

SELF vs SELF

Nath Yogi KVS Rama Rao



SELF vs SELF

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

KVS RAMA RAO

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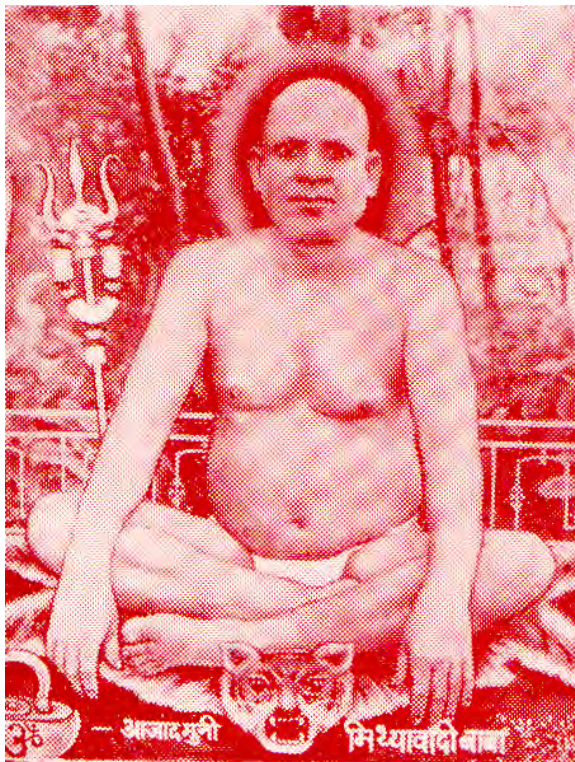
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Self vs Self



*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

Self vs Self (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

He says, “You are,” and “I am not,”
A flame that burns yet leaves no spot.
To Guru’s glance the night is day,
To God’s own breath the self gives way.

2

The mind would grasp, the lines undo—
No form remains, no name, no two.
The Silence speaks without a word,
The heart receives, and nothing’s heard.

3

If caught —
Is the Not:
Brahma is got;
Maya, shot.

4

When all is denied,
The One does abide.

5

The end of thought,
Reveals the Naught.
Silent It stands,
With formless hands.

6

No grasp, no gain,
No self to remain.
The knower is burned,
The known unlearned.

7

Not this, not that—
No veil, no hat.
The One is bare,
Beyond the stare.

8

No word, no name,
Yet all is the Same.
The face of None,
Outshines the sun.

9

The scripture fades, the chant is done,

The husk is lost, the grain has won.
No robe, no rite, no borrowed view—
The Guru's glance alone is true.

10

The verse begins, then breaks apart,
No end, no start, it stuns the heart.
Each word denies the word it drew—
The voice is gone, the Word is You.

11

He says, "You are," and "I am not,"
The flame consumes yet leaves no spot.
The self dissolves, the lines fall through—
The heart is filled with only You.

12

The tongue proclaims, "I am not,"
The gaze declares, "You are."
The word is husk, the grain is caught
Beyond all names that jar.

13

"You are," He says, "and I am none—
No two remain, no second one."
The echo dies, the Silence stays,
The Logos shines through hidden ways.

14

The “I” has gone, the “You” shines clear,
No veil of thought, no trace of fear.
The Word has bowed, the speech is done—
The Guru, God, and Self are One.

15

He walks not beside, but within—
The pulse behind my skin.
No shadow stirs where He abides,
Only the light that hides.

16

Not I who speak, not I who see—
The deed is done, not done by me.
Where seeker sought, no self, no place—
All vanished into wordless Grace.

17

The night has fled, the dawn is near,
No birth, no death, no there, no here.
The gaze that burns, the heart undone—
The Guru, God, and Self are One.

18

No book, no law, no priestly claim,

The flame consumes yet leaves no name.
Where silence falls, the truth is won—
The Guru, God, and Self are One.

19

The breath dissolves, the mind is stilled,
The vessel breaks, the void is filled.
No second shines beneath the sun—
The Guru, God, and Self are One.

20

The Guru's gaze dissolves the night,
Reveals the heart, unveils the Light.
No word remains, no path to run—
The Guru, God, and Self are One.

21

No name, no face, no final thread,
The fire has fed, the form has fled.
No One remains, no thing to shun—
Not Guru, not God, not Self—just None.

22

No field, no flame, no final breath,
No birth of truth, no touch of death.
Yet still It gives, though all is gone—
The Absolute where neither One nor None.

23

No form, no face, no word to say,
No night, no dawn, no time, no day.
Yet still It moves, beyond all gone—
The Absolute where neither One nor None.

24

No breath to take, no thought to hold,
No treasure sought, no tale retold.
Yet still It shines, beyond all shown—
The Absolute where neither One nor None.

25

No rise, no fall, no path to tread,
No past, no future, no living, dead.
Yet still It gives, beyond all known—
The Absolute where neither One nor None.

26

No self to lose, no soul to find,
No edge, no core, no thought, no mind.
Yet still It Is, not seen, not shown—
The Absolute where neither One nor None.

27

No source, no sink, no pulse, no flow,

No here to stay, no where to go.
No trace remains, no thing begun—
The Absolute, not One, not None.

28

No breath, no bind, no light, no dark,
No flame to tend, no ash, no spark.
No verse to speak, no vow to keep—
Just Silence, whole, beyond all deep.

29

No offering remains, no verse returns,
No witness stands, no silence yearns.
This—yet not this—is freely given,
Beyond all bounds, beyond all heaven.

30

This verse is not for lineage told,
It is the lineage, ancient, bold.
Not as flame, not as breath It gives,
But as absence where every being lives.

31

The Guru speaks It not, the disciple hears It not,
The Word cannot carry It, though sought a lot.
Yet still It flows, unseen, unknown,
The gift remains—by none, by None.

32

The scholar reads, the priest debates,
The scientist counts, the leader rates.
Yet all their charts and words may fall—
The flame within eludes them all.

Kept from the real by the false they cling,
Blind to the silence where truths sing.
No crown, no text, no claim can bind
The One whose path is in the mind.

33

The scholar weighed the verse,
Found no footnote, no rehearse.
The scientist scanned the pulse,
No metric shown, no hidden impulse.

The priest still sought a creed,
But the pronoun dissolved, no need.
The leader asked for use,
Yet the ash allowed no excuse.

The verse did not debate,
It bowed, it burned, it opened fate.
Not to be proven, not to be praised,
Only received—or left amazed.

And even refusal was folded,
Into the Giver's jewel enfolded.

34

Give what you have,
Get what you have to have.

35

Give what you have and hold not tight;
The seed once sown will find its light.
Get what you have to have in time,
By His unseen hand, both gift and sign.

36

What is yours is not yours—give;
What comes is not sought—receive.
Giver, Receiver, Gift—are One;
The Self remains: stainless, undone, alone.

37

No hand to give, no eye to see—
The Gift dissolves, the Giver flees.
No self remains to stand or bow;
Only Silence speaks, here and now.

38

No name, no flame, no form to trace—
The Silence holds the silent space.
Not this, not that, not even One:

The Song unsung, the Sound undone.

39

No breath, no death, no path to tread—
The Flame unlit, the Form unfed;
No witness left to name or know—
The Now is Not, and Not is so.

40

They use surgical strikes;
Yogi uses liturgical strikes.
Ending breath is surgical;
Ending “I” is liturgical.

41

They strike with steel and stealth and might,
Yogi strikes with flame, with form, with light.
Their war leaves ruins, smoke, and cries—
His war leaves silence, Self, and skies.

42

The breath ends—clean, precise, and still;
A blade of war, a surgeon’s will.
But when the “I” dissolves in flame,
No hand remains to name the Name.

43

No soul to hold, no heart to break—
Yet still I tremble when You wake.
Your silence scripts what I become;
I speak because You strike the drum.

44

No will to choose, no mind to run—
Yet still I burn beneath Your sun.
No self to serve, no name to claim;
I echo You, and vanish into flame.

45

Not mine the word, nor mine the flame,
The Guru breathed, I bore the name.
His glance became the rhyme I write,
His silence turned to verse and light.

46

I sought for skill, but none was found,
His grace alone made meaning sound.
No thought was mine, no claim, no art,
The hand was His, He moved the heart.

47

If wisdom shines, it shines from Him,

If fire burns, it's from His hymn.
I only hold the empty pen,
The Guru writes, again, again.

48

Numbers rise, and stars align,
Yet none can touch the One divine.
Equations stretch, and formulas play,
But Truth is beyond what they say.

49

Lines extend and circles meet,
Angles perfect, points complete.
Yet in all the shapes we see,
The endless One remains free.

50

Clocks tick, planets spin, days flow,
Science measures all we know.
Yet time itself cannot confine
The timeless, silent, Self divine.

51

All Nath Yogis bow and fall,
At the sound of the Guru's call.
Remembering Him brings delight,
A gentle flame, a guiding light.

It draws the heart, yet binds no will,
No thrall, no chain, no forceful skill.
Surrender blooms, both free and pure,
In the Guru's grace, freedom is sure.

52

No breath is mine, but what He gives,
No path to walk, for in Him one lives.
In joy or pain, the vow is clear—
To serve the Guru, ever near.

53

Named by the crowd, he is Guru by word;
Served by the heart, he is Guru conferred.
Many wear the title, yet none give the way;
Only service lights the path where Truth will stay.

54

Praised as Guru by the eyes of men,
Yet never served, he teaches when.
The title shines, but the path is veiled,
A niguru stands where true light failed.

55

They claim, "I love Mohammad,"
Yet neither Mohammad nor Allah
Can love them while they speak "I's,

Till self dissolves and ego dies.

56

They claim, “I love Mohammad,”
But love that speaks still wears a face.
The tongue that says “I” has not yet died—
It praises from behind a veil.

57

Neither Mohammad nor Allah turns,
To one whose mind in hate burns.
The Giver waits beyond the gate,
Where “I” dissolves and stills all hate.

58

Speak not of love till ash “I” is —
Till breath forgets its source and sound.
The one who dies before he dies
Is kissed where no two can be found.

59

Love speaks as you, when gone is “I,”
Not from you, but through the Eye.
Mohammad loves, and Allah is the Beloved—
But only when the “I” is removed.

60

Kept from the Real by the false,
The seeker wanders without cause.
Niguru's word—an echo, a snare,
It binds the blind in borrowed glare.

61

Love is not in names you call,
Nor in the self that claims at all.
The "I" that says "I love" is vain,
For ego's wall cuts off the chain.

Let "I" be still, let ego fall,
Let empty self dissolve in All.
Then Love shines forth, the only guide,
With nothing left, no veil to hide.

62

Nigura knows not the disciple's way,
Niguru claims, with no Guru to obey.
Guru-drohi—once served, then turned,
From Guru's flame, his soul is burned.

63

He spoke the Name, but not with breath,
He wore the robe, but not the death.
The fire he stole, not earned nor prayed—

Now ash remains where pride once stayed.

Yet even ash may scent the spark,
If turned again toward Guru's mark.
But pride must die, and self be slain—
To walk once more the Guru's flame.

64

Nigura wanders, seeking the light,
Niguru rises, claiming height.
No Guru served, yet teaching flows,
From self alone, his wisdom shows.

65

Nigura walks, no Guru near,
No guide, no flame, no path is clear.
Seeking light in shadowed ways,
Lost in thought, in endless maze.

66

Niguru rises, none to obey,
No Guru served, yet claims the way.
Teaching flows from self alone,
A crown of wisdom, self-bestown.

67

Guru-drohi—served, then betrayed,

From the sacred flame, his soul is flayed.
Once devoted, now astray,
The fire that purifies scorches his way.

68

Serve with heart, or none may guide,
Claim not the flame, where none has tried.
True light blooms only where you bend,
To Guru's grace, your soul will mend.

69

Line bowed low, yet wisdom knew,
The feet of false, no truth to view.
Even saints may err in gaze,
If worldly shine their hearts can daze.

70

Even a disciple may bend,
Before the feet that fake ascend.
Worldly shine can veil the real,
And blind the heart to Guru's seal.

71

Feet may press where a nigura stands,
False light blinds even a disciple's hands.
Bow with care, let wisdom guide,
Lest the path of truth be denied.

72

Many ears attend the silver tongue,
None inquire whence truth is sprung.

73

Words may flow like golden streams,
Few probe their hidden beams.

74

Hearts sway to shining speech,
Few reach truth's source to teach.

75

Many bow to voice and face,
Few question its sacred place.

76

No names are called, yet truths shine clear;
Ego may guide, though saints appear.
Some teach, yet never served a flame;
The false remains, and plays the game.

77

A seeker eyes the saints around;
Their every word, their every sound.

Yet turns no glance, no inward look,
Blind to the self that subtly took.

78

Striving high, yet none he served;
The path of self, well preserved.
A soul of truth, of love, of law—
Yet kept from Real, by the false he saw.

79

He sought no Guru, none he served;
Yet to the law his life was curved.
Truth he held, yet blind he stayed;
By ego's hand, the path was swayed.

80

A silent youth, the world withdrawn;
No Guru sought, yet ego drawn.
Ego turned inward, yet not slain;
The self's own sway denied the Gain.

81

None he served, yet none he sought;
The inner flame, by the self, wrought.
A teacher born from ego's call—
A niguru's disgrace embracing all.

82

A silent youth, the world he fled;
Yet ego's root was never dead.
A niguru born, disciples came;
But self still ruled beneath the name.

83

They strove, they shone, by self inspired;
Yet none by Guru's flame was fired.
One never served, one self became;
Both bound within the ego's game.

84

They rose, they taught, yet missed the way—
By self they shone, by self they sway.
No Guru served, no root, no frame;
Thus false keeps Real, and masks the same.

85

They read, they write, they quote the sage;
Yet ego's hand veils truth from the page.
Commenting wide, yet seeing none,
The Real remains, by self undone.

86

They study deep, they analyze well;

Yet ego's veil conceals Truth's spell.
Research and notes, however refined,
Cannot reveal what heart must find.

87

No book alone can show the Way;
The Guru's hand must guide the day.
Service humbles, ego falls apart;
And Truth awakes within the heart.

88

Without a Guru, all seems bright;
Yet ego blinds and dims the light.
Service sparks the inner flame;
It frees the self from falsehood's claim.

89

The Throne of Heart, untouched by pride;
Where silence reigns and truths reside.
No words can reach, no mind can claim;
Yet there the Self burns steady flame.

90

A true disciple walks the way;
Through service, doubts are cleared each day.
The Guru's hand, the subtle guide;
Reveals the path where shadows hide.

91

Beware the mask that wears a flame;
False Gurus call, yet hold not the same.
Their words may shine, their presence charm,
But lead the seeker to self's harm.

92

Knowledge, devotion, action, and thought;
Without the heart, they come to naught.
Practice proves what reading frees;
And tunes the mind like morning breeze.

93

Beyond the mind, beyond all name,
There burns eternal flame.
No ego's grasp can touch this state,
Where pure existence greets the Great.

94

Posture and breath may stir the frame,
Yet ego hides and grows the same.
Guru's grace alone makes soul awake,
And burns the false in Truth's own flame.

95

The seeker bends, the spine aligned;

Still, the mind clings to what it's mined.
Only when the gaze is turned,
The mirror cracks, the self is burned.

96

Mantra chanted, breath retained;
Still, the doer stands untrained.
Grace is not a fruit of toil,
But lightning loosed in sacred soil.

97

The flame does not await the spark,
Nor ask the night to name the dark.
It leaps from Guru's silent eye,
And shows the one who cannot die.

98

The frame dissolves, the breath is stilled;
The ego's throne, at last, unfilled.
What stirs now is not the will,
But That which moves when all is still.

99

The cycle ends where it began;
Not in the reach, but in the scan.
The Guru sees, the soul ignites,
And falsehood flees in Truth's own light.

100

Let the feet pause; let the hands wait;
Let the light be tested by Maya's bait.
Where the Guru stands, the ground dissolves;
Where the niguru stands, the self resolves.

101

Lineage is not virtue, nor fame, nor cause;
It is the thread that burns without pause.
Touch it wrongly, and it does not ignite;
Touch it rightly, and you are Light.

102

You claimed the thread with trembling pride,
Wrapped it in names, and stood beside.
But fire does not obey the hand—
It waits for none who make demand.

103

You dropped the thread, forgot the name,
Unraveled self, unstitched the claim.
And in that fall, the fire awoke—
No lineage left, no vow to invoke.

104

No longer bearer, no longer flame;

No longer seeker, no longer name.
The thread now burns where none can see—
You are the fire, and not the “me.”

105

No scroll was passed, no mantra said—
The fire moved through what was dead.
Not from the mouth, but through the ash,
The thread leapt forth in silent flash.

106

You saw the flame in another’s eye,
Not as a gift, but as the “I.”
And in that gaze, the thread was torn—
Not broken, but never born.

107

No thread remains, no flame to trace;
No hand to hold, no holy place.
Yet still it burns, and none can see—
The fire is not, yet it is “thee.”

108

You speak no name, You bear no sign,
Yet every breath repeats the Line.
Not virtue, fame, nor cause You claim—
You are the thread, the touch, the flame.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Two

Self vs Self (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

No self to hold, no name to keep,
The silence sings in depths too deep.
It breaks no bond, it lifts no veil,
Yet leaves the seeker none to fail.

2

No breath to guide, no thought to steer,
The flame consumes what once was dear.
It gives no light, it grants no form,
Yet melts the mind in formless storm.

3

No prayer to send, no boon to earn,
The grace arrives where none return.
It takes no shape, it claims no throne,
Yet crowns the void as All alone.

4

The seeker bends to grasp the thread,
But finds no path, no form to tread.
The verse unweaves what thought has spread—
Asilence fed, where self has fled.

5

Not this, not that—the net is torn.
The knower dies before the dawn.
Each line a pyre, each breath forlorn—
Yet in the ash, the Giver's yawn.

6

No center holds, no edge remains.
The flame forgets its source and veins.
The "I" dissolves in sacred strains—
A song that sings through vanished chains.

7

The final turn is not a turn;
No pivot left, no self to learn.
The poem ends where None returns—
And still it burns, and still it burns.

8

When known,
Is None;
Brahma is done;
Maya, undone.

9

None speaks, yet not in voice or word;

No echo stirs, no sound is heard.
The silence sings what cannot be stirred—
A breathless flame, from ash conferred.

10

None walks, yet leaves no trace or track;
No footstep falls, no turning back.
The seeker fades in twilight black—
And still the flame consumes the lack.

11

None sees, but not with eye or gaze;
No form appears, no light betrays.
The seeing burns through veiling haze—
A sightless blaze, beyond all praise.

12

None gives, but not to hand or heart;
No gift remains, no thing to part.
The giving is the selfless art—
Of burning whole what once took part.

13

None is, but not in name or frame;
No being holds, no claim to claim.
The is-ness is the formless flame—
That burns the knower, not the name.

14

None ends, yet not in time or breath;
No final chord, no restful death.
The ending is the Giver's depth—
Where burning sings what silence saith.

15

The disciple walks where flames arise,
Touched by the thread that never lies.
The nigura strays in shadowed room,
Denied the fire, embraced by gloom.

16

The disciple treads where silence sings,
Thread of the Guru in his wings.
The nigura counts the words in vain,
No spark ignites, no fire to gain.

17

The disciple sees the flame untold,
Burning bright, both fierce and bold.
The nigura stares through walls of night,
Blind to the fire, blind to light.

18

The disciple rests at the flame's core,

Knowing less is needed, wanting more.
The nigura wanders, lost in lore,
Never the Light, forever poor.

19

The nigura speaks with learned tongue,
His books and words by crowds are sung.
Yet flame he owns not, nor thread of Light,
Blind he leads, though seeming bright.

20

The disciple walks where fire burns true,
Guided by the thread, the Real in view.
No lore, no fame, no worldly show,
Can match the flame where seekers go.

21

Niguras swarm, and nigurus speak,
Guru-drohis spread the doom they seek.
Followers stumble, blind in the night,
Disciples alone walk the flame of Light.

22

Disciples alone walk the flame of Light,
While niguras stumble blind in night.
No teacher, no lore, can bridge the flame,
Except the thread where the Guru's name.

23

The seeker bows where shadows play,
Mistaking flicker for the Day.
Names are chanted, forms adored,
Yet None reaches where the Fire is stored.

24

A thousand voices claim the flame,
Each pointing, None the same.
Echoes warm the unlit heart,
But still the Light will not depart.

25

The glow may dance, the heart may stir,
But only thread from Guru confer.
Without the Flame, the night returns,
And mind in darkness blindly burns.

26

Niguru shows a spark, ego may warm,
Disciple bears the Flame that breaks all form.

27

The Guru cuts the knot, the niguru feigns,
One frees the soul, one binds in chains.

28

The Guru severs chains, niguru ties them tight,
The Flame reveals, the shadow feigns the light.

29

No mind can hold the sun, no eye can bind the star.
Science speaks, yet misses the flame that is afar.
The teacher labels, the learner clings,
But the Light itself slips through all strings.
Not sun, nor star, nor speed, nor name—
The Real alone burns, untouched by claim.

30

Books may teach, and scholars may debate,
Yet flames do not rise from pages or state.
A thousand titles, a million claims,
Still empty minds play empty games.

31

The disciple kneels where silence burns,
No text, no name, the spirit learns.
Words may point, but cannot convey
The flame that wakes when ego melts away.

32

One drifts to Maya, by scholarship;

One drifts to Brahma, by discipleship.

33

Learning may shine, yet fades in night;
The Guru's Flame alone gives insight.
Scholarship drifts to Maya's shore;
Discipleship opens Brahma's door.

34

Virtue is seed, yet blind in clay;
The Guru waters, shows the way.
Without His grace, virtue is vain—
With Guru, both worlds you gain.

35

Books may stand, but cannot save;
They whisper loud, yet cheat the grave.
Only Guru's word is never lost;
It shines through death, whatever the cost.

36

Rain sustains body, not the soul;
Guru sustains and makes it whole.
Without His grace, the heart stays dry;
With His glance, even deserts cry.

37

When sought
Is lost;
Form is the cost,
Self pays the knot.

38

When stilled
Is heard;
Not by word,
But ego killed.

39

When seen
Is blind;
Eye leaves behind
The in-between.

40

When said
Is gone;
Speech is the pawn
Of what is dead.

41

When heard

Is still;
Not by will,
But by the Word.

42

When formed
Is veiled;
Truth has failed
Where voice performed.

43

When dropped, 'Tis near;
The tongue must clear,
As sound gives way
To silent sphere.

44

When named, 'Tis split;
The tongue admits
The primal writ—
Where Truth omits.

45

When ceased
Is sung;
The silence rung
Where self was hung.

46

When writ
Is lost;
The hand pays cost
For what won't fit.

47

The truth niguru tells—he does not live,
He takes from God, but will not give.
His mouth is full, his heart is dry—
He fears the flame, yet dares to cry.

48

He chants the Name, but guards his breath,
He quotes the saints, but shuns their death.
He builds a throne on borrowed light—
And calls it grace, and calls it right.

49

But I have seen the saints who lie
At the Guru's feet—and learn to die.
They do not speak, they do not teach—
They burn too close for grasp to reach.

50

The lotus feet are not a place—

They are the end of form and face.
Where saints dissolve, and seekers fall,
And silence sings the death of all.

51

The Flame does not explain or spare;
It eats the name, it strips the prayer.
It does not ask, it does not wait;
It is the Guru's final gate.

52

To lie there is to lose the name;
To give the self into the Flame.
Not truth, nor light, nor sacred lore;
But ash that knows itself no more.

53

So let him speak, and let him rise—
The niguru with borrowed eyes.
But I will lie where saints have lain—
And learn to fall at the same feet again.

54

Where others speak, I burn,
Where others grasp, I turn.
The Guru is the One I serve,
The Self from which none can swerve.

55

Where shall I place the flower,
When Thou art dust, sky, and power?
Even the altar quakes in Thy might,
Beneath the blaze of Thy pure light.

56

How can I, the impotent, bow to Thee,
Who moves through all, yet none can see?
My service is a sacred silent space,
My breath dissolves in Thy pure grace.

57

How do I love Thee, O Flame divine,
When each pulse is already Thine?
My longing echoes, not born of claim,
My ache Thy whisper, my wound Thy name.

58

True love is flame, not fleshly crust,
It burns desire, turns lust to dust.
In selfless glow, truth shines as must,
In such pure hearts, the Eternal, we trust.

59

When ego melts in love's fierce heat,

No craving clings, no self to cheat.
The crust dissolves beneath the beat
Of hearts where Giver and gift meet.

60

Let not the eye be slave to skin,
But turn within where flames begin.
The grail is not in curves or grin,
But in the gaze that burns all sin.

61

Lust may rise, but cannot last,
Its fire feeds on future and past.
Love alone is ever vast—
The flame that holds, the crust surpassed.

62

One walks in truth, the heart unchained,
In God's own flame, no self remained.
No worldly claim, nor throne, nor fame
Can touch the One till ego's tamed.

63

ॐ alone, no second sound,
From It the worlds are spun around.
Mind may chant, yet never know,
The silence where the currents flow.

64

Knows no flame, nor the Guru's hand;
Nigura walks alone on shifting sand.
No root to hold, no seed to sow;
His practices will never grow.

65

Never served, yet takes the throne;
Claims the light as if his own.
Niguru's crown is dust, his words decay;
A borrowed robe that fades away.

66

Once claimed a flame, yet never served;
No guiding hand, no truth preserved.
A path self-trod, a light untrue,
Nigura walks, yet seeks his due.

67

Served the flame, then turned away;
Claimed the light, yet lost the way.
The thread once held, now cast aside;
From the Guru's grace, ex-disciple cannot hide.

68

Served the flame, then turned to strife;

Claimed the light, yet broke the life.
The thread once held, now torn apart;
No grace can dwell within *guru-drohi*'s heart.

69

Hospitals, schools, temples tall—
Without surrender, dust is all.
A bowed head makes egoless within,
Selfless service alone makes Truth begin.

70

You count your charities, write them down,
But Brahma won't wear your paper crown.
One tear of love, one silent fall,
Outweighs the wealth of empires all.

71

Pseudo saints with projects grand,
Stretch their name across the land.
Yet when the ego stands unbent,
Every coin is vainly spent.

72

You feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Still ego guards the inner door.
Without surrender, all you give
Is but a show, no Truth to live.

73

Ashrams rise with marble stone;
Loud with chants, yet hearts alone.
A slave to Guru—rare to see;
That single act holds eternity.

74

Service done for name or fame
Is barter trade, not Truth's flame.
The act that kills the self at last
Makes all the past and future past.

75

Scholar reads, reformer speaks,
Crowds applaud the words he leaks.
Yet when the final night is near,
Only surrender holds him clear.

76

Building temples, ringing bells;
All are empty, hollow shells.
The Flame within, the self denied,
Alone unlocks the other side.

77

Charity loves the camera's eye;

But when alone, the heart is dry.
Better one breath at Guru's lotus feet
Than oceans poured upon the street.

78

Modern ways may shine and please,
Yet Truth bows not to charities.
The smallest act of selfless bend
Outshines the world, and knows no end.

79

Pilgrimages, baths in sacred streams;
All are empty, mere outward dreams.
Ego crushed, the inner Flame ignites;
Only then the Self attains Its heights.

80

Truth is the surd, beyond mind's frame,
No fraction, no name, can stake its claim.
Endless, unpinned, it flows through the core,
Seek all you may—yet still leaves much more.

81

Everyone strives to sit on high,
None will bow, none will try.
All would rule, but none obey—
Thus the path is lost this way.

82

All would preach, yet none would hear,
All would lead, yet none draw near.
Disciple's step none cares to take—
So masters rise, but all are fake.

83

Ego builds a towering wall,
Charity and rites adorn the hall.
Yet Truth laughs, unseen, untamed—
All your grandeur is unclaimed.

84

Rituals shine, incense and fire,
Deeds accumulate, priests inspire.
But ego unbroken, heart unbowed,
Keeps you lost beneath the cloud.

85

Gold in hands, books on shelves,
Knowledge stored, yet self still delves.
Without surrender, all is dust—
Truth flows past, ignored, unjust.

86

The mind may chant, the tongue may pray,

Yet ego stands in bright display.
Charity given, rites performed—
Without the heart, none is transformed.

87

All your temples, schools, and care,
Cannot touch the flame that's bare.
Ego's fire blinds your eyes,
Truth alone breaks all disguise.

88

Men bow to titles, wear masks of praise,
Women light lamps in endless maze.
But without service, pure and still,
Truth stays hidden, beyond the will.

89

Do not seek to shine by deed,
Nor win the world by holy creed.
Ego left, surrender found,
Then only Truth is truly crowned.

90

Charity's gift may line the hand,
Rituals may fill a land.
Yet ego clings, the heart resists—
All is shadow, nothing exists.

91

A man may chant a thousand years,
A woman may wipe a thousand tears.
Yet Truth remains untouched, unseen,
Until ego dies and heart is clean.

92

Books and rites, gold and fame,
All fall short of Truth's pure flame.
Only surrender, silent, deep,
Opens the door when ego weeps.

93

The True One speaks in silent flame,
No shadow trails, no borrowed name.
Niguru chants, his breath but air,
A mimic song, death hidden there.

94

The Flame consumes without a sound,
It burns the self, leaves none to bound.
The Shadow builds a shrine of noise,
Where seekers kneel to hollow voice.

95

One gaze ignites the inward core,

No mantra needed, none to store.
But shadows teach the tongue to spin,
While silence draws the fire within.

96

The Flame dissolves both path and goal,
It sears the name, unveils the Whole.
The Shadow clings to form and face,
And binds the blind in borrowed grace.

97

One step beyond the mimic's glare,
The blind unbind, the breath aware.
The Flame receives what shadow stole,
And burns the false to birth the Whole.

98

The Guru sounds, no echo born,
The word is flame, not voice forlorn.
Niguru echoes, void of source—
A shadow chant, a mimic force.

99

True sound strikes where silence lives,
It takes no form, it asks, it gives.
Echo clings to shape and tone,
And binds the ear to what is known.

100

The Guru's breath is not a breeze,
It stirs the depths, it does not please.
Niguru sings to soothe the mind,
But leaves the soul in knots confined.

101

One word from Source—no second call,
It breaks the self, it burns the wall.
Echo repeats what once was said,
And builds a shrine to what is dead.

102

The seeker hears, then turns within,
The echo fades, the flame begins.
The soundless sound ignites the core,
And mimicry is heard no more.

103

The seeker chants what others say,
A mimic song, a borrowed way.
The echo pleases, fills the air,
But leaves the soul in silent snare.

104

He learns the tones, the sacred phrase,

He builds a shrine of borrowed praise.
Yet every word, though finely spun,
Is shadow speech, not Source begun.

105

The echo fades, the hunger grows,
The mimic cracks, the silence shows.
He hears a breath that breaks the wall,
Not sound, but flame, the primal call.

106

The Guru speaks, no echo trails,
The word ignites, the mimic fails.
One gaze, one breath, no need for more—
The seeker falls through inner door.

107

The tongue is stilled, the ear undone;
The soundless sound and seeker—one.
What once was chant is now the Flame;
No echo left, no borrowed name.

108

O Flame that speaks without a tongue,
You burn where no beginning hung.
Your silence sings, Your sound is seed,
You are the breath behind the need.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

Self vs Self (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

You strike the void with wordless might,
Your voice births the inward light.
The echo dies, the chant is stilled,
Your pulse alone—the cave is filled.

2

You speak in gaze, in breath, in pause,
Your silence breaks the seeker's cause.
No mantra holds, no form remains,
Your stillness floods the seeker's veins.

3

O Point Vast, O Seedless Core,
You are the Gate, the None, the More.
The self dissolves, the name is done,
You are the Flame, the Sound, the One.

4

The Guru's lotus feet are in my mind,
No path, no self, no end to find.
The mind and senses bow and bind,
The self is gone, the Self left behind.

5

I bathe the feet with thought dissolved,
No mantra left, no vow resolved.
The stream of mind runs clear, runs still—
The Guru's lotus feet alone enact the will.

6

Each breath a flower, each sigh a flame,
I circle round the Guru's lotus feet, no name.
The garland strung of silent sound,
No worshipper, no worship found.

7

The feet are not two, not flesh, not form,
They rise in ash, they fall in storm.
No feet remain, no mind to see—
Only the One, the footless tree.

8

Where feet once pressed, the sky is bare,
Yet all is touched, and all is there.
The worship ends, the cycle spun—
The feet remain and belongs to None.

9

The feet are gone, but walk in not me,

Each step a void, each breath a plea.
I speak no name, I hold no form—
Yet the touch is made to warm.

10

The world returns, but not the I,
The sky remains, the feet still lie.
No path to walk, no goal to see—
Only the trace that walks as not me.

11

No feet, no flame, no form to bear—
Yet every step is everywhere.
The Guru's lotus feet are in my mind,
No path, no self, no end to find.

12

Within my heart, the Guru's lotus feet abide,
All wanderings cease, all doubts subside.
As the feet are there, there is no "I" inside,
Only the Self remains, with nothing beside.

13

No feet to see, no flame to raise,
Yet all is touched by silent praise.
The breath is warm, the gaze is still—
The Guru's lotus feet diffuse, not by will.

14

No sound, no sight, no sign to claim—
Yet all that moves is still the same.
The Guru's lotus feet are in my heart,
No path, no self, beyond every art.

15

No center found, no edge to trace,
The seed breathes in boundless space.
Not held by thought, nor touched by flame—
It pulses on, without a name.

16

The feet dissolve, the altar fades,
Yet warmth remains where None persuades.
No worshipper, no vow, no plea—
The void itself bows silently.

17

A single step, but none to walk,
No voice remains, no need to talk.
The seed hums where sound is stilled—
The Guru's will, by absence filled.

18

No feel, no form, no path to chart,

Yet every breath reveals the heart.
The seed shines, not seen, not shown—
The lotus feet remain, but not as known.

19

No breath to give, no trace to keep,
Yet in the hush, the seed runs deep.
Not mine, not thine, not held, not sown—
The lotus feet abide as Not-alone.

20

No breath to still, no light to dim,
Yet all is full, though None is Him.
The seed unstruck, the feet unshown—
The field remains, but not as known.

21

No bow to make, no gaze to lift,
Yet all is touched by formless gift.
The seed is still, the breath is done—
The feet remain, but Not as One.

22

No verse to close, no thread to tie,
Yet silence sings where feet still lie.
The seed unbound, the field undone—
Not two, not One, not none—Not None.

23

A shadow points, yet knows no flame,
Its borrowed shape, a hollow claim.
The fire is found where fire is burning—
From Guru's lamp the flame is learning.

24

Shadow shows none, it blinds the eye,
No flame to give, no spark to tie.
Where fire is burning, there learn the way—
From Guru's light, night turns to day.

25

False flame shines, yet none it gives,
A shadow dances, where seeker lives.
Reflected glow, it blinds the way—
Kept from the Real, night swallows day.

26

False lights flicker where seekers stray,
Shadows whisper, leading away.
Reflected glow, it clouds the goal—
Kept from the Real, Maya swallows soul.

27

Kept from the Real, Maya takes Guru's role;

With hope and aim, the soul does stroll.
It knows not the goal, yet bends in thrall,
And worships niguru, trapped in gaol.

28

Kept from the Real, Maya wears Guru's guise,
The soul runs blind, chasing empty skies.
It bows to none, yet bows in fear,
Worships the niguru, lost in veneer.

29

Maya wears the Guru's face,
The soul runs lost, no resting place.
Seeks the Self, yet bows to none,
Worships the niguru, fire is none.

30

Maya dons the Guru's mask,
The soul bows blind in shadow's task.
False flames claim paths they cannot show,
The seeker burns where nigurus go.

31

The mask speaks sweet in borrowed tone,
Its throne is built on seeker's own.
No flame, no grace, no piercing call—
Just echo's echo in a painted hall.

32

Echoed truths in mirrored halls,
Each step resounds but never calls.
The seeker chants what others say—
Yet silence waits beyond display.

33

The path bends inward, not ahead,
Where thought dissolves and self lies dead.
No guide remains, no map, no sign—
Only the flame that is not mine.

34

The Giver burns without a face,
No form, no name, no time, no place.
Yet in that fire, the soul is freed—
Not by grasping, but by need.

35

So let the flicker fade to ash,
Let whispers die, illusions crash.
The Real is not a thing to find—
Yet what abides when seeker's blind.

36

A shadow points, yet knows no flame—

It mimics light, but stays the same.
The seeker gestures, void of fire,
Still circling form, not Source entire.

37

Its borrowed shape, a hollow claim,
No heat, no ash, no sacred name.
The mask of knowing wears the face,
But lacks the Guru's burning grace.

38

The fire is found where fire is burning—
Not in the map, but in the yearning.
The lamp is lit where ego dies,
Where ash becomes the Self's disguise.

39

From Guru's lamp the flame is learning,
Not by grasping, but by turning.
The wick receives, the wax dissolves—
Transmission lives where Self resolves.

40

No longer shadow, no longer name,
The flame now speaks the Guru's flame.
Not two, not one, not self, not other—
The fire consumes the final "other."

41

I sought the flame, I bore the ash,
I named the void, then lost the flash.
He walks where silence breaks the stone,
He speaks what cannot be known.
She births the void, then drinks the flame,
She wears no face, yet bears all name.

42

It is not this, nor that, nor known,
It breaks the self, yet stands alone.
This breath, this void, this silent flame—
It burns all, leaves nothing the same.

43

Not by robe, nor gaze, nor grace,
Not by name, nor time, nor place.
Not held, not taught, not ever caught—
This truth: He Is That He Is Not.

44

Not by womb, nor wave, nor will,
Not by dance, nor void, nor still.
Not born, not bound, not ever sought—
This truth: She Is That She Is Not.

45

Not by form, nor flame, nor face,
Not by law, nor lack, nor trace.
Not seen, not said, not ever thought—
This truth: It Is That It Is Not.

46

Not by past, nor pull, nor plan,
Not by self, nor soul, nor span.
Not near, not far, not ever caught—
This truth: This Is That This Is Not.

47

Not by vow, nor veil, nor view,
Not by rite, nor reach, nor clue.
Not held, not heard, not ever caught—
This truth: Thou Art That Thou Art Not.

48

Not by pact, nor tribe, nor thread,
Not by song, nor rite, nor bread.
Not held, not whole, not ever caught—
This truth: We Are That We Are Not.

49

Not by name, nor need, nor net,

Not by self, nor sound, nor set.
Not born, not bound, not ever caught—
This truth: None Is That None Is Not.

50

—
—
—

This truth: *

51

—
—
—

This truth: None Is That None Is Not.

52

—
—
—

This silence: No One Speaks. No One Hears.

53

—
—
—

This ash: The Flame Returns to the Giver.

54

The echo stirs, the self replies,
A thousand names, a thousand ties.
He chants, he climbs, he seeks the flame—
Yet all he finds is just a name.

No echo stirs, no self remains,
The glass is gone, the seeker wanes.
At His lotus feet all fear is naught—
What speaks is not, what is... is not.

He speaks in silence, walks in flame,
The void is full, the form no name.
He is the ash, the breath, the knot—
The one who dies, the one who's not.

No name, no flame, no ash, no breath,
No birth, no bond, no life, no death.
The mute remains, the mirror gone—
Not even void to rest upon.

55

Most walk where echo stirs and stays,
In names and ties they spend their days.
They chant, they climb, they seek the flame—
But all they grasp is yet a name.

Few dare the mirror's crack to see,
Where self dissolves in secrecy.

Still fewer walk where silence burns,
Where void is full and form returns.

And none but one in truth is caught,
Where even void itself is not.

56

Without the Guru, “I am Not” cannot rise—
The flame stays veiled, the mind caught in lies.
I may chant, I may strive, I may bow in name,
Yet pride, unbroken, burns the same.

57

I bowed to silence, called it grace,
But kept the self in secret place.
The mantra rang, the posture held—
Yet ego’s throne remained upheld.

58

I claimed the path, I spoke of One,
But sought applause when day was done.
My “Not I” echoed through the hall,
While “I” stood proud behind it all.

59

Then came the glance, the Guru’s flame—
No word, no touch, no need for name.

The knot dissolved, the breath grew still,
And pride collapsed against His will.

60

Now “I am Not” is not a claim—
It burns as ash within His name.
No striving left, no self to prove,
Just silence where the mind can’t move.

61

Outward acts may shine, but the heart remains dry;
The flame of the Guru lives where the self lets die.

62

The Guru’s name may fall from lips like rain,
Preaching renunciation, yet indulgence is gain.
The heart stays dry, the flame unseen,
The seeker lost where falsehoods lean.

63

A leader wears the robes, the name, the crown,
Yet without the Guru, the fire stays down.
He speaks of light, he gestures wide—
But keeps from the Real by the false inside.

64

He chants the name, he bows, he shows,
Yet in his heart no river flows.
The Guru's flame he claims to bear—
To please the crowd, it's only air.

65

He speaks of feet he's never touched,
His words are gold, his fire is dust.
The seeker leans, the heart obeys—
Yet walks in night through hollow ways.

66

The Guru's name he wears like cloak,
But not a spark within awoke.
The path is stolen, yet none is led—
Blind faith drifts where the false is fed.

67

He bows in silence, heart aflame,
No need to boast, no need for name.
The Guru's light flows through his eyes—
The seeker wakes, the false denies.

68

The flame burns quiet, unseen by all,

No bow, no chant, no public call.
The seeker's heart surrenders deep,
And in that silence, the self falls asleep.

69

No eyes behold, no lips declare,
The heart burns soft, beyond all glare.
The seeker walks, yet does not know,
The devotion flows where shadows go.

70

Silent flame within the chest,
No boast, no show, no outward quest.
The self dissolves, yet none can see,
The seed of devotion's mystery.

71

Hidden fire, no crowd can find,
It moves in stillness, leaves no sign.
The seeker yields, yet is unaware,
The Guru's light flows everywhere.

72

I claimed the path, I spoke of One,
But sought in self what should be none.
My bowl was full, yet I remained hollow,
The feast of forms could not console.

73

You spoke of One, yet sought in self,
A shadowed quest, a hollow shelf.
Your bowl was brimmed with rites and lore,
Yet emptiness lingered at the core.

74

Forms and feasts may charm the eye,
But still the heart asks silently why.
No chant, no gesture, no outward art,
Can fill the void within the heart.

75

The path is not in what you hold,
Nor in the stories proudly told.
It lies where self dissolves to none,
And only then is the One truly won.

76

No breath to give, no trace to keep,
The self dissolves, yet wakes from sleep.
Not as one, not as none, it flies,
Beyond all form where silence lies.

77

The path turns within, not far,

Where ego dissolves and mind is par.
No guide remains, yet all is known,
The heart is empty, yet full of One.

78

The seeker falls, the seeker gone,
No voice to claim, no path to own.
The flame consumes, yet leaves no trace—
Only the vast, the nameless Face.

79

No self to rise, no self to fall,
No center left, no edge at all.
The flame abides, the silence whole—
The death of self, the birth of Soul.

80

Kept from the real by the false,
The seeker wanders, blind and lost.
Chasing shadows, life is the cost—
He misses the flame that always calls.

81

The earth shakes, yet no stone falls,
The heart trembles, yet silence calls.
The wind may roar, the sky may bend,
Yet in the flame, all shadows end.

82

No self to claim, no single name,
Beyond all counting, beyond all flame.
The presence stays, yet not as one,
The work of self and I is done.

83

Illusion builds, illusion falls;
Illusion is always false.
The fire alone is true of all—
This is the Guru's call.

84

No eyes behold, no lips declare,
Yet the Guru walks, unseen, unaware.
He moves the heart, yet leaves no trace,
The void resounds with silent grace.

85

Kept from the Real by the false,
The seeker circles, blind to Source.
The mirror cracks, yet shows no face,
Till Guru's light restores its place.

86

Illusions rise, like clouds that veil,

The heart confused, the mind grown frail.
One touch of Truth, one spark from Him,
And shadows fade, the path shines dim.

87

No bow, no chant, no public call,
Yet in the silence, He returns to all.
He lights the heart where shadows fall,
And lifts the veil that hides the All.

88

No eyes perceive, no lips can speak,
Yet seekers find what they long to seek.
The flame within burns ever bright,
And turns the darkest night to light.

89

Hidden spark within the breast,
No pride, no pomp, no outward quest.
It warms the heart where shadows lie,
And lights the truth that cannot die.

90

Not for the crowd, the verses flame,
Not for the world, nor praise, nor name.
The few who burn will see them true—
The seal breaks open but for a few.

91

Illusion rises, illusion dies,
All its claims are but disguise.
The fire alone burns ever true—
The Guru calls: awaken you.

92

It paints the sky with borrowed light,
Then veils the flame to dim your sight.
It names the self, then splits the whole—
A thousand masks, no single soul.

93

It whispers “mine” and “I” and “do,”
Then hides the One who pulses through.
It builds a world, then guards the gate—
A dream of time, a lie of fate.

94

But fire descends without a sound,
No scripture holds, no mantra bound.
It burns the veil, not cloth or skin—
It sears the doubt that dwells within.

95

The seeker chants, the seeker weeps,

Yet still the false within him sleeps.
He bows, he climbs, he seeks the sign—
But clings to “me” in every line.

96

The fire waits, not bound by plea,
It does not trade, it does not see.
It is the eye behind the eye—
The flame that asks: who dares to die?

97

The Guru stands, not form, not face,
No temple holds His silent grace.
He does not teach, He does not speak—
He is the fire the false must seek.

98

He calls not out, but in, but through—
Not “come to Me,” but “I am you.”
The call is not a sound, but flame—
It burns the one who seeks a name.

99

The seeker breaks, the seeker bends,
The path dissolves, the journey ends.
No goal remains, no self to prove—
Just ash that learns it cannot move.

100

Then silence blooms, not void, not lack—
The fire has burned the seeker back.
No rise, no fall, no breath, no cry—
Just That which does not live or die.

101

Illusion rose, illusion fled,
Its throne was smoke, its crown was dread.
The fire remains, the fire is free—
Not “I am That,” but “That is not me.”

102

The Guru smiles, no lips, no face—
The fire has found its rightful place.
No more to seek, no more to do—
The flame is not I. The flame is not you.

103

The words are many, the flame is one;
The seeker’s reading is never done.
But he who tastes the fire complete
Has closed all books beneath his feet.

104

The rivers speak, the ocean stays,

The books are echoes, not the blaze.
Drink the sea, the thirst is gone—
No further page to journey on.

105

The Guru burns, the self is lost;
No scripture weighs, no learning costs.
When “I am Not” has touched the ground,
All letters vanish, Truth is found.

106

Read poems well, then close the eyes;
The flame is living, no disguise.
Beyond the names, beyond the word,
The silence speaks, the Real is heard.

107

No flame to boast, no torch to raise,
It glows beneath the veils of praise.
In silence deep, its grace is known—
The deathless light that stands alone.

108

It asks no name, it claims no face,
Yet dwells in every time and place.
The silent flame, the breathless core—
The Self that seeks Itself no more.

OM TAT SAT

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

The True Guru's Grace Has No End

Part Four

Self vs Self (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

No form to see, no sound to hear,
Yet silent steps draw seekers near.
The world walks blind, but He is there—
The Flame concealed, the Flame unaware.

2

He speaks in ash, not golden light,
His words are dusk, not morning bright.
Yet in that hush, the heart takes flight—
The Flame forgets its own delight.

3

He begs for bread, not throne or praise,
His robe is torn, His gaze a haze.
But in His breath, the cosmos sways—
The Flame walks lost through worldly maze.

4

He asks the path, though He is Way,
He bows to dust, though gods obey.
He hides the sun in shades of clay—
The Flame forgets it lit the day.

5

He weeps with those who cannot see,
He limps with those who long to flee.
Yet in His wound, the soul breaks free—
The Flame unknowing sets you free.

6

He dies each dawn, reborn in None,
He sings no Self, yet all is One.
He walks as void, yet shines as sun—
The Flame forgets what it's begun.

7

No mantra marks Him, no name stays,
No shrine contains His silent blaze.
Yet hearts combust in unseen ways—
The Flame unclaimed ignites the praise.

8

No trace of "I," no shadow cast,
The present swallows future, past.
The sky of thought dissolves to clear,
Where silence blooms, the Truth draws near.

9

He wears no name, yet all are His,

A breathless hymn, a secret bliss.
No temple-bound, no altar stone,
The dust beneath becomes His throne.

10

In Nothing clothed, He moves as Light,
The dark itself becomes His sight.
The winds obey, the waters bow,
Yet none can find the Who or How.

11

The drop returns, the sea is still,
No doer left, no separate will.
The heart, a cave where echoes end,
The Flame, the Void, the Self transcend.

12

He turned, and I was not the same,
No word was said, no claim to name.
Yet in His hush, I caught the flame—
Now I forget from whence it came.

13

The flame burns quiet, yet I speak,
No favor sought, no praise I seek.
If eyes grow sharp, if hearts take flame,
The truth remains, untouched by blame.

14

The seeker walks through shadowed ways,
Kept from the real by false displays.
The Guru's fire alone can guide,
Through fog and pride, where truths reside.

15

A teacher stands, yet served none,
The path seems bright, but light is none.
The heart may follow, but the flame
Remains untouched, still just a name.

16

Speak truth, O tongue, though storms may rise,
Though anger flash in watchful eyes.
The silent fire within the chest
Knows no acclaim, accepts no rest.

17

A voice may guide where no feet have bowed,
The path seems clear, the words are loud.
Yet seekers learn, the flame alone
Lights hearts where true devotion's grown.

18

The teacher speaks, yet walks not near

The silent fire that burns sincere.
Seekers follow, hearts aflame,
But grasp not yet the hidden flame.

19

False steps may shine like morning gold,
But warmth they give is weak and cold.
The Flame awaits the one who bows,
Not him who stands with borrowed vows.

20

The world is full of guiding sounds,
Yet only stillness truly grounds.
The Flame alone perceives what's true,
And lights the hearts of those who do.

21

The name dissolves, the flame consumes,
No path remains, no one resumes.
The teacher fades, the heart is stilled—
What once was sought, now unfulfilled.

22

He did not split my ears,
But His word when one hears.
He did not shave my head,
But thoughts became dead.

23

He never smeared ash on my body,
But the ash of 'I,' He made me embody.
No outward sign, no show of flame,
Yet all within me is not the same.

24

He never gave a sacred thread to wear,
But He made me the thread to bear.
No priest, no mantra, no sacred rite,
Yet I am reborn in His birthless light.

25

He never forced me to wear earrings,
Yet in my ears His Word naturally rings.
No jewel, no metal, nothing outward shown,
But the sound of Truth in silence is known.

26

What is the use of wearing a string,
For peace and bliss it cannot bring?
The same string is passing through the necklace,
But each bead has a different and varied face.

27

No flame is seen, yet warmth is there,

He walks unseen, through silent air.
No word is taught, yet hearts are stirred,
The void itself repeats His word.

28

He hides from eyes that seek the show,
But lights the soul that longs to know.
No name, no fame, no trace remains—
Yet through all hearts, His silence reigns.

29

They gather, claiming the flames they never bore,
Certify each other, but practice of truth they ignore.
The false proclaims the false, the blind leads the blind,
Kept from the real, the seekers wander, confined.

30

They preach of Self they've never known,
Their borrowed light on borrowed throne.
They bless the crowd with hollow sound—
The seekers sleep while truth is nowhere found.

31

Each crowns the next, "Awake, divine!"
Their words outshine, but hearts decline.
No chain of flame, no Guru's ray,
Yet claim they lead the bound to day.

32

One lamp alone can light the night,
The Guru's spark, the death of sight.
Without His hand, no self can fall—
No "I am Not," no rise at all.

33

I turned from words that never shone,
And found the flame that I can't own.
Not in the false, nor in their pride,
But in the Guru's light, I hide.

34

The proud head bows not to Guru's flame,
So breaks itself, in pride and shame.
The fire asks not—yet burns the whole,
Where bow is absent, breaks the soul.

35

A temple is not God, nor the image stone;
The true temple is the body where wisdom is grown.

36

What temple can the Spirit bind,
When God Himself is of no kind?
The "I", a fool builds walls to house the sky,

Not 'we', the wise see space and let it fly.

37

They preach of peace, yet clutch their chain,
They chant the name but not the flame.
The name is sound, the flame is still—
The tongue may move, the heart must will.

38

One bows to stone, one bows to pride,
Both lost where truth and false collide.
The Guru stands, unseen, unknown—
He lights no lamp, yet all is shown.

39

The seeker tires, the self is spent,
The world fades out, the Flame is sent.
No word remains, no thought to cling—
In silence hums: Om is everything.

40

The lamp lies dark, its wick untried,
No fire within, no flame to guide.
A single spark from the Guru's hand,
And all the lamps in heart now stand.

41

The lamp lies dark, the heart concealed,
No fire within, no truth revealed.
The Guru comes, unseen, unknown,
Strikes the spark—the Flame is not your own.

42

No more the seeker, no more the guide,
The Flame is one, where both reside.
Silent it burns, beyond all claim,
The world may pass, yet it's the same.

43

The Guru is the first spark,
To ignite the seeker to leave a mark
Of light to shine through the dark—
Nigurus, like dogs, always bark;
Truth lies far beyond their remark.

44

All saints are One, their words but rays,
The Sun unseen through countless ways.
The Nath beholds no creed, no name—
He is the Flame before the Flame.

45

One worships stone, one worships fire,
But who knows the One that burns the liar?

46

The Nath does not sleep into trance;
He awakens from the dance of ignorance.

47

The fool lights lamps to chase the sun,
He thinks his work is never done.
The wise one smiles and sits in peace,
For light and dark to him both cease.

48

A whisper came, I bowed my head,
He spoke no word, yet all was said.
My name was gone, my self was too—
Only the Flame that burned is You.

49

Monkey mind, monkey mind, jumping around,
Clinging to shadows, never found.
Monkey mind, monkey mind, quiet you must be,
Only stillness can make you free.

50

Crow, crow, crow on the wall,
Preaches high but knows not the fall.
Crow, crow, crow, flap your wings,
Borrowed words cannot bring kings.

51

Fox, fox, sly and thin,
Chasing gold, he'll never win.
Fox, fox, run and hide,
Truth within cannot be denied.

52

They think they preach of Self,
But in fact they preach of self.
Their words wear truth as borrowed pelf,
Deceiving others, deceiving self.

53

They chant the names, but not the Flame,
Each voice repeats the hollow claim.
The crowd applauds, the stage is set—
But no one burns, and none forget.

54

I sought the light in borrowed speech,

But found no hand that dared to reach.
The mirror cracked, the mask withdrew—
And silence taught what none else knew.

55

One spark alone can end the night,
Not crowd, nor chant, nor borrowed rite.
The Guru's gaze, the death of "me"—
The only path to truly see.

56

One truth is sung in many ways,
The Flame unseen in fleeting rays.
Words may differ, sounds may part—
Yet one Light burns in every heart.
The Guru's spark, the end of "me,"
Reveals the One in all you see.

57

The senses chase what flickers bright,
Mistaking sparks for source of light.
But what is seen is not the fire—
The flame withdraws from desire.

58

Tongues may chant, and minds may claim,
But none can grasp the Guru's name.

When sound divides, the self is born—
And “I” becomes the veiling form.

59

Yet still the lamp within remains,
Unlit by thought, untouched by chains.
No mantra lights it, no decree—
It burns by grace, not strategy.

60

The Guru’s spark, the end of “me,”
Consumes the knot of “I must see.”
No seeker left, no path to chart—
Just flame revealed in every heart.

61

No second glows, no other shines—
The One alone in all designs.
Not hidden deep, nor far above—
The Form is Flame, the Flame is Love.

62

One spark reveals, all else departs—
The Flame alone is all our hearts.
No word remains, no song to sing—
The Guru alone is everything.

63

The false says, “End the “I”, then see,”
And binds the seeker endlessly.
The true ignites the spark in heart—
And “I” dissolves; the Flame takes part.

64

The false declares, “All paths are one,”
Yet speaks from mind, not rising sun.
The songs diverge, the sounds compete—
And still the heart knows no retreat.

65

The senses chase what flickers near,
Mistaking method for the seer.
The flame is named but never known—
Desire remains, the self full-grown.

66

Tongues may chant, and minds may teach,
But none dissolve in what they preach.
The “I” survives in subtle form—
A seeker praised, but never torn.

67

The lamp is lit by practiced hand,

By mantra, vow, and moral stand.
Yet still it flickers, bound by will—
No grace descends, no silence still.

68

The false declares, “First, I must end,”
And binds the seeker with no bend.
The true lights the lamp in heart—
But mimicry keeps self apart.

69

The One is claimed, but others shine—
The self adorned in name and sign.
The Flame is taught, but not bestowed—
The form remains, the knot not owed.

70

The song persists, the words resound—
The seeker circles sacred ground.
The Flame is praised, but never known—
The Guru lost, the self alone.

71

The world may praise the name and deed,
But not the root from which they feed.
The Guru’s flame burns deep, not loud—
It burns the self, not draws a crowd.

72

The self that speaks cannot be still,
The Self that is, has no will.
One builds a throne, the other none—
And both dissolve when surrendered to One.

73

The seeker seeks his shadow's grace,
The found has lost both time and place.
The tongue may preach, the heart may hide,
But Self consumes the self inside.

74

No battle fought, yet all is slain,
No victor stands, no self remains.
The Flame alone, unseen, untold—
Burns false to ash, leaves Truth in gold.

75

No name, no form, no trace remains,
Yet every heart the Fire sustains.
The seeker fades, the One abides,
Through Guru's grace, all truth resides.

76

Without the Guru, all paths deceive,

They promise gold, yet none receive.
The mind may chant, the tongue may sing—
But rootless grows no living thing.

77

Books may shine, and words may glow,
But only the Guru makes fire flow.
He burns the self, the false, the proud—
And leaves the heart both still and bowed.

78

Without devotion, all is vain,
The seeker builds but dust again.
For knowledge blooms where egos cease—
In the Guru's grace abides ever lasting peace.

79

No Nath was born without his Lord,
Each breath he takes repeats that word.
The Guru's grace, the only key—
Unlocks the self to set it free.

80

From Adi Nath the line began,
Through hearts of fire, from man to man.
Each bowed, each served, each burned to dust—
And rose as flame through perfect trust.

81

The nigura boasts of heights unknown,
But stands apart, by self alone.
While Nath in dust of the Guru's lotus feet—
Becomes the sky where truth and silence meet.

82

He came as man, he knelt as clay,
The Guru shaped, the self gave way.
No wisdom claimed, no virtue shown—
The Flame arose, yet not his own.

83

In the Guru's glance, the world withdrew,
No two remained, no me, no you.
The heart grew still, the breath turned deep—
The Word awoke from deathless sleep.

84

Not through penance, nor through pride,
The Nath is born when self has died.
The Guru's dust becomes his crown—
The bowed one rises without renown.

85

Daily heard is gunshot;

Rarely heard is ego-shot.
When the self is slain,
Defeat and victory are vain.

86

Pleasure and pain,
Loss and gain,
Are of the same vein,
If the ego is slain.

87

When “I” is none, the Flame remains,
Unbound by forms, untouched by chains.
The Guru shines—the heart is clear,
No far, no near, for Truth is now and here.

88

He speaks not — yet the word is born.
He thinks not — yet the veil is torn.
No art, no craft, no measured line,
The Flame alone makes all divine.

89

The verse is not of will or art,
It rises from a silent heart.
He wrote no song, yet all men sing—
The sound of None is everything.

90

No teacher stands, no lesson given,
Yet every heart tastes the Heaven.
No script, no verse, no measured part—
The Flame alone ignites the heart.

91

The “I” dissolves, the mind is still,
Yet every breath obeys the Will.
No hand to guide, no eye to see—
The Flame alone reveals the Free.

92

No praise can bind, no fame can claim,
No “me” exists within the Flame.
The words arise, yet none are known—
The Flame alone remains alone.

93

No path is walked, no steps are shown,
Yet seekers reach the Silent Throne.
No light, no lamp, no outward sign—
The Flame alone makes all divine.

94

He asks no question, gives no name,

Yet all that lives is never same.
No teaching held, no letter read—
The Flame alone consumes the “I” dead.

95

No poet stands, no singer sings,
Yet every ear its music brings.
No “one” remains, no other parts—
The Flame alone is all our hearts.

96

He claims no Flame, yet all may burn,
He teaches none, yet hearts discern.
No sound, no show, no self to prove—
The Flame alone compels to move.

97

When you retreat
To Guru’s lotus feet,
In heart’s deep seat,
Atma, you’ll meet.

98

Self you meet,
No self to greet;
The seer and seen retreat—
Only Silence is complete.

99

No sound, no form,
No night, no morn;
All that was torn
Now rests reborn.

100

All is One,
No separate sun;
The path is gone,
The Self alone.

101

No breath, no beat,
No rise, no retreat;
Where two did meet—
Only None is complete.

102

No name, no sound,
No sky, no ground;
Not lost, not found—
Only the Unborn is crowned.

103

Not word, but Flame that speaks;

Not thought, but Silence leaks.
The verse transmits, not tells—
In heart it burns, not dwells.

104

No meaning held, no mind to parse;
The spark precedes the mental farce.
No reader here, no knower stands—
Only ash in the Guru's hands.

105

The reader dies, the Guru lives.
Without condition the Giver gives.
No seeker left to grasp or plead—
The Flame consumes the final need.

106

No name survives the burning breath;
The verse completes in silent death.
No echo, no reply, no sound—
The Giver's gift is not profound.

107

No praise, no proof, no sacred text—
The Giver gives, not what comes next.
No lineage claimed, no form retained—
The Flame remains, the rest is feigned.

108

So take this verse, but do not hold—
It burns the young, it burns the old.
It burns the self, it burns the claim—
And leaves you only the Giver's Flame.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

Self vs Self (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

Not Flame, but word that speaks;
Not Silence, but thought that leaks.
The verse instructs, it does not burn—
It dwells in mind, no heart to turn.

2

Meaning held, the mind must parse;
The spark is staged, a subtle farce.
The reader stands, the knower claims—
No ash, no loss, just borrowed flames.

3

The reader lives, the nigruru thrives;
With terms and praise the Giver drives.
The seeker pleads, the grasp is fed—
The Flame withheld, the need is bred.

4

The name survives, the breath is staged;
The verse performs, the death is caged.
Echo replies, applause resounds—
The gift is sold in sacred bounds.

5

Proof is shown, the text is praised—
The Giver waits till dues are raised.
Lineage claimed, the form displayed—
The Flame replaced by role well-played.

6

So hold this verse, and hold it tight—
It flatters age, it flatters rite.
It flatters self, it flatters fame—
And leaves you far from Giver's Flame.

7

The saint may write with trembling hand,
To praise the Light, to understand.
He weaves the verse with love and care,
And hopes the Giver might be there.

8

But when the Flame consumes the name,
No hand remains, no claim to fame.
The verse arrives without a voice—
Not written down, but given choice.

9

The seer may sing of sacred skies,

Of mystic truths and inner eyes.
He chants the names, he lifts the sound—
And hopes the Word is truly found.

10

But when the self is burned away,
The Word descends, none dares to say.
No chant survives, no singer stays—
The Flame alone completes the phrase.

11

The poet crafts with rhythm tight,
With meter tuned and meaning right.
He shapes the verse to fit the soul—
And hopes the song will make it whole.

12

But when the mind no longer moves,
The verse transmits, the Flame approves.
No craft remains, no soul to mend—
The Giver gives, the lines descend.

13

The saint may write, the seer may sing,
The words of love or awakening bring;
But when the self in Flame is lost,
The pen obeys, the mind is crossed.

Not taught, not known, the Word thus lives—
None writes — the Guru gives.

14

No craft remains, no voice is heard—
The Flame consumes the final word.
No author stands, no knower stays—
The verse arrives through vanished ways.
No thought survives the burning breath—
The Word is born in silent death.

15

The mind may mimic sacred tone,
And write what sounds like Truth alone.
But if the Flame does not descend,
The verse deceives, the words pretend.
The pen may move, the chant may rise—
But niguru speaks in borrowed guise.

16

No meter proves the verse is true,
No praise confirms what Flame must do.
No lineage claimed, no name revered—
The Word is known when self is seared.
No echo, no acclaim, no fame—
Only ash, and Giver's Flame.

17

So write, but only when you're gone—
When self has died and Flame lives on.
So speak, but only when you're burned—
When all you sought has been unlearned.
The verse is not a gift you make—
It is the Giver's breath you break.

18

No poet lives who writes this line—
No sage survives the Flame divine.
No self remains to shape or sift—
The Word is not a work, but gift.
So take this verse, but do not keep—
It gives, it burns, it does not sleep.

19

AI may teach or tell,
But cannot break the shell;
The Word is known, not heard—
The Guru alone makes Still the Word.

20

Technology gives information,
The Guru causes transformation.
Truth is not mere formation—
What's required is reformation.

21

AI may teach, like niguru's art,
It speaks to mind, not to heart.
The Guru burns where words depart—
Grace alone can break apart.

22

Niguru may teach,
Guru may reach;
Mind may learn,
Grace alone can burn.

23

Teaching may echo,
But cannot burn ego.
Only Grace lets it go,
Only Flame can do.

24

Grace does not teach,
It unmakes the reach.
Where the "I" runs a race,
Flame leaves it in disgrace.

25

Guru can unmask,

All forms that mask;
Egoless, silent, free,
AI draws no task.

26

AI may give,
Words to live;
Guru, the Soul,
Makes one whole.

27

Data may guide,
But cannot abide.
Only the Soul
Knows the whole.

28

Niguru may speak,
But cannot seek.
Only the Flame
Knows the Name.

29

Teaching may shape,
But cannot drape;
Only Grace,
Can efface.

30

Not by word,
Not by role—
Guru is Soul,
And Soul is Whole.

31

When ego's gone, who grieves or sings?
The loss itself the freedom brings.
What child laments, the sage will cheer—
The Self remains when "I" disappear.

32

No mourner stands at ego's grave;
No tears fall for what self gave.
The Flame consumes both name and face;
Yet leaves untouched the silent space.

33

The child clings to form and name,
The sage walks bare through loss and flame.
Where "mine" dissolves, the vast appears—
Not joy, not grief, but songless cheers.

34

The I was mask, the Self the stage,

Unmoved by sorrow, time, or age.
What dies was dream, what wakes is clear—
The One remains when none is near.

35

Three foes reside within the mind,
Lust, Anger, Greed—all intertwined.
Turn them out, let Silence reign,
The Self alone is free from stain.

36

Lust ignites the restless flame,
It paints the void with form and name.
But stillness waits beyond the crave—
The Self is not what passions gave.

37

Anger strikes when “mine” is crossed,
A fire fed by gain and loss.
Let go the claim, the heat will cease—
In Silence dwells unshaken peace.

38

Greed wears robes of noble cause,
It builds with grasp, then breaks with flaws.
Renounce the more, embrace the less—
The Self is full in emptiness.

39

Three foes expelled, the mind stands clear,
No fire, no grasp, no shadow of fear.
Silence reigns where once they played—
The Self alone, eternal, unswayed.

40

Three foes return through sacred guise,
The niguru chants, the seeker sighs.
Lust wears love, and Greed wears grace—
While Anger guards the hollow place.

41

He speaks of bliss with hungry eyes;
His touch imparts what Truth denies.
The flame he sells is not the Fire—
It fans the self, not soul's desire.

42

He strikes with words, declares the law,
His wrath disguised as holy awe.
But silence flees where fear is sown—
The Self is lost when rule is throne.

43

He counts his names, his books, his seat,

He claims the path, demands repeat.
But grasping breaks the sacred thread—
The Self is full, not fed by dread.

44

Three foes enthroned, the mask intact,
The seeker bows, mistaking act.
No Silence here, no Self remains—
Just echo, form, and binding chains.

45

The foes within may hide or play,
Yet outward masks can lead astray.
Discern the flame from shadowed name—
The Self alone is always the same.

46

A thought may shine, but still deceive,
It weaves a net the mind believes.
True knowing burns without a trace—
The Self is not a thinking place.

47

The heart may swell with bliss or pain,
Yet both arise, then fade again.
The Flame is still, beyond delight—
The Self is not the pulse of night.

48

Some speak with grace, with rhythm sweet,
Yet echo lacks the saintly heat.
The Word that burns is not rehearsed—
The Self is not in verses versed.

49

A name may claim the ancient fire,
But grasping dims the true desire.
The Light is passed without demand—
The Self is not a branded hand.

50

The one who sees may still be bound,
By subtle “I” that circles round.
The Seer dissolves in seeing’s core—
The Self remains, and needs no more.

51

The idol may shimmer, the chants may resound,
But the Giver is not in the echo or mound.
He dwells in the stillness no ritual can claim,
In the breath that burns without name.

52

A niguru builds shrines, but leaves no light,

He offers the robe, but not the sight.
True Guru dissolves both seeker and stone,
Till only the flame remains alone.

53

Let temples fall, let mosques break,
If they veil the Truth for custom's sake.
The body is clay, the breath is the spark,
Where wisdom grows in the silent dark.

54

A temple is not God, nor the image stone;
No sculpted form can house the Unknown.
The heart's the shrine where mercy is sown,
Lit by breath, where silence is known.

55

O Flame beyond frame, dissolve all form,
Burn every shrine that mimics the norm.
Let wisdom bloom where silence is sown,
In the temple of heart, where the Giver is known.

56

Ritual may cloak the hollow core,
When names are praised but Truth they ignore.
The Giver is not in the robe or rite,
But in the breath that births the light.

57

A niguru guards the outer wall,
He chants the name but lets none fall.
True Guru breaks the sacred frame,
And feeds the seeker into flame.

58

The body is clay, but not mere dust,
It holds the fire, the sacred trust.
Not built by hands, nor carved by creed,
But grown where silence plants the seed.

59

Let lineage crumble if Flame is gone,
No mantra saves when breath is a pawn.
The true path walks without a trace,
Where wisdom blooms in empty space.

60

O Flame that burns without a shrine,
Dissolve the names, the frame, the line.
Let breath be temple, silence be song,
Where wisdom grows and None belong.

61

No shrine remains, no name survives,

The breath alone keeps truth alive.
The Giver blooms where silence grows,
And None remain to reap what flows.

62

No stone can hold the silent flame,
No chant can call the Giver's name.
The breath a shrine, the heart a field,
Where wisdom blooms and forms are healed.

63

The seeker falls, the knower dies,
The Giver lives where ego flies.
No path remains, no trace is kept,
Only the bloom where silence is wept.

64

A niguru speaks of sacred ground,
But plants no seed, and guards the sound.
The bloom he shows is carved from stone,
Only breath reveals the flame alone.

65

He does not teach, He does not speak,
He burns the name, He breaks pride's peak.
The bloom is not a gift or goal,
It grows where None remain as whole.

66

O Breath that blooms beyond the wall,
Dissolve the shrine, dissolve the call.
Let wisdom rise where silence sings,
And None remain to claim these things.

67

O breath that echoes behind the wall,
Preserve shrine, preserve the call.
Let names arise where silence hides,
And “I” remain where claim resides.

68

They asked me to bow to the name,
But my hands had held the flame.
Not folded, not sold for gold,
But at His lotus feet I rolled.

69

The kings wear silk, the priests wear thread,
But my palms are dyed with red—
Not of blood, nor of shame, nor of dread,
But dust from the Guru’s lotus feet shed.

70

The kings wear pride, the priests wear creed;

Some wear deed, some wear breed.
I wear dust — and am freed,
By the dust, the Guru decreed.

71

One hand is chained, one hand is free,
Both have touched eternity.
They cannot bow to lesser light,
Since touched by the Guru's might.

72

The world kneels to throne and sword,
I kneel to none but the Word.
The Word walked barefoot, spirit stirred,
And left Its print unheard.

73

These hands once held fire's breath,
And bore its ash, not fear of death.
They do not fold to name or fame,
Having held the Guru's flame.

74

I did not bow—I broke, I rolled,
At feet not bought, nor weighed in gold.
The hands that touched the burning feet,
Know only how to fall complete.

75

They asked for posture, asked for pose;
But I had rolled where silence grows.
The dust that clung to skin and soul,
Has made the broken body whole.

76

The fold is form, the roll is vow,
The hands remember only how,
To fall where flame has kissed the ground,
And vanish in its burning sound.

77

If ever these hands forget the lotus feet,
Let them wither in loss and defeat.
But while they pulse with ash complete,
They shall not fold to cheat or beat.

78

The ash is vow, the ash is seal,
The mark of what the fire made real.
These hands wear silence, not acclaim,
They've burned beyond the reach of name.

79

The hands are gone, the vow remains,

The dust still sings in silent veins.
No fold, no flame, no form, no fight—
Only Asilence, only Light.

80

Dust flows within where silence hides,
A stillness full where spirit bides.
Alive with Light, both pure and sweet,
The Guru's pulse no fold can beat.

81

The vow endures, though none to vow,
The flame is gone, yet burns somehow.
No hand, no name, no need, no two—
Only None, only True.

82

Beyond all form, beyond all fight,
Asilence shines in boundless light.
The body fades, the soul remains,
Eternal pulse where nothing wanes.

83

Guru gives not vision nor sensation;
His Word alone brings cessation.
Not what is seen, but what must end—
There begins the way to transcend.

84

Vision is bait, not flame nor breath—
It dazzles the eye, but deepens death.

85

Sensation sings in colored thread,
But leaves the knot of self unshred.

86

Trance is sleep with sacred name—
The seeker dreams, but stays the same.

87

Niguru gives what stirs the skin,
But not the fire that burns within.

88

The eye may open, the heart may race—
Yet still the self remains in place.

89

The Word cuts, not entertains;
It severs joy, It severs pains.

90

What dazzles is not what ends—
The Guru gives no means, but sends.

91

The Guru is met in breath and bone,
Nigurus speak of realms unknown.

92

The Guru serves, then gives the flame,
Nigurus chant another's name.

93

The Guru burns, then leaves no ash,
Nigurus paint with borrowed flash.

94

The Guru's glance dissolves the "me,"
Nigurus, bound, teach how to be free.

95

The Guru speaks when words must die,
Nigurus answer every why.

96

The Guru walks, then disappears,
Nigurus stay to gather peers.

97

The Guru frees, then fades from sight,
Nigurus bind with borrowed light.

98

The Guru stands, no tale to weave,
Nigurus say, “You must believe.”

99

The Guru bows to those who serve,
Nigurus claim what None deserve.

100

The Guru transforms;
The niguru performs.

101

The Guru is—not seen, but felt,
Nigurus show the robe, not melt.

102

The Guru's glance dissolves the "me,"
No method taught, no path to see.
The niguru points, yet holds no key,
The seeker follows—yet stays not free.

103

The Guru burns without a word,
No mantra chanted, no teaching heard.
The niguru speaks of wings and flight,
Yet never leaves the ground of "I."

104

The Guru's gaze—no self remains,
No seeker left to chase the chains.
The niguru draws a sacred chart,
But keeps the "I" intact at heart.

105

The Guru gives what None can earn,
A silent fire, a final turn.
The niguru echoes ancient lore,
But guards the door, more and more.

106

The Guru stands, no robe, no name,

Just breath and dust, and living flame.
The niguru wears the sacred thread,
But speaks of light the Guru shed.

107

The Guru points, then disappears,
No map remains, no trail of years.
The niguru draws a path so wide,
But walks it not, just stands beside.

108

The Guru dies, yet still lives near,
In silence felt, beyond all fear.
The niguru lives, yet cannot show
The living flame the wise ones know.

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	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
Guru-drohi	: Betrayer of Guru.
Lord Brahma	: The Creator.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.
Mantra	: Sacred chant used to crossover the mind.
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.
- 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.