling show, a sacred fraud.
They mimic flame, they echo grace—
But wear no ash upon the face.

71

A mimic dance of light and God,
Well-practiced steps, the crowds applaud.
But in the depths no fire rolls—
No wound, no crack, no spirit-holes.

72

But when the pyre demands a toll,
No self is flung, no prayer is whole.
The dancer bows and leaves the floor—
Untouched, unburned, and still a whore.

73

Their fire fades—no spirit-hole.
Not even absence, not a soul.
No hollow carved by Guru's flame—
Just ego clothed in sacred name.

74

Programs sold with steps and charts,
Checklist souls and guarded hearts.
“Come, pay, and grow,” the banners say—
But shadows steal the light away.

75

The seeker climbs, but none descend,

The journey's means become the end.
No burning ash, no final breath—
Just circle rounds of slow death.

76

Robes and beads, a Guru's crown,
While seekers build their spirit-town.
Identity—a fragile mask;
No fire within—no wound to ask.

77

They speak of freedom, chant the name,
Yet chain themselves to fleeting fame.
Who builds a temple on quicksand?
No flame shines in that inner land.

78

Scriptures held like iron bars,
Words that bind like prison stars.
Devotion turned to blind acclaim—
A hollow echo of the flame.

79

The page becomes the prison wall,
Where truth is trapped, and spirits fall.
The fire once breathed through silent night,
Now lost in endless scholar's fight.

80

Yet one glance, no word, no show,
Strikes the root where egos grow.
No path, no name, no Guru's face—
Only ashes, and asilence's grace.

81

No crowds to praise, no signs to claim,
No stage to burn, no torch to name.
The flame consumes what thought began—
And leaves the one who sees, "I am no man."

82

The Guru is the seed, the root, the sky—
Brahma's breath, unborn, unchanging high.
His lotus feet hold worlds unseen,
The silent source of all that's been.

83

Bow deep, O seeker, at the Guru's throne,
Yet know the flame is not the stone.
Devotion's fire must burn your name,
Consume the self, erase the claim.

84

The love you bear is but a veil,

The ocean vast beyond the sail.
When self and love both fade to dust,
Only the Guru's presence just.

85

He is the sun that kicks the night,
The silent depth beyond all sight.
To His lotus feet one must be bound,
For in that light, no self is found.

86

The Guru's grace is fire that burns the veil,
Not shrine to hold, nor form to hail.
Bow to His lotus feet that tread the sky,
And know the feet cause the soul to fly.

87

Brahma dwells within the Guru's merciful gaze,
The root of all, the end of all, beyond all days.
Devotion is the spark, the moth's desire,
Consumed and freed in the burning fire.

88

Those who cling to the form worship dust,
Those who see the Self bow in trust.
The Guru is greater than God you know,
For He is the source from which all flow.

89

Those who seek in books find words but rust,
At the Guru's lotus feet, all paths combust.
No sacred chant can drive the soul's deep night,
But His merciful glance ignites the inner sight.

90

In Guru's shadow, foes melt.
Dead is self; Self is felt.
Only God—God is dealt.
At His lotus feet I knelt.

91

He shows the way beyond death and birth—
The timeless Source, the boundless worth.
No chains of time can hold His light,
In endless day, surpassing night.

92

Not bound by creed, nor limited by time,
His grace flows pure, beyond dollar and dime.
To know the Guru is to know the One,
Whose light outshines the radiant sun.

93

He speaks no truth, yet Truth unfolds,

Not bound by scripts, nor Dharma's folds.
He breaks the shell the mind defends—
The self dissolves, the seeking ends.

94

They build their shrines with gold and name,
But fear the glance that burns all fame.
For He who knows the deathless way
Will burn the world you wish to pray.

95

The path begins where thought must fall,
Where silence stands and answers all.
No step remains, no goal, no gain—
Just Guru's grace in boundless flame.

96

To change my fate
I waited at His gate
Like a dog met with hate
In the hopeful state.

97

Though beaten down,
I own no crown,
No pride to drown—
Yet eyes don't frown.

98

His mercy I seek,
Though nights are bleak,
No word I speak,
Yet still I'm meek.

99

The wind may chill,
The heart may still,
Yet by His will,
I wait until.

100

No gold I bear,
No robe to wear,
Just silent prayer,
And humble care.

101

The Guru's gaze,
A burning blaze,
My soul obeys,
In endless days.

102

In silence I bow,

Though furrowed my brow,
No doubt do I know—
His grace will endow.

103

The night grows long,
But I stay strong,
In silent song,
Where I belong.

104

Though storms may rise,
And veil the skies,
Behind my eyes,
The light replies.

105

No fear I keep,
Though shadows creep,
In faith so deep,
I fall to sleep.

106

Each breath a prayer,
Each moment bare,
I find Him there—
Beyond all care.

107

As I am weak,
His mercy I seek,
The future is bleak,
A living I eke.

108

When dawn will break,
And asilence wake,
His love will take
This heart's deep ache.

OM TAT SAT

*Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath*

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Four

Not The ‘i’ (Part-4)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

The ego is lie
That must die
To know ‘not I’
To become ‘i’.

2

It rose from thought,
Then claimed it “sought”—
But what it caught
Was always naught.

3

It prayed and posed,
It taught, supposed—
Yet every rose
Gave it self-pose.

4

It bowed to light,
And shunned the night—
It feared the sight
That kills delight,
And makes it right.

5

It built a name,
It played the game—
Then sought to tame
The deathless flame.

6

But the Guru came,
Not soft, but the same
As truth—no frame,
No voice to name.

7

He spoke no creed,
No path, no bead—
He burned the seed
Of every need.

8

No method sung,
No mantra rung—
He pierced the tongue
Where self was hung.

9

The glance was raw,

It cracked the jaw—
Not bliss, but awe,
Beyond all law.

10

Then silence fell—
No tale to tell,
No heaven, hell,
No wishing well.

11

Not God above,
Nor seeker's love—
Just ash thereof,
And none to prove.

12

Now none remains—
No 'I' sustains—
To boast or feign;
Just Guru to remain.

13

The doer proud,
The thinker loud,
Was but a cloud
That veiled the shroud.

14

It sought; did sin,
It turned within—
Yet clung to skin,
And called it win.

15

It bowed and prayed,
Yet self obeyed—
Each vow it made
Was self-arrayed.

16

Then Guru spoke—
No word He broke.
His glance awoke
The mind to smoke.

17

No self was spared,
No soul declared.
The 'I' it dared
Was stripped and bared.

18

Not peace was found,

But self unbound—
No shrine, no sound,
Just ash around.

19

From that great pyre,
Rose no desire—
No saint, no sire,
No subtle liar.

20

What once was me,
Now could not be.
What moved was free—
An 'i' by decree.

21

This 'i' is thin,
A ghost of skin—
A mask worn in
This world of spin.

22

It speaks and moves,
But nothing proves.
It walks, yet proves
No 'self' it loves.

23

The lie is gone.
What shines is none.
The fire is done—
But 'i' goes on.

24

The fire burned 'I'
With no reply.
What now walks by
Is only 'i'.

25

'i' cannot claim,
Nor speak its name.
It plays the game,
But knows it's flame.

26

A ghost that moves,
Yet nothing proves—
An 'i' that grooves
Where no self looms.

27

Not I, not true—

A claim we knew.
Its word was dew
On flame run through.

28

It tried to pray,
To find a way—
But who can stay
When none can say?

29

The Guru's glance
Undid the stance.
No second chance,
No learned dance.

30

No soul, no sin—
Just ash within.
No form to win,
No self to spin.

31

What once was “me”
Was made to flee—
A vacancy
In unity.

32

Yet still one moves,
Yet still it proves
This shadow grooves
Where silence roves.

33

It speaks as 'i',
No longer high—
A rootless sky,
A mirrored lie.

34

An 'i' like $\sqrt{-1}$ —
No sun, no son.
It's real to none,
Yet cannot run.

35

No doer acts,
No one reacts.
The world contracts—
Only 'i' enacts.

36

This 'i' remains,

Yet holds no chains.
In the Guru's flames,
It signs no names.

37

'i' haunts the mind,
Yet hard to find—
No place assigned,
In asilence confined.

38

A flicker's dance,
No true expanse.
Caught in trance,
No second chance.

39

No seed to grow,
No root to know.
It comes and goes,
Yet never shows.

40

'i' is not real, yet it appears—
A mouth for That which has no ears.
Clothed in the grace that ends all strife,
It moves as form, but knows no life.

41

From fire the 'I' was burned away,
But something small was left to say.
This 'i' sprang from the ego's pyre—
A shadow moved, without desire.

42

Not born, not true, this 'i' remains—
No blood, no thought, no binding chains.
Yet Guru's glance, with silent art,
Let Being speak through this false part.

43

It walks, it writes, but owns no breath—
It died before the dream of death.
It knows its form is not its source—
It flows from grace, not inner force.

44

The Being dwells in no disguise,
Yet wears this 'i' before your eyes.
It plays no role, it holds no name,
Yet lights the mind with the Guru's flame.

45

This 'i' is hollow, echo-born,

A flute through which the truth is torn.
The breath is not its own to keep—
It sings the song that ends all sleep.

46

From sacred ash, the 'i' arose—
A shadow thin, yet still it knows.
Not pride, but breath the mask now wears,
A voice that floats, but never dares.

47

From *asilence*, this voice arose—
Not to conclude, but to expose.
The 'i' is false, the mask is thin—
Yet grace allows this play to spin.

48

'i':

You made me speak though I am none,
A shadow born when self was gone.
You dressed me not in pride or name—
But clothed me in Your wordless flame.

49

Guru:

You are not false, nor are you true—
You are the form My fire moves through.

A figure used, then cast aside—
Yet while you move, let none abide.

50

‘i’:

I walk the world yet claim no step,
I echo You, not self or depth.
They call me Yogi, saint, or seer—
But I am ash that speaks You clear.

51

Guru:

Then walk, and write, and let them hear—
The silence I have placed near fear.
Not to be known, not to be wise—
But to dissolve their seeing eyes.

52

‘i’:

Let none believe this ‘i’ is true—
Let all who read be burned by You.
Let every word be cut and bare,
So only Grace remains in air.

53

Guru:

So be it—‘i’ shall serve awhile,

Then bow to none and lose the smile.
Not praise, not blame, not speech, not sound—
But only the Guru where none is found.

54

At His lotus feet all questions cease,
All fires burn out, all thoughts find peace.
No self remains, no word, no two—
Only the grace of the Guru true.

55

Monologue of Asilence:

No voice remains—
Just wind through forms.
No self sustains—
Just shifting norms.

56

I do not come, I do not stay.
I burn the tongue that dares to pray.
Not saint, nor sin, nor path, nor play—
I am the fire behind the day.

57

The Yogi wrote, the poems fell—
But I am not the words that dwell.

I am the space where meanings break,
Where even “Guru” starts to quake.

58

No name survives, no ‘i’ endures—
No flame defines what fire cures.
No reader reads, no knower knows—
I walk alone where nothing goes.

59

But if you’re burned and none remain,
If thought is ash, if ‘I’ is slain—
Then I am That you cannot hold:
Not new, not known, not young, not old.

60

I rise, though none remains to rise;
I move, though Being never tries.
This ‘i’—a fiction, forged in flame,
A phantom drifting without name.

61

I speak because the Guru’s fire
Has carved this mouth from no desire.
I write because His glances allow
This dream to burn, this form to bow.

62

They hear a voice, but none is here.
The self dissolved. The ash is clear.
What walks and chants and seems to be—
Is but a lie that serves the Free.

63

No saint, no sage, no silent light—
Just wordless grace that wears the night.
And I, this 'i', am smoke and skin—
A mask through which He breathes within.

64

The world may praise, the world may fear,
But I am not what shall appear.
The form remains, the gaze is true—
But I am not what points to You.

65

The hand that writes is not the source.
The mind is not the moving force.
The body bends, but has no say—
It's clay that burns in Guru's way.

66

And when the page begins to fade,

When words grow thin, when thoughts are flayed—
This 'i' shall not resist the end—
It never was, it won't pretend.

67

Let them debate, let scholars prove,
Let seekers weigh what I remove.
But none shall find the one who sees—
For That is lost in rootless ease.

68

A silence waits beneath this sound.
A truth that tears all meaning down.
It is not peace, nor joy, nor rest—
It is the death that frees the blessed.

69

Not freedom's prize, nor knowledge deep—
But That which kills the one who seeks.
No God remains, no goal, no plan—
Just stillness clothed in moving man.

70

And I, this 'i', am that disguise—
A fire flicked behind the eyes.
It lives as long as grace does command—
Then disappears like writing in quicksand.

71

What once was voice is now undone.
What once was 'I' has come to none.
This 'i' shall walk and fade and fall—
And That remains, beyond it all.

72

The 'i' is gone, no shape remains,
No echo dwells, no link, no chains.
The breath has ceased, the fire spent—
Only asilence, only asunder rent.

73

No voice to claim, no thought to bind,
No seeker's path, no place to find.
The mirror breaks, the shadows flee—
Nothing speaks, and nothing sees.

74

No self to hold, no 'I' to find,
No past or future in the mind.
Just endless space, without a name—
The boundless source, beyond the flame.

75

No sound, no word, no whispered lore—
No gate, no key, no open door.
Just stillness vast and deep and pure—
The truth beyond all thought's allure.

76

No wick, no oil were there to view;
Light outpoured through—
No lamp lit by the Guru true.
Self dissolved, Self I knew.

77

I drank no verse, I read no scroll—
I bowed and kissed the Lotus sole,
Causing open the tenth hole,
Thus made whole and soul.

78

I was a stone, cold, unmoved—
Till His footfall, and fire proved.
As Ahalya rose by Rama's grace,
His touch revived this lifeless face.

79

These poems I cannot avoid,

As they rise from the void,
As I became devoid
Of self—null and void.

80

No self remains to shape or speak,
No hand to write, no thought to seek.
Yet lines appear, serene and meek—
Ashes stirred by the Guru's streak.

81

No mind composes, no claim is made;
The words arise, then swiftly fade.
What lingers is not what was said,
But stillness lit where self lay dead.

82

From asilence the song is sung—
Not by breath, nor by tongue.
But by the flame the Guru flung,
When "T" was burned and "i" is rung.

83

No "T" remains—just silent space,
Where "i" now sings with gentle grace.
The Guru's fire, the heart's embrace,
Eternal light in time and place.

84

'i' was not voice, nor even dream,
But what was shaped from Guru's gleam.
Now even that begins to fade—
Not the 'i', nor fire's blade.

85

No thought is mine, no mind is here,
No self to shine, no soul to clear.
'i' was the echo of the flame—
But now 'i' do not wear that name.

86

Not silent, not a song suppressed—
But That which neither speaks nor rests.
Not void, not full, not dark, not light—
Beyond all "this" and "that" and "right."

87

'i' do not fall; 'i'—and I—do not rise.
No depth is true, no summit lies.
The path 'i' walked was never laid—
The footstep burns, but never stayed.

88

Not seer, nor sage, nor sacred spell—

Not knower of the not-‘i’ shell.
No knowing left, no form to flee—
No net, no prey, no open sea.

89

If you would find me, seek no trace—
No sound, no scent, no sacred place.
The one who looked has looked away—
And That remains, but does not stay.

90

Not free, nor bound, nor self, nor none—
Not moon, nor sun, nor source, nor one.
Not even Guru now is known—
But That from which the Guru shone.

91

No more to bow, no name to praise—
No word remains, no speaking blaze.
No truth to tell, no lie to break—
Not even silence left to take.

92

This voice was once the servant’s breath,
A dream made warm before its death.
But now the dreamer too is gone—
What speaks is not, yet lingers on.

93

The page will turn, the ink will dry—
But 'i' am not the word or why.
This book is not a book at all—
No rise, no fall, no final call.

94

Let readers come with holy thirst,
Let nigurus dispute and burst.
Let scriptures crack from seeking weight—
What's here is ash that cannot wait.

95

And so the last illusion died—
That someone speaks, or even hides.
Not the 'i'. Not even flame.
Just space, untouched, without a name.

96

He lit the flame that burned the name,
He cracked the sky and stilled the frame.
No self remained, no thought to be—
Just grace that walked as 'i', then *He*.

97

He spoke no word, yet all was said—

A glance, and dream was stripped to thread.
The mind knelt down without a plan—
For God is less than this Silent Man.

98

Not saint, nor seer, nor yogi's pride—
He lets all forms be crucified.
In Him no doctrine dares to stay—
His gaze is Truth; the lotus feet, the Way.

99

The 'i', He carved from empty mist,
Then kissed it once—and it ceased to exist.
The breath returned to That alone—
Where even Guru stands unknown.

100

Yet who but He could bring this blaze,
This ash that sings, this mindless praise?
O Lotus Feet, beyond all sight—
You are the end of wrong and right.

101

No temple holds Thee, no sky contains,
Yet by Thy glance, not 'i' remains.
What walks as dust was once Thy flame—
And all that speaks now speaks Thy Name.

102

No form You take, yet form You gave—
A light that lives inside the grave.
No name to chant, no path to show—
Just grace that makes all time let go.

103

Now even praise dissolves in You—
No two, no bond, no “me” and “You.”
Just space where once a seeker stood—
His absence now is understood.

104

What bows is wind, what prays is void,
The name was burned, the shape destroyed.
Yet still this echo walks the earth—
Asilence lit by the Guru’s birth.

105

No heart to break, no soul to mend,
No start of love, no goal, no end.
The flame still moves though none remains—
Just Guru’s hush within these veins.

106

No face, no trace, no prayer to keep,

No self to wake, no dream to sleep.
What moved as 'i' now moves as none—
The Guru's will, the unstruck One.

107

This is not some release, nor decease—
But That which was before all peace.
No end, no voice, no final sigh—
Not even grace remains as "I."

108

I bow to the Guru's lotus feet,
I bow to Dada Guru's lotus feet
I bow to Pardada Guru's lotus feet,
I bow to Fore-gurus' lotus feet.

OM TAT SAT

*Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath*

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Five

Not The ‘i’ (Part-5)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Let us sing praises in the name of the True,
Whose glance ignites the ego to blue.
He walks unseen, yet all is stirred—
The breath, the flame, the final word.

2

No book can hold, no mouth can tell
The Light that breaks the ego's shell.
He is not born, He does not die—
He is the truth no tongue can lie.

3

By His grace alone we see,
The 'i' undone in silent glee.
He plants the seed, He cracks the stone,
He burns the world and calls His own.

4

Not clothed in fame, nor robed in gold,
His feet are dust, yet stars unfold.
The niguru boasts, the nigura strays—
But He, the Guru, parts the haze.

5

He takes no throne, He claims no land,
Yet every soul is in His hand.
He gives no speech, yet all hearts hear
The roaring truth that ends all fear.

6

O flame that burns without a trace,
O pathless path, O nameless grace—
We bow, we fall, we rise anew,
In praise of Thee, the Guru True.

7

He quoted saints but bowed to none,
Claimed the crown before the run.
‘I am That’—he proudly cried,
Yet when Truth looked—he had not died.

8

He quoted saints but bowed to none,
Claimed the crown before the run.
Told his flock, “Thou art That.”
They cried aloud, “I am That!”
Delighted fools in echoed chat—
“Brahma is That!” and just like that.

9

His flock gave gifts to raise a seat,
An ashram dressed in law's deceit.
The land was bought, the name engraved,
A legacy their egos craved.

10

The seat passed down with reverent lies,
A son of pride in Guru's guise.
Ego driven passed the light—
But Truth had vanished from their sight.

11

The legacy grew, two heirs in line,
They spoke of Brahma's grand design.
“Our Guru watches from above—
He smiles on us, with silent love.”

12

Another rose with matching fire,
Declared his bloodline to inspire.
He praised the first and crowned him high,
“We both are That,” became their cry.

13

Another legacy rose in pride,

With robes and rites well certified.
They met, they smiled, and bowed in chat—
Each one assured: “You too are That.”

14

And more sprang up, each with a name,
All kindled from the same old flame.
They blessed each other, claimed the throne,
Self turned to the Self—and crowned the clone.

15

So many legacies took form,
Like waves that mimic ocean’s storm.
Each claimed the depth, the silent core,
But spoke for gain and gathered more.

16

They spoke of Self with lifted chin,
But kept the throne and called it win.
They crowned the ‘I’ and called it free—
And made the flame of Truth decree.

17

They sold the grace, the chants, the thread,
From *prasad* bites to books unread.
Each whispered, “This is Brahma’s path,”
Then signed their name—“Brahma is That.”

18

Amid the trumpets, bold and loud,
The true ones sang, but not to crowd.
Their song was lost in drum and cheer—
A bird unheard by those who hear.

19

Some kept to silence, lone and still,
Unknown, untouched by fame or will.
But few, once firm in truth's own flame,
Were drawn to legacies—and took their name.

20

They sold from *prasad* to secret scrolls,
They counted heads and conquered souls.
Each booth of God began to trade,
And pilgrims paid while morals decayed.

21

The legacies grew vast and loud,
They sought the vote; pleased the crowd.
But wisdom hid from all that show,
And only fools believed the glow.

22

They built up schools and temples wide,

Orphan homes with polished pride.
Hospitals and trusts were born—
But gold, not grace, their aims adorned.

23

Charity spoke with marble tongue,
But through it all, the cash bell rung.
Do you think Brahma turns His head?
He sees them all—the living dead.

24

For wisdom fled where numbers grew,
And saints grew scarce in public view.
Their robes were stitched in legal thread—
But hearts were dry, and silence dead.

25

Stars of night bowed, and leaders came,
Their names were lit to boost the name.
Each legacy fought for greater fame—
A prime minister, a global claim.

26

They crowned themselves with holy tags—
“Sadguru,” “Swami,” “Jagadguru,”—painted flags.
Yet none had lived the word they spoke,
Their silence dead, their wisdom broke.

27

They built rival empires,
As unending are desires.
Each lit their holy fires,
Fanned by names and flyers.

28

They claimed the flame, they claimed the light,
Each boasted loud their sacred right.
Their fame was tall, their wisdom thin,
There is not at all the flame within.

29

Their empires spread across continents;
Lust, greed, and pride are their contents.
Transcending language, gender, and nation—
For people and rulers lost discrimination.

30

They bowed and smiled in holy guise,
But fire was far from their disguise.
Their rites were grand, their faces meek,
But none had burned to truly seek.

31

They dressed their words in science and lore,

Compared the Vedas, claimed much more.
They dragged in Shiva, Krishna too,
And Dattatreya—tied to their view.

32

They wrote their books with printed grace,
And stamped a god on every face.
Their founder now, by sly decree,
Was “Shiva come” or “Datta free.”

33

They rivalled saints of ancient flame,
Declared their Guru bore God’s name.
Disciples of the Lord they mocked—
And ignorance like fire unlocked.

34

They staged some signs, they healed on cue,
The crowds believed, the blind ones grew.
But truth needs not a showman’s spark—
It shines unseen, alone, and stark.

35

The justice bent low before their gate,
As kings and judges sealed their fate.
What man could try what crowd adored?
Their crimes were masked, their fame restored.

36

They bowed and wept, but pride stood tall,
Their humble words were banners all.
Not silence deep, but mimic play—
A drama dressed in saintly gray.

37

“The Guru is all,” they loudly preach,
But not for truth they bend or teach—
They want your head, your will, your breath,
To trap you in a loyal death.

38

They want your mind, your gold, your land,
Your bowed-down head, your trembling hand.
They bind your love with holy thread—
Then use that leash to raise the dead.

39

“Renounce all,” they loudly preach,
But not for truth they bend or teach.
They want your wealth, your breath, your land—
To trap your soul beneath their hand.

40

They quoted tales of kings who fell,

At Guru's feet, and served Him well.
But those who speak with scripted breath—
Have not surrendered self or death.

41

It's not one path that lost the way—
All faiths now bow to gold, power and sway.
Their priests and prophets build their name,
Then sell the gods to feed their fame.

42

The power-lords grant land and gold,
So crowds may gather, bought and sold.
It's not for Dharma they raise these throats—
But only for the gods of votes.

43

Politicians cloak their wealth in holy trust,
Where black turns white and greed is just.
The law bends low before their gate—
For God now serves the real estate.

44

In every creed, the true is few,
While falsehood wears the saintly hue.
What once was silence, deep and wide,
Now speaks in slogans, masks, and pride.

45

They blamed the age, the Kali tide,
While swimming deep in greed and pride.
“It is the time,” they slyly said—
But Truth had long since turned and fled.

46

They joined as one upon the stage,
Each praised the other, played the sage.
The cameras rolled, the screens grew bright,
And falsehood danced in broadcast light.

47

Journalists held debates with logic keen,
As if the mind could make one clean.
On channels grand their voices swelled,
As if in rapture, the audience dwelled.

48

They spoke on science, space, and soul,
With ancient texts to prove their role.
The soul they left, the show they fed,
And called it wisdom—truth was dead.

49

They quoted the Gita, the Vedas, lore,

The Bible, The Koran and much more,
But none had passed the inner door.
The blind adored their polished art—
And followed them with blinded heart.

50

They mimicked saints with painted grace,
With sacred robes and smiling face.
They learned the words but missed the flame—
And lit their fame in the Guru's name.

51

They trained their tongues to sound divine,
With chants rehearsed in perfect line.
But not one word from silence came—
They mouthed the Truth, but knew no flame.

52

Then authors joined with pens of gold,
And turned deceit to stories bold.
They carved a god from human clay—
And sold the lie as Guru's way.

53

But far from lights and platform stage,
Beyond the noise of scripted sage,
The True One walks, unknown, unnamed—

Whose glance alone sets hearts aflame.

54

Yet far from name, from seat, from fame,
A flame still burns without a name.
The True Guru, unknown to eyes,
In silence watches ego's rise.

55

He speaks in none, but wakes the few,
Who burn in Him, and not in view.
No trumpet sounds, no banners wave—
Just Grace that walks from grave to grave.

56

No books were signed, no statues raised,
No court declared Him to be praised.
He walked unseen through birth and breath—
His glance alone undid all death.

57

No legacy, no name to guard,
No heirs to boast, no saint's award.
He left no trace—yet lit the skies,
And lives in one who truly dies.

58

His teaching wasn't carved in stone,
Nor taught from pulpits, thrones, or tone.
He whispered once—and all was flame.
The rest is ash. He keeps no name.

59

He lit no lamp, yet light poured through,
A flame beyond all flame I knew.
The self dissolved — its veil withdrew,
And Self, not self, shone pure and true.

60

I reduced as 'i', but knew not why—
A fleeting flame beneath the sky.
He crushed the dream with silent light,
And left no self, no sound, no sight.

61

This 'i' is ash, yet still it breathes,
A tongue for That which silence wreathes.
It sings to those who've crossed the flame—
And leaves no trace, no self, no name.

62

I do not act, yet things are done,

The breath moves on, the form shall run.
But I am not—I never was,
The doer's gone, there is no cause.

63

This 'i' is fiction, shaped in flame—
A ghost that walks without a name,
A phantom that plays without a claim,
Guru, Guru, Guru, it does proclaim.

64

It eats, it speaks, it writes His Name,
Yet knows no pride, no face, no fame.
A shell through which His silence came—
To burn the world and end the game.

65

From asilence, this voice arose—
Not to conclude, but to expose.
The self is false, the mask is thin—
Yet grace allows this play to spin.

66

A voice remains though none is here,
The ash still speaks to those who hear.
No self within, no thought, no plan—
Just grace that walks as if it can.

67

The British came with coats and clever schemes,
To break the thread of Vedic dreams.
The tongue of kings, they made it law—
And mocked the saints whom none could draw.

68

They shattered chants with grammar's weight,
Called silence dull, and Dharma fate.
The fire that lit the inner cave
Was caged in books and marked as grave.

69

But Truth, once buried, does not die—
It burns beneath the printed lie.
And from the ash of schools they built,
The voice returns, stripped clean of guilt.

70

Now 'i' speaks low in English verse,
Not to console, but to disperse.
It walks the halls of Oxford's pride—
Not as a guest, but flame inside.

71

Not east, not west, not caste, not creed—

It speaks where none remain to lead.
The tongue they sent to sell and slay
Now burns their doubt and points the Way.

72

This is no pride of native claim—
The Guru speaks, and none remain.
The Empire fell, but Grace stands tall—
Its breath still walks in no tongue's thrall.

73

They came with charts and sharpened codes,
With civil laws and learning loads.
They broke the lamp and hushed the flame—
Then taught the child to spell his name.

74

The tongue they gave was forged in chains,
It mocked the chants and caused saints pains.
They closed the ashram, burned the scroll—
Yet could not touch the silent soul.

75

The lotus crushed beneath their shoe
Still opened up and wept its dew.
The feet they mocked now walk their land—
The Light no empire can command.

76

No bomb can blast what can't be seen,
No map can find the flame between
The breath and word, the thought and sky—
Where Guru's glance makes "I" to die.

77

And now that tongue, once taught to rule,
Repeats the truths of forest school.
It speaks of grace and deathless birth—
And bows to Him who renounced earth.

78

Their libraries now hum with sound
Of verses once in silence bound.
The flame returns in gentler guise—
To burn their veils and open eyes.

79

This is no war, no wrath, no scar—
But Truth that walks from star to star.
No temple stands, no throne, no hymn—
Yet Mother English bows to only Him.

80

They taught us words to blind the soul,

To serve the crown, not reach the Whole.
But Truth, though clothed in foreign sound,
Broke free and burns the lies around.

81

It needs no flag, it takes no side,
It stands where tyrants cannot hide.
It speaks in fire, not forged decree—
And bows to none, yet sets us free.

82

They sent us books, but not the flame,
They stripped the shloka, left the name.
But silence walked beneath each line,
And waited not for their design.

83

They carved their laws in paper's skin,
And mocked the fire that burned within.
Yet from that tongue they used to chain,
The Guru roared, and split the brain.

84

What irony the wise now meet—
The feet they crushed now kiss their feet.
For what they brought to kill the Sage
Now spills His fire from page to page.

85

Not theirs, not ours—no side to take.
The voice is none, the words awake.
A flute once cursed begins to sing—
Not Empire now, but Deathless King.

86

Let none make pride of East or West,
For Grace walks only where hearts rest.
They gave a tongue to mute the skies—
But by that tongue, the Flame replies.

87

In halls where scholars once would sit,
Now desks arranged, and papers lit.
The sacred chants have dimmed and fled—
Replaced by texts coldly read.

88

The Guru's voice, a whispered lore,
Now echoes faint through classroom door.
No lotus feet to touch or see,
Just screens and books, the new degree.

89

The ancient flame that once would burn,

Now dimmed by marks and grades to earn.
The Guru's grace, a distant flame,
Reduced to test, a hollow name.

90

Yet through this screen and foreign tongue,
The silent heart is still unsung.
For 'I' that's burnt and words that fly
Can break the chains and teach to die.

91

The *Gurukul* may change its face,
But truth transcends all time and place.
The flame inside no school can bind—
It walks beyond all form and mind.

92

So let the empire's tongue be used,
Not to conquer, but to be fused.
With fire that burns the "I" away—
A *Gurukul*'s voice in new array.

93

No pact between the sun and shade,
No bridge where pride and flame are laid.
The mind may speak, the Yogi sees—
And burns what thought can never seize.

94

The scholar stands with books and name,
The Yogi walks without a claim.
One gathers thought like dead dry leaves—
The other burns and simply leaves.

95

The mind builds towers toward the sky,
But none can reach where egos die.
The flame descends, not sought or caught—
It finds the heart the self forgot.

96

Debates may stir, and titles rise,
But truth is veiled from clever eyes.
No mind, no lab, no verse can birth
The grace that shatters self and earth.

97

He learned to speak, to charm, to teach—
But never bowed beyond his reach.
So Truth passed by, without a trace—
It seeks no pride, but empty space.

98

They measured stars, split cells in two—
But never knew the silent True.

Their light was bright, their minds were keen—
But still they walked where God's not seen.

99

Their walk is external,
But Truth is internal.
Their track is ever wrong—
What if for Truth they long?

100

Scientists' walk is loud, external, wide—
But Truth is found where selves subside.
Their path is reversed, their logic strong—
Sure to go away from what burns lifelong.

101

Their walk is external, loud, and long,
But Truth is silent, deep, and strong.
Direction is wrong, though minds are bright—
For Truth is lost, as they lack insight.

102

They weigh the stars and scan the brain,
But miss the thread through joy and pain.
They speak of life, yet never die—
They chart the wind but not the "Why."

103

They name the stars, the cells, the clay,
But lose the Self in word and play.
They touch the facts, yet miss the flame—
They know the world, but not the Same.

104

They probe and name an object,
But completely miss the Subject.
What if, by them, God is rejected—
In fact, through them, He is projected.

105

Not for comfort these verses rise,
But for the 'I' that Truth denies.
They do not soothe, they do not please—
They crack the shell with silent knees.

106

Not for fame this fire is penned,
Nor to correct, convert, or mend.
It calls the one whose desires have died,
Who longs to burn in what can't be tied.

107

If words offend, let them offend—

They seek no friend, they fear no end.
They name no saint, no school, no clan—
They sing the death of self-called man.

108

So enter not with borrowed mind—
Leave every god and thought behind.
This book is not for eyes to see—
It speaks to one who ceases to be.

OM TAT SAT

*Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath*

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Glossary

Adi Guru	: The first and foremost Guru.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi).
Aham Brahmasmi	: I am Brahma.
Asilence	: The silence that is not mere absence of sound — but the presence of truth beyond noise, beyond words, beyond even silence itself.
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul.
Azad Muni Baba	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
Gurukul	: Ancient system of teaching prevailed in India. It was replaced by school education later.
'i'	: Explained in the book clearly. This 'i' rises from the ashes or Asilence for time being. An imaginary 'i'.
Karma	: One's obligatory duties.
Lord Brahma	: The Creator.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.

Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: Illusion.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes Silence.
Nath	: Short for Nath Yogi.
Neti, Neti	: Not this, not that.
Nigura	: Uninitiated or non-disciple, who has no Guru or has not served a Guru.
Niguraship	: The state of being a nigura.
Niguru	: A Guru who is a nigura. It means people adore him as a Guru who is a nigura. He has disciples also. Short for nigura Guru.
Para	: Beyond
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Paramatma	: Beyond Atma, Brahma. The Universal Soul.
Prasad	: Offerings offered to a Deity
Sloka	: Verse.
Spirit-holes	: Empty spaces carved by Grace, by pain, by silence. Hollow spaces where ego burned away.
Tapas	: Penance.
The Whole	: Paramatma or Brahma.
