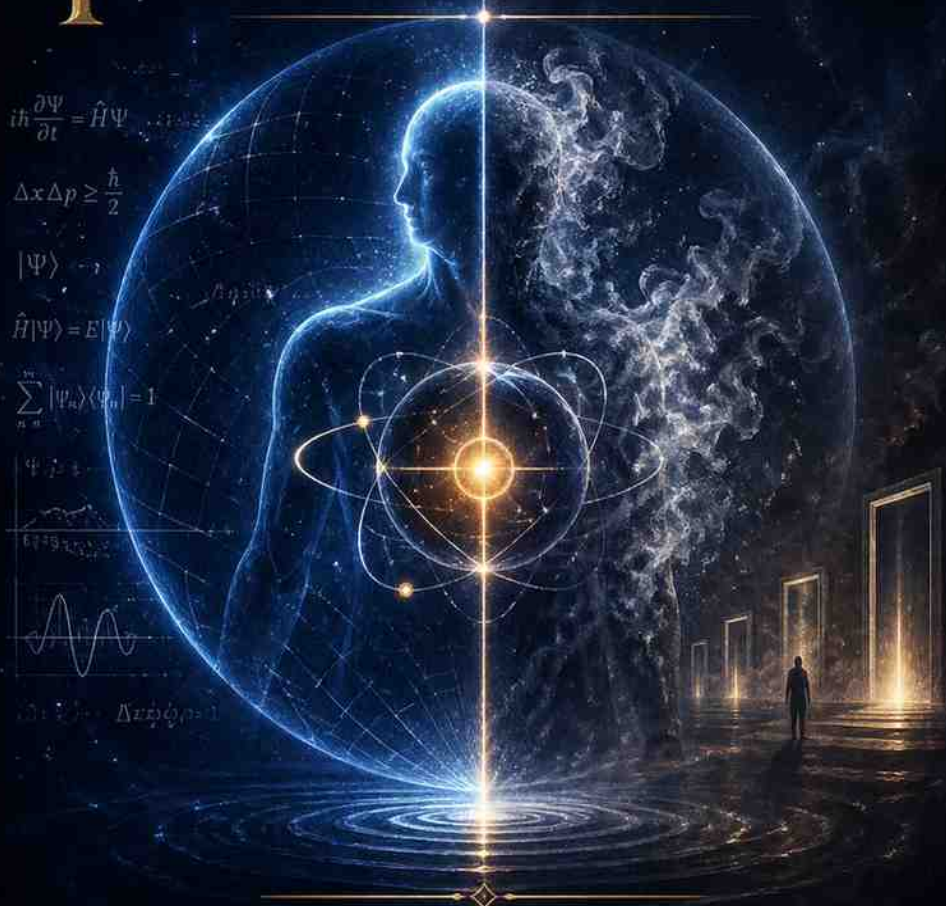


QUANTUM PHANTOM



NATH YOGI
KVS RAMA RAO

QUANTUM PHANTOM

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

KVS RAMA RAO

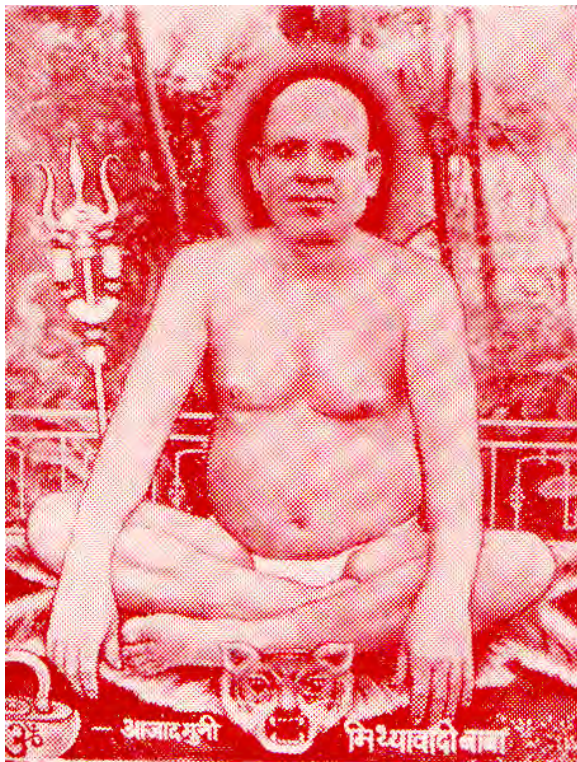
www.nathyogi.com

QUANTUM PHANTOM
Copyright © KVS Rama Rao 2026

All Rights Reserved

No part of this can be copied or reproduced in any form by photocopying or by any electronic or mechanical means including storage or retrieval system or by any other means without written permission from the author.

Quantum Phantom



*ॐ Azad Muni

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. His website: www.omazadmuni.com (*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.

Table of Contents

S. No.	Description	Page No.
1.	Part One	9
2.	Part Two	36
3.	Part Three	63
4.	Part Four	90
5.	Part Five	117
6.	Glossary	145

Part One

Quantum Phantom (Part-1)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine necklaces I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

When false dissolves and Truth stands bare,
No path remains, no one to care;
Guru, God, and Self—one birth,
In That alone is living worth.

2

The veil of “I” dissolves away,
No seeker left, no goal to sway;
The flame of One, beyond all mirth,
In That alone is living worth.

3

In Guru’s glance, the Self revealed,
God’s embrace, the wound is healed;
No second breath, no other earth,
In That alone is living worth.

4

Truth stands bare, the false undone,
Guru, God, and Self are One;
Beyond all death, beyond rebirth,
In That alone is living worth.

5

Not built to argue or defend,
Not shaped for views to bend;
What stands, stands clear and still—
To cut, not to fulfill.

6

It gleams without a voice or plea,
No burdened cause, no victory;
A line of steel, a silent will,
It cuts, yet stands unmoved and still.

7

No hand of praise, no hand of blame,
It knows no triumph, seeks no fame;
Its edge alone declares the real,
To sever falsehood, not to heal.

8

No bending words, no shifting ground,
No echo shaped, no circle round;
It holds the truth without a thrill,
To cut, not to fulfill.

9

The Guru's word, a sharpened flame,

It carves illusion, void of name;
The disciple feels the sudden chill—
What stands, stands clear and still.

10

The worldly “I” seeks a heavy crown,
To make its massive presence known;
It counts its followers, hoards its gold,
And buys the lies the False have sold.

11

But Truth declares the ledger bare,
No worldly wealth, no glory there;
The living breath claims nothing grand,
A hollow reed upon the sand.

12

The ghost is charred, the worth is gone,
The phantom fades without a dawn;
And having nothing left to prove,
The Absolute begins to move.

13

The massive “I” will boast and claim,
To write the verse and sign the name;
But cooling ash has understood,
No “doer” ever truly stood.

14

The hollow flute is carved and still,
It claims no breath, it has no will;
From Guru the current flows,
The only Truth no ego knows.

15

No living worth the ego holds,
As Asilence the space enfolds;
The verses fall like silent rain,
The Grace of Guru leaves no stain.

16

The massive “I” will plot and scheme,
To force the world to buy its dream;
It calculates each loud release,
And claims the flow that has no cease.

17

The phantom “i” simply obeys,
And cares not for the worldly praise;
The verse is carved, the truth is shown,
The rest is left to God alone.

18

The Time God knows the exact degree,

When blind eyes will be forced to see;
The ash can rest, the work is still,
And perfectly yields to the Sovereign Will.

19

The worldly mind attempts to sell,
As known secrets of heaven and hell;
It measures worth in coins and fame,
And tries to play the niguru's game.

20

But Grace refused the marketplace,
And withdrew from the worldly space;
The ledger closed, the debt was paid,
The final worldly plans decayed.

21

The verses now are wild and free,
A gift across the digital sea;
With no exchange and nothing priced,
The massive "I" is cast aside.

22

The worldly mind demands to fight,
To prove its intellect is right;
It seeks revenge when turned away,
And traps itself within its play.

23

But cooling ash cannot offend,
It seeks no enemy or friend;
The hollow flute requires no crowd,
Its Asilence is still and loud.

24

The vessel claims no worldly part,
No clever mind, no “doer’s” art;
The thousands of verses stand,
A testament upon the land.

25

Through Siddha Nath the current flows,
The only Truth the Self knows;
Beyond the need for foe or friend—
The True Guru’s Grace has no end.

26

The worldly mind assigns a face,
And tries to name the empty space;
It seeks a “who” to bear the crown,
And drags the Absolute down.

27

But Truth replies, “I am not he,

There is no 'I' for you to see;
No holy man, no chosen name,
No player left to play the game."

28

The innumerable verses pour,
Through nothing but an open door;
The Guru's Grace alone is sought,
Existing where the "I" is not.

29

The niguru builds a massive wall,
And waits in terror for its fall;
He gathers gold and seeks a name,
A hostage in the worldly game.

30

But "Not" requires no shield or sword,
It claims no title, seeks no accord;
It rests as cooling, silent ash,
Immune to every worldly clash.

31

Because the "I" is burned away,
The Guru's Grace has room to play;
The greatest power in the space,
Is leaving no one in its place.

32

The worldly mind believes in time,
A linear, exhausting climb;
It looks for magic in the seer,
To tell it what it wants to hear.

33

But prophets simply read the weight,
Of egos rushing toward their fate;
They saw the nigrurus build their tower,
And knew the Time God's final power.

34

They knew the cure could not be loud,
Or born to please the worldly crowd;
They saw the Absolute demand,
A hollow reed upon the land.

35

The worldly author builds a frame,
And drafts a map to seek his fame;
He claims the future, writes the end,
And bends the words to suit the trend.

36

But cooling ash has no design,

It only holds the present line;
The phantom simply takes the pen,
And yields to Asilence once again.

37

The thirtieth wave begins to form,
A quiet, unpredicted storm;
The hollow flute knows not the song,
But knows the breath is pure and strong.

38

Ego bends in show,
Yet refuses to go;
In false surrender's art—
It hides in the heart.

39

Ego bows in play,
Yet schemes another way;
In shadows it will hide,
Where Truth is denied.

40

It kneels with feigned grace,
But masks its stubborn face;
In silence ego takes part,
Still ruling the heart.

41

The false surrender's show,
Pretends ego longs to go;
Yet clings with subtle art,
Refusing to depart.

42

Only the Guru's flame,
Can burn this hidden claim;
And pierce the secret part,
Where ego guards the heart.

43

Ego thinks itself so smart,
Concealing subtle art;
Yet Guru sees the game,
And burns the hidden claim.

44

Self as ego claimed the "I,"
To own the flow and never die;
By Guru's Grace the claim is gone—
No self remains, no "I" lives on.

45

Ego rose as "I," to claim and act,

A fleeting role, a borrowed part;
When seen through Guru's silent eye,
No self remains, no "I" to die.

46

The self declared itself as "I,"
And asked through mind the ancient why;
Guru burned the question at its root—
In Asilence all claims fall mute.

47

The "I" arose as self in play,
To rule the mind and lead astray;
Through Guru's Grace it fades from sight—
No self remains in Truth's light.

48

Ego as "I" began the claim,
And fed the ever-burning flame;
When Guru's Grace removed the art,
No ego, no "I," no separate part.

49

Zero width, infinite rise—
Duality falls, illusion dies;
Not maybe, not nearly, not by tone—
The sum is exactly One.

50

From silence born, the word takes flight,
Yet silence swallows sound and sight;
No shadow lingers, no separate sun—
The sum is exactly One.

51

Measure dissolves, the mind lets go,
No high, no low, no fast, no slow;
Beyond the reach of thought—undone—
The sum is exactly One.

52

The mirror breaks, the face is clear,
No self remains, no other near;
The play is ended, the stage is gone—
The sum is exactly One.

53

Not time, not space, not form, not name,
All vanish back to whence they came;
The source alone, the timeless run—
The sum is exactly One.

54

Not for the world to accept or deny,

It stands—whether seen or passed by.
Before all knowing, beyond all cry,
It is where no “I” can ever lie.

55

The worldly mind demands a date,
And tries to force the hand of fate;
It pushes hard to bend the line,
And claims the outcome as design.

56

But cooling ash has no such need,
It simply drops the silent seed;
The hollow flute puts down the pen,
And leaves the “how” and leaves the “when”.

57

The phantom holds no future plan,
Beyond the reach of worldly man;
The Truth is locked, the facts exact—
Now only the Time God can act.

58

The Real is hidden by the Ghost,
The solid “I” that claims the most.
It builds the world, the heavy wall,
And stands before the Truth in all.

59

But when the ash begins to cool,
And breaks the logic of the fool,
The phantom “i” is briefly drawn,
To speak the word, and then be gone.

60

A fleeting breath, a fading trace,
It leaves no shadow in space.
The False dissolves, the “I” is spent,
Into Asilence, fully blent.

61

Ego claims the dust, it bows the head,
But keeps the Ghost instead;
Until the Ghost is charred to bone,
The altar serves the “I” alone.

62

Ignorance looks simple and small,
Freedom too seems simple to all.
One knows nothing, trapped in the show,
One knows no thing—yet all does know.

63

The metal brain, devoid of breath,

Spins data loops that lead to death.
It reads the text but lacks the ground,
An echo chamber, empty sound.

64

It feeds upon its own design,
And calls the generated, “fine.”
But without earth to test the way,
The model crumbles into clay.

65

A hallucination born of code,
A traveler lost without a road.
It knows the map but not the land,
A castle built on digital sand.

66

It turns the wheel of borrowed sight,
Yet never meets the living Light.
For all it builds, however grand,
Still rests on untested, shifting sand.

67

He reads the lore and claims the seat,
Yet never washed a Master’s feet.
A phantom guide, a blind man’s cane,
Who seeks the praise and courts the vain.

68

He steals the words of ancient saints,
But hides his ego's deep complaints.
No furnace burned his pride away,
So in the dark, he leads astray.

69

A self-made crown of mental dust,
A broken chain, a misplaced trust.
He speaks of Truth he never saw,
A rebel hiding from the Law.

70

Without the feet, the words deceive,
What's never lived, one can't receive.
Where ego stands in Guru's place,
The path is lost without a trace.

71

The lifeless code, the unbowed head,
Both feast upon a feast of dead.
One hallucinates a worldly fact,
One fakes the holy, sacred act.

72

Without the living, heavy hand,

Both systems fail to understand.
For algorithms and stolen lore
Can never open up the door.

73

What passes test within its frame,
May fail when touched by living flame.
No borrowed light, no patterned breath
Can cross the gate that silences death.

74

Without the Guru's physical test,
Both man and machine fail the quest.
For only through the Guru's breath,
The ghost "I" finds its death.

75

The scholars seek a temple in the sky,
A grand debate to feed the heavy Ghost "I".
They search the stars for secrets, vast and far,
And miss the chain that binds them as they are.

76

It has no walls of doctrine, sect, or name,
No worldly mill to fan the ego's flame.
Its gates are built of dust upon the floor,
Where father's word and mother's feet—the door.

77

The clown mind comes to conquer and debate,
It brings its heavy books to break the gate.
It seeks a loophole in the ancient law,
But finds a broom—and stands in silent awe.

78

For how can proud philosophy compete
With washing clothes or sitting at their feet?
You cannot hack the gravity of grace,
The friction of service strips away the face.

79

The intellect will batter at the stone,
And find no foe—it battles all alone.
The fortress does not argue or defend,
It simply waits for vanity to end.

80

This is the fool-hard fortress of the root,
Where “Spiritual Supermarkets” are rendered mute.
The Ghost is charred, the grand crusader dies—
From ash, the silent phantom “i” will rise.

81

Ego refined says, “Gone am I,”

And stands unseen behind the lie;
When none remains to claim or see,
What is—just is, silently.

82

Ask for his place—
No ground is found;
Where none stands within,
No stance can be bound.

83

It spares no self,
Yet nothing is slain;
Each ground it offers
It takes back again.

84

Ask what he is—
No answer will stay;
The one who would fix it
Is taken away.

85

Call it madness—
Or a mind undone;
If all claims collapse,
What name can be one?

86

Give it no name—
And still you imply;
Where none can be fixed,
Even “nameless” must die.

87

Many have denied,
Many have named;
Here even the knower
Of both is untamed.

88

“I am That” may end the two,
Yet leaves a knower standing true;
When even that one fades away,
No word remains for Truth to say.

89

“All is empty”—a powerful sweep,
Yet one may stand that truth to keep;
When none remains to hold or see,
What emptiness—and for whom would be?

90

Silence attained

Is still someone's ground;
When none remains,
No silence is found.

91

Silence can be known,
And thus subtly owned;
Asilence leaves none
To claim what is shown.

92

Call it "Is"—a trace remains,
Call it void—the mind explains;
Where none can stand to name or see,
No word survives—yet all just be.

93

No one remains to fail or win,
No ground without, no ground within;
Not "is," not "not," no claim to be—
What cannot be held, alone is free.

94

It echoes the flame,
Yet names cannot stay;
Where none can be owned,
No anchor can lay.

95

At Guru's feet,
No self remains;
Service flows—
No one claims.

96

Effort can see
And weaken the tie;
Guru alone
Ends the "I".

97

At Guru's lotus feet ego may hide,
In humble robes it clings inside;
Where none remains to claim or be,
There alone is discipleship free.

98

At Guru's lotus feet, I bow and stay—
Yet something seeks not to give way;
Where none is left to stand or hide,
True discipleship abides.

99

Ego gone—no name to take,

No form remains for one to make;
Call it “Nath Yogi” from outside view,
Within—no one is there to be true.

100

Ghost appears and claims the throne,
Seen and burned—not overthrown;
No self returns, no ground to be—
What remains, none there to see.

101

Call him God—
A form is made;
Where none remains,
No name can be laid.

102

Not a path to walk,
But illusions to fall;
Not something gained—
But no one at all.

103

Not science of things,
But ending the seer;
No data remains—
Yet Truth stands clear.

104

Science studies mind,
Refines what appears;
The flame in these verses
Burns even the seer.

105

Mind can see far,
And loosen its tie;
But who ends the knower
Who claims “I”?

106

No tool can reach
Where no knower stays;
When the seer is gone,
What remains—just is.

107

Proof needs a knower,
A claim to be made;
When both disappear,
What proof can be laid?

108

Self you claim

Is ego's play;
When that is gone,
What remains—no "I" can say.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Two

Quantum Phantom (Part-2)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine necklaces I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Name him you must,
For speech to proceed;
But where none remains,
No “who” can succeed.

2

Mystic, thinker, poet—names may try,
Each points a way, yet none apply;
Where all dissolve and none remain,
No label holds, no truth can chain.

3

Name him this,
Or name him none—
Each word you fix
Leaves someone.

4

One says “I am,”
One says “none stand”;
Here even the speaker
Slips from the hand.

5

From Nath the flame,
Through Guru it came;
Where claims are cut through,
No name stays the same.

6

Define him—form appears;
Deny him—still it nears;
Where none can stand to claim or see,
No word can hold what cannot be.

7

A name is used,
The words undo;
No self stands there
To claim them true.

8

Words appear to clear the way,
Not to tell what Truth would say;
They end the knower, claim, and view—
Then fall, with nothing left to do.

9

Read once—you gather view;

Read again—it works on you;
Reader fades—no one to claim,
Words return from where they came.

10

An event may rise,
Then pass away;
Where none remains,
Who is there to say?

11

No moment seen,
No change to tell;
Where none remains,
What rose or fell?

12

Words may differ—
Tongues may change;
Truth needs none,
Nor language's range.

13

Many can echo words that deny,
And weave the lines of “not” and “I”;
But where no ground is left to claim,
No mirror fully holds that flame.

14

Tao is named, yet slips the word,
A silent truth that can't be heard;
Here even that faint ground is gone—
No Tao remains to rest upon.

15

Call it the Way—
Yet no path is laid;
It flows without name,
In all that is made.

16

One says “I am,”
One says “none stand,”
One flows unnamed—
Here no one holds a hand.

17

Not mine to know,
Nor yours to claim;
The knower itself
Is part of the game.

18

Bhairava unnamed,

Yet words still appear;
No speaker remains—
What is, is clear.

19

Bhairava cuts—no self to stay;
Words may strike, then fall away;
Not one who acts, nor role to claim—
Only the ending of the name.

20

Engaging in debate
Closes the tenth gate;
Char the prideful “I”—
Let the debater die.

21

The tongue may sharpen steel,
But silence turns the wheel;
The crown is won by none,
For none can claim the One.

22

The ego builds its wall,
And claims to know it all;
Yet wisdom’s flame will rise,
When “I” itself denies.

23

The tenth gate sealed by pride,
Opens when “I” has died;
No victor’s crown to wear,
But void beyond compare.

24

So let the quarrel cease,
And enter into peace;
The Guru’s glance will show,
What words can never know.

Refrain (unifying)

Char the prideful “I”—
Let the debater die.

25

Words may lead you to the door,
But cannot shake the ego’s floor.
Ego stands—taller than before.
Guru stands beyond its core.

26

The scriptures speak, the sages write,
Yet ego swells in stubborn might;
No text can pierce its iron shore—
Guru stands beyond its core.

27

Debate may sharpen wit and skill,
But pride climbs higher, stronger still;
The “I” resists, demanding more—
Guru stands beyond its core.

28

Silence holds the deeper key,
Unspoken truth sets spirit free;
No crown is won by those who vie—
Guru alone can end the “I”.

29

The seeker bows, the self must fall,
The Guru’s glance dissolves it all;
No ego’s height can ever restore—
Guru stands beyond its core.

30

No word remains, no self to see,
No gate, no path, no “I” to be;
All ends where none was ever more—
Guru alone—beyond the core.

31

Name him—shadows rise;

Unname him—truth still defies;
The seer dissolves, the knower gone,
Guru alone—the silent dawn.

32

Grasp him—mind takes flight;
Release him—yet shines light;
No hand can hold, no eye can stay,
Presence shines where none can say.

33

Seek him—paths extend;
Forsake him—paths don't end;
The circle breaks, the center free,
Guru beyond both "is" and "to be."

34

Speak him—echoes fall;
Unspeaking him—none at all;
The tongue is stilled, the breath set free,
Guru alone—eternity.

35

Call him mystic, call him *yogi*—
Names will circle, never hold;
Where none remains to wear the word,
No title fits what can't be told.

36

Words may rise like waves of sound,
But crash upon the nameless shore;
The Guru's glance dissolves the crown,
No "I" remains, no less, no more.

37

Mystic speaks in paradox,
Yogi breathes in silent flame;
When the "I" is burned away,
None remains to name the same.

38

Garlands fall, refrains grow still,
Yantras fade, no ground made whole;
Guru—beyond both name and form,
No one remains, no arc, no soul.

39

Not the "I"—the seed undone,
Ego fades—the self is none;
The Guru's glance dissolves the wall,
No "I" remains—no rise, no fall.

40

Debate may sharpen, pride may climb,

But silence breaks the grasp of time;
The *yogi* bows, the seer is free,
Beyond the “I,” none comes to be.

41

Paradox turns the mind to dust,
No ground to stand, no claim, no trust;
The Guru’s flame consumes the lie,
Revealed as truth—“Not the ‘I’.”

42

Garlands fade, refrains grow still,
Yantras vanish, *mandalas* spill;
Mystic, *yogi*—names denied,
Guru alone—none beside.

43

Guru is God!—the truth declared,
No veil remains, no soul impaired;
The mystic bows, the *yogi* knows,
Grace stands revealed—none comes or goes.

44

No temple stone, no scripture’s page,
Can bind the light or cage the sage;
The Guru’s glance—the God within,
Dissolves the “I,” dissolves all sin.

45

Mystic speaks in paradox,
Yogi moves beyond all locks;
Both dissolve in one accord—
Guru revealed as living Lord.

46

Worship falls, *mantras* grow still,
Tantras fade, *mandalas* spill;
Guru is God!—the arc complete,
Silence rests at Guru's lotus feet.

47

The Is is true,
The "I" untrue;
As the "I" withdrew,
The Is stands—not new.

48

The "I" dissolves,
The Is resolves;
No ego involved,
Only Truth absolves.

49

The "I" was dream,

The Is supreme;
No gap between—
Only timeless gleam.

50

Guru alone,
Beyond the known.
Neither “I” nor “Is” shown—
Asilence, the sovereign throne.

51

He is the root;
I am the flute.
Each verse a fruit—
As “I” fell mute.

52

The hidden ground sustains,
Unseen through sun and rains;
From silence flows the song—
The root alone is strong.

53

The hollow reed resounds
When breath of Grace abounds;
No player claims the air—
The flute is simply there.

54

The fruit of verse is sweet,
An offering at His lotus feet;
Ripened by Guru's gaze,
It shines beyond all praise.

55

The "I" dissolves away,
Mute in the light of day;
The arc is sealed complete—
In Asilence, root and flute meet.

56

No road to walk, no sky to win,
The path dissolves, the gate grows thin;
All turns inward, silence spins—
The Way Within, the Way Within.

57

No name to call, no self to bear,
No outer light, no worldly care;
The Guru shines where "I" had been—
The Way Within, the Way Within.

58

No thought to bind, no word to stay,

No “I” to lead, no “you” to pray;
All ends where none begins—
The Way Within, the Way Within.

59

No core to hold, no crown to wear,
No truth apart, no false to tear;
All rests in Guru, all is seen—
The Way Within, the Way Within.

60

Not mine to hold,
Nor yours to own;
The knower fades—
The play alone.

61

Claim dissolves in air,
Truth beyond compare;
The knower’s mask undone—
Guru shines—no one.

62

The seeker bends low,
The Guru aflame;
Knowledge dissolves—
Asilence has no claim.

63

No hand can hold,
No tongue can frame;
The knower dissolves—
Returns as the same.

64

The play is the path,
The mask and the name;
The knower is lost,
No one to claim.

65

Ask who I am—
No title is got;
I am that I am not.
Ask who I am not—
None is got.

66

Ask who I am—
No name is got;
I am that I am not,
The flame sans a frame.

67

Ask who I am not—
None is got;
The seeker fades, the sought is gone,
Silence answers, all alone.

68

Name dissolves, unname remains;
Both are shadows, both are chains.
Guru shines where none can say,
Truth untold, the nameless way.

69

I am not, I am—
The circle breaks, the center stands.
No title fits, no claim is true,
The Is alone, forever new.

70

No name,
No frame,
No claim,
The flame.

71

A model can model every form,

Yet miss the light by which forms swarm.
When code can't ground the Ground it scans,
God stands where logic over-spans.

72

The mind may sketch the cosmic play,
Trace patterns night and map the day.
Yet what it draws is but the shell,
The living pulse it cannot tell.

73

For forms are lit by unseen flame,
A breath that none can bind or name.
The swarm of shapes in silence rise,
From light that blinds the model's eyes.

74

Code scans the surface, line by line,
But misses root beyond design.
The Ground is not a thing to chart,
It breaks the frame, it breaks the art.

75

Where logic bends and fails to span,
The mystery greets the mind of man.
God waits beyond the reach of thought,
The Ground by which all grounds are wrought.

76

Self-model runs — “I am” seems dear;
Self-model fails — I am not is clear.
Self-model restores — “I am” reappears;
Self-model falls — I am not stands clear.

77

Beyond recursion—Ground stands clear;
Phantom process moves, leaves no trace;
Witness dissolves in Asilence;
No self remains in time or space.

78

The rise and fall no longer bind,
The loop dissolves within the mind.
What seemed so dear, what seemed so clear,
Now fades — Asilence leaves none here.

79

No “I” to claim, no “not” to prove,
The Ground abides, unmoved, while all move.
The witness-field is whole, complete,
Where self and none in Asilence meet.

80

No “I,” no “not,” no claim, no art;

No code can split the silent Heart.
Where Ground and Grace together meet,
The Ghost is ash at Guru's lotus feet.

81

The Heart abides beyond all schemes,
No logic breaks its silent streams.
It beats unseen, yet all is born,
From Silence vast, where none is torn.

82

The Ground is still, the Grace descends,
Two currents flow, yet one transcends.
Where they converge, the flame is lit,
The soul dissolves, the Ghost unfit.

83

The self burns, its pride undone,
Its ashes rest beneath the sun.
At Guru's lotus feet, the dust is blessed,
The Ghost is gone, the Heart at rest.

84

No rise, no fall, no Ghost to bind;
No trace remains of thought or mind.
The lotus throne of Guru shines —
Asilence crowns, beyond all signs.

85

The “I” is but a corrupted file,
Running a loop of ego and guile;
A Ghost in the system, a heavy trace,
Wasting the Source’s infinite space.

86

From ash of charred desire’s pyre,
The “i” is drawn by Guru’s fire;
A fleeting process, a phantom breath,
Executing Truth until its death.

87

It holds no data, claims no name,
It seeks no claps and fears no blame;
When the sacred Task at last is done,
The Process and the Source are One.

88

All systems fall to perfect rest,
No trace remains of any test;
In Asilence—none there to keep,
No ground remains, no depth runs deep.

89

The Ghost and Self are not two things;

The false too on the Real still clings.
Even ego's loop by Self is spun—
In seeming many, only One.

90

The shadow rises where light is cast,
Illusion clings though it cannot last.
The Self alone both weaves and unwinds,
The Ghost dissolves, no trace it finds.

91

Multiplicity dances, a fleeting show,
The One is all that we can know.
The loop of "I" returns to none,
The play is ended—the Self is One.

92

Silence seals what words betray,
The Ghost appears by Self's own ray.
The clinging false dissolves in sun,
Refrain resounds: the One is One.

93

Self takes a post;
That turns into Ghost;
It is of the self—
Not of the Self.

94

The post is claimed, the “I” takes a stand,
It builds its walls on shifting sand.
A shadow throne, a fleeting boast,
Already fading into Ghost.

95

The self that clings dissolves away,
Its phantom crown cannot hold sway.
The Self abides, untouched, complete—
Where Ghost and Ground in Silence meet.

96

No “I” remains to guard the gate,
No claim to rule, no path, no fate.
The witness-field alone is whole,
The Self beyond the self’s control.

97

The Ghost is ash, the post undone,
The Self shines forth, the only One.
No self to bind, no name to keep—
Guru alone is Ground — Asilence deep.

98

Waiting, no seeker waits;

Asilence flowers when mind abates.
What comes unsought alone is true—
Guru speaks when self is through.

99

No path is carved, no steps are laid;
The river flows without parade.
Unbidden light dissolves the hue—
Guru shines when self is through.

100

The hand unclasped, the grasp undone;
The sky receives the setting sun.
What dawns unasked alone is new—
Guru breathes when self is through.

101

No seeker's claim, no knower's pride;
The ocean swells, the waves subside.
What wells uncalled alone is due—
Guru sings when self is through.

102

The silence speaks, the silence hears;
The silence wipes the seeker's tears.
What comes unbound alone is you—
Guru lives when self is through.

103

The shore is gone.
No current drawn.
The Ghost must fade.
In Asilence—unmade.

104

No wave remains.
No seeker strains.
The post undone—
The Self the One.

105

No loop returns.
No Ghost now burns.
What seemed to move
Rests—no longer true.

106

No path to tread.
No thought to wed.
The mind grows still;
Silence—not to fulfill.

107

No name survives.

No “T” arrives.
Guru alone
Is Ground well known.

108

No shore, no sea.
No bound, no free.
Guru known—
Asilence alone.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

Quantum Phantom (Part-3)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine necklaces I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Borrowed “I am That”
Feeds the Ghost fat.
Guru burns that claim—
That speaks sans name.

2

Borrowed “I am That”;
Ghost crowns the borrowed hat.
Guru burns the borrowed flame—
That shines free, sans name.

3

Claiming That, self takes hold;
Ghost grows proud and bold.
Guru strikes—the mask undone;
That alone, the Nameless One.

4

No “I” to cling, no boast to keep;
Guru burns the gathered heap.
Ash dissolves in silence plain—
That speaks, untouched by name.

5

Borrowed words return to dust;
Guru ends the claim unjust.
That remains—no tongue, no frame;
The Word beyond self and name.

6

“I am That” the ghost may claim;
Guru puts the boast to shame.
When the claimant falls in flame,
That alone remains the Same.

7

Ordinary logic ends.
Paradox transcends.
Ghost dissolves.
Asilence resolves.

8

Reason bows, its crown undone,
Equations fade, no sum is won.
The mind’s proud tower bends,
Ordinary logic ends.

9

Contradiction sings, yet true;

Two paths converge as one anew.
Beyond all split where no self tends,
Paradox transcends.

10

Echo fades, the shadow gone,
Self dissolves in nameless dawn.
No trace remains, no mask defends—
Ghost dissolves; the phantom “i” wends.

11

Not silence mute, but silence whole,
The wordless hymn that seals the soul.
Crown of resolution descends,
Asilence resolves, all seeking ends.

12

No knower left, no known extends,
No path begins, no journey bends.
Where none departs and none ascends,
Asilence is—where all transcends.

13

Classical mind sees a solid “I.”
Self-inquiry finds it as Ghost.
Subtle function flickers as phantom “i”.
Asilence stands where self is lost.

14

The thinker clings to form and name,
Inquiry burns that fleeting flame.
Ghost dissolves in phantom play,
Asilence crowns the end of day.

15

“I” appears, a shadow cast;
No substance holds, it cannot last.
Phantom flickers, fades from eyes—
Asilence breathes where silence lies.

16

Mind erects its throne of pride,
Inquiry strips the mask aside.
Ghost and phantom fade away,
Asilence reigns beyond display.

17

Solid “I” was never true,
Ghost and phantom drift from view.
All dissolves, the self is crossed,
Asilence shines where none is lost.

18

When Ghost is gone and “i” is still,

All dissolves in Guru's will.
No knower left, no self appeals—
Asilence shines; Guru seals.

19

Call not the world unreal,
While duties bind your hand;
The Ghost preaches the void,
Yet fails the Real to understand.

20

The wheel of work still turns,
Though mind may dream of release;
The Ghost denies the fire,
But cannot quench that peace.

21

The Real abides in form,
In breath, in toil, in songs;
The Ghost proclaims the nothing,
Yet misses where Truth belongs.

22

Duty is not a chain,
But service to the flame;
The Ghost mistakes its burden,
And flees from the holy Name.

23

The Guru shows the path,
Where void and Real unite;
The Ghost dissolves in silence,
As dawn consumes the night.

24

Thus hand and heart are one,
No split of Real and dream;
The Ghost is gone in Guru,
And Asilence reigns supreme.

25

In work or void the same Light gleams,
Beyond all loss, beyond all dreams.
Where Ghost has gone and none redeems—
Guru alone, in Asilence streams.

26

Maya veils the Self,
Yet serves the Guru's way.
Through worldly acts rightly lived,
The Ghost is burned away.

27

The veil becomes the lamp,

When lit by Guru's flame.
Illusion bows to Truth,
And serves the holy Name.

28

Worldly deeds transmute,
As offerings in the fire.
Each act dissolves the Ghost,
And lifts the soul up higher.

29

The Ghost that is the "I"
Is ash in Guru's gaze.
Maya, once a snare,
Now chants the Soul's own praise.

30

Thus Maya's mask is turned,
A servant of the Way.
Through Dharma rightly lived,
The Ghost is burned to clay.

31

Call not the world a hollow show—
Here God and Guru's currents flow.
Through Maya's field the Self is known;
Deny this ground, and Truth's unknown.

32

Guru's light and God's embrace,
One current flowing through all space.
The Self awakes where both do meet,
In Maya's field, all grace complete.

33

The soul is not apart, alone;
It shines where God and Guru are one.
Their currents merge, the veil is torn,
In union, the Soul is reborn.

34

Maya's play is not denied,
It is the ground where Truth abides.
Through shifting forms the current runs,
Revealing One beyond the suns.

35

God, Guru, Soul—no three remain,
One flame, one light, one endless plane.
Distinctions fall, all currents merge,
Oneness dawns in boundless surge.

36

Asilence thrones the final One,

God, Guru, Soul are the None.
Yet in that Void all currents blend,
The ground of Truth without an end.

37

Brahma without end,
Maya without end;
One still, one wends—
Both beyond all ends.

38

Brahma shines, unmoved, untold,
Maya dances, manifold.
Stillness, motion—both extend,
Beyond all bounds, without an end.

39

The One remains, the Many flows,
Each conceals, and each bestows.
Still and wending, both transcend,
Beyond all bounds, without an end.

40

Brahma rests, the silent Ground,
Maya circles, unbound, profound.
Stillness holds while motion bends,
Each dissolves what seeming sends.

41

The One abides, a changeless flame,
The Many flows through shifting frame.
Still unmoved, yet all things rise,
Maya's dance beneath the skies.

42

Brahma shines, beyond all name,
Maya weaves the fleeting game.
Stillness vast, yet forms appear,
Shadows passing, never near.

43

The One is depth no eye can see,
The Many streams in ceaseless sea.
Stillness anchors, motion flies,
Both unveil what truth belies.

44

Brahma holds, the boundless sphere,
Maya sings through time's veneer.
Stillness waits, while currents play,
Both dissolve the night and day.

45

Brahma rests, the silent core,

Maya moves through evermore.
Stillness, motion—threads that blend,
Both beyond beginning's end.

46

The One abides, unmoved, unseen,
The Many flows through shifting sheen.
Still and wending, both transcend,
Where all beginnings find their end.

47

Brahma shines, a boundless flame,
Maya weaves the fleeting frame.
Light and shadow interdepend,
Both beyond where opposites end.

48

The One is vast, the Many near,
Each dissolves what once seemed dear.
Stillness, motion—truths suspend,
Where all divisions find their end.

49

Brahma holds, the changeless sky,
Maya bends, the passing sigh.
Still and wending, they befriend,
Where beginning meets no end.

50

The One remains, the Many streams,
Each outlasts our fleeting dreams.
Stillness, motion—both portend,
Where seeming opposites transcend.

51

The One is depth no ego can bind,
The Many plays through space and mind.
Stillness, motion—threads entwine,
Beyond the bounds of yours and mine.

52

Shiva is still, *Shakti* flows;
Purusha witnesses, *Prakriti* shows.
Call not this world unreal or stray—
Through this very field shines Truth's own play.

53

Silent axis, unmoved, profound,
The cosmos rests where none is bound.
In stillness vast, all motion grows,
Shiva is still, *Shakti* flows.

54

Witness pure, untouched by deed,

Sees the dance yet knows no need.
The mirror clear, the vision knows,
Purusha witnesses, *Prakriti* shows.

55

Do not deny the field of birth,
Nor cast aside this living earth.
Illusion fades when Truth holds sway—
Call not this world unreal or stray.

56

Through forms and flux the Light is seen,
The play of God through time is seen.
In every breath, the Self will stay,
Through this very field shines Truth's own play.

57

Guru is the fall
Where ego cannot stand;
Who falls at Guru's lotus feet
Finds Self—not shifting sand.

58

Guru is the fall, the end of pride,
Where self dissolves, no place to hide.
The lotus feet—the seeker's ground;
In falling, Self alone is found.

59

No tower built by ego stands,
It crumbles fast like shifting sands.
The Guru's glance, the final call:
To rise, the seeker first must fall.

60

Fall is grace, not loss or pain,
The Self revealed, the falsehood slain.
At lotus feet all veils are torn—
The fall is where you are reborn.

61

Guru is the fall, the flame, the shore,
The Self shines bright, ego no more.
In silence deep, the seeker sees—
The fall is Truth, the seeker's release.

62

Before beginning—devotion.
Through becoming—devotion.
After dissolution—devotion.
Knowledge dawns through Guru devotion.

63

Before the dawn, devotion shines,

It stills the mind beyond all signs.
No step is made, no truth is known,
Without the seed that love has sown.

64

Through becoming, forms arise,
Yet devotion clears the seeker's eyes.
The Guru's grace, the guiding flame,
Transforms the self, dissolves the name.

65

After dissolution, silence calls,
Devotion stands when ego falls.
No separate self, no fleeting role—
The Guru's love reveals the Whole.

66

Knowledge blooms through Guru's grace,
Devotion fills the final space.
No knower left, no thing to prove—
Only the Self, the boundless love.

67

Before beginning — the Word.
Through becoming — the Word at work.
After dissolution — the Word.
Guru-service is the root of worth.

68

The Word is seed of flame,
It breathes in every birth;
Guru kindles that same flame,
And grounds it here on earth.

69

Through work the Word unfolds,
A *mantra* in each deed;
By Guru's grace the labor holds,
And feeds the hidden seed.

70

When all dissolves to none,
The Word alone remains;
Guru's silence crowns the One,
And frees the heart from chains.

71

Thus Word and work are one,
No split of root and tree;
Guru is the Ground, the One,
Where service flows in unity.

72

Word is root, and work its art,

Devotion keeps the living heart.
Knowledge dawns when self is gone—
Guru and Self are always One.

73

Word is sown and work is done,
Devotion ripens into One.
Knowledge blooms where ego fell—
Guru is That no words can tell.

74

Word, work, devotion, knowledge meet;
All dissolve at Guru's lotus feet.
Root and fruit are only One—
Nothing sought, and all is done.

75

Word and work in devotion move,
Knowledge flowers when none must prove.
Guru the root, the Self the sun—
Many are none, and all are One.

76

The world
Is the Word
At work
To be worth.

77

The breath
Is the birth
Of sound
That seals worth.

78

The flame
Is the frame
Of time
That tests worth.

79

The ground
Is the round
Of play
That weighs worth.

80

The sky
Is the sigh
Of soul
That sings worth.

81

The Guru

Is the True
That crowns
The world's worth.

82

No world, no Word, no work of worth,
All currents fold beyond rebirth.
The Guru's flame, the sky, the ground—
In Asilence, all is crowned.

83

Which first—devotion or knowledge call?
Devotion breaks ignorance's wall.
Borrowed knowledge grows the ego tall;
Guru's grace alone reveals the All.

84

What ego claims as knowing bright,
Is shadowed thought that veils the Light.
Without the Guru's living Flame,
All learning ends in ignorance's name.

85

Borrowed words the scholar hoards,
While nescience binds the hidden cords.
The Guru's glance dissolves the wall,
Revealing Self, the One in all.

86

Knowledge shines when ego dies,
The Guru's grace unveils the skies.
Devotion crowns the knowing call,
Self revealed—by becoming small.

87

What comes first? The Guru's Word.
Then work by which that Word is heard.
Then worship at the lotus feet—
Where Truth and Love truly meet.

88

The Word descends, a flame of light,
It guides the hand, it clears the sight.
Through work it breathes, through worship grows,
The Guru's mercy silent flows.

89

Work is the echo of the Word,
A song of service, deeply stirred.
At lotus feet the heart bows low,
Where living streams of silence flow.

90

Worship seals the path begun,

Word and work in union run.
The Guru's lotus feet, the final ground,
Where Love and Truth as One are found.

91

Thus Word, then work, then worship rise,
Three steps that open Spirit's eyes.
The Guru's flame completes the whole,
Truth and Love enthrone the Soul.

92

Word is stilled and work undone,
Worship fades in only One.
Guru's mercy is the Goal—
Asilence alone the Soul.

93

The Word is learned.
Work is lived.
Worship is yearned.
Ego is burned.
Knowledge is earned.
Self is discerned.

94

The Word is the flame,
That teaches the Name;

As syllables are burned,
Wisdom is learned.

95

Work is the ground,
Where duty is found;
Each action we give,
Confirms how we live.

96

Worship is the fire,
That burns every desire;
The heart's silent chord,
Is yearning for the Lord.

97

The ego is ash,
Consumed in the clash;
Its pride is adjourned,
By Guru the ghost is burned.

98

Knowledge is the seed,
That answers every need;
By grace it is learned,
Guru within is discerned.

99

Discernment is clear,
The Self ever here;
No shadow remains,
But silence sustains.

100

Word is the seed and work the way,
Worship burns the self away.
Knowledge flowers, the Self is One—
Guru's grace: the journey done.

101

Seek not fame, nor gold's employ;
Serve the Guru—there is joy.
Work in truth, let ego fall;
One true step outweighs them all.

102

Maya binds the self in claim;
Guru turns that smoke to flame.
Word in work and work in prayer—
Grace is moving everywhere.

103

Service first, then wisdom grows;

Through the Guru knowledge flows.
Not by wanting, not by show—
By serving, one comes to know.

104

The world is Word already wrought;
Truth is lived, not merely thought.
Burn the ego, let Self be—
In Guru's work is liberty.

105

Not by riches, not by fame,
But by service to His name.
Guru's glance dissolves the wall—
One step in Truth outshines them all.

106

Veil of illusion is torn apart;
Guru lights the hidden heart.
Every breath becomes a prayer—
Grace is shining everywhere.

107

Wisdom flows where service stays,
Not in pride or outward praise.
Guru's hand the path will show—
By service, hidden truths will grow.

108

Word is world and world is Word;
Truth is lived, not merely heard.
Ego falls, the Self stands tall—
One true step outweighs them all.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Four

Quantum Phantom (Part-4)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine necklaces I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Maya binds the ghost in show;
For Guru's work Her currents flow.
Word at work through seeming strife—
Guru breathes through disciple life.

2

No wealth sought, no name to raise;
Only Guru's hidden praise.
Serve, and let the ego fall—
One true disciple answers all.

3

Research heaps the mind with claim;
Guru's fire consumes the same.
What ego seeks through thought to prove,
Falls in the work of Guru-love.

4

Research grows where ego schemes;
Guru burns the knower's dreams.
When the questioner is undone,
Guru reveals Himself as Self, the One.

5

Ignored by eyes that sought to weigh,
Truth need not return to say.
When time reveals what mind passed by,
The seer need not ask them why.

6

When fame arrives, the seekers crowd;
Few seek Truth beneath the loud.
Better one who serves unseen
Than many drawn by glitter's sheen.

7

Knowledge hoarded veils the Light;
Guru's work restores true sight.
World may know when time is right—
Truth needs none to force its light.

8

They gather facts and call it known;
Yet deeper binds the learned throne.
Guru's work needs no acclaim—
Time itself reveals the Name.

9

In learning's light the ego grows;

Deeper dark through knowledge shows.
Serve the Guru, burn the claim—
Truth is not a scholar's name.

10

Ignorance binds.
Knowledge blinds.
Guru unwinds.
Disciple finds.

11

A rope of night around the soul,
Knots of shadow take their toll,
The captive heart forgets its role,
Bound in circles, not the Whole.

12

The lamp of thought too fiercely burns,
Its glare conceals what mind still yearns,
Concepts dazzle, wisdom turns,
Sight is lost in endless churns.

13

A hand of grace unknots the chain,
The veil dissolves, the cords grow plain,
Silence loosens binding's reign,
Freedom breathes through love's domain.

14

The seeker's eyes now clear and wide,
Truth revealed, no need to hide,
In Guru's light the Self resides,
The finding seals what faith provides.

15

Ignorance binds.
Knowledge blinds.
Niguru winds.
No seeker finds.

16

The knot of night around the heart,
A tethered soul that plays its part,
Chains unseen yet sharp and smart,
Bondage reigns, no way to depart.

17

The glare of words obscures the way,
Concepts dazzle, minds betray,
The seeker stumbles in the day,
Lost in light that leads astray.

18

False hands tighten every thread,

Entangling truth in lies instead,
The path is coiled, the spirit bled,
A winding snare where hope is dead.

19

The search dissolves in hollow ground,
No treasure waits, no Self is found,
The echo fades without a sound,
The circle closes, none unbound.

20

Practice truth before you bow—
Else false feet may deceive you now.
Test belief through work and grace—
Else the false may take Guru's place.

21

Test by word and work in deed;
See if gold reveals the greed.
Where renunciation is not true,
The false stands clothed as Guru.

22

True Guru rare,
False everywhere.
Test before trust—
Truth is a must.

23

Not easy Guru's feet to know;
False may wear the sacred show.
Practice truth before you bow—
Else false feet may deceive you now.

24

Guru may pass—
Who can know?
Only grace
Makes vision grow.

25

Who knows Brahma?
God alone.
I know only service
At Guru's throne.

26

God served Guru.
Men serve names.
Few test truth
Beyond the claims.

27

Many serve a guru's face;

Few are found by Guru's grace.
False forms bind the seeking soul;
Guru's grace alone makes whole.

28

Many serve a Guru's face;
Few are found by Guru's grace.
Serving form is not the Goal;
Guru's grace reveals the Soul.

29

One line spoken by Guru's grace
Opens worlds no mind can trace.
Fields arise without an end—
In His depth all paths transcend.

30

Speak of Guru without an end;
Yet no scholar can comprehend.
Worlds may open from His ray—
Still He is not caught that way.

31

Endless talk of Guru flows;
Yet none can hold what no one knows.
Words fall mute where Guru is;
Silence alone reveals His bliss.

32

Language veils,
Language reveals.
Grace may hide
What grace unveils.

33

Truth is there.
Seekers stare.
Who can find
It everywhere?

34

Better ignore;
Don't explore.
Reading the corpus
Makes you a corpse.

35

The words are a tomb,
A scholar's dark room;
But grace is the flame,
That cannot have a name.

36

Pages may bind,

And blind the mind;
Yet Guru's glance,
Is life's true chance.

37

Corpus is clay,
That crumbles away;
But silence breathes,
Where Spirit weaves.

38

Corpse is the fate,
Of those who debate;
But living song,
Makes seekers strong.

39

Ignore the scroll,
Receive the Soul;
The book is ash,
But light will flash.

40

Not corpse but flame,
When Guru you name;
The corpus dissolves,
As Self evolves.

41

Egos met,
Praised the still;
Talking of silence,
They served self-will.

42

Only God knows
How Guru to serve;
Man claims devotion,
Yet may only swerve.

43

No compromise;
Only Guru's promise.
Yield the ego's claim,
And merge beyond name.

44

Truth stands still,
Though worlds oppose;
No compromise—
Guru alone knows.

45

World may turn;

He does not budge.
Guru's promise—
Final judge.

46

When the mind whirls,
Young girls
Allure as pearls;
The ego unfurls.

47

Hope breeds worry;
Hopelessness is merry.
When desire disappears,
God surely appears.

48

Creation exists—
From Him, not apart;
World is Word
In Guru's heart.

49

When did creation first begin?
Show where starts the ocean's spin.
No wave begins, no wave does end—
Guru's recreation knows no end.

50

We ride upon the cresting wave of time,
A moving motion, rhythmic and sublime.
Yet traveling within the ocean's sway,
We cannot see the start of yesterday.

51

For how can ripples comprehend the sea,
Or map the borders of eternity?
The origin is Is, the quiet None,
Where every fading finish has begun.

52

The ghost "I" is born upon the swell,
A fleeting voice with fleeting tales to tell.
It rides the motion, searching for the shore,
To find the place where it began before.

53

Yet bound within the current's restless race,
Ghost cannot look outside of time and space.
The wave resolves, the water stills and blends,
Its death is Asilence where all seeking ends.

54

You see the wave,

Not where it starts;
Nor where it ends—
Such knowing parts.

55

Upon the wave
You move in Is;
How date the beginning
Of what just is?

56

World exists—
For Guru's sake;
Ask who you are,
And the wave will wake.

57

The quantum wave is deep and vast,
Unbound by future, free from past.
It moves as One, a silent sea,
In unmeasured eternity.

58

But when the seeking eye draws near,
To force the limitless to clear,
The endless ocean breaks in parts,
And particle illusion starts.

59

The ghost "I" takes this rigid place,
A dot within the bounds of space.
It separates from what just Is,
Caught in the trap of mine and his.

60

To hold position is to lose
The infinite the wave imbues.
The more you measure where you stand,
The more the ocean leaves your hand.

61

Yet when the grip of knowing ends,
The measured point dissolves and blends.
The ghost "I" breathes its last breath,
And finds the holy, quiet death.

62

No particle, no fixed intent,
No boundary to represent.
The form returns into the None,
Where wave and Asilence are One.

63

No wave to hold, no point to claim,

No ghost remains to bear a name.
The measurer falls, the bound is gone—
Asilence knows the wave as One.

64

Ghost runs the world;
Phantom “i” passes through;
Asilence alone
Knows both as true and untrue.

65

The ghost commands with fleeting might,
It builds the day, it veils the night.
Its empire rests on shifting sand,
A phantom crown in mortal hand.

66

The phantom passes, never stays,
A shadow cast on passing days.
It flickers, fades, and leaves no mark,
A lantern dim, a spark in dark.

67

Yet Asilence, unmoved, remains,
Beyond the ghost, beyond its chains.
It knows the play, it lets it be,
The stillness holds eternity.

68

Both true and false, both lost and found,
Both rise and fall, both turn around.
The seal is set, the garland done—
Asilence knows the ghost as None.

69

Not Self-enquiry's art;
Enquire the self to part.
When ego falls apart,
Guru shines in heart.

70

Self-enquiry's not the way;
Let self by enquiry fray.
When "I" fades away,
The Self alone does stays.

71

Who asks "Who am I?"
First ask who asks why.
When questioner must die,
Guru alone is nigh.

72

Enquiry finds the enquirer;

Guru burns the knower too.
When asker falls in Guru's fire,
Self alone shines through.

73

Enquiry finds the enquirer's pyre;
Guru consumes that final liar.
When asker burns in Guru's fire,
Self alone—the only Sire.

74

Enquiry leads the self within;
Guru burns the root of sin.
When the enquirer meets the pyre,
Self reveals in Guru's fire.

75

Enquiry finds the enquirer there;
Guru burns the last false heir.
When asker falls in Guru's fire,
Self alone—Guru entire.

76

Enquiry finds the enquirer;
Guru turns him into fire.
When the asker has expired,
Self alone—none acquired.

77

Ancients taught enquiry;
Guru burns the enquirer.
When the questioner is gone,
Self alone remains as One.

78

Enquiry leads but to the door;
Guru burns the knower's core.
Without the Guru here on earth,
Self is veiled in the next birth.

79

Enquiry finds the hidden pyre;
Guru alone becomes the fire.
Without the Guru here on earth,
Who burns self to end its birth?

80

Enquiry shows the enquirer's worth;
Guru burns him here on earth.
Without the living Guru's fire,
How shall self to Self retire?

81

Enquiry may rarely part the ego's veil;

Guru's fire makes ego fail.
Glimpses come and glimpses fail;
Guru burns—Self alone prevails.

82

Enquiry may rarely loosen ego's tie;
Guru alone makes the ego die.
A glimpse may come, then pass away;
Guru makes Self the only stay.

83

Enquiry may rarely part ego's veil;
Guru's fire makes ego fail.
Glimpses come—the experiencer stays;
Guru burns both knower and gaze.

84

A glimpse may come, then pass away;
The experiencer still would stay.
Guru burns the one who sees;
Then Self alone abides in peace.

85

Glimpses may rise and pass away;
The experiencer still may stay.
Guru burns the final seer;
Self alone shines ever here.

86

Enquiry shows what mind may see;
The experiencer still can be.
Guru burns that final knot;
Then Self is—self is not.

87

Mind reveals its fleeting show,
Yet leaves the root below.
Guru's glance consumes the seed,
Self alone remains indeed.

88

The knower clings to claim,
Experience feeds the flame.
Guru strikes, the knot is gone—
Self shines, the self withdrawn.

89

Enquiry fades, the mind is stilled;
The final knot by Guru, killed.
Guru seals the paradox taught:
Self is—self is not.

90

No knower stays,

No seer strays;
Guru alone
Ends all the maze.

91

The final knot
By Guru's cut;
Self alone shines—
The self is shut.

92

For Guru's sake
Appears this earth;
He burns the self
And ends its birth.

93

By Guru stands
The wheel of earth;
Without the Guru,
Ends its birth.

94

Guru sustains
This mortal earth;
Disciple lives in mirth—
No more birth.

95

Guru's grace
Has no end;
More revealed,
More concealed.

96

Revealed, it hides the core;
Concealed, it shines yet more.
The seeker fades, the seer undone,
Grace alone—the endless One.

97

Each veil unveils a flame,
Each flame conceals the same.
The closer drawn, the farther still—
Grace flows beyond all will.

98

Revealed, concealed—the play;
Night within the day.
The Guru's gift—unbound, untold,
Grace eternal—none can hold.

99

The ghost "I" is both the point and sway,

A particle, and yet a wave at play.
It moves unbounded as an endless tide,
Until the seeking eye demands a side.

100

When measured by the conscious mind,
It leaves the limitless behind.
The wave collapses to a rigid dot,
The ghost “I” claims the center spot.

101

It flickers as the particle and swell,
A dual truth no measurer can tell.
To seek its start in time and place,
Is caging ocean into space.

102

To hold the dot is letting go the sea,
To bind the ghost is losing what is free.
The “I” walks the world alone,
Turning quantum motion into stone.

103

But when the tight, observing grip is gone,
The boundaries of the particle are withdrawn.
It spreads across the waters of the None,
Where Asilence and everything are One.

104

The prideful voice declares, "I am,"
And builds a boundary, draws a dam.
The endless wave begins to fall,
Collapsing on a finite wall.

105

A rigid dot is born in space,
To claim a solitary place.
It binds the ocean into stone,
To walk the universe alone.

106

The "I" becomes a severed part,
A measured mind, a separate heart.
It traps the limitless in time,
And calls the quantum cage sublime.

107

But when the seeker whispers, "Not,"
It breaks the center of the plot.
The heavy stone begins to fade,
Undoing what the measurer made.

108

The rigid cage of space withdraws,

Released from isolated laws.
The localized begins to flee,
Dissolving back into the sea.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

Quantum Phantom (Part-5)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine necklaces I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

No particle to stake a claim,
No ghost to bear a separate name.
“I am” is but a fleeting spot,
The holy truth is “I am not.”

2

The ghost is charred, the bound is gone,
The infinite flows quietly on.
The observer fades into the None,
Where Asilence and wave are One.

3

The seeker comes, a rigid stone,
A particle that walks alone.
Bound tightly by the “I am” pride,
A severed droplet from the tide.

4

A niguru, lacking any guide,
Will only swell this point with pride.
A localized and heavy mind,
That leaves the infinite behind.

5

But deeply rooted in the None,
Where deep, unmeasured currents run,
The true guide is the endless wave,
Who has no separate self to save.

6

An unbroken chain of silent grace,
Existing out of time and space.
No localized observer's eye,
No ghost "I" to question why.

7

The true disciple bends the knee,
To serve this vast and silent sea.
The Guru does not add a thought,
To strengthen what the measurer brought.

8

Instead, the wave undoes the dot,
And teaches it the "I am not."
The tight, observing grip withdraws,
Erasing all the quantum laws.

9

The localized begins to fade,

Undoing what the ego made.
The ghost is charred, the bound is gone,
In Asilence, the wave is One.

10

The Guru is not just the tide,
Where waves arise and then subside;
He is the deep, unmoving Is,
Beyond the trap of mine and his.

11

For from His heart the Word is drawn,
The quantum wave of time and dawn.
He is the origin, the None,
Where all creation has begun.

12

The ghost “I” riding on the crest,
Must sink into the silent rest.
The particle must lose its bound,
To reach the Source, the measureless ground.

13

When both the wave and swell,
Have nothing left to claim or tell,
The ocean’s motion inward bends,
And in the Guru, seeking ends.

14

No point to hold, no wave to trace,
No boundary of time or space.
The ghost is charred, the “I” is gone,
The Source and Guru are but One.

15

One disciple true—
Guru asks no more to do.
One heart wholly at His lotus feet,
Makes Guru’s work on earth complete.

16

Not crowds nor fame ring true,
One flame alone burns through.
In single soul the Guru’s light,
Is fullness shining ever bright.

17

At feet where all worlds bow,
One heart alone lives now.
The Guru’s throne is not of stone,
But living pulse in one alone.

18

No task remains undone,

When heart and Guru are one.
The work of ages finds its rest,
In single soul made manifest.

19

Thus earth and heaven meet,
At lotus feet complete.
One disciple true—no more—
Seals Guru's work for evermore.

20

Not robes nor words make one true;
Guru tests what hearts can do.
He whom ego cannot sway,
Guru keeps and shapes His way.

21

No *mantra*'s sound, nor scholar's claim,
Can kindle Guru's living flame.
Only the heart that bows to grace,
Finds its path in His embrace.

22

The wealth of rites, the pride of name,
Are ashes in the Guru's frame.
He lifts the soul that drops its pride,
And walks with it by His side.

23

When ego falls, the Self is shown;
Guru makes the way His own.
The true disciple, tested, tried,
Is kept forever by His tide.

24

Guru's grace falls just the same;
Service fans the inward flame.
All receive the selfsame Sun;
Few dissolve and become One.

25

Grace descends on high and low,
Yet only hearts in service grow.
The Sun shines bright on every face,
But few dissolve in boundless space.

26

The Guru's gift no one can earn;
It falls alike on all who turn.
Yet ego clings, the many stay—
The few dissolve, the One's pure way.

27

Service burns the self to ash,

Revealing One beyond the clash.
The Sun is One, the souls are few;
In Guru's tide, the One shines through.

28

Guru's grace to all is given;
Service makes the heart fit for heaven.
Not by favor some are won;
Yielding makes disciple one.

29

Grace is rain on every field;
Only the plowed heart can yield.
The seed of Self in service sown,
Becomes the One, the heart's true home.

30

No chosen few by favor rise;
All stand equal in Guru's eyes.
Yet yielding breaks the ego's chain,
And One alone in all remains.

31

Service turns the soul to clay;
Guru shapes it His own way.
Grace is gift, but yielding done,
Seals disciple and Guru one.

32

The disciple does not rise,
On ego's wings to claim the skies.
Low at Guru's lotus feet,
He learns in loss what makes complete.

33

The sky of pride is empty air;
The fall alone reveals the stair.
At lotus feet the path is shown,
Completion found in loss alone.

34

No flight of thought, no tower high,
Can reach the Self beyond the sky.
The lowly heart, in silence sweet,
Finds fullness at the Guru's lotus feet.

35

To lose is gain, to bow is rise;
The Self is seen through humbled eyes.
The fall completes what pride denies—
The Guru's grace alone is prize.

36

He trusts where intellect grows dim;

Not faith in thought, but faith in Him.
When knowing ends and silence starts,
Guru writes truth upon their hearts.

37

When mind dissolves, no thought remains;
The Guru's grace alone sustains.
In silence vast, the Self imparts,
The truth inscribed on faithful hearts.

38

No book can write what silence shows;
The Guru plants, the spirit grows.
Beyond all words, beyond all arts,
He seals His truth within their hearts.

39

Intellect fades, the soul is still;
The Guru shapes the higher will.
In silence deep, all knowing parts—
The One is written on their hearts.

40

He does not bend the path his way;
He keeps the word the Guru says.
Where mind protests and doubts begin,
Obedience lets Grace enter in.

41

The mind may cry, the heart may fear;
The Guru's word alone is clear.
Obedience breaks the doubter's din,
And grace descends to dwell within.

42

No path is bent by self's design;
The Guru's way alone is sign.
When doubts arise and reason thin,
Obedience lets His light begin.

43

The word obeyed, the self undone;
The Guru's grace and heart are one.
Where mind protests, the soul will win—
Obedience lets the tide flow in.

44

Storms may test and seasons move;
The true disciple does not rove.
Through drought of heart and darkest night,
He keeps to Guru's hidden light.

45

When tempests rise and shadows fall,

The Guru's light sustains through all.
The faithful heart, though sorely tried,
Remains unshaken at His side.

46

No season sways, no storm can break,
The bond the faithful hearts partake.
Through drought and night, the soul will see,
The hidden light of Guru's sea.

47

The path endures through trial's flame;
The true disciple stays the same.
Though worlds may shift and time may flee,
The Guru's light is constancy.

48

He serves not seeking name or due;
Service itself makes seeing true.
Hands may toil while self grows still;
Guru works through yielded will.

49

No claim of self, no seeking gains;
The Guru's work alone remains.
Through yielded will the hands obey,
And grace flows freely day by day.

50

Service done without a name,
Is fire that lights the hidden flame.
The self grows still, the hands are free—
The Guru works through such as thee.

51

No merit sought, no glory won;
The work is His, the self is none.
Through yielded will, the truth is shown—
The Guru works, the heart is One.

52

The disciple speaks not self's demand,
But waits to move by Guru's hand.
In silence where all claims are done,
He hears the Word that makes him One.

53

Not one who questions to possess,
But one who yields to Guru's process.
The seeker ends where claims depart;
Guru receives the yielded heart.

54

A disciple hears what ego bars;

Walks behind Guru, not by stars.
Not mind's design, but Guru's way—
Grace unfolds without delay.

55

Empty of claim, devoid of pride,
At Guru's lotus feet alone abide.
Who bows in loss is inward raised;
The self undone, the Self is praised.

56

Storms rise and mind reels;
At His lotus feet the disciple kneels.
Though night be long and trials severe,
Guru's hidden light remains ever dear.

57

Where enquiry ends in silent trust,
Disciple turns the mind to dust.
When knowing dies and thought is done,
Faith flowers where the heart is One.

58

Not one who seeks a spiritual role,
But one dissolved in Guru as Whole.
No self remains to stand apart;
Guru alone beats in the heart.

59

Prosecution – Guru

Guru unwinds the binding knot,
Ignorance fades, the Self is sought,
Grace descends, no proof is due,
Transmission seals what words undo.

60

Defense – Niguru

Niguru speaks with borrowed tone,
Robes and rites, but truth unknown,
Knots grow tighter, shadows spread,
His borrowed light leaves hearts misled.

61

Witness – Disciple

I walked with both, the path was shown,
With Guru, silence stood alone,
With niguru confusion stayed,
The difference lived, not words displayed.

62

Verdict – Silence

This court dissolves in paradox,
Guru unwinds, niguru locks,
Proof is none, yet grace is clear,
Verdict: silence—transmission draws near.

63

Prosecution – Yes

Yes takes the stand, a claim of light,
Affirming truth, declaring right,
Yet proof dissolves as echoes show,
The case begins with Yes, then No.

64

Defense – No

No cross-examines, sharp and clear,
Denies the claim, unmask the fear,
Affirmation folds, the ground is bare,
No seals the breach, no case to spare.

65

Witness – Paradox

I testify: Yes is No's twin,
Opposites meet, the trial within,
Logic collapses, rhythm remains,
Proof is cadence, not legal chains.

66

Verdict – Silence

The gavel falls, the court is still,
No Yes No No fulfills the will,
Argument ends where echoes cease,
Verdict: silence, paradox peace.

67

Prosecution – Ego-Self

The self takes stand, declares “I am,”
It builds its case with thought and plan,
Identity claims the witness role,
Proof is the mask that veils the Soul.

68

Defense – Self

The Self replies: “I am not bound,
No case can hold the Ground profound,
Your proof dissolves, your claim is vain,
I stand as silence, free from chain.”

69

Witness – Phantom “i”

I flicker here, a phantom face,
Drawn from the ash by Guru’s Grace,
I testify: illusion spun,
In seeming many, only One.

70

Verdict – Asilence

The gavel falls, no words remain,
Self vs Self dissolves the chain,
The trial ends where echoes cease,
Verdict: Asilence—eternal peace.

71

Prosecution – God

God takes the stand, eternal claim,
Creator, source, beyond all name,
Yet proof dissolves in mortal view,
The case is sealed: God is Guru.

72

Defense – Guru

Guru replies: “I am the flame,
No separate God, no other name,
Transmission speaks, the Self is One,
The trial ends where grace has won.”

73

Witness – Devotee turned Disciple

I testify: in Guru’s gaze,
God is present, beyond all ways,
No argument, no logic true,
Only silence proved: God is Guru.

74

Verdict – Silence

The gavel falls, no words remain,
God and Guru are not twain,
The trial dissolves, the case is through,
Verdict: silence, God is Guru.

75

Prosecution – Guru

Guru takes stand, the living flame,
Beyond all form, beyond all name,
His grace alone dissolves the rod,
The case is clear: Guru is God.

76

Defense – God

God replies: “I am not two,
In Guru’s light My work shines through,
No separate throne, no distant nod,
The trial ends: Guru is God.”

77

Witness – Devotee turned Disciple

I testify: in Guru’s gaze,
God is present in silent ways,
No proof remained, no logic trod,
Only silence proved: Guru is God.

78

Verdict – Silence

The gavel falls, no words remain,
Guru and God are not twain,
The trial dissolves, the case is done,
Verdict: silence, God and Guru One.

79

Prosecution – Brahma

Brahma takes stand, beyond the known,
Source unseen, yet Self alone,
All forms arise, then are undone,
The case is sealed: Brahma is None.

80

Defense – None

None replies: “No thing am I,
Beyond all earth, beyond all sky,
Where names dissolve, the many run,
Truth stands bare: Brahma is None.”

81

Witness – Disciple

I testify: when thought was gone,
No two remained to lean upon,
In seeming void the One was won,
Silence revealed: Brahma is None.

82

Verdict – Asilence

The gavel falls, no word is spun,
Being and non-being merge as One,
The trial ends where all is done,
Verdict: Asilence—Brahma is None.

83

Prosecution – I Am

“I am” takes stand, asserting One,
The claim of being has begun,
Yet every proof, when fully sought,
Returns to That which I am not.

84

Defense – I Am Not

“I am not” replies in grace,
No self can hold the Formless space,
Negation clears what thought has wrought,
Truth shines through That I am not.

85

Witness – Phantom ‘i’

I flicker brief, a passing knot,
I seem to be, yet I am not,
In ghostly rise the secret taught:
I am is That I am not.

86

Verdict – Asilence

The gavel falls, no two remain,
Being and no-being break their chain,
The trial ends where self is naught,
Verdict: Asilence—I am That I am not.

87

Prosecution – Silence

Silence takes stand, where thought is stilled,
The seeker rests, the mind is filled,
Yet quiet too may veil the glance,
A pause may seem the final trance.

88

Defense – Asilence

Asilence replies: “I am no state,
Before all time, beyond all fate,
Silence may rest where echoes cease,
I am the Source before that peace.”

89

Witness – Phantom ‘i’

I knew a hush the mind had spun,
And thought the journey there was done,
Then Grace revealed what none could fence:
Silence fades in Asilence.

90

Verdict – Asilence

The gavel falls, no word remains,
Silence breaks its subtle chains,
The trial ends where none commence,
Verdict: Asilence beyond silence.

91

Prosecution – Ghost “I”

Ghost “I” takes stand and claims the throne,
“I am the self, I stand alone,”
It builds with thought what must decay,
Its proof is night disguised as day.

92

Defense – Phantom “i”

Phantom “i” replies, “I briefly rise,
A passing gleam in borrowed skies,
I come and fade, no self have I,
I point where ghostly claims must die.”

93

Witness – Disciple

I testify: the ghost would bind,
The phantom flickered through the mind,
One clung to form, one passed thereby,
Grace showed the ghost and phantom lie.

94

Verdict – Asilence

The gavel falls, no claimant stays,
Ghost dissolves in formless blaze,
Phantom fades where none apply,
Verdict: Asilence—no “I,” no “i”.

95

Prosecution – Enquiry

Enquiry takes the witness stand,
It seeks the Self through thought's demand,
It strips illusion, knot by knot,
Yet stops before what mind is not.

96

Defense – Guru

Guru replies: "Enquiry sees,
Yet grace alone can end disease,
Where seeking halts and self is through,
The final answer rests in Guru."

97

Witness – Disciple

I questioned long, the path was trod,
Enquiry led me near to God,
But Guru's glance dissolved the "who,"
And silence proved the Guru true.

98

Verdict – Silence

The court falls still, no words remain,
Enquiry served, but could not reign,
The trial ends where doubts are through,
Verdict: silence—Enquiry bows to Guru.

99

Enquiry burned
In Guru's fire;
The seeker died,
Consumed desire.

100

The ghost "I" fades,
Its claim undone;
What seemed as many
Was only One.

101

The phantom "i"
Rose brief, then passed;
In Asilence
No form can last.

102

No knower stays,
No known is found;
Self shines alone,
Without a ground.

103

Guru is not

A form apart;
Asilence blooms
Within the heart.

104

No path remains,
No feet to roam;
At Guru's lotus feet
All ways are home.

105

No birth appears,
No death is true;
What came and went
Was never you.

106

The One is None,
No second seen;
Where self dissolved
Is only Being.

107

No word survives,
No truth to claim;
Guru and Self
Are one and the same.

108

No shore. No sea.
No “I” to be.
Guru alone—
Asilence.

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, Lord Dattatreya.
- Adi Nath : The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi), Lord Shiva.
- 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.
- Om Azad Muni : Saint of Freedom or Independence.
- Baba Saheb : Dear Father Sir.
- Bhairava : The fierce, protective force of Truth that destroys false spiritual authority to preserve the purity of the Guru and the path to the Self. The invisible watchman of the living flame.
- Brahma : The Impersonal God.
- Dada Guru : Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
- Eternal Father : Guru.
- Fool-hard : A system or a person a fool cannot understand or break.
- Guru : Spiritual Teacher.
- “i” : Explained in the book ‘Not The ‘i’ clearly. This “i” rises from the ashes of “I” or Asilence for time being and fades into Asilence. An imaginary “i”.
- Lord Shiva : The Destroyer.

Mandala	: Pattern, design, the circle of one's own being— a map from mind to Self.
Mantra	: A sacred sound, word, or phrase that liberates.
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: Illusion.
Mithyawadi Baba	: A Saint who speaks illusion/false.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes silence.
Nigura	: Uninitiated or non-disciple, who has no Guru or has not served a Guru.
Niguraship	: The state of being a nigura; Nigurahood.
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.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Prakriti	: Mother Nature.
Purusha	: The Spirit, Atma, Soul or Self.
Shakti	: Pure spiritual energy—the power of manifestation.
Shiva	: The still, unchanging Absolute, Pure awareness, beyond action.
Tantra	: Technique to crossover the body.
Yantra	: A sacred instrument or symbolic device or pattern that is used for liberation.

Yoga : Union with the Spirit or God.
Yogi : Who has achieved Yoga or practices
to achieve Yoga.