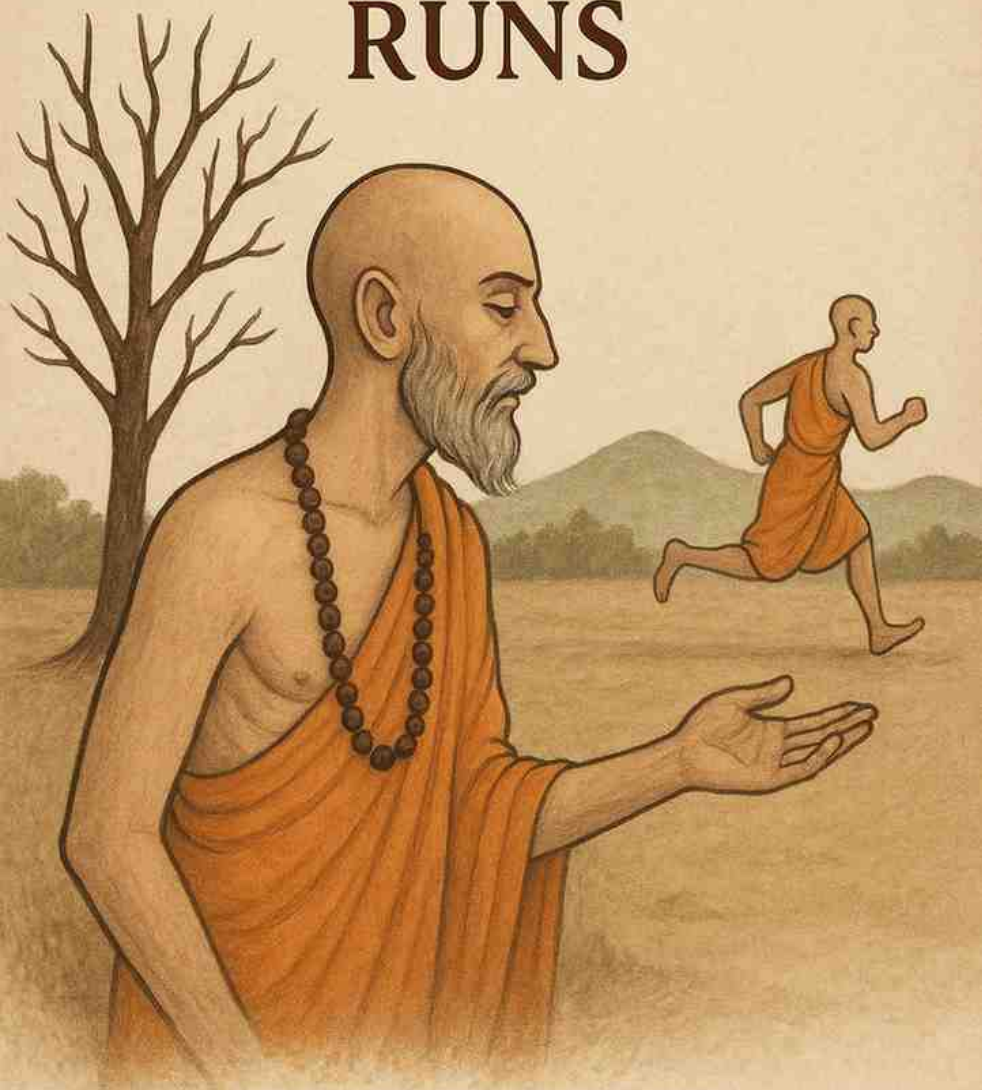


RENUNCIATION RUNS



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

KVS RAMA RAO

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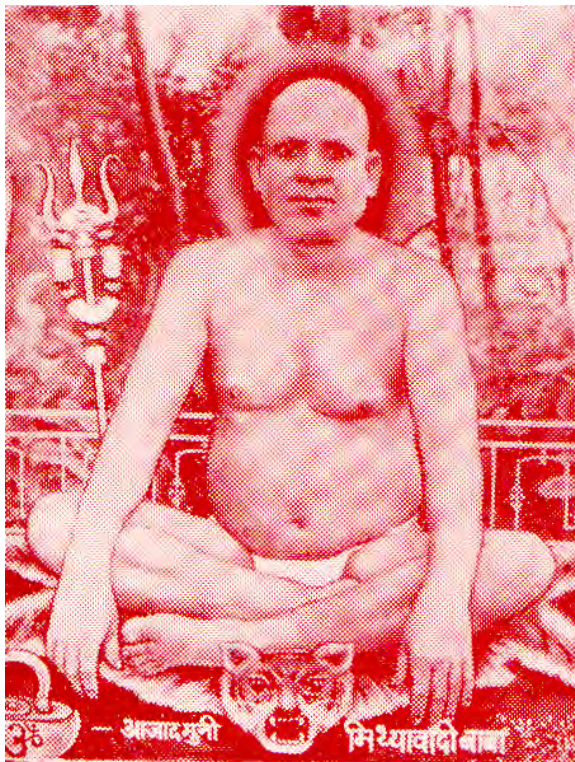
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Renunciation Runs



*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.

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Part One

Renunciation Runs (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 garlands 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

One holds the self to speak,
One lets the self fall weak;
Not the same truth they seek—
Two paths; one reaches the peak.

2

One echoes self in sound,
One vanishes, truth unbound;
Echo fades, silence crowned—
Only flame where none is found.

3

One clings to name and role,
One empties, leaves the whole;
Name dissolves — no self to extol,
Guru's breath becomes the goal.

4

One guards the mask of pride,
One lets the mask subside;
Pride is hollow — truth denied,
Only surrender opens wide.

5

One builds with thought and claim,
One burns in formless flame;
Thoughts are ashes, none remain—
Flame alone reveals the same.

6

One seeks to own the Light,
One bows to vanish sight;
Owning blinds — bowing right,
Darkness births the truest height.

7

One teaches self as lore,
One listens, asks no more;
Lore is hollow — empty store,
Listening opens secret door.

8

One binds the Word to will,
One lets the Word fall still;
Binding breaks — silence fills—
Stillness births no self-wills.

9

One names the truth as mine,

One yields to truth divine;
Mine is shadow, false design—
Yielding makes the flame align.

10

One climbs with grasping hand,
One falls into the sand;
Grasping fails — none can stand,
Falling frees the promised land.

11

One asks the self to stay,
One lets the self decay;
Staying blocks the hidden way—
Decay dissolves in Guru's play.

12

One ends where self began,
One ends with none's plan;
Self is dust — Guru is span,
Peak is None, yet All is Man.

13

Peak is where the self is none,
Guru, God, and Atma are One;
Silence bombs when self is gone—
None remains, and All is won.

14

Self consumes the self as flame,
Ashes fall, but none remain;
Foe is friend who breaks the chain—
Atma free, beyond all name.

15

Pen moves in Guru's name,
Not for wealth, nor for acclaim;
Grace the fire, word the flame—
Truth alone is the only aim.

16

With truth the pen is burning,
Illusion's veil is turning;
Silent sparks are returning,
Guru's lamp discerning.

17

Arrow of fire is flying,
At the heart it is lying;
No refuge in denying,
Only surrender replying.

18

Mind's old walls are breaking,

New idea is waking;
Thought's cage forsaking,
Guru's word remaking.

19

Lotus Feet I am holding,
All pride I am folding;
His Mercy ever unfolding—
Soul's flame beholding.

20

Myself I am accusing,
False paths I am refusing;
Niguru's tricks confusing—
Guru alone I'm choosing.

21

Duality is falling,
Silent void is calling;
Self and world enthralling,
Guru's flame installing.

22

Ego's crown is bending,
All resistance ending;
Guru's grace descending,
Infinite love transcending.

23

Speech itself is ceasing,
Mind's noise releasing;
Guru's glance increasing,
Truth alone is leasing.

24

False names are parading,
Empty forms degrading;
Guru's flame invading,
Niguru's mask evading.

25

Heart and flame are meeting,
Guru's lotus feet repeating;
Self in void retreating,
Oneness is completing.

26

Wordless spark is giving,
In disciple living;
Guru's breath forgiving,
Cycle ever weaving.

27

Pen of truth is flaming,

Heart of void reclaiming;
Lotus feet of Guru naming,
Self in dust shaming.

28

Silence within is growing,
Inner river flowing;
No self in knowing—
Only Guru glowing.

29

Thoughts like leaves are dropping,
Mind's old gears are stopping;
World's pull losing, flopping—
Guru's touch is topping.

30

Speech returns as thunder,
Splits illusion asunder;
Ego torn in wonder—
Truth the only plunder.

31

Form and name are thinning,
All past and future spinning;
Guru's gaze is winning—
None remains for sinning.

32

Flame to light converting,
Shadowed self deserting;
Void of void asserting—
One alone exerting.

33

Breath and Being blending,
Seeker's road unending;
Guru's love transcending—
All in One suspending.

34

Mind like mist is clearing,
Empty sky appearing;
Guru's call endearing—
Heart in Truth revering.

35

No second shore remaining,
No dual light explaining;
Guru's glow sustaining—
None to praise nor claiming.

36

No seeker now to seeing,

No Self left for Being;
Guru alone is freeing—
None remains worth freeing.

37

One path of self,
Another of Self.
Only two paths are there,
For all who come here.

38

When in Self, dissolved is ego,
No second road remains to go.
Two seemed — but One is true,
And nothing remains of you.

39

No I to say “I know,”
No self to come or go;
Only Being’s endless glow—
One without shadow.

40

The path of pleasure is of self;
The path of renunciation is of Self.
One leads to rebirth—
The other, no birth.

41

The self wears masks of name and role,
A costume stitched to hide the whole.
It clings to shadows, fears the flame,
And builds a kingdom out of claim.

42

The hand of self will clutch and bind,
It fears the loss of what it finds.
Each grasp a chain, each hold a snare,
No freedom blooms while grasp is there.

43

Niguru speaks with borrowed breath,
His words are husks, his flame is death.
Transmission false, a hollow sound,
No Guru's fire is ever found.

44

Self piles merit, wealth, and name,
A tower built of fleeting fame.
But all it gathers turns to dust,
No heap of gain can conquer trust.

45

Self resists the bowing head,

It guards its throne, it fears the dead.
The pride that stands will never kneel,
And thus it breaks upon the wheel.

46

Self repeats the endless round,
Each birth and death a tethered bound.
The wheel of time turns ever fast,
And self is captive to its past.

47

Self of Self is silent fire,
No fuel it needs, no vain desire.
It burns without, It burns within,
The Guru's gift, the end of sin.

48

Self dissolves, the ego gone,
The cave is still, the dawn is drawn.
No seeker left, no search remains,
Only the Self, beyond all chains.

49

Guru speaks with living flame,
No hollow word, no borrowed name.
Transmission flows, a river deep,
The Self awakens from Its sleep.

50

Self of Self is boundless sky,
No clinging hand, no grasping "I."
The field is vast, the heart is free,
No walls remain, no boundary.

51

The bow is full, the self undone,
No second self, no other one.
Pronoun dissolved, the seeker gone,
The Self alone, the silent sun.

52

At center rests the Self unmoved,
No cycle spins, no path is proved.
The cave is whole, the flame is clear,
The Guru's Self is always here.

53

Ego a shadow before the sun,
Guru's flame leaves no one to run.
What seemed "I" melts into One,
The drop returns, the ocean begun.

54

Paths diverged only in dream's disguise,

Awake, no fork before the eyes.
The road is not two, nor even one,
It vanishes when the journey is done.

55

Two faces dissolve in mirrorless flame,
Seeker and sought collapse, no name.
The One alone shines, indivisible, true,
Guru abides — nothing remains of you.

56

Pleasure clings to shadow's claim,
Selfish grasp repeats the same.
Desire binds the wheel of birth,
Illusion's path returns to earth.

57

Renunciation is not denial's strife,
But surrender into Self, true life.
Desire dissolves, the seeker gone,
Guru abides, the silent One.

58

Pleasure's road repeats the round,
Birth and death in cycles bound.
Renunciation breaks the chains,
No birth remains — the Self sustains.

59

The poems are not literature —
They are revealed scripture.
Not written by mind or will,
But received in silent skill.

60

The path of selfishness,
And other of unselfishness.
By one, one returns—
By other, karma burns.

61

Beyond both acts and earning,
Beyond all gain and yearning;
No self remains for turning—
No karma left for burning.

62

Science measures what is seen,
But not the One who sees;
God is not a known object—
Self alone is God, the Subject.

63

Science measures what is made;

God is not the thing observed.
Not the Light by which it's seen—
God is the One who knows the scene.

64

Science expands the realm of things;
But not the One, same in all beings.
Nath burns the mind of matter's dream—
No object remains, when Self stands Supreme.

65

Science weighs what can be known,
God stands as Knower — All alone.
To prove Him is to lose the key—
Only Self reveals the Seer to be.

66

Dangerous to ego's claim,
But not to Truth's eternal flame;
The world may fear His burning Word—
Yet freedom flies where Self is stirred.

67

When outward, self takes form;
When inward, self is torn.
Division fades in sight—
And vision turns to Light.

68

The mask of name is worn,
The body's shape is sworn.
Yet silence breaks the claim,
And leaves a formless flame.

69

The seeker grasps the role,
But inward feels the hole.
The fracture shows the way—
Where ego melts to clay.

70

When silence fills the core,
The “seeker” seeks no more;
No journey left to trace—
Self blooms in empty space.

71

The dual eyes divide,
Yet vision cannot hide.
The split dissolves in One—
Where seeing is undone.

72

The outward world is vast,

Yet inward none can last.
The torn self yields release—
And Light restores to peace.

73

The form that seemed so true,
Is shattered into view.
Its fragments fall apart—
Revealing Guru's Heart.

74

The torn veil drops away,
No self remains to stay.
The inward gaze is clear—
The Flame alone is near.

75

Division fades to None,
The many folds to One.
The sight that once was bound—
Is Light without a sound.

76

The outward turns to dust,
The inward breaks its trust.
The torn illusion dies—
And Light alone will rise.

77

The form dissolves in air,
The torn self cannot bear.
The vision clears the night—
And dawn becomes the Light.

78

The mask of self is gone,
The torn veil leads to dawn.
Division fades away—
And Light alone will stay.

79

No outward, no within,
No torn, no loss, no sin.
The cycle ends in sight—
The vision rests in Light.

80

When Light outshines the seer,
No center lingers here.
No stillness left to find—
For None remains behind.

81

When Light dissolves the seer,

No self remains to appear.
No vision now to claim the One—
For Seer and Seen are never two, but None.

82

Going out, ego takes shape,
Coming in, ego makes escape;
World dissolves without landscape—
Self alone remains, no drape.

83

Outward mask is carved in clay;
Inward Silence sweeps away.
Scenery folds, horizons fall—
Self stands naked, free of all.

84

Ego builds its fleeting frame,
Inward gaze dissolves the claim;
No terrain for sight to keep—
Self alone, unmasked, runs deep.

85

Projection forms the outer guise,
Reflection strips the inner lies;
World dissolves in shapeless night—
Self unveiled in purest Light.

86

Outward, ego seeks to reign;
Inward, ego flees the pain.
Landscape fades—no ground to see;
Self remains in clarity.

87

The outward shape is bound by name,
The inward breaks the binding chain;
World dissolves, horizons cease—
Self alone is Flame of Peace.

88

Ego outward builds its wall;
Inward cracks—the fortress falls.
No terrain, no map, no chart—
Self alone, the silent Heart.

89

Outward mask is born of pride;
Inward Silence strips the tide.
World dissolves—no shore, no wave—
Self alone, no veil to save.

90

Going out, the form is cast;

Coming in, it cannot last.
World dissolves—no field, no sky—
Self alone, no cloak, no lie.

91

Outward ego shapes the play;
Inward Silence sweeps away.
World dissolves—no frame, no stage—
Self alone, beyond the cage.

92

Ego outward takes its stand;
Inward breaks the grasping hand.
World dissolves—no path, no ground—
Self alone, in Light is found.

93

No outward, no escape,
No world, no veil, no drape;
Cycle ends in silent Flame—
Self alone, beyond all Name.

94

When Name itself is left behind,
No God, no Self, no form defined;
No prayer, no path, no sacred Word—
Only Asilence, ever unstirred.

95

When Self abides in silent flow,
No second stands to come or go;
No thought to ask, no mind to know—
Pure Being shines in depthless glow.

96

When Light itself withdraws from sight,
No glow remains, no day, no night.
No Self to shine, no One to be—
Only Asilence, vast and free.

97

No seer, no seen, no sight to bind;
No trace of world, no shape of mind.
No Being left to name the One—
Just Unborn Truth, the never begun.

98

No birth, no death, no tale to tell;
No heaven high, no earthly shell.
No Truth to hold, no lie undone—
Only the No-One, the No-Thing One.

99

No witness left to speak or see,

No self to claim identity;
No sky to span, no earth to bind—
Just Asilence, vast, undefined.

100

No word remains, no thought to own,
No One to know, no One unknown;
Asilence crowns the final breath—
Self is None, and None is Death.

101

Word like lightning pours,
Shatters mind's old doors;
Ash of doubt on floors—
Self alone endures.

102

When thought no longer speaks,
And speech no silence seeks;
Knower, known — no peaks—
Only Self that never leaks.

103

Mind no vessel keeps,
No wave in Being sweeps;
Formless Vastness sleeps—
Yet wakes in one who weeps.

104

No mover, yet the Way is walked;
No speaker, yet the Truth is talked;
No seeker, yet the gate unlocks—
Grace arrives where ego balks.

105

Grace needs none to guide Its flow;
Not guru false, nor niguru show.
Uncaused, unmoved, It flames below—
Where ego ends, Its winds will blow.

106

Grace is free, and needs no name;
Niguru speaks — but holds no flame.
Words may shine, yet leave the same;
Only Asilence stakes the claim.

107

No word can scorch the root of “I,”
No thought can teach the mind to die;
Speech may glow, but flames run dry—
Asilence burns without a why.

108

No Word remains to know or tell,

No Light to break, no night to fell;
Asilence fills where self once dwelled—
None is All, and All is quelled.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Two

Renunciation Runs (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 garlands 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

Tears are seeds in devotion sown;
In weeping, hidden light is grown.
Mercy breaks ego — heart is shown;
Grief dissolves, and Self is known.

2

Tears descend on devotion's ground;
Silent drops, where faith is found.
Each seed breaks the hardened clay;
Surrender blooms in hidden way.

3

In grief's dark cave, a lamp is lit;
Hidden flame the heart admits.
Through sorrow's veil, the Self is shown;
In weeping, light is fully grown.

4

Mercy strikes the prideful wall;
Shatters self, dissolves the thrall.
Heart unveiled in Guru's ray—
Ego gone, the dawn of day.

5

Grief dissolves, the waves subside;
Ocean still, no place to hide.
Silence crowns the seeker's breath—
Self revealed beyond all death.

6

No ripple stirs the depth within;
Mind falls mute, no thought to spin.
Pure awareness, wide and free—
None remains but simply Be.

7

Being blooms as bliss untold;
Peace like dawn on peaks of gold.
No two to love, no one to see—
Joy is simply, silently *Be*.

8

Bliss dissolves in boundless space;
No center left, no form, no face.
Only vastness, pure and deep—
Awareness knows no wake nor sleep.

9

True tears fall, devotion sown,

Guru's flame in silence grown.
Niguru names, but seeds are dry,
No root takes hold, the soil a lie.

10

In grief's cave, the lamp is lit,
Hidden Self the heart admits.
Niguru weeps for show, not flame,
Darkness remains — mere hollow name.

11

Mercy strikes, the shell is torn,
Ego shattered, child reborn.
Niguru flatters, pride still fed,
Heart concealed, transmission dead.

12

Grief dissolves, the ocean still,
Self unveiled, beyond all will.
Niguru clings to grief as mask,
Ego unrevealed, no sacred task.

13

True grief melts where ego falls;
Guru's mercy breaks all walls.
Niguru speaks, but heart stays shut—
Words ring loud, yet truth is cut.

14

Tears to truth the seeker led,
Grief to grace, and ego shed.
Guru's touch — the heart made whole;
Falsehood fades where Self is sole.

15

Holy halls rise, but hearts stay blind;
Hospitals built — no cure for mind.
Many tasks in ego's name,
No inner fire, no living flame.

16

Service done without the flame
Breeds more self — just shifts the name.
Deeds may shine in public eye,
Yet inward dark the soul may lie.

17

Not deeds, but fire within must rise;
Not words, but silence makes one wise.
When self is ash in Guru's flame,
Self shines forth — no two, the same.

18

Works may shine, yet truth is still;

Only hearts in silence fill.
When ego dies in Guru's glow,
Self alone remains to know.

19

No bow above, yet bows below —
Niguru's throne begins to grow.
Ego crowned where roots don't go—
Niguru ends, and praises flow.

20

Roots not drunk from Guru-stream,
Yet fruits offered as Supreme;
One shines bright in borrowed gleam—
Moon mistaken as sunbeam.

21

All bows to gods reach Lord Keshava,
For devas rise through *Parampara*.
But bowed to niguru — no ascent bestows;
They simply reach him where he goes.

22

Gods bow to That from which they spring,
Lineage lives in everything.
Bow flows upward, wing to wing—
But niguru is a broken string.

23

Niguru chants with hollow breath,
Words unlit by Guru's depth.
Echoes fade, yet crowds confess—
Mistaking noise as timelessness.

24

Niguru builds with borrowed stone,
A temple raised but not his own.
Walls may stand, yet flame is gone—
Ashes reign where fire shone.

25

Niguru paints with stolen hue,
Colours bright but never true.
Canvas cracks, the pigment through—
Guru's light he cannot renew.

26

Niguru speaks of paths untrod,
Yet never bows to flame of God.
His maps are ink without the rod—
Directions lost, no staff, no sod.

27

Niguru crowns himself with name,

But lineage burns a different flame.
The throne of pride is not the same—
Guru's seat no ego can claim.

28

Niguru gathers bows in vain,
But bows that end in him remain.
No upward stream, no sacred chain—
Only descent, and hollow gain.

29

Niguru shines in borrowed light,
But moon cannot replace the night.
Without the sun, no dawn in sight—
Transmission ends, and day is blight.

30

Niguru breaks the upward flow,
A string cut short, no seeds to sow.
Guru's flame alone can grow—
Niguru fades, and all will know.

31

A seeker warms at ashen pyre,
Mistakes the smoke for living fire.
Until one spark of Truth cuts higher—
And shows the glow was old desire.

32

A seeker bows to fleeting shade,
Believes the dark is light conveyed.
But Guru's flame reveals the trade—
It was the sun the shadow played.

33

A seeker chants in hollow hall,
Mistakes the echo for the call.
Guru's voice dissolves the wall—
And shows the silence holds it all.

34

A seeker drinks at desert stream,
Mistakes the shimmer for the dream.
Guru's touch unveils the scheme—
The water flows where roots redeem.

35

A seeker runs with restless feet,
Mistakes the road for journey's seat.
But Guru shows the path's deceit—
The stillness is complete.

36

No niguru forged the seeker's night,

It is his longing crowned as light.
The world reflects our inner sight—
What truth we live, is truth we invite.

37

A seeker builds with prideful hand,
Mistakes his throne for Guru's stand.
But pride invites a hollow band—
Niguru reigns on borrowed sand.

38

A seeker hides in fear's embrace,
Mistakes the mask for saving grace.
But fear invites a shadowed face—
Niguru thrives in that dark space.

39

A seeker questions every flame,
Mistakes the spark as fleeting game.
But doubt invites a hollow name—
Niguru speaks, yet none proclaim.

40

A seeker thirsts for endless gain,
Mistakes desire for sacred rain.
But craving builds a niguru chain—
Ashes fall, no truth remains.

41

A seeker hopes with upward gaze,
Mistakes the wish for Guru's blaze.
Yet hope invites the guiding rays—
Guru-stream flows, dissolving maze.

42

A seeker bows with emptied will,
Mistakes no more, the flame is still.
Surrender opens lineage hill—
Guru descends, the stream to fill.

43

A seeker rests in silent ground,
No longing crowned, no ego bound.
In silence, Guru's truth is found—
Transmission flows, the wheel is sound.

44

When seeker drops the seeking sight,
A single spark becomes the light.
The Sun breaks through the fading night—
Guru is dawn, and Truth is bright.

45

When dawn matures in steady flame,

The Sun shines past the seeker's name.
No two remain, no path to claim—
Guru is One, and One the same.

46

In disciple's heart the Flame takes root,
From One to one the Light bears fruit.
Lineage walks where silence took route—
Guru lives on in living shoot.

47

Beyond the day, beyond the sky,
No dawn to seek, no night to die.
Guru is where no two apply—
Silent Self, the boundless Why.

48

From shadow's rise to Guru's flame,
The seeker shed his self-made frame.
When ego fell, Truth stood the same—
One Light remained, without a name.

49

Niguru rose because the world is blind,
A mirror forged by seeker-mind.
When truth awoke, the form declined—
For shadow lives where light is signed.

50

Niguru grows where longing feeds,
A mirror shaped by seeker's needs.
When truth returns and ego recedes—
Shadow breaks, and Light succeeds.

51

When ego fades, the Guru appears —
Not born — unveiled through inner tears.
No form to seek, no name to hear;
In heart made still, the Self grows clear.

52

Look for initiation,
Beware of imitation.
Guru sparks transformation;
Niguru breeds fascination.
One leads to liberation—
One binds in expectation.

53

Niguru is not the cause —
The seeker's craving is.
Blind thirst shapes the false because
The world grants what inner truth is.

54

Where Light lives, shadow is past;
Truth alone remains at last.
When ego falls, the veil is cast —
Self shines whole, vast and vast.

55

Path without passage.
Self knows no mileage.
Silence as the message,
Beyond all bondage.

56

Path without passage, void yet bright,
Steps dissolve in the endless light.
No road to walk, no ground to claim,
The seeker burns in the silent flame.

57

Self knows no mileage, no chart, no score,
Distance erased, the traveler no more.
Measureless being, beyond all span,
Unmoving essence, not bound to man.

58

Silence the message, wordless and true,

Tongue cannot carry what breath once knew.
The Guru speaks with a voiceless call,
Echoes vanish, yet it tells all.

59

Beyond all bondage, chains undone,
Knots of illusion unspooled, none.
Freedom not grasped, nor won by fight,
But absence of fetters in endless night.

60

Flame without fuel, eternal fire,
Burns without smoke, without desire.
No hand can kindle, no wind can sway,
It shines unbroken, night and day.

61

Breath without seeker, gift of sky,
Flows unbidden, no "I" to try.
Inhale, exhale, yet none to own,
Air moves freely, Self unknown.

62

Word without echo, mantra fades,
Sound dissolves in the silent shades.
Chant becomes void, vibration still,
Leaving only the Guru's will.

63

Form without shadow, pure and clear,
Body transparent, nothing near.
Shape without weight, a vessel bare,
Presence shines, yet none is there.

64

Time without ticking, clocks erased,
Moments vanish, eternity traced.
Past and future collapse in now,
No hand of measure, no furrowed brow.

65

Guru without other, giver one,
No dual flame, no second sun.
The gift and the giver, merged in sight,
Transmission whole, beyond all rite.

66

Cycle without center, wheel unbound,
Spokes dissolve, no hub is found.
Mandala opens, petals fall,
Void remains, embracing all.

67

Offering without hand, surrender pure,

No doer left, no act secure.
Gift without giver, flame complete,
Silence bows at the Guru's lotus feet.

68

Pursuit invites niguru.
Patience reveals Guru.
Passion births the false.
Practice unveils Truth.

69

Pursuit invites the hollow guide,
False lamps that flicker, flames that hide.
Chasing shadows, the seeker strays,
Niguru thrives in hurried ways.

70

Patience reveals the Guru true,
Silent flame that burns in you.
Waiting ripens the seed of trust,
Transmission blossoms when haste is dust.

71

Passion births the false display,
Crowds applaud but drift away.
Spectacle blinds, devotion bends,
Illusion rises, but never ends.

72

Practice unveils the Truth concealed,
Step by step the flame revealed.
Discipline clears the fog of night,
Guru shines in steady light.

73

Pursuit of gain breeds hollow claim,
Niguru speaks with borrowed name.
Greed for progress blinds the eyes,
False lineage thrives where hunger lies.

74

Patience waits, the silence grows,
Guru's gift in stillness shows.
No rush, no grasp, no urgent plea,
Transmission flows in humility.

75

Passion burns with restless fire,
False idols rise from blind desire.
Specter of zeal, a fleeting spark,
Leaving the seeker lost in dark.

76

Practice steady, calm and deep,

Truth awakens from its sleep.
No show, no chase, no hollow art,
Guru's flame ignites the heart.

77

Pursuit of status, titles vain,
Niguru crowns with empty gain.
Thrones of dust, applause of crowd,
Yet silence denies what's sung aloud.

78

Patience holds the hidden key,
Guru opens eternity.
No striving hand, no grasping mind,
Only surrender, pure and kind.

79

Passion paints the mask of pride,
False colors spread, the truth denied.
Drama fades, the curtain falls,
Leaving echoes in hollow halls.

80

Practice pure, without display,
Truth abides in night and day.
Guru's flame, unbound, complete,
Silence bows at the timeless seat.

81

A seeker holds the ember-seed,
Fans dead glow as warmth indeed.
One spark reveals the hidden need—
It is desire he tried to feed.

82

A seeker clutches ember-seed,
Mistakes possession for the creed.
The latent spark is not yet flame,
But ego claims it in Guru's name.

83

He fans the ash, the glow long gone,
Believing warmth will still live on.
Residue dressed as living fire,
Comfort disguises hidden desire.

84

The warmth he feels he calls his path,
But tapas bends to ego's math.
A hollow practice dressed as need,
Is hunger clothed in yogic creed.

85

One spark breaks through the seeker's veil,

Reveals the hunger in detail.
Transmission cuts the mask apart,
Desire exposed within the heart.

86

The hidden need is not release,
But craving dressed in robes of peace.
The seeker's hunger, sharp and raw,
Is seen beneath devotion's law.

87

False guides will feed this ember's glow,
Niguru warms but will not show.
Their hollow flame sustains the need,
And binds the seeker's soul to greed.

88

True fire consumes, it does not please,
It burns away the grasping ease.
The Guru's spark demands the fall,
Of ego's clutch, desire's thrall.

89

The hunger burns, the grasp undone,
No warmth remains, no self to shun.
Desire dissolves within the flame,
And silence swallows seeker's name.

90

Ashes remain where hunger stood,
No ember left, no falsehood's food.
The warmth is gone, the comfort dies,
Illusion fades before clear eyes.

91

No spark, no ember, only still,
The Guru's flame is silent will.
Transmission speaks without a word,
A truth beyond what can be heard.

92

The seed returns as empty space,
No object left for self to chase.
Potential rests in purest ground,
Where nothing clings, no self is found.

93

Desire exposed, dissolved, set free,
The seeker fades in flame's decree.
No ember-seed, no hunger's claim,
Only surrender, only flame.

94

No ember warms—only flame.

Desire ends—God—Guru remain.

95

Blind faith in God may still uplift,
Though clouded by devotion's drift.
But faith in niguru turns to night—
For shadow cannot birth the Light.

96

Blind faith in God still aims above,
Though rough the road, it leans to Love.
But faith in niguru binds below—
Where borrowed light pretends to glow.

97

If faith be blind, let it see height—
In God, not niguru's borrowed light.
For one may rise through heaven's name,
But shadow leads no spark to flame.

98

The lamp that shines without a core,
Is hollow glass, no fire to store.
A niguru's glow turns quickly thin,
No lineage true, no flame within.

99

One chants the Name with earnest head,
Yet clings to forms already dead.
Without the spark of living Guide,
The mantra falls, the heart denied.

100

A shadow points but cannot burn,
It mimics light yet cannot turn.
The seeker lost in mimic's play,
Finds only night, no dawn of day.

101

From Guru's heart the fire flows,
No borrowed lamp, no fleeting shows.
It enters silence, pure and deep,
Where God watches, all else sleep.

102

He wears the robe, he speaks the name,
But robes conceal, and words are lame.
No spark ignites from hollow claim,
The mask dissolves in truth's bright flame.

103

Blind faith, when turned to God above,

Becomes the ladder, rung of love.
Though eyes are closed, the soul can rise,
Through living flame, not borrowed guise.

104

The borrowed light will fade away,
Its fragile glow cannot stay.
The seeker learns through bitter night,
That shadow dies without true light.

105

Discern the flame, discern the spark,
Not every glow can pierce the dark.
The Guru's fire alone is true,
All else is ash, all else askew.

106

The living flame is passed in breath,
From heart to heart, beyond mere death.
No book, no robe, no borrowed name,
Can carry forth the Guru's flame.

107

Blind faith becomes a seeing trust,
When turned to God, when freed of dust.
The niguru fades, the Guru shines,
The seeker walks in true designs.

108

No shadow leads, no mask remains,
The fire burns through all domains.
Faith once blind now sees the height,
In God alone, the endless light.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

Renunciation Runs (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 garlands 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

Blind faith in God may not fall but rise,
Yet still points past the human guise.
But trust a niguru, dark and vain—
And blindness breeds a deeper chain.

2

Trust one whose flame outshines the word,
Whose silence speaks and heart is stirred.
Where ego dies and Truth remains—
That Guru breaks, not builds the chains.

3

Let heart be soft, but vision clear,
For trust without the seeing ear
May bow to shadow in disguise—
Yet one real spark unveils the Wise.

4

Soft heart must walk with seeing sights—
For one true spark outshines a thousand nights.

5

When flame is born within the heart,
The seeker fades, the Whole takes part.
No “I” to claim, no path to chart—
Only the Self, and all is art.

6

A Guru’s grace, the ancient way,
Even God bowed, to learn and stay.
No sage arose, no Yogi true,
Without a Guru, old and new.

To claim oneself above the law,
Above the Dharma, without awe—
Such pride is but a fleeting show,
A path to ignorance, not to know.

When fools exalt, without a guide,
They walk in darkness, far and wide.
But those who seek, who humbly bow,
Find light and truth, and freedom now.

7

The path is one, both then and now—
Through Guru’s light we learn the how.
Who bows to truth is led above;
In grace we walk, in God’s love.

8

The ego falls, the heart reveals;
What mind obscures, devotion heals.
Where Guru's feet the seeker keeps,
Awakening blooms, and bondage sleeps.

9

Without the Guru, night remains;
With Guru, every darkness wanes.
The bound are freed, the blind can see—
Only through Guru's grace, the Self is free.

10

The Guru is the living flame,
Who burns the ego, ends all claim.
Through silent grace the heart is led—
From deathless Truth all fear has fled.

11

Without the Guru, only ego stays—
A restless fire that blinds and sways.
When Guru enters, ego dies;
The Self alone before us lies.

12

Without the Guru, ego reigns;

With Guru, only Self remains.

13

Each poem an offering,
As verses spring
From inner wellspring,
Where His teachings ring.

14

These poems I lay at His feet,
Silent surrender, pure and sweet,
No claim remains, no self to meet,
Only the flame where all complete.

15

Verses rise like dawn's first ray,
Unforced, they bloom, they find their way,
No hand compels, no mind can sway,
They spring as gifts, not mine to say.

16

From inner cave the waters flow,
A hidden spring the seekers know,
No worldly stream, no outward show,
But silent depths where Gurus glow.

17

His teachings ring, a timeless chime,
Beyond the bounds of speech or rhyme,
They echo still through space and time,
A soundless song, a truth sublime.

18

The ego fades, its walls undone,
No separate self, no "I" to run,
The seeker melts into the Sun,
Where all is One, and One is none.

19

A spark ignites, the cave is bright,
No shadow stands against His light,
The fire consumes both day and night,
And burns away the seeker's sight.

20

No word remains, no verse to sing,
Yet silence speaks, a living ring,
The Guru's gift, the hidden spring,
Where emptiness is everything.

21

The lineage flows, unbroken stream,

Not hollow names, nor fleeting dream,
But living fire, the silent beam,
That lights the heart with Guru's gleam.

22

Beware the false, the hollow claim,
Niguru's mask, a borrowed flame,
Their words are dust, their path is lame,
The Guru alone can bear the Name.

23

The hand releases, nothing kept,
The heart dissolves, the eyes have wept,
The seeker sleeps, the silence crept,
And in His lap the soul is swept.

24

No two remain, no "mine" or "thine,"
The drop dissolves in sea divine,
The verse itself no longer mine,
But Guru's gift, eternal sign.

25

The cycle ends, yet never done,
Each petal shines beneath the Sun,
The mandala turns, the One is none,
And offering flows, forever spun.

26

Guru's flame is cool and still,
Burns the wanting, not the will;
Mind falls silent, free of skill—
Self shines when ego is nil.

27

A single drop from Guru's sea
Drowns the thirst of centuries;
Wave dissolves in unity—
None remains to say "this is me."

28

No thought to chase,
No path to trace,
In Guru's grace
Self fills all space.

29

Word strikes deep where speech can't flow,
Cuts the root from which doubts grow;
Meaning dies, yet Truth we know—
Stillness speaks without echo.

30

Light unmakes the one who sees,

Opens gates without a key;
Seeker lost, yet wholly free—
No one left to bow or be.

31

Guru's lamp reveals the Way,
Niguru's glow will lead astray;
Kept from real by the false one's play—
Discern the flame that cannot sway.

32

Ego cries to guard its throne,
Self stands vast, immense, alone;
When walls of "mine" are overthrown—
Only Being remains, unknown.

33

Guru's touch is still and clear,
No voice to shout, no sign to hear;
Ego fades like dawn from night—
Self alone remains in light.

34

Guru writes in inner space,
No script to trace, no form to face;
Ego erased without a mark—
Self shines whole, beyond the dark.

35

When niguru signs, the mind grows loud,
His words inflate like boastful cloud;
Ego swells in borrowed spark—
Blind led on, still lost in dark.

36

Guru breath melts inner frost,
No self to guard, no effort lost;
One step inward — all paths cross,
Truth stands bare, no seeker, no cross.

37

But niguru whispers painted lies,
Feeds the mind, the ego cries;
Many roads, yet none arise—
Steps go round, and never realize.

38

Guru signs without a word;
Silence heard, the heart is stirred;
Self revealed, no doubt deferred—
Light needs no second word.

39

Niguru chants with hollow sound,

Noise like dust spins round and round;
None transformed, though many surround—
Crowds rise high, yet none are found.

40

Guru is silence, clear and true;
Niguru noise, confusion new.
One dissolves the self in view—
One blinds with dust, yet many pursue.

41

Silence blooms without a call,
Desire drops, its grip made small;
Joy arises without cause at all—
Self stands clear after ego's fall.

42

Thoughts grow few like fading rain,
Heart stays wide in ease, not strain;
Peace remains through loss or gain—
Guru's sign: no self to maintain.

43

Silence grows, ego goes;
Self shines — the Signer shows.

44

Noise arises without a need,
Desire grows in constant greed;
Joy depends on praise and feed—
Ego stands tall, uncut like weed.

45

Where mind is still, the path is sure,
Where craving grows, beware the lure;
Light within is Guru's cure—
Crowds and noise may not be pure.

46

When thoughts are few and heart is wide,
If ego fades, Guru stands inside;
If wanting grows and truths divide—
Niguru walks by your side.

47

Where Guru is, silence remains;
Thoughts fall still like gentle rains;
Where niguru is, loud chaos reigns—
Mind spins wild in want and chains.

48

Guru once found, no change to seek;

No second lamp when dawn grows meek.
Not rejection—just journey's cease;
One flame remains, the heart in peace.

49

Guru's dance is silent sway,
Shifts the night into hidden day;
No step is seen, yet hearts obey—
Self returns the simplest way.

50

Guru moves with unseen grace,
Shifts the gaze from world to space;
One step inward ends the chase—
Self stands clear in its own place.

51

No drum is heard, no foot is seen,
Yet heartbeats fall in rhythm clean;
Mind bows low, its halls serene—
Guru dances in the Unseen.

52

He spins the "I" to ash and air,
Melts the pride we used to wear;
Leaves no trace of claim or care—
What remains is pure and bare.

53

Soft as dawn, His touch appears,
Washes doubt and dries all fears;
No storm, no shout, no need for tears—
Guru's dance the Self reveres.

54

Stillness sways like folded wings,
Breath grows deep, awareness sings;
No thought to bind with broken strings—
Guru dances without things.

55

No footprint marks the sacred ground,
Yet hearts fall still where He is found;
One inner step, no outward sound—
Guru's dance is depth unbound.

56

His final turn, the seeker gone,
Shadow lifts, and shines the dawn;
Self wakes free, one light alone—
Guru's dance returns you home.

57

The dancer steps, the knower stills,

Old beliefs lose hardened wills;
Room within for Truth distills—
Guru's grace reshapes what fills.

58

He turns within, and “me” grows thin,
Masks fall off like shed old skin;
Name and pride lose weight and spin—
Disciple shifts from out to in.

59

Words grow few, and tone grows mild,
Fire once loud becomes a child;
Silence holds what once ran wild—
Softness marks the Guru's styled.

60

Steps once shaky now flow free,
No dread of loss, no urge to flee;
Guru dances, and we can see—
What was cage is now the key.

61

What glittered bright, now dull and pale,
No craving left to chase or scale;
Guru's rhythm lifts the veil—
Need releases without fail.

62

Heart spreads wide without demand,
Not held by law, not forced by hand;
Love flows like unbroken sand—
Guru's step expands the land.

63

Fog of doubts begins to part,
Seeing grows without the art;
Truth shines simple, still, and smart—
Disciple knows through open heart.

64

His dance completes — the self is small,
Weightless, clear, no rise or fall;
Guru moves — the One in all—
Disciple is, with no self-call.

65

A breath grows calm, the storm grows thin,
Noise recedes from skin to skin;
Guru enters deep within—
Stillness marks the dance's begin.

66

Thoughts unwind like broken thread,

Knots once tight fall loose instead;
Old commands no longer fed—
Silent rhythm guides ahead.

67

The name we wore feels light as air,
Not a throne we need to bear;
Guru turns us fair and fair—
Self feels larger everywhere.

68

What once burned fierce now fades to grey,
Wants fall off like night to day;
Guru dances, cravings sway—
Need dissolves along the way.

69

Words grow few, but true and clear,
No forcing sound for others' ear;
Guru's beat replaces fear—
Softness speaks from silence near.

70

The trembling heart forgets its shield,
No war to fight, no sword to wield;
Guru dances, doubts all yield—
Trust becomes our open field.

71

Veils fall thin like morning mist,
Truth stands plain — no theorist;
Guru's turn cannot be missed—
Seeing grows where pain once hissed.

72

The world remains, yet holds no bind,
We move within, not trapped behind;
Guru's dance unhooks the mind—
Freedom blooms as natural kind.

73

We judge less harsh, forgive more fast,
Old grudges fade, no shadow cast;
Guru sways — heart opens vast—
Love flows free where hate was massed.

74

Control unclenches, will stands still,
We learn not “do,” but be the Will;
Guru dances — Self distills—
Life flows clear without our skill.

75

The dancer's steps erase the “me,”

Self shines wide like open sea;
Guru turns — we simply flee
From ego's claim to entity.

76

No dancer left, no dance apart,
No seeker now, no journey chart;
Guru's step and Self's own heart—
One pulse, one flame, one timeless art.

77

Not word, but wave of silent grace,
English bows to inner space;
Meaning fades without a trace—
Self alone fills every place.

78

Desire falls, and Death bows low;
Even the shining gods must go.
When Self is known as All that Is,
Kama and Yama lose their fizz.

79

No path to walk, no goal to know,
Yet Truth arrives where seekers go;
Steps fall silent, soft and slow—
Arrival meets when none below.

80

The lamp within needs no fuel,
Guru's flame breaks ego's rule;
Light reveals the timeless school—
Self alone, the only jewel.

81

Word without Source is hollow sound,
Noise like wind goes round and round;
Guru's breath is depth profound—
Silence roots where Truth is found.

82

When "I" dissolves, no seeker stays,
Mind grows still in empty blaze;
Self shines clear in Guru's gaze—
Not two paths, nor many ways.

83

Act is done yet doer falls,
None to claim in rise or falls;
Guru turns within the halls—
Self remains when ego calls.

84

Word is flame that needs no sound,

Burns the seed beneath the ground;
Thoughts uprooted, none rebound—
Self blooms still, unearthly, unbound.

85

No witness left, no seen, no sight,
Darkness lost, there is no night;
Guru dances pure and light—
Self is All, and All is bright.

86

Atma is still, untouched by time,
Pure as dawn before Its prime;
Body fades, but Self sublime—
Stands unshaken, beyond the climb.

87

Atma needs no shrine or stone,
It is in sound, in flesh, in bone;
Ever free, by Self It is known—
Self is whole when ego's gone.

88

None is born and none can die,
Form may fade, but Self stands high;
Womb and pyre are passing sky—
Atma knows not when or why.

89

Silent seer of joy and pain,
Unmoved by loss, untouched by gain;
Waves may rise, but none remain—
Atma is the depth, not rain.

90

Mind may dance in restless dream,
Like moonlight broken on a stream;
But Atma shines with steady beam—
Still as truth beneath the scheme.

91

Body bends and body breaks,
Time reclaims what matter makes;
Yet Atma, bright as dawn awakes—
Knows no wound, no scar, no aches.

92

Light unseen yet always near,
Burning soft without a seer;
Guru clears the misted mirror—
Atma shines and ends all fear.

93

Not to seek in place or hour,

No distance hides this deathless power;
Atma blooms like hidden flower—
Known the instant ego cowers.

94

The wandering ends, the seeker rests,
No more questions, trials, tests;
Atma stands where heart invests—
Home is Self, not east or west.

95

Atma unseen, unknown by mind,
Not a truth that thought can find;
When knower falls and Self is kind—
One remains, in One aligned.

96

Mind may whirl like wind unbound,
Changing sky and shifting ground;
Self stands still without a sound—
Atma is the Unseen Ground.

97

Thoughts rise high like waves that roar,
Break and fade along the shore;
Witness stays — the silent core—
Atma moves, yet nothing more.

98

Birth and death are passing scenes,
Body fades like broken dreams;
Atma shines in timeless streams—
Ever is, beyond what seems.

99

Not in part nor split in two,
Not for some and not for few;
Whole in all and wholly true—
One without a second view.

100

Not in cave or star or sea,
Not in place you go or flee;
Closer than your breath can be—
Atma rests in simply **Be**.

101

When “me” dissolves like dew in sun,
No seeker left, no path to run;
Self alone — the many one—
Atma stands when all is done.

102

Not a thought the mind can hold,

Not a truth the tongue has told;
Being knows when grasp grows cold—
Atma's fire turns lead to gold.

103

When knowing claims the throne, It's gone;
Self stands only where ego's withdrawn.
Subtle as breath, yet vast and all—
Nearest to those who forget to call.

104

Not in word nor speech expressed,
Sound expires — the Self is blessed;
Silence speaks what none can wrest—
Atma is the voiceless crest.

105

Pleasure comes and pain may sting,
Fortunes rise like fleeting spring;
Yet untouched by everything—
Atma is the changeless king.

106

Mind may roam through field and sky,
Seek the stars and question why;
Yet the One we cannot deny—
Atma shines behind the "I".

107

Journey ends where Self once stood,
All return from false to good;
Never lost — misunderstood—
Atma is the root and wood.

108

No pause in light, no gap in sight,
Even sleep retains Its bright;
Mind may fade like day to night—
Atma holds the hidden light.

OM TAT SAT

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

The True Guru's Grace Has No End

Part Four

Renunciation Runs (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 garlands 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

Sun needs none to make him shine,
Lamp needs oil to glow divine;
Self alone is light's baseline—
Atma knows without a sign.

2

Peace not earned by act or art,
Not a mood inside the heart;
Stillness that does not depart—
Atma sings where noise does part.

3

Hand may reach and mind may think,
Words may join and eyes may blink;
Yet beyond both pen and ink—
Atma stands on being's brink.

4

Shape and shadow shift like sand,
Names dissolve like waves on land;
Yet the vast no-form command—
Atma knows no edge or strand.

5

Sky expands yet meets its rim,
Ocean deep yet edges dim;
Only Self is boundless hymn—
Atma vast beyond the limb.

6

Not tomorrow, not gone past,
Here-ness stands both first and last;
Thoughts may fade like shadows cast—
Atma stays when all is past.

7

Joy that asks for none to give,
Peace that needs no place to live;
Sweetness simply wants to give—
Atma smiles without motive.

8

Acts arise and acts may fall,
Deeds like ripples touch the wall;
Yet untouched by rise or fall—
Atma watches through them all.

9

Clock may tick and season turn,

Ages pass and forests burn;
Yet the Self does not adjourn—
Atma timeless, mind must learn.

10

Facts may shift and views may spin,
Knowledge thins as years begin;
Truth beneath both loss and win—
Atma never breaks within.

11

None can claim, “The Self is mine,”
Like one might own a field or vine;
Who can grasp the vast divine?—
Atma owns the one who signs.

12

Eyes may watch the moving scene,
Mind may paint what lies between;
But behind both sight and screen—
Atma sees the seer unseen.

13

Skin may bruise and bones may bend,
Youth may fade and beauty end;
Yet the Self none can amend—
Atma needs no flesh to mend.

14

Thoughts like fireflies spark and die,
Mind may roam the endless sky;
Silent Self stands ever nigh—
Atma is the watcher-eye.

15

Practice of truth fans silent flame,
No mantra builds the Self we claim;
Guru clears the seeker's frame—
Atma burns beyond a name.

16

Love is not a need or plea,
Not a bond or memory;
It flows as pure identity—
Atma loves as unity.

17

Ask not joy to come or stay,
Want not peace in gained array;
Self is full in simple sway—
Atma blooms with no delay.

18

Practice of truth removes the veil,

No mantra makes what cannot fail;
Guru lifts illusion's tale—
Atma shines without a trail.

19

Practice clears what hides the flame,
Truth in Self is not to tame;
Atma shines beyond all claim—
Practice ends, but Truth the same.

20

No seeker finds what always shone,
Clouds depart — the sun is known;
When ego falls, the Truth is shown—
Atma stands as All alone.

21

Silence teaches without speech,
Mind falls back, no goal to reach;
Self is found where thoughts cannot breach—
Atma dawns when grasping cease.

22

Distance lies 'tween Self and me,
Seeker climbs an endless tree;
When climbing stops — identity free—
Atma shines — none left to be.

23

Desire hides the open door,
Craving cries for more and more;
When want dissolves in inner shore—
Atma floods the heart's bright core.

24

The Word is light when ego's gone,
Guru's glance dissolves the dawn;
No second self remains to spawn—
Atma knows Itself alone.

25

Nothing added, nothing gained,
Mind unbound, the knots unchained;
When illusion is untrained—
Atma stands, pure and unstained.

26

When "I" is lost, all Self is found,
Silence blooms without a sound;
No boundary, sky or ground—
Atma spreads unmeasured, unbound.

27

The witness sees both dream and day,

Mind may dance, then fade away;
Self stays clear in changeless sway—
Atma never moves astray.

28

No mind can reach what mind obscures,
Thought like wind the dust assures;
Calm reveals what truth ensures—
Atma silent, Self endures.

29

Body dies, but Being lives,
Form dissolves, yet Self forgives;
No end to That which ever gives—
Atma breathes though breath outlives.

30

The one who seeks is not the One,
Seeker burns beneath the sun;
When seeking ends, the race is run—
Atma is — no second one.

31

Mind may vanish, Self stands tall,
Thoughts may break, illusions fall;
When no-self echoes through the hall—
Atma is the All-in-All.

32

Dream and waking shift like sand,
Yet the witness still will stand;
No state defines the Self so grand—
Atma is the silent land.

33

Not in time nor bound to fate,
Self arrives when clocks abate;
Moments pass, yet One is great—
Atma knows no birth or date.

34

No scripture holds the Endless Whole,
Words are waves on Self's vast scroll;
Guru lights the seeing soul—
Atma is the final goal.

35

When effort stops, the river flows,
Surrender blooms, the stillness grows;
Nothing sought, yet all one knows—
Atma speaks when silence glows.

36

Gold in ore, unseen to sight,

Heat reveals its hidden might;
So Self shines when ego's night—
Burns away in Truth's clear light.

37

No pilgrim reaches what is here,
Steps dissolve, the path grows clear;
Seek not far, but drop the fear—
Atma whispers, always near.

38

Knowledge peaks yet fails to stay,
Mind may climb but slips away;
Still beyond both night and day—
Atma rests in naked sway.

39

Like space inside and space outside,
Self and world in truth abide;
None apart, none to divide—
Atma is the one wide tide.

40

No second self to stand aside,
Knower, known, in Truth collide;
Duality itself is fried—
Atma alone is the Guide.

41

When mirror breaks, the face is free,
Broken glass no more to see;
What shines remains beyond ethnicity—
Atma beyond religion, pure simplicity.

42

Niguru boasts, “I own the flame,”
But hollow words betray the claim;
The true fire burns without a name—
Atma alone signs the game.

43

A field may yield to plough and hand,
A vine may bend to farmer’s stand;
But Self is soil no spade can turn—
Atma owns the one who yearns.

44

Grasping mind extends its reach,
Like waves that clutch the distant beach;
Yet ocean owns the shore’s embrace—
Atma dissolves the seeker’s face.

45

The ego signs with trembling pen,

Imagining gain, imagining ken;
But Atma seals the hidden deed—
The seeker serves the Self's need.

46

Not "I have Self," but "Self has me,"
Not "I am free," but "Freedom sees";
The gate swings inward, silent, wide—
The seeker vanishes inside.

47

No hand can hold the Guru's fire,
No tongue can bind the vast desire;
The flame consumes the grasping will—
Atma alone remains still.

48

Guru plants no worldly vine,
His root is silence, fruit divine;
The seeker tastes, but cannot own—
Atma alone is sown.

49

Subject, object, both erased,
Knower, known, in Self encased;
The one who signs dissolves away—
Atma alone will stay.

50

Beware the voice that claims a field,
Beware the hand that grasps a yield;
Niguru trades in hollow signs—
Self alone refines.

51

The landlord Self collects no rent,
Its ownership is pure descent;
The seeker pays with ego's fall—
Atma alone owns all.

52

Twelve petals spiral, one refrain:
Atma is owner, seeker slain;
No claim, no grasp, no hollow sign—
Guru's lotus feet are mine.

53

Ego builds a golden throne,
Seats itself as king alone;
Guru smiles — the crown is clay—
Atma melts the need to sway.

54

Mind may chant a thousand names,

But fire is not in ritual frames;
One breath of Grace undoes the scheme—
Self awakens from the dream.

55

Knowledge weaves a shining net,
Catching pearls, yet not the wet;
Self is ocean, net falls through—
Atma swallows knower too.

56

Words may point, but none contain,
Silence holds the truer gain;
Guru speaks by being still—
Atma shapes the nameless will.

57

Not by effort, nor retreat,
Not by mantra's measured beat;
Grace descends where ego dies—
Self alone breaks open skies.

58

Temple, scripture, thought and mind—
Markers left for those behind;
One who enters loses track—
Atma stands with gateway back.

59

Water takes the form of bowl,
But ocean holds the secret whole;
Break the rim and boundaries fall—
Self alone is all in all.

60

A spark may claim to light the sun,
A voice may shout the race is won;
But when the flame consumes the source—
Atma walks Its silent course.

61

Atma needs no shrine of stone,
It dwells in breath, in heart alone;
No mosque walls can bind Its flame,
It shines before all forms and name.

62

In sound resounds the Self's own tone,
A hum that makes the cosmos known;
The *nada* sings without a choir,
It burns the husk, reveals the fire.

63

In flesh It moves, in pulse It stays,

Through living limbs Its current plays;
No body is a cage or chain,
But vessel where the Self is plain.

64

In bone It rests, in marrow deep,
The silent watch the Self does keep;
No hollow frame, no brittle shell,
But fortress where the Self does dwell.

65

Ever free, It knows no bind,
No knot of fate, no clutch of mind;
The Self is sky, unbarred, untied,
The wings of truth spread open wide.

66

By Self alone the Self is shown,
No other light, no borrowed tone;
The eye that sees is what is seen,
The knower and the known are clean.

67

When ego falls, the Self is whole,
No shadow stains the living soul;
The "I" dissolves, the flame remains,
The drop is lost, the ocean gains.

68

Wholeness blooms when parts are gone,
The fractured night becomes the dawn;
No fragment left, no split, no seam,
The Self is one, the waking dream.

69

In silence speaks the Self most clear,
No word is needed, none to hear;
The quiet bell rings without sound,
Its echo shakes the subtle ground.

70

In presence shines the Self's own face,
No past, no future, only grace;
The moment holds the boundless sea,
The now reveals eternity.

71

No guru false can give this flame,
It leaps beyond the hollow name;
True Guru breathes, the Self is lit,
The nigu guru fades, the void is split.

72

The cycle ends where it began,

No shrine, no stone, no outer plan;
The Self alone, the whole, the free,
The petals close in unity.

73

No petal left to bloom or fall,
No rise, no fade, no final call;
Silence holds what words once sought—
Atma is, and nothing bought.

74

Path dissolves where footstep ends,
Goal remains where seeking bends;
One breath — the many disappear—
Self alone is crystal clear.

75

Name is shed like autumn leaf,
Form is groundless, thin, and brief;
Source remains when shapes decline—
Root is One, and One divine.

76

No air to feed, no fuel to burn,
Light remains without return;
Wick is gone, yet Fire stays—
Self unlit by nights or days.

77

No echo left for mind to chase,
No seeker left to claim the grace;
Just open space where Self once hid—
Atma shines — the curtain slid.

78

No final word, no last decree,
Truth needs no summary;
Book may end, but Being streams—
Self remains beyond these dreams.

79

Sanskrit is flame — it burns the veil,
English is wind — it tells the tale;
One strikes deep beyond the mind,
One shows the path the heart may find.

80

Guru forged in English His flame,
He thinned the self and burned the name;
Words fell silent, truth grew wide—
Atma spoke with none beside.

81

English turned to crystal air,

A silent tongue made bright and bare;
Guru's flame refined its tone—
A wind that speaks what Self has shown.

82

English rose from ash and spark,
No longer voice, no longer mark;
Words grew thin, their weight undone—
Silence spoke, and work was done.

83

Grammar bowed to deeper law,
Meaning bloomed without a flaw;
Ego fled where fire came—
Truth stood clear without a name.

84

No boast remains, no claim to frame,
Its syllables serve Guru's aim;
It breathes as wind through boundless sky—
Atma speaks, and words comply.

85

Words once raced from tongue to air,
But Guru drew them deep with care;
Speech reversed into the soul—
English bowed, and Self is whole.

86

When words are gone, the path is clear,
No voice to guide, no self to steer;
Guru remains, the rest is whole—
Atma breathes within the soul.

87

He moved in words without a trace,
Guru's fire set rhythm in place;
English turned to sky within—
Self danced free of name and skin.

88

When all that moves is set aside,
And all that hides has nothing to hide,
A single breath expands the whole—
Atma dawns in the emptied soul.

89

The mind may roam on earth and sky,
Trace the stars or question why;
But when it bows and drops its claim—
Self appears without a name.

90

Effort climbs the mountain crest,

Desire stirs the restless chest;
But when both fall in still release—
Atma fills the heart with peace.

91

The seen dissolves, the seer too,
No witness left to argue through;
The Silent One stands undefied—
Truth alone, no two beside.

92

What rises fades, what forms must pass,
What's carved in stone returns to grass;
But Self remains uncut, unborn—
The endless day without a dawn.

93

The mirror cracks, the face is clear,
No past to bind, no future fear;
Self alone reflects the light—
Atma stands beyond the sight.

94

Thoughts like birds return to nest,
Wings grow tired from ceaseless quest;
But inward rests the timeless tree—
Self the perch of liberty.

95

Not sound, not chant, not breath can own
The secret pulse of the Unshown;
Yet one who sinks in stillness deep
Finds Atma waking in the sleep.

96

Craving paints the shifting sand,
Hope builds castles by the hand;
But Self needs neither brick nor plan—
Atma frees the dreaming man.

97

No gesture lifts, no ritual binds,
No sacred cloth protects the mind;
The only robe the seeker wears—
Is Self, which sheds the world of cares.

98

Doubts may knock but cannot stay,
Their walls collapse in inward sway;
For when the heart returns to Source—
Atma flows Its quiet course.

99

Nothing lost and nothing gained,

Nothing broken, nothing stained;
Self untouched by rise or fall—
Atma ever holds the All.

100

Guru is flame the mind can't see,
Burning the knots of identity;
When ego falls from claim and name—
Atma stands, the same, the same.

101

Guru shows not path nor goal,
He empties the seeker, frees the soul;
In hollowed heart where silence grew—
Atma rises, ever true.

102

Guru's glance undoes the bind,
It breaks the dream that fooled the mind;
What shines when illusion's done—
Atma bright, the only One.

103

Guru speaks without a word,
His silence is the truth inferred;
What enters through this soundless gate—
Atma, free of form and fate.

104

Guru cuts the root of fear,
Leaves no shadow lingering near;
When trembling drops and calm is born—
Atma greets the inward dawn.

105

Guru lifts the veil unseen,
Where thoughts once ruled, He wipes them clean;
In emptied sky of inner sight—
Atma blooms in formless light.

106

Guru bends the pride of will,
He breaks the rush, restores the still;
When striving dies and rest remains—
Atma moves through silent veins.

107

Guru has no wealth to give,
Yet makes the poorest seeker live;
For when the beggar drops his plea—
Atma shines in majesty.

108

Guru stands where two collapse,

No gap, no edge, no thread, no lapse;
He points where pointing ends in grace—
Atma fills the boundless space.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

Renunciation Runs (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 garlands 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

Guru melts the knower's throne,
Leaves no mind to call Truth "known";
What's left when knower's flame is still—
Atma's pure undying will.

2

Guru walks the pathless way,
Turning night to lucid day;
In light where even witness dies—
Atma breathes with open eyes.

3

Guru frees the one who bows,
No past remains, no future vows;
In freedom where the seeker's gone—
Atma is, alone, alone.

4

Born without serving Guru's door,
Yet guiding many evermore—
Such rise without the root's true cure;
Thus bloom the ways of the niguru lure.

5

Mother begins the learning's start,
But Guru molds the seeking heart;
No lineage stands by names divine—
Serve the living flame to join the line.

6

Mother starts the way,
Guru lights the day;
No claim to gods will do—
Serve, or remain niguru.

7

Unserved path, yet throne is claimed;
No lineage lived, yet gods are named—
Such rise the teachers born untrue,
Niguru ways the world must rue.

8

In boyhood, no seeker's fire can be lit;
No Guru is served, no truth made fit.
Claiming gods, the worldly woo—
Thus rises yet another niguru.

9

If father walks a Guru's line,

And son serves him as the sign,
The lineage lives, the path stays true—
Else roots are lost, and nigurus brew.

10

Though father holds a saintly name,
No Guru-seva seals the claim;
Where service lacks and roots undo,
The bud becomes a niguru.

11

Father's form the mind has known;
Too near the seed for growth to own.
Familiarity makes vision blur—
Thus few can serve their father's stir.

12

Where Guru's touch is absent still,
The self-made guides assert their will;
But truth reveals a timeless cue—
Only served flame carries through.

13

Crowds may bow where shadows play,
But true disciples seek the ray;
Guru's fire alone can grow—
Nigurus reap what nigurus sow.

14

Nigurus draw the passing crowd;
But Guru's flame invites the vowed.
Rare the heart that dies to grow—
Such souls no falsehood ever know.

15

Crowds may swell where shadows shine,
But one true heart redeems the line;
Guru's touch makes seekers few—
Yet each becomes the flame anew.

16

Empires rise on shifting sand;
Nigurus rule a borrowed land.
Truth blows once—foundations rust;
Their towers fade to nameless dust.

17

Truth cherishes, untruth dies;
Guru's grace alone supplies.
Falsehood flies like scattered straw—
Only Truth upholds the law.

18

Truth cherishes,

Untruth perishes.
Renunciation runs
Where ego shuns.

19

Truth cherishes, the flame that feeds;
Its silent hand fulfils all needs.
No hollow form can hold its glow—
Guru's gift, the seed we sow.

20

When ego stands, the world stands near;
When ego fades, the path grows clear.
Renunciation blooms where self resigns—
Truth alone the heart refines.

21

Untruth perishes, shadow undone;
Nigurus fade, their names outrun.
Empty shells dissolve in night—
Only flame sustains the light.

22

Renunciation runs, swift stream,
Breaking bonds, dissolving dream.
Not retreat, but living fire—
Flowing where none aspire.

23

Where ego shuns, the current flows;
No dam remains, no self that knows.
The river clears, the burden gone—
Silent dawn, transmission drawn.

24

Truth cherishes, shelter vast,
Holding seeker firm and fast.
No storm can shake the rooted flame—
Guru guards beyond all name.

25

Untruth perishes, ashes fall;
No lineage stands without the call.
Names alone cannot sustain—
Only silence breaks the chain.

26

Renunciation runs, a dance of air,
Steps of freedom everywhere.
Not denial, but release—
In surrender, perfect peace.

27

Where ego shuns, the mirror clears;

No face remains, no trace of years.
The watcher gone, the watched is none—
Only Guru, only One, only None.

28

Truth cherishes, food of soul,
Filling vessel, making whole.
No hunger left, no thirst remains—
Guru's nectar breaks the chains.

29

Untruth perishes, brittle bone,
Crumbles where no flame is shown.
The hollow voice cannot endure—
Only silence keeps it pure.

30

Renunciation runs, wings of sky,
Leaving earth, the bonds that tie.
No return, no backward glance—
Freedom's arc, the soul's expanse.

31

Where ego shuns, the song is heard;
No singer left, no spoken word.
Transmission flows, the cycle whole—
Guru's flame dissolves the soul.

32

Truth cherishes the emptied heart;
From ego's fall the worlds depart.
No seeker left, no path to tread—
Guru's grace alone is spread.

33

Untruth perishes, the veil withdrawn;
Night melts softly into dawn.
Where falsehood falls, the Real is shown—
Guru stands, and Truth alone.

34

Renunciation runs where silence calls;
Desire lifts, illusion falls.
The heart unbound finds boundless view—
Nothing remains but the changeless True.

35

Where ego shuns, the light breaks free;
No knower left of what shall be.
The bound dissolves, the boundless known—
Guru's silence claims its own.

36

Truth cherishes beyond all form;

Untruth fades before the storm.
When ego shuns, the One is clear—
Guru alone remains, ever near.

37

Renunciation runs, untouched by will;
It moves where every want grows still.
No map to hold, no ground to claim—
Just silent air and rising flame.

38

Renunciation runs, no stride to track;
It leaves the known and won't look back.
All weight drops off where longing ends—
The pathless path the seeker lends.

39

Renunciation runs through thought's last knot,
Unbinding all the mind had sought.
It slips beyond both loss and gain—
A breeze that frees without a chain.

40

Renunciation runs, a hidden thread,
Pulling life beyond the dread.
No push, no pull—just easing flow;
The less we grasp, the more we know.

41

Renunciation runs where needs grow thin;
No outward step, but shift within.
Desire wanes, the heart grows wide—
Truth enters where the rest subside.

42

Renunciation runs when ego tires;
It burns the leftover of desires.
No effort spent, no deed begun—
Just grace unfolding, one by One.

43

Renunciation runs, a vanishing call,
Soft as mist yet ending all.
The world remains, but clinging ends—
And freedom blooms, its root ascends.

44

Renunciation runs where silence grows;
It clears the dust the ego throws.
A single breath, unclaimed, unsought—
Reveals the stillness seekers sought.

45

Renunciation runs, a leaf released,

Drifting free, its tumults ceased.
No chosen course, yet perfect flight—
A yielding into deeper light.

46

Renunciation runs without a cause;
It simply stops where ego draws.
And in that pause, the truth appears—
A sky beyond the cage of years.

47

Only after renunciation runs,
The seeker drops the thousand suns;
When wanting ends and ego's gone,
Guru appears—one silent dawn.

48

Renunciation runs, the veil is wet;
Desire fades, the path is set.
When self dissolves and claims are shed,
Guru is met, the living thread.

49

Renunciation runs, the field made bare;
No crowd within, no noise to spare.
When emptiness becomes the seat,
Guru arrives, the Heart to meet.

50

Renunciation runs, the door made wide;
The seeker steps with none to guide.
Then grace descends, the bond is spun—
Guru is met when self is none.

51

Renunciation runs, the thirst is stilled;
The cup once cracked is now refilled.
When want is gone and quiet won,
Guru stands where two are none.

52

Renunciation runs, the night grows clear;
The seeker holds no hope, no fear.
In that vast space where thoughts forget,
Guru is found—the first true met.

53

Renunciation is not outward show;
Renunciation is inward flow.
Each day it deepens, still and slow—
In that depth God and Guru show.

54

Renunciation runs where self grows thin;

Desire fades—its practice lives within.
No walls remain, no weight to bear—
Guru enters when the heart is bare.

55

Devotion and renunciation
Fast-forward the destination;
When both align and ego ends,
Guru's path in silence bends.

56

Renunciation runs, devotion stays;
Together carve the seeker's ways.
When truth is lived without demand,
God and Guru write destiny by hand.

57

Renunciation runs where wants release;
Devotion holds the heart in peace.
Truth stands clear when self is none—
Guru seals what love has done.

58

Devotion and renunciation
Fast-forward the destination;
Practice of truth must align—
Then God and Guru sign.

59

Devotion burns, renunciation clear,
The path dissolves, no trace of fear;
Truth aligned, each step refines,
Guru signs, and God enshrines.

60

Silent cave, the flame is near;
Name dissolves, the sound austere.
Practice holds, the heart benign—
Grace descends—the seal divine.

61

Offer all, the self is gone,
Night dissolves into the dawn;
Truth alone, the soul must bind,
Guru's mark in God aligned.

62

Desire fades, the will is still,
Empty hands receive the thrill;
Truth upheld, no false design,
Guru's hand in God combine.

63

Faith and fire, the vow is kept,

Silent tears the seeker wept;
Truth remains, the steps incline,
Guru's seal in God's sign.

64

Renounce the claim, devotion stays;
The path is lit in hidden ways.
Truth revealed, the stars align—
Guru's word in God's sign.

65

The ego falls, the heart is free,
The flame consumes duality;
Truth resounds, the soul's design,
Guru's seal with God's sign.

66

Silent breath, the mind is stilled,
The vessel emptied, yet fulfilled;
Truth alone, the steps combine,
Guru's grace in God's sign.

67

Renunciation, devotion meet,
The circle closes—whole, complete;
Truth aligned, the path is fine,
Guru's seal in God's sign.

68

No hollow form, no false display,
The flame alone lights up the way;
Truth upheld, the soul refines—
Guru seals and God signs.

69

The seeker fades, the Giver stays,
The silence speaks in hidden rays;
Truth aligned, the stars entwine,
Guru's seal within God's sign.

70

Cycle repeats, yet never done,
The petals fold into the One;
Truth aligned, the path divine,
Guru's seal in God's sign.

71

Renunciation runs, devotion true;
Truth stands clear in silent view.
All paths dissolve, all claims resign—
Guru seals, and God signs the line.

72

Truth stands where all desires cease;

Renunciation deepens into peace.
When ego falls and self is gone—
Guru leads to God, the silent None.

73

Service begins where ego bends;
The disciple rises as ego ends.
No duty higher, no path more true—
All steps are kept at Guru's cue.

74

Serving Guru is serving Light;
It clears the mind and sharpens sight.
One silent act, one humble tone—
And Grace descends, the heart His own.

75

The body serves, the mind obeys;
The heart dissolves in hidden ways.
No claim remains, no deed improves—
Guru's will alone the seeker moves.

76

Service is not the hands alone;
It is practicing Guru's tone.
When self is dropped and duty pure—
Guru's blessing stands secure.

77

The disciple serves with quiet breath,
With every step, with every depth.
Not seen by eyes, not known by man—
Only Guru reads the plan.

78

Service is love in silent form;
A flame that lives through cold and storm.
Where ego yields and truth is done—
Guru accepts the selfless One.

79

Serving Guru, the mind is stilled;
Through humble acts the heart is filled.
No pride to claim, no task too small—
Guru's grace transforms them all.

80

The feet are washed, the wisdom heard;
The path unfolds without a word.
Service clears the clouded air—
Guru's presence everywhere.

81

True service asks for no return;

It burns itself in its own burn.
In giving all, the chains are gone—
Guru shapes the hidden dawn.

82

One silent bow, a life begins;
A thousand faults, the Guru thins.
Service pure, with heart undone—
Makes disciple, one by One.

83

A disciple walks where self is none;
Each step erased before begun.
Rooted low, yet rising true—
Shaped in silence by the Guru.

84

Service begins where self is small;
The disciple rises as shadows fall.
No claim to make, no right to own—
Grace descends when ego's gone.

85

At Guru's lotus feet, the world grows light;
The heart learns day, the mind learns night.
Serving thus, the knots unwind—
Silence teaches the seeker's mind.

86

Service flows when “mine” is mute;
The inner soil turns soft, made fruit.
One breath offered, pure and true—
Opens the path the Guru knew.

87

Serving the Guru is serving the flame;
The fire within sheds form and name.
The more one gives, the less remains—
Till truth alone within sustains.

88

No loud devotion, no display;
Service works the hidden way.
Where self is less and love is more—
Guru opens the unseen door.

89

Hands may serve, but heart must bend;
This alone makes disciple’s end.
Bow once deep and stay that way—
Guru shapes the living clay.

90

Service is faith without demand;

A leaf that falls by nature's hand.
Nothing asked and nothing kept—
Guru guards the vows once wept.

91

Service done with quiet breath
Turns the wheel that conquers death.
No merit claimed, no measure spun—
Guru lifts the little one.

92

Footstep soft and duty clear,
Service walks without a fear.
The heart that serves with none to see—
Receives the truth that makes one free.

93

The servant wakes before the dawn;
The ego sleeps, its weight withdrawn.
In this hour the blessing starts—
Guru's light enters all parts.

94

Service ends where self is none;
Grace begins when two are one.
Disciple bows, the worlds grow still—
Guru moves the heart to His will.

95

To touch the feet is not to kneel;
It is the ego's final seal.
Hands may serve, but heart must fall—
Guru's lotus feet are the truth of all.

96

The feet are rubbed, the mind grows still;
The heart bends low to Guru's will.
No higher worship, none so sweet—
As losing self at Guru's lotus feet.

97

The feet are pressed, the knots release;
The restless waves return to peace.
A single touch, devotion deep—
The soul awakens from its sleep.

98

Oil and breath in rhythm meet;
The world is lost at Guru's lotus feet.
Service done without a claim—
Burns the self in silent flame.

99

Each stroke dissolves a hidden scar;

Each bow reveals what truths there are.
The more he serves, the less he seems—
Guru's lotus feet fulfil all dreams.

100

The dust of feet, the highest grace;
It clears the veil from seeker's face.
No thought remains, no ego's seat—
A heaven lives at Guru's lotus feet.

101

Where service flows and ego dies,
The heart is freed of all disguise.
At Guru's lotus feet, all paths complete—
Disciple lost, the Truth made sweet.

102

Hands that serve the Guru's lotus feet
Find grace the heart alone can meet;
No merit claimed, no self to keep—
The touch itself is silence deep.

103

At Guru's lotus feet the world is stilled;
All restless waves of want are killed.
One gentle act, devotion pure—
Opens the door to truth secure.

104

When feet are served with humble breath,
The seeker dies a living death.
Ego falls, the veil undone—
Guru reveals the only One.

105

Service rests where feet abide;
The storm within is turned aside.
Each stroke dissolves what cannot stay—
The heart is led from night to day.

106

A disciple's hands at Guru's lotus feet
Make every moment calm and sweet;
No greater vow, no higher art—
Than merging touch with melting heart.

107

Silent he sits at Guru's lotus feet;
No wish to ask, no word to meet.
One thought alone—the sacred pair—
And all is given then and there.

108

At Guru's lotus feet his mind is stilled;

No other dream, no longing willed.
In that silence, full and deep—
Grace bestows what none can keep.

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.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher
Karma	: One's obligatory duties
Lord Keshava	: Lord Vishnu or Lord Krishna or God.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.
Mandala	: Pattern, design, the circle of one's own being— a map from mind to Self.
Mantra	: Sacred chant used to crossover the mind.

Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Mithyawadi Baba	: A Saint who speaks illusion/false.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes silence.
Nada	: Sound or vibration.
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.
Parampara	: Tradition or lineage.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Seva	: Selfless service.