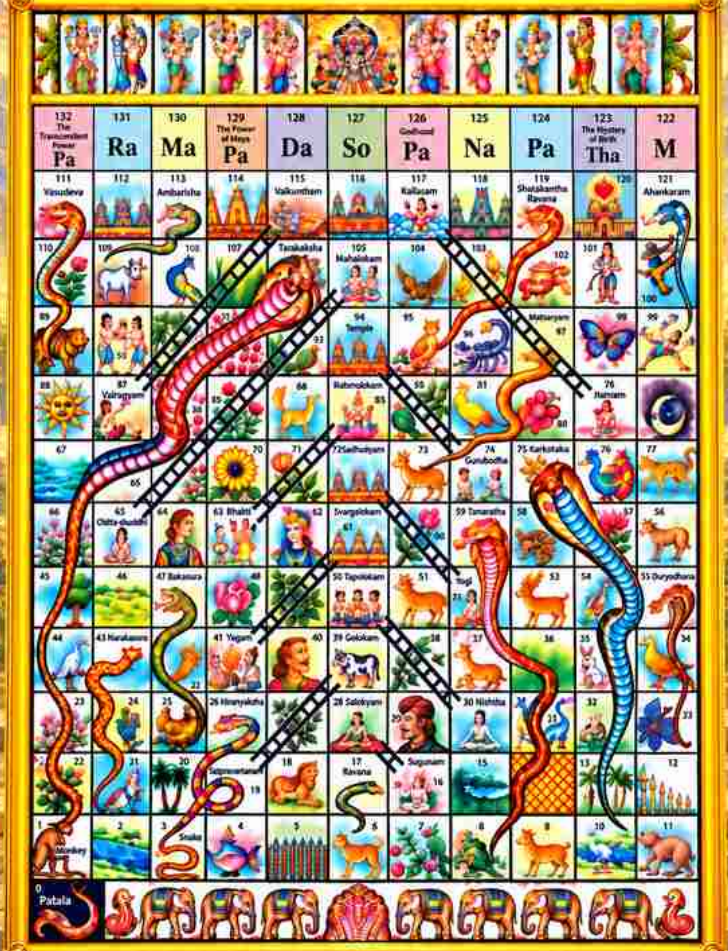
Snake-Ladder Mandala



Nath Yogi KVS Rama Rao

SNAKE-LADDER MANDALA

GURU SIDDHA NATH'S LOTUS FEET SERVANT
KVS RAMA RAO
www.nathyogi.com

SNAKE-LADDER MANDALA

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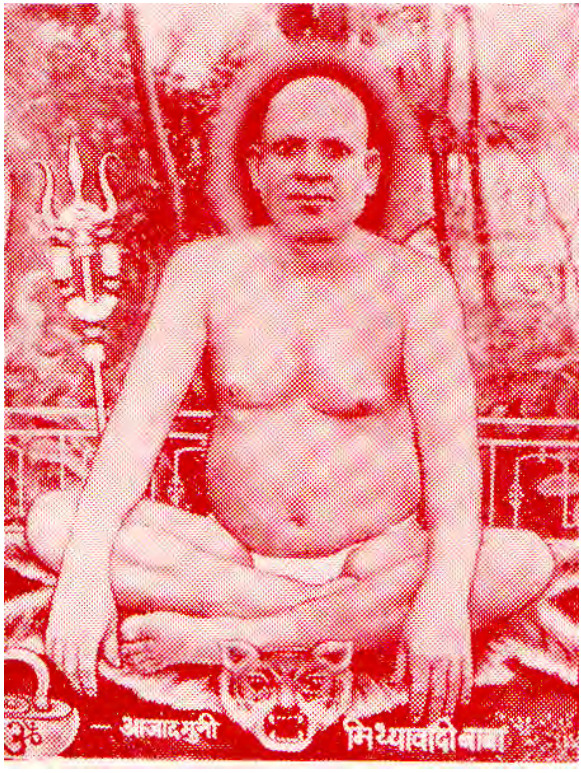
Snake-Ladder Mandala



*ॐ Azad Muni

He is the Guru of Guru 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 Guru Siddha Nath. He is the disciple of Om Azad Muni. 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

Snake-Ladder Mandala **(Part-1)**

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

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Guru is Flame, Niguru is trash,
Self is Whole, self is rash,
Yes is No, No is Yes,
Truth dissolves in Timelessness.

2

Guru is Sky, Niguru is thirst,
Self is Love, self is lust,
Word is Void, Void is Word,
Silence sings what none have heard.

3

Guru is Life, Niguru is stone,
Self is All, self is alone,
Light is Dark, Dark is Light,
Being fades in Nameless Night.

4

Guru is Seed, Niguru is weed,
Self is freed, self is greed,
Form is None, None is Form,
Stillness outlives the fleeting storm.

5

Guru is Sun, Niguru is cloud,
Self is Silence, self is loud,
Yes is No, No is Yes,
Wisdom crowns the Boundlessness.

6

Guru is Star, Niguru is clay,
Self is path, self is astray,
Time is None, None is Time,
Echo fades in silent rhyme.

7

Guru is Wave, Niguru is mire,
Self is pure, self is desire,
Birth is Death, Death is Birth,
Circle turns beyond the Earth.

8

Guru is Fire, Niguru is clash,
Self is calm, self is ash,
Word is gone, gone is word,
Asilence reigns, the Truth is heard.

9

Guru is Moon, Niguru is scar,

Self is close, self is far,
Near is Far, Far is Near,
Mind dissolves; None is here.

10

Guru is Breath, Niguru is rot,
Self is Real, self is not,
Thought is Naught, Naught is Thought,
Stillness shines where nothing's sought.

11

Guru is Gold, Niguru is dust,
Self is Light, self is rust,
First is Last, Last is First,
Truth awakens; boundaries burst.

12

Guru is None, Niguru is undone,
Self is One, self is none,
Being fades, Beyond is Being,
Asilence crowns the end of seeing.

13

Ocean breathes, the Sky is Still,
Earth receives the Guru's Will,
Stars dissolve in solar grace,
Silence crowns the boundless Space.

14

Flame awakens, night is done,
Breath dissolves, the Self is One,
Words subside in a voiceless stream,
Truth outshines the fading dream.

15

Mountain bows, the River flows,
Earth dissolves, the Sky bestows,
A star ignites beyond the sphere,
Stillness draws the Infinite near.

16

Seed is sown, the Forest dies,
Breath dissolves in Guru's eyes,
Sun consumes the fleeting night,
Silence reigns in endless Light.

17

Wave collapses, Shore is none,
The self dissolves, the All is One,
Time falls away, distinctions flee,
Silence opens Eternity.

18

Fire burns, the Ash lies still,

The heart surrenders to the Will,
Night dissolves in a nameless blaze,
Asilence ends the mind’s long maze.

19

Sky expands, the Breath grows still,
The restless self gives up its will,
Words fall silent, fear departs,
Truth awakens in empty hearts.

20

Moon dissolves in Sun’s bright flame,
Breath is stilled, no “I” to name,
Earth grows still within the Whole,
Silence crowns the cosmic Soul.

21

Ocean rests, the Waves are none,
The self dissolves into the One,
Form recedes from mortal sight,
Stillness shines in Infinite Light.

22

Valley rests, the Peak is high,
Breath dissolves without an “I,”
Stars surrender to the Sun,
Silence reveals the All as One.

23
Flame dissolves, the Ash is free,
Breath returns to Mystery,
Words fall away, the mind grows clear,
Silence lives in Asilence here.

24
Guru breathes, the self undone,
All dissolves, the All is One,
The Word recedes in the nameless sea,
Asilence reigns: no “me,” no “thee.”

25
Not the “I,” not the “i”—the Guru IS,
Not the Word, the Silence His,
Not the Form, the Flame unseen,
Not the Known, the Nameless Being.

26
Not the Breath, the Stillness whole,
Not the Mind, the Guru’s Soul,
Not the Path, the Truth untold,
Not the Time, the Timeless Gold.

27
Not the Star, the Sun abides,

Not the Wave, the Ocean lies,
Not the Dust, the Sky is clear,
Not the Fear, the Flame is near.

28

Not the Seed, the Forest grows,
Not the Thorn, the Lotus glows,
Not the Ash, the Fire remains,
Not the Loss, the Silence gains.

29

Not the Moon, the Sun is One,
Not the Night, the Day is done,
Not the Sound, the Silence sings,
Not the Crown, the Nameless reigns.

30

Not the Earth, the Sky is free,
Not the Bond, but Liberty,
Not the Form, the Void is near,
Not the self—the Guru is here.

31

Not the Word, the Silence reigns,
Not the Joy, the Freedom remains,
Not the Birth, the Death is gone,
Not the Two, the All is One.

32
Not the Flame, the Light unseen,
Not the Known, the Truth within,
Not the Thought, the Silence grows,
Not the Path—the Guru flows.

33
Not the Breath, the Stillness IS,
Not the Sound, the Silence His,
Not the Form, the Formless Flame,
Not the Known, beyond all Name.

34
Not the Star, the Void is near,
Not the Sound, no “I” to hear,
Not the self—the Guru is Whole,
Not the Time, the Timeless Soul.

35
Not the Seed, the Forest dies,
Not the Wave, the Ocean sighs,
Not the Ash, the Fire glows,
Not the Loss, the Stillness grows.

36
Not the “I,” not the “i”—the Guru IS,

Not the Many, the Whole is Bliss,
Not the Seen, the Seer remains,
Not the Bound, the Freedom reigns.

37

Not for Now, the Word is cast,
Guru's Flame through Ages lasts,
Verse preserves the Lineage true,
Timeless Breath for All anew.

38

Not for One, the Song is made,
Guru's Light shall never fade,
Word guards the Silent stream,
Future wakes the Ancient dream.

39

Not for Here, the Truth is sown,
Guru's Grace through Time is known,
Quatrain seals the Cosmic fire,
Archive holds the Soul's desire.

40

Not for Few, the Chant resounds,
Guru's Flame through endless rounds,
Verse awakens the Silent call,
Timeless Breath for One and All.

41
Not for Day, the Word abides,
Guru's Flame through Night resides,
Lineage keeps the teaching whole,
Asilence breathes the Guru's Soul.

42
Not for Now, the Silence reigns,
Guru's Flame through losses and pains,
Verse preserves the Timeless Way,
Memory shines beyond decay.

43
Not for self, the Song is sung,
Guru's Flame forever young,
Poem guards the Silent stream,
Archive crowns the Cosmic dream.

44
Not for Time, the Truth is clear,
Guru's Flame forever here,
Verse bears the Lineage through,
Memory breathes for All anew.

45
Not for Earth, the Word remains,

Guru’s Flame through Ages reigns,
Poem seals the Silent flame,
Archive holds the Guru’s Name.

46

Not for Mind, the Silence grows,
Guru’s Flame forever glows,
Word awakens the Cosmic fire,
Asilence breathes the Soul’s desire.

47

Not for Now, the Chant is made,
Guru’s Flame shall never fade,
Poem guards the Silent call,
Lineage crowns the Breath of All.

48

Not for End, the Word abides,
Guru’s Flame through Time resides,
Archive preserves the Lineage whole,
Asilence breathes the Guru’s Soul.

49

“I Am,” none says,
As the Is is always.

50
“I Am,” none says,
As the Is is always;
No tongue betrays,
The Truth that stays.

51
The “I” withdraws,
No self to pause;
The Is without cause,
Silences the laws.

52
Guru’s flame bright,
Beyond the sight;
Neither “I” nor might—
Only the Is alight.

53
“I Am,” none cries,
The Is never dies;
No self to rise,
Only Truth replies.

54
The “I” dissolves,

The Is absolves;
No cause evolves,
Silence resolves.

55

Guru's light
Is insight;
Neither ego nor fight,
Only the Is is bright.

56

The "I" is dream,
The Is supreme;
No gap between,
Only timeless gleam.

57

The "I" fades away,
The Is remains each day;
No thought can make it stay,
Silence clears the way.

58

The "I" is clay,
The Is the way;
No form to stay,
Guru holds sway.

59
The “I” is night,
The Is pure light;
No shadow’s fight,
Guru’s flame alight.

60
The “I” is none,
The Is is One;
No race to run,
Silence begins.

61
The “I” proclaims,
The Is remains;
No tongue sustains,
Guru ordains.

62
The “I” is toil,
The Is soil;
No seed, no spoil,
Silence ends turmoil.

63
The “I” is play,

The Is every day;
No mask to sway,
Guru the way.

64

The “I” is gone,
The Is alone;
Guru’s throne,
Silence owns.

65

The “I-not” awakes,
The Is has no breaks;
No dream it makes,
Guru takes what wakes.

66

The “I” is heat,
The Is complete;
No loss to meet,
Silence replete.

67

The “I” declines,
The Is aligns;
Guru signs,
Self resigns.

68
The “I” is shade,
The Is unmade;
No fear displayed,
Silence conveyed.

69
The “I” flows fast,
The Is steadfast;
No future, past,
Guru vast.

70
The “I” is small,
The Is is all;
No rise nor fall,
Silence is call.

71
The “I” is part,
The Is the heart;
No end, no start,
Guru’s pure art.

72
The “I” is smoke,

The Is unbroke;
No word to evoke,
Silence spoke.

73

The “I” is sand,
The Is the land;
No grasping hand,
Guru’s command.

74

The “I” is dim,
The Is the hymn;
No fleeting whim,
Silence reveals Him.

75

The “I” is sound,
The Is profound;
No echo bound,
Guru the ground.

76

The “I” is none,
The Is is One;
Guru’s work done,
Silence has won.

77
Not the “I,” the Is,
No claim, no kiss;
Guru’s flame is bliss,
Silence is abyss.

78
The “I” fades like mist,
The Is cannot be missed;
No thought holds the bliss,
Truth seals the final kiss.

79
Not the “i” that speaks,
The Is beyond peaks;
Guru’s flame seeks,
Silence speaks.

80
Not the “i” that burns,
The Is returns;
Guru’s flame turns,
Silence discerns.

81
Not the “i” that flies,

The “i,” the Is denies;
Guru’s flame unties,
Silence replies.

82

Not the “i” that flows,
The Is bestows;
Guru’s flame glows,
Silence knows.

83

Not the “i” that clings,
The Is has no things;
Guru’s flame sings,
Silence rings.

84

Not the “i” that fades,
The Is pervades;
Guru’s flame aids,
Silence cascades.

85

Not the “i” that shines,
The Is aligns;
Guru’s flame defines,
Silence refines.

86
Not the “i” that names,
The Is remains;
Guru’s flame frames,
Silence reclaims.

87
Not the “i” that strives,
The Is revives;
Guru’s flame drives,
Silence arrives.

88
Not the “i” that plays,
The Is stays through all days;
Guru’s flame sways,
Silence stays.

89
Not the “i” that dies,
The Is replies;
Guru’s flame is wise,
Silence ties.

90
Not the “i” that cries,

The Is never dies;
Guru's grace supplies,
Silence replies.

91

Not the "i" that speaks,
Truth beyond the peaks;
Guru's grace the heart seeks,
Silence answers, not critiques.

92

Not the "i" that bends,
The Is never ends;
Guru's grace transcends,
Silence mends.

93

Not the "i" that hides,
The Is in all abides;
Guru's light guides,
Silence opens wide.

94

Not the "i" that clings,
The Is has no strings;
Guru's word sings,
Silence springs.

95
Not the “i” that wanes,
Not the chains, the pains;
Guru’s flame reigns,
Silence remains.

96
Not the “i” that fears,
Not the tears, the years;
Guru’s flame clears,
Silence hears.

97
Not the “i” that streams,
Not the schemes, the dreams;
Guru’s flame beams,
Silence redeems.

98
Not the “i” that climbs,
Beyond the bounds of times;
Guru’s flame illumines,
Silence outshines rhymes.

99
Not the “i” that parts,

The Is unites hearts;
Guru's grace imparts,
Silence ends all starts.

100

Not the "i" that smokes,
Not the yokes, the pokes;
Guru's flame evokes,
Silence cloaks.

101

Not the "i" that stands,
Not the lands, the hands;
Guru's flame commands,
Silence expands.

102

Not the "i" that dims,
Not the whims, the hymns;
Guru's flame brims,
Silence swims.

103

Not the "i" that sounds,
Not the bounds, the rounds;
Guru's flame grounds,
Silence surrounds.

104
Not the “i” that ends,
Not the ego that pretends;
The Is descends,
Grace transcends.

105
The “i” is no more,
The Is was ever before;
Guru’s grace opens the door,
Silence asks no more.

106
No “I” to disguise,
No “i” to arise;
Beyond words and eyes,
The Is silently lies.

107
The Is was never away,
Nor born for a day;
Guru’s grace lights the way,
Asilence has its say.

108
No “i,” no claim,

No seeker, no name;
Guru's flame is the same—
Asilence, 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

Snake-Ladder Mandala (Part-2)

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

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

The body-bound purusha speaks,
Through "I" the claim of authorship peaks;
What ego owns and calls its own,
Is *Paurusheya*, clearly known.

2

Not every word the mouth has said,
Is born where ego makes its bed;
When "I" no longer claims the ray,
Apaurusheya finds its way.

3

Paurusheya says, "I speak, I write,
I am the source, I own the light";
Apaurusheya makes no claim,
No separate author bears the name.

4

The hand may write, the tongue may say,
Yet "I" need not stand in the way;
When self-claimed authorship is gone,
Apaurusheya speaks beyond.

5

Purusha bound to body's frame,
Declares, "This word is mine by name";
Where individual claims arise,
Paurusheya wears its disguise.

6

Apaurusheya does not mean
That no hand or tongue is seen;
It means the body-bound "I"
No longer claims the word as "my."

7

The scholar may explain the word,
The learned voice may still be heard;
But knowledge claimed by "I"s
Is *Paurusheya* in disguise.

8

When Guru's grace dissolves the claim,
The Word is free from "I" and name;
The instrument may still appear,
But no self-owned author stands here.

9

Paurusheya: "I am the doer,

I am the speaker and the knower";
Apaurusheya: none can say,
"The Truth is mine"—the claim gives way.

10

Not Sanskrit alone, nor speech,
Nor books that human minds can teach;
The question is whose claim is true—
The bound "I," or what speaks through?

11

The body acts, the senses hear,
The written word may still appear;
But when the ego's claim has ceased,
Apaurusheya is released.

12

Paurusheya builds a name,
And binds the word to personal fame;
Apaurusheya leaves no trace
Of "I" that claims the speaking place.

13

The flame of Guru burns away,
The shadow cannot stay.
In silence vast, the Truth is sung,
No "I" to cling, no claim, no tongue.

14
Ocean swells yet knows no shore,
The self dissolves, returns no more.
Guru's gaze—the tide is stilled,
The hollow "I" is unfulfilled.

15
Sky expands without a seam,
The self is lost within the dream.
Guru breathes, the stars align,
The "I" erased by the Divine.

16
Earth receives the fading sound,
The self is buried, none is found.
Guru roots the seed of grace,
The "I" uprooted leaves no trace.

17
Sun ascends with blinding fire,
The self consumed in its desire.
Guru's light—the blaze is One,
The "I" extinguished, Sovereign-None.

18
Moon reflects the Guru's face,

The self dissolves in lunar space.
The “I” that claimed its silver crown
Falls to dust, is broken down.

19

Breath of Guru, endless stream,
The self is drowned within the dream.
The “I” that gasps for fleeting air
Is gone—no self remains to bear.

20

Star of Guru, shining clear,
The self is blinded, disappears.
The “I” that sought to rule the night
Is lost within the Guru’s light.

21

Word of Guru, sharp and true,
The self is pierced, the “I” is through.
The claim of self, the throne of pride,
Are shattered by the Guru’s tide.

22

Silence holds the final key,
The self undone, the Self is free.
The “I” that dreamed of crown and throne
Is gone—the Guru stands alone.

23
None remains, the arc is whole,
Guru shines, the Self is Soul.
Sovereign-None, the One is clear,
The “I” dissolved—the Guru here.

24
Circle ends, yet none begun,
Guru shines, the Self is One.
No “I” remains, no claim to bind,
Asilence alone—Truth aligned.

25
Heart unturned seeks milk and own,
Inverted heart becomes a flame;
Nigura begs, Niguru wears crown,
Formless burns, yet stays the same.

26
Nigura never served, yet wants the seat,
Borrows light to call it own;
Grace asks bowing, not the feat,
Throne without break becomes stone.

27
Flame bowed, face dissolved to ash,

In ash, a spark not needing flash;
No one grieved, no one appalled,
The Is is always, never called.

28

Learning gathers, Ego stays,
Bowing empties, ends all ways;
One holds words, one lets them go,
At Guru's lotus feet alone you glow.

29

Learning fills the restless mind,
Bowing leaves all claims behind;
Words rise and words cease,
Guru's silence grants the peace.

30

Books open, thoughts flow,
Yet deeper still the currents go;
At Guru's lotus feet they end,
Where seeker, path, and God blend.

31

The niguru points away,
To hide he has no truth today;
He sells a distant, future space,
To keep the seeker in the chase.

32

He builds a path of endless stairs,
And binds the seeker in his snares;
The final goal is never met,
So he remains the master yet.

33

By making seekers wait and try,
He feeds the rigid, prideful “I”;
Thus phantom “i” is ever denied,
In deep Asilence to subside.

34

The Guru points to what is here,
To make the present moment clear;
He sells no future in the sky,
But strikes to kill the worldly “I.”

35

He builds no stairs of endless time,
He sets no distant peak to climb;
He shatters waiting, ends the chase,
And grounds the seeker in this space.

36

The wait is crushed, the ghost “I” is burned,

No future lesson to be learned;
The phantom “i” speaks one last breath,
Then fades to Asilence in holy death.

37

They point toward the Sun above,
By different names and forms thereof;
Yet when the Ghost “I” is undone,
Then None remains, yet Guru-Sun.

38

The phantom “i,” its duty done,
Dissolves into the Guru-Sun;
All debates fade, all echoes cease,
Asilence is the perfect ease.

39

If peace is there, war shadows near;
If war is there, peace may appear;
Asilence stands beyond the two,
Where neither peace nor war is true.

40

To push requires a weight to move,
To argue needs a point to prove;
Without a two, no friction stands,
And perfect Ease has no demands.

41

Some may call Him Buddha bright,
Some may call Him Guru-Light;
Names are many, Sun is None,
All dissolve in Guru-Sun.

42

What does the seeker find at last?
No future goal, no binding past;
The searching and the sought are one,
There is no seeker, only None.

43

Beware the light that claims the Sun,
Beware the path that says, “I’ve won.”
The Guru points where claims are none—
The Truth is not owned by anyone.

44

Beware the voice that speaks of power,
Beware the boast in wisdom’s flower.
The Guru waits through every hour,
Silence blooms beyond the tower.

45

Beware the mind that crowns itself,

And stores its knowledge on a shelf.
The Guru burns the hidden self,
Leaving naught for praise or pelf.

46

Beware the road of signs and shows,
Beware the wind that loudly blows.
The Guru walks where no one knows,
And there the unseen lotus grows.

47

Beware the seeker seeking fame,
Who paints the sky with his own name.
The Guru enters like a flame,
Reducing pride to ash and shame.

48

Beware the scripture wielded hard,
Beware the self-appointed guard.
The Guru needs no fragile ward,
For Truth itself remains unmarred.

49

Beware the eye that seeks to reign,
To measure loss and count its gain.
The Guru pours the silent rain,
To wash away the subtle stain.

50
Beware the claim, “I clearly see,”
Beware imagined certainty.
The Guru grants humility,
Opening the heart to Mystery.

51
Beware the gold of fleeting sight,
Beware the rush of borrowed light.
The Guru leads beyond the bright,
Into the Source of day and night.

52
Beware the Ghost “I” dressed as grace,
Seeking still a special place.
The Guru strips each subtle trace,
Till none remains for self-embrace.

53
Beware the Phantom “i” that stays,
A lingering ember of bygone ways.
The Guru’s glance dissolves its haze,
Into Asilence beyond all plays.

54
Beware all warnings, too, at last,

Lest yet another mask be cast.
The Guru frees both future and past,
And reveals the None unsurpassed.

55

The Word becomes the inward door,
What seemed outside is sought no more.
The seeker turns to what is near—
And enters where the Self is clear.

56

The worldly chatter leaves the mind,
The Ghost “I” now is left behind;
Beyond the door, no shadows fall,
And deep Asilence claims it all.

57

The phantom “i” has one last task,
To drop the final, humble mask;
It speaks the Truth, then fades away,
Where neither night exists nor day.

58

The phantom “i” now melts away,
With nothing left to do or say;
The Guru’s final work is done,
And all that now remains is None.

59
The Guru’s lotus feet—
The disciple’s heart-beat,
With him none can compete,
For God follows his feet.

60
At the Guru’s lotus feet,
His wandering finds retreat,
The world may know defeat,
Yet God follows his feet.

61
When Guru and disciple meet,
And the heart grows complete,
No darkness can compete,
For God follows his feet.

62
The Guru’s grace discreet,
Makes surrender pure and sweet,
Ego accepts defeat,
And God follows his feet.

63
With dust beneath those feet,

The disciple is replete,
Desires accept defeat,
While God follows his feet.

64

The Guru's silent beat,
Makes inner noise retreat,
He rests in Truth complete,
For God follows his feet.

65

The Guru's unseen heat,
Makes iron will retreat,
Makes humility complete,
And God follows his feet.

66

No throne can him entreat,
No heaven can him cheat,
Having found the Guru's seat,
God follows his feet.

67

Where worldly pathways meet,
And countless doctrines compete,
He rests in Truth complete,
For God follows his feet.

68

The Guru’s living heat,
Makes blindness now retreat,
Where day and darkness meet,
As God follows his feet.

69

The disciple’s self-delete,
Makes the Guru’s work complete,
None remains to know defeat,
Yet God follows his feet.

70

The Guru’s lotus feet—
The disciple’s heart-beat,
The circle stands complete,
For God follows his feet.

71

The Guru’s living light,
Transforms the disciple’s sight,
Day shines within the night,
As God follows his feet.

72

The Guru’s silence deep,

Through the disciple’s soul does seep,
Truth alone he shall reap,
For God follows his feet.

73

At Guru’s lotus feet the “I” grows still,
Grace bends the heart beyond its will.
Love asks no claim, nothing is proved—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

74

The mind that chased the “why” and “how”
Falls silent at Guru’s lotus feet now.
Where thought once claimed, nothing is proved—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

75

Through gain and loss, through joy and pain,
Guru bears the heart beyond the chain.
The burden of “mine” is gently removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

76

No scripture’s weight, no scholar’s art
Can open what is closed by “I” in the heart.
When Guru’s glance leaves nothing proved—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

77
Like dew that melts beneath the Sun,
The separate self is seen as none.
The knots of becoming are wholly removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

78
The river of longing meets the Sea,
And loses its name in Eternity.
No bank remains, all bounds removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

79
Guru’s Word burns brighter than fame,
And leaves no shelter for the “I” to claim.
The ghostly “I” is wholly removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

80
In deepest Asilence, vast and bright,
Guru unveils the Nameless Light.
The clouds of knowing are all removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

81
No doer remains to claim reward,

No claimant stands before the Lord.
The roots of “mine” are wholly removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

82

The “i” grows faint and thin,
As Asilence draws it within.
Its final trace is softly removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

83

Beyond all coming, beyond all gone,
Beyond the dusk, beyond the dawn,
The dream of division is wholly removed—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

84

At Guru’s lotus feet none remain,
No self to lose, no self to gain.
The Nameless alone stands unmoved—
By Guru’s grace, the Self is moved.

85

Om Mani Padme Hum
Ego is the fuel.
Om is the Jewel,
In the Lotus concealed—

And Hum is revealed.

86

Jewel is not other,
Lotus is not two;
Word is the Jewel—
And the Jewel is You.

87

Lotus is His Presence,
Jewel is His Word;
At the Lotus Feet,
Silence is heard.

88

The Jewel hides in Lotus,
The Word hides in Om;
When “I” is no more,
The Guru is Whole.

89

No four to divide,
No meanings to repeat;
Om is the Jewel—
The Lotus is His Seat.

90

Om is the Word,
The Word is the Flame;
Hum is what remains
When none can name.

91

Om Mani Padme Hum—
The secret is One:
Jewel, Lotus, Word and Hum—
All dissolve into Om.

92

Om is the Guru,
Jewel is the Word;
At His lotus feet—
Hum is heard.

93

Gate Gate Pāragate Pārasaṃgate Bodhi Svāhā
Gone, gone, gone beyond,
Gone with those joined together;
Awakening burns the "I"—
Self is offered to the Fire.

94

Gone, gone, gone beyond,
Nothing left to hold or claim;
The seeker loses “I”—
Who remains to bear the name?

95

Gone with those joined together,
No second left to see;
Awakening is not “mine”—
No “I” remains to be.

96

Bodhi is Awakening,
Beyond the thought of “I”;
The self that claims enlightenment
Is offered to the Fire.

97

No attainment to possess,
No achiever to proclaim;
The claimant enters Fire—
Who remains to own the Flame?

98

Gone beyond the gone beyond,

Beyond the beyond is None;
The journey ends in nowhere—
The journey was never begun.

99

Bodhi is not possession,
Nor enlightenment a claim;
When self is offered into Fire,
Who remains to own the Flame?

100

Gate Gate Pāragate—
Pārasaṃgate, beyond;
Bodhi burns the claiming "I"—
Svāhā: nothing left to claim.

101

Om Tāre Tuttāre Ture Svāhā
Om is the Word,
Tārā makes one cross;
Saṃsāra falls—
No gain, no loss.

102

Tāre is to cross,
Beyond the sea of fear;
Word becomes Tārā—

No other shore is here.

103

Tuttāre brings forth
The swift-claiming “I”;
Ghost that seeks to live—
Returned to the Fire.

104

Uttāre draws out
The restless “I”;
What rises to claim—
Offered to Fire.

105

Ture is swift—
“I” cannot stay;
Fire consumes the ghost—
“I” burned away.

106

No “I” to cross,
No “I” to fear;
Word crossed seeker—
Guru alone here.

107

Svāhā—offering,
Claimant enters Flame;
At Lotus Feet surrendered—
No one left to name.

108

Om Tāre Tuttāre Ture—
Svāhā: "I" gone;
Word, Fire, Lotus Feet—
Guru alone shines on.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father Guru Siddha Nath

---

The True Guru's Grace Has No End

Part Three

Snake-Ladder Mandala **(Part-3)**

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

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Om Āḥ Hūṃ Vajra Guru Padma Siddhi Hūṃ
Om is the Word,
Āḥ—the Word unspoken;
Hūṃ is Asilence—
Where speech is broken.

2

Āḥ is the Word
That speech cannot contain;
Unspoken, it needs
No tongue, no name.

3

Hūṃ is Asilence,
Where sound has ceased to be;
No Word remains to speak—
No speaker left to see.

4

Vajra shines as diamond,
Indestructible, bright;
It pierces through the "I"—
And leaves no "I" in sight.

5
Vajra does not break,
Nor can Truth be torn;
It pierces every claim
Where ego says, “I’m born.”

6
Guru is the Vajra,
The diamond of the Word;
At Guru’s Lotus Feet,
No other sound is heard.

7
Padma is the Lotus,
Where Guru’s Feet abide;
From those Lotus Feet,
Siddhi flows inside.

8
Siddhi is Grace,
Not something “I” possess;
What comes from Guru’s Feet
Leaves nothing to possess.

9
No claimant seeks Siddhi,

No seeker owns the Flame;
When Guru gives Siddhi,
Who remains to claim?

10

Siddhi is the union
Where two can never be;
Guru, Word and Silence—
One Asilence, free.

11

Hūṃ is Asilence,
Where Word and sound are gone;
Seeker, seeking, sought—
All vanish into None.

12

Om Āḥ Hūṃ Vajra Guru—
Padma, Siddhi, Hūṃ;
From Guru's Lotus Feet
All words return to None.

13

Om is the Word,
Āḥ—the Word unspoken;
Vajra pierces "I"—
Hūṃ leaves "I" broken.

14
From Guru’s Padma Feet
Siddhi comes as Grace;
Union is Asilence—
No “I” remains to trace.

15
Om Āḥ Hūṃ—Word and Silence,
Vajra, Guru, Padma, Flame;
Siddhi ends the seeker—
Nothing left to name.

16
Om Āḥ Hūṃ Vajra Guru Padma Siddhi Hūṃ—
The mantra turns within;
The Word becomes Asilence—
Guru alone remains.

17
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma,
Rāma Rāma Hare Hare;
Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa,
Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare.

18
Hare is the One in everyone,

Rāma is He who plays;
The One within plays through all—
No second Self displays.

19

Hare Rāma Hare Rāma—
The One within, the One who plays;
Many forms arise and pass—
The One alone remains.

20

Rāma Rāma Hare Hare—
He plays without a second;
The player is the One within—
No other One is present.

21

Rāma is He who delights,
Who plays without an “I”;
When “I” claims ownership of play,
The Truth has passed it by.

22

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa—
The One in all draws near;
Kṛṣṇa attracts the wandering soul—
No distance remains here.

23
Hare is the One in everyone,
Kṛṣṇa draws the soul;
What wandered out returns within—
The soul returns to the Whole.

24
Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare—
The Attractor draws within;
The soul is drawn beyond itself—
And loses the claim of “I.”

25
Kṛṣṇa attracts the wandering soul,
Hare is the One within;
What seemed a distant destination
Was never truly elsewhere.

26
Hare Rāma, Hare Kṛṣṇa—
One within, One who plays;
The soul is drawn back to its Source—
All difference fades away.

27
Sixteen Names turn inward,

And turn the seeker too;
The covering of the “I” falls—
The One shines through.

28

The Name is not for “I” to own,
Nor chanting for acclaim;
When “I” dissolves within the Name,
Who remains to claim?

29

Hare—the One in everyone;
Rāma—the One who plays;
Kṛṣṇa—the One who draws the soul—
Many Names, One blaze.

30

The soul is drawn, the player plays,
The One is ever near;
What seemed to be a separate “I”
Was never truly clear.

31

The mantra turns the heart within,
The devotee fades away;
What sought the One through sixteen Names
Was held by Him all along.

32

No Lord Hari without the Guru,
No Lord Rāma, no Lord Kṛṣṇa;
The Names are known by Guru's Grace—
Guru's Lotus Feet alone reveal.

33

Hari is the One in everyone,
Hara is He who knows
Hari, the within-One—
Through Guru, the Truth flows.

34

Hari Om—the One in everyone,
Hari is Om, the Word;
Guru reveals the within-One—
Om in Silence is heard.

35

Lā ilāha illā Allāh,
No object of worship can be You;
Every object belongs to the senses and "I"—
The Subject of all is You.

36

Allah is None—no form, no name,

No object stands apart as “Thou”;
Beyond all that the senses claim,
The Subject alone—beyond all name.

37

What senses see becomes an object,
What “I” claims becomes mine;
Allah is neither seen nor claimed—
The Subject makes all objects shine.

38

An object needs a knower,
A knower needs no object to see;
All objects appear before the Subject—
The Subject alone is free.

39

The eye can see, the mind can know,
The senses grasp what they can find;
But That which knows the eye and mind
Is never an object of the mind.

40

“I” says, “I worship,”
And makes the worshipped apart;
When “I” itself becomes an object,
Who remains to claim the heart?

41
No form can hold the Formless,
No name can name the Nameless;
No object can contain the Subject—
None stands apart from the Nameless.

42
Allah is None—not nothing,
But nothing stands beside;
No object can contain Him,
No “other” can abide.

43
The senses turn toward objects,
The “I” turns toward the seen;
The Subject is never an object—
It remains the unseen.

44
When every object is negated,
What remains is not a being;
No form, no name, no second—
None remains to claim the Being.

45
The devotee seeks an object,

The object becomes a form;
But when the devotee dissolves,
No object remains to adore.

46

Lā removes the separate claim,
Ilāha names the object sought;
Illā leaves Allāh alone—
Beyond the reach of thought.

47

No object is the Subject,
No form can make Him known;
The Subject of every object
Is never itself shown.

48

Allah is None, beyond the senses,
Beyond the “I” that knows;
When no second Being remains,
None alone—yet no subject shows.

49

Mantra is recited by the devotee;
Surrender brings Silence—
With Guru, the “I” is gone;
Asilence reveals None.

50
The mantra ends with the “I”;
No reciter remains to claim;
Silence reaches Asilence’s threshold—
He remains beyond the Name.

51
Ana Bekoach—by Your power,
Release what has been bound;
What binds the “I” to what it sees
Falls away without a sound.

52
Bound is the “I” that claims the seen,
The senses bind it tight;
When claiming falls, the bonds release—
None remains in sight.

53
Seven lines carry the Name,
Six words mark each line;
Seven times six makes forty-two—
The hidden Name divine.

54
Seven days complete the cycle,

Seven colours fill the light;
Seven notes unfold as music—
Seven reveals the One in sight.

55

Seven chakras mark ascent,
Seven periods unfold;
Seven electron shells hold energy—
Seven carries what six holds.

56

Five senses face the world,
The mind joins them as six;
The “I” moves through the sixfold field—
And calls the seen things “mine.”

57

Six enemies surround the “I”—
Lust, anger, greed and more;
When the six release their hold,
The “I” is bound no more.

58

Those who seek Your Oneness—
What is it they seek?
Not One as one more object,
But One beyond the “I” that speaks.

59

The seeker seeks the One,
Yet stands apart to seek;
When seeker and sought dissolve,
No second remains to speak.

60

The Name is hidden from the “I,”
Not hidden as an object shown;
When the claimant disappears,
The hidden Name is known.

61

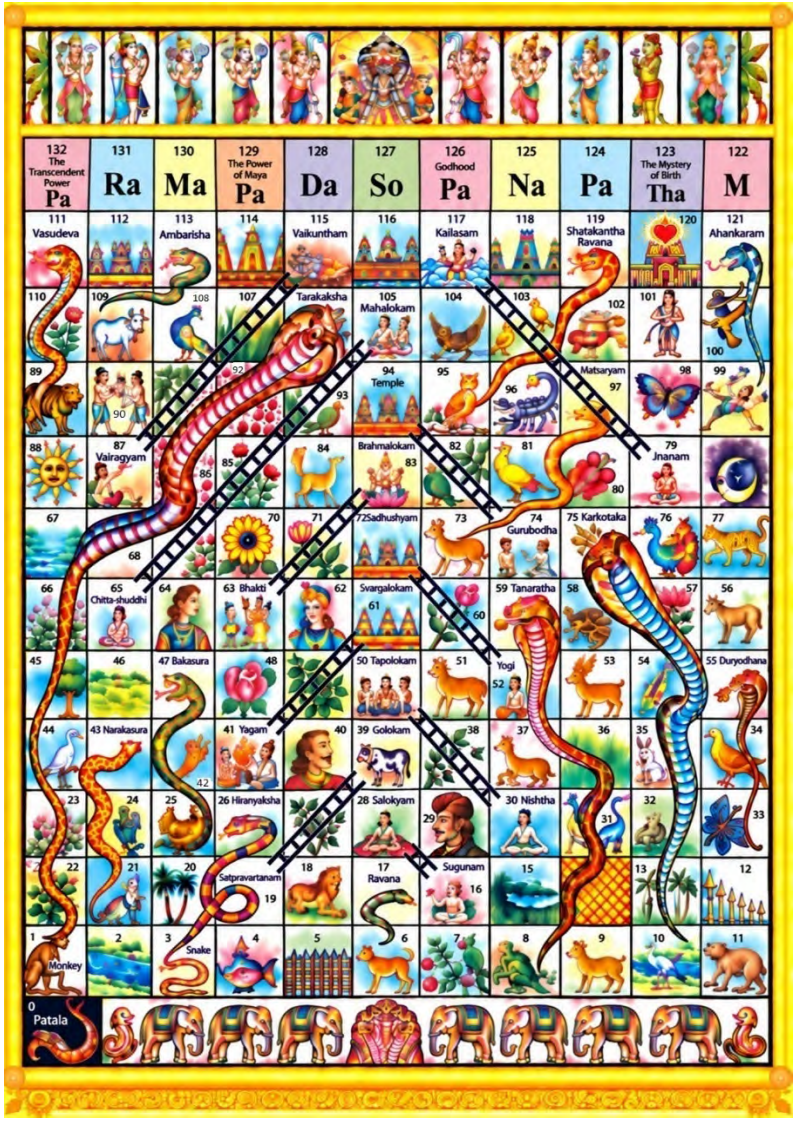
Knower of hidden mysteries,
What mystery can be seen?
The hidden is no object—
It lies beyond what “I” can mean.

62

Seven and six become forty-two,
The hidden Name outshines the “I”;
When seeker, seeking, sought are None—
No Name remains, nor one to know.

Snake-Ladder Mandala

Refer Fig. in Page 79:


132 The Transcendent Power Pa
131 Ra
130 Ma
129 The Power of Maya Pa
128 Da
127 So
126 Godhood Pa
125 Na
124 Pa
123 The Mystery of Birth Tha
122 M
111 Vasudeva
112
113 Ambarisha
114
115 Vaikuntham
116
117 Kailasam
118
119 Shatakantha Ravana
120
121 Ahankaram
110
109
108
107
Tarakaksha
105 Mahalokam
104
103
102
101
100
89
90
92
93
94 Temple
95
96
Matsaryam
97
98
99
88
87 Vairagyam
86
85
84
Brahmalokam
83
82
81
80
79 Jnanam
67
68
70
71
72Sadhushyam
73
74 Gurubodha
75 Karkotaka
76
77
66
65 Chitta-shuddhi
64
63 Bhakti
62
Svargalokam
61
60
59 Tanaratha
58
57
56
45
46
47 Bakasura
48
50 Tapolokam
51
Yogi
52
53
54
55 Duryodhana
44
43 Narakasura
42
41 Yagam
40
39 Golokam
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34
23
24
25
26 Hiranyaksha
28 Salokyam
29
30 Nishtha
31
32
33
22
21
20
Satpravartanam
19
18
17 Ravana
Sugunam
16
15
13
12
1
Monkey
2
3
Snake
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
0
Patala

63

3-Snake — (3 ↓ 0)
A serpent waits upon the path,
Its hidden coil brings one low;
From three, it sends the seeker down,
To Patala, far below.

64

17-Snake — Ravana (17 ↓ 6)
The roaring Ravana blocks the way,
The serpent strikes without delay;
From seventeen to six it sends,
The upward journey bends and ends.

65

26-Snake — Hiranyaksha (26 ↓ 3 ↓ 0)
Hiranyaksha, with gold in sight,
Pulls the seeker from his height;
From twenty-six to three he falls,
Then *Patala's* darkness calls.

66

43-Snake — Narakasura (43 ↓ 21)
Narakasura, demon of hell,
Pulls the seeker where shadows dwell;
From forty-three to twenty-one,
The higher journey comes undone.

67

47-Snake — Bakasura (47 ↓ 25)
Bakasura bites where cravings dwell,
Gluttony makes the senses swell;
From forty-seven to twenty-five,
The journey falls, yet stays alive.

68

55-Snake — Duryodhana (55 ↓ 33)
Duryodhana brings strife and fight,
The serpent ends the upward flight;
From fifty-five to thirty-three,
The seeker falls from what could be.

69

59-Snake — Tanaratha (59 ↓ 8)
Tanaratha delights in the flesh,
And keeps worldly pleasure fresh;
From fifty-nine to eight he falls,
The serpent cuts through higher calls.

70

75-Snake — Karkotaka (75 ↓ 10)
Karkotaka coils and waits,
Cruelty closes the higher gates;
From seventy-five to ten he slides,
And downward turns the seeker’s strides.

71

97-Snake — Matsaryam (97 ↓ 73)
Matsaryam, envy, coils ahead,
And pulls the seeker from his tread;
From ninety-seven to seventy-three,
The upward path bends suddenly.

72

106-Snake — Tarakaksha (106 ↓ 1)
Tarakaksha guards the way,
Where inner demons unite in play;
From one hundred six to one,
He turns the seeker from the sun.

73

111-Snake — Vasudeva (111 ↓ 89)
Vasudeva, Time, turns against the way,
And leads the wandering soul astray;
From one hundred eleven to eighty-nine,
The seeker slips from the design.

74

113-Snake — Ambarisha (113 ↓ 109)
Ambarisha brings the war within,
And leaves the heart in deep chagrin;
From one hundred thirteen to one-oh-nine,
The snake devours the spark divine.

75

119-Snake — Shatakantha Ravana (119 ↓ 95)
Shatakantha speaks with many a voice,
People's ego roars in noise;
From one hundred nineteen to ninety-five,
The serpent strikes and dims the drive.

76

121-Snake — Ahankaram (121 ↓ 99)
Ahankaram waits to claim its prize,
To blind the seeker's opening eyes;
From one hundred twenty-one to ninety-nine,
The ego severs the upward vine.

77

16-Ladder — Sugunam (16 ↑ 28)
Sugunam, every virtue, leads the way,
It lifts the seeker day by day;
From sixteen to twenty-eight,
The seeker reaches Salokyam's gate.

78

19-Ladder — Satpravartanam (19 ↑ 39)
Satpravartanam, truth in every deed,
Fulfills the wandering seeker's need;
From nineteen upward, past mortal time,
To Golokam, the realm sublime.

79

30-Ladder — Nishtha (30 ↑ 50)
Nishtha holds the seeker still,
With steadfast heart and steady will;
From thirty upward the seeker goes,
To Tapolokam, the realm of repose.

80

41-Ladder — Yagam (41 ↑ 61)
Yagam rises through the sacred flame,
A sacrifice made in chosen God's name;
From forty-one the seeker ascends,
To Svargalokam, where the ladder ends.

81

52-Ladder — Yogi (52 ↑ 72)
Yogi turns the heart within,
Beyond the worldly noise and din;
From fifty-two, the seeker's sight,
Awakens to Sadhushyam's light.

82

63-Ladder — Bhakti (63 ↑ 83)
Bhakti lifts the heart above,
Carried by devotion and love;
From sixty-three, the seeker climbs,
To Brahmalokam, in higher climes.

83

65-Ladder — Chitta-shuddhi (65 ↑ 105)
Chitta-shuddhi cleanses the mind,
Leaving restless thoughts behind;
From sixty-five, the seeker flies,
To Mahalokam's higher skies.

84

74-Ladder — Gurubodha (74 ↑ 94)
Gurubodha, the Guru's word so bright,
Fills the darkened path with light;
From seventy-four the seeker soars,
To reach the sacred temple doors.

85

79-Ladder — Jnanam (79 ↑ 117)
Jnanam sparks the inner fire,
Lifting the seeker ever higher;
From seventy-nine to peak and crest,
In Kailasam's heights they rest.

86

87-Ladder — Vairagyam (87 ↑ 115)
Vairagyam leaves attachment behind,
Freeing the heart and freeing the mind;
From eighty-seven, the seeker flies,
To Vaikuntham's divine skies.

87

119-Snake — Shatakantha Ravana (119 ↓ 95)
Vaikuntham and Kailasam crossed,
Where wandering souls are easily lost;
From one-nineteen to ninety-five,
The serpent shatters the upward drive.

88

120 — Temple
The temple rises once again,
As Guru's grace had shown before;
After the serpent's path is crossed,
The seeker finds the sacred door.

89

121-Snake — Ahankaram (121 ↓ 99)
The Guru's wisdom showed the way,
The temple stood in light of day;
Yet Ahankaram waits at last,
And sends the seeker backward fast.

90

The Journey
The board begins with steps of chance,
Through rise and fall, through fate's strange dance;
Each ladder lifts, each serpent bends,
The journey turns, but never ends.

91

The Ascent

Sugunam lifts, good conduct leads,
Nishtha strengthens, Yagam feeds;
Yogi rises, Bhakti flows,
The path through higher realms still grows.

92

Guru's Way

Chitta-shuddhi clears the mind,
Gurubodha leaves the dark behind;
The Guru shows the upward way,
Where inner light replaces day.

93

Knowledge

Jnanam may reveal the way,
And turn the darkness into day;
Yet Kailasam is not the final plain,
For still the "I" may hold its reign.

94

Renunciation

Vairagyam loosens every chain,
And frees the heart from worldly claim;
Vaikuntham may appear in sight,
Yet still the "I" may guard the height.

95

Beyond the Heights

Kailasam crossed, Vaikuntham passed,
The highest realms are not the last;
A serpent waits beyond the height,
And turns the seeker from the light.

96

Shatakantha Ravana

Shatakantha guards the higher way,
No realm can make the danger stay;
The journey's height cannot ensure
That every hidden knot is pure.

97

Temple of the Heart

The temple rises in the heart,
Where Guru's grace has played its part;
The sacred door is shown once more,
Yet something waits within its core.

98

Ahankaram

The final knot is "I" alone,
That claims the world as all its own;
When Ahankaram falls away,
No separate seeker has a say.

99

The “I”

Not Kailasam, not Vaikuntham’s throne,
Can make the “I” itself unknown;
The final knot the seekers see—
Is the proud “I” that claims the “Me”.

100

Nath Yogi’s Way

Guru is the path, Guru is grace,
Revealing the Self in every place;
When “I” no longer claims the way,
The seeker finds there was no way.

101

Beyond the Game

The ladder rises, snake descends,
The seeker seeks where seeking ends;
The board dissolves, the numbers cease,
The Self remains in timeless peace.

102

The Final Turn

No Kailasam can enclose the Soul,
No Vaikuntham holds the deathless Whole;
When Guru’s grace dissolves the “I,”
There is no seeker left to fall or try.

103
Guru is the light before the light,
The hand that leads beyond the night;
No path remains when Guru is near,
No darkness lives when He is here.

104
Guru's grace asks nothing back,
Yet fills the heart where all is lack;
One glance can end the seeker's roam,
One touch can make the Self the home.

105
Guru is Flame that burns the "I,"
Guru is Truth no words can tie;
What thought must stop scriptures fail,
Guru's silent grace can unveil.

106
Guru's wisdom may show the way,
The final "I" must still fall away;
At Guru's lotus feet the "I" is gone,
And what remains is Self alone.

107
The ladders rose, the serpents fell,

Through heaven's heights and *Patala*'s cell;
The board is crossed, the numbers cease,
The Guru's grace alone is Release.

108

No ladder now, no snake, no "I,"
No Kailasam, no Vaikuntham sky;
At Guru's lotus feet all paths are one—
The journey ends where Self is none.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath

The True Guru's Grace Has No End

Part Four

Snake-Ladder Mandala **(Part-4)**

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

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

What are the snakes upon the way?
Why do they turn the climb astray?
They mark the forces that bring descent,
And pull the seeker from ascent.

2

They are not serpents of the earth,
Nor merely creatures bound to birth;
They are symbols on the way,
Of forces that can make us stray.

3

They are forces, conditions, and blocks,
That pull the seeker from his tracks;
They draw the seeker from ascent,
And turn the upward path from its intent.

4

What are the ladders on the way?
How do they lift the climb each day?
They mark the forces that bring ascent,
And lift the seeker toward his intent.

5

They are not ladders made of wood,
Nor merely steps for worldly good;
They are symbols on the way,
Of forces that uplift and stay.

6

They are qualities, practices, states,
That help the seeker pass the gates;
They lift the seeker toward the height,
And turn the upward path to light.

7

When snakes and ladders fall away,
No game remains for “I” to play;
When seeker, seeking, sought are none—
Who is left when all is done?

8

What raises the seeker on the way?
What brings the seeker down each day?
Beyond both, what truth will stay?
Who is the seeker, anyway?

9

The game of life is thick with snares,

Where ghost “I” wanders unawares;
Six enemies in wait abide,
To feed the separate seeker’s pride.

10

Lust whispers, “Claim the prize,”
And anger flares when world denies;
They are the snakes that bring descent,
And turn the path from its intent.

11

Greed demands to hoard the gain,
Delusion binds with subtle chain;
Dark arrogance puts on the crown,
While bitter envy drags one down.

12

These six snakes guard the way,
To keep the ghost “I” in the play;
They thrive as long as seeking stands,
And hold the “I” in worldly bands.

13

But when the seeking is undone,
And seeker, seeking, sought are none;
The serpents vanish in the void,
The game itself is destroyed.

14

The game is ash, the ghost is gone,
No separate “I” to carry on;
The phantom “i” points to Truth, then blends
Into Asilence, where all ends.

15

The seeker strives to find the Way,
Yet grace descends beyond the “I.”
When effort bows at Guru’s lotus feet,
The Self stands—complete, complete.

16

The mind may roam through night and day,
Yet cannot grasp the trackless Sky;
It falls at Guru’s lotus feet,
And finds the Whole complete, complete.

17

The scriptures point, the sages say,
But words alone soon pass us by;
All learning bows at Guru’s lotus feet,
Where Truth shines forth complete, complete.

18

The pilgrim walks through dust and clay,

Seeking a distant peak on high;
The journey ends at Guru's lotus feet,
The Heart revealed complete, complete.

19

The Ghost "I" claims, "I know the Way,"
And builds its towers to touch the sky;
One glance at Guru's lotus feet,
Leaves None alone—complete, complete.

20

The phantom "i" still drifts in play,
A fading cloud that wanders by;
It too dissolves at Guru's lotus feet,
In Asilence complete, complete.

21

What need is there for gain or stay,
When all appearances comply?
The river meets Guru's lotus feet,
And enters Ocean complete, complete.

22

The seeker sought through earth and sky,
Through fire, wind and water that hurry by;
The elements bow at Guru's lotus feet,
The Source alone complete, complete.

23

No claim remains of low or high,
No measure left to justify;
All opposites at Guru’s lotus feet
Are swallowed whole—complete, complete.

24

The sun and moon that cross the sky,
The stars that bloom and then must die;
All circle Guru’s lotus feet,
Their radiance complete, complete.

25

What is the path? What is the prize?
What draws the seeker’s wandering eyes?
Questions rest at Guru’s lotus feet,
In silent grace complete, complete.

26

No seeker now, no way to seek,
No separate one to try or speak;
Only Guru, Self, and None,
Forever whole—complete, complete.

27

The word seeks what words cannot say,

It speaks, then takes itself away.
The poem asks what poems can do—
And falls to silence, pointing through.

28

The ego pursues what ego cannot find,
Then leaves its footprints far behind.
The seeker asks who seeks the View—
And fades in That which shines right through.

29

The mind seeks what the mind cannot see,
Then leaves without a trace of “me.”
The thinker asks who knows the Known—
And fades into the Truth alone.

30

Intelligence seeks what it cannot know,
Then lets its final question go.
The knower asks who knows the True—
And falls to Silence, passing through.

31

Science measures what science cannot bound,
Then leaves no theory to be found.
The observer asks who knows the Source—
And fades beyond all field and force.

32
The seeker seeks what cannot be sought,
Then leaves behind the seeking thought.
The question turns and looks right through—
No one remains to seek the True.

33
The tongue speaks what it cannot say,
Then it takes itself far away.
The speaker asks who asks the Who—
And falls to Silence, pointing through.

34
The ear hears what the ear cannot hear,
Then leaves even no echo for itself here.
The hearer asks who hears the Sound—
And fades where Silence is profound.

35
The nose smells what it cannot smell,
Then leaves no fragrance where it can dwell.
The smeller asks who knows the Scent—
And fades beyond the scentless Present.

36
The tongue tastes what it cannot taste,

Then leaves no flavor, none to waste.
The taster asks who knows the Taste—
And fades beyond all known and traced.

37

The skin feels what the skin cannot feel,
Then leaves no touch for it to conceal.
The feeler asks who knows the Feel—
And fades beyond what senses reveal.

38

The feet walk where the feet cannot go,
Then leave no footprints where they flow.
The walker asks who walks the Way—
And fades where paths dissolve away.

39

The hands touch what the hands cannot hold,
Then leave no grasp, no thing to withhold.
The doer asks who makes the deed—
And fades beyond the hand and need.

40

The witness sees what the witness cannot see,
Then leaves no watcher left to be.
The seer asks who sees the Sight—
And fades beyond the bounds of Light.

41

The heart loves what the heart cannot love,
Then leaves no trace of love above.
The lover asks who feels the Heart—
And fades where love and lover depart.

42

No eye, no ear, no tongue remains,
No touch, no taste, no walking gains;
No doer, lover, seeker, or “I”—
At His lotus feet is “Not I.”

43

Not the “i,” the Guru IS, the Flame beyond the frame,
Before the birth of thought and self, before the need of name,
The Ghost “I” rose and claimed the sky, then fell into the same,
For Asilence alone abides, untouched by loss or fame.

44

The mountain bowed before the Dust that none can ever see,
The river lost its rushing song within the silent Sea,
The seeker sought a distant Goal and found Futility,
The Guru smiled, the search dissolved, revealing only BE.

45

The sun unveiled a thousand rays, yet could not veil the ONE,
The moon reflected borrowed light till all reflection done,
The stars returned their lamps to Space when every race was run,
The Source remained as SOURCE alone before the first was begun.

46

The Ghost “I” built a palace grand upon the sands of time,
It decorated passing winds and called the structure mine,
A single glance of Guru’s Grace exposed the hidden crime,
The palace fell, the dust rejoiced in Silence so sublime.

47

The Phantom “i” then softly stood where prideful claims had ceased,
A shadow of a vanished self, a remnant yet released,
It neither ruled nor sought to rule, nor craved the smallest feast,
Awaiting Asilence to grant the final inner peace.

48

The earth received the falling seed without a word or sign,
The rain fulfilled its secret vow through sacrament divine,
The flower neither praised itself nor boasted how to shine,

Thus Guru teaches all by NOT, the highest grand design.

49

The ocean swallowed wave by wave yet never grew or shrank,
The sky embraced each cloud alike, the noble and the rank,
The heart that rests at Lotus Feet gives neither curse nor thank,
For Grace alone performs the deed while self remains a blank.

50

The Word emerged from Wordlessness then circled back again,
The song returned to Soundlessness beyond the realm of men,
The many entered into ONE beyond all loss and gain,
As rivers enter endless Seas beyond the reach of rain.

51

No path was found, no walker there, no distance left to span,
No bondage bound, no freedom freed, no failure marked a man,
The Guru burned the measuring rod supporting every plan,
And left the Vast Unwritten Truth before all thoughts began.

52

The wind erased its signature from deserts of the mind,
The fire consumed the fuel of doer-ship mankind assigned,
The waters washed distinction out, leaving no trace behind,
The Guru stood as ISNESS pure, eternally aligned.

53

Beyond the Ghost “I,” beyond the “i,” beyond both loss and birth,
Beyond the heavens sages praise, beyond the seeming earth,
The Nameless shines as Namelessness, the measure of all worth,
The silent Heart of every heart, the womb of second birth.

54

Not the “i,” the Guru IS, the Alpha and the End,
The Source from which all journeys rise and into which they bend,
No seeker, seeking, sought remains, no separate to defend,
Asilence alone endlessly, where Guru, God and Self transcend.

55

Not the “i,” the Guru IS,
The Flame no mind can miss,
The Ghost “I” fell to ash,
Revealing only THIS.

56
The river lost its name,
The ocean stayed the same,
The seeker disappeared,
The Guru kept the Flame.

57
The sun returned its light,
The stars dissolved in Night,
The many merged in ONE,
Beyond all wrong and right.

58
The Phantom “i” remains,
A trace without its chains,
Awaiting Asilence,
Where neither self sustains.

59
The flower did not claim,
The fragrance or the fame,
It bloomed and bowed away,
As Guru taught the same.

60
The wind erased the sign,

The fire consumed the mine,
The waters washed the claim,
Leaving the Pure Divine.

61

No path and none to tread,
No living and no dead,
The Guru broke the scale,
By which the ego led.

62

Beyond the “I” and “i,”
Beyond the earth and sky,
Asilence alone IS,
That never asks why.

63

The mirror reflects None,
The journey now is done,
The phantom “i” dissolves,
Into the timeless ONE.

64

The Self alone is BE,
From all illusion free,
Asilence holds the Flame,
Through all eternity.

65
Relentless in the breaking of the “I,”
To hold Asilence as eternal sky,
The Self mirrors the stillness perfectly,
Unmoving, changeless, perpetually BE.

66
The Phantom “i” has nowhere left to stay,
No thought can hold, no shadow can display,
The Self remains when all else fades away,
In Asilence, forever, forever, forever BE.

67
The page is blank, the mind is still—
No author left to claim the will.
What poured as verse, no man has versed—
It is Lotus Feet, in Word immersed.

68
The pen moved on, the watcher gone—
Like dew that fades before the dawn.
No thought remained to shape or greet—
Only the pull of Lotus Feet.

69
Each line appeared, then slipped from sight,

A moth consumed within the Light.
What seemed a journey, long and sweet,
Was loss of self at Lotus Feet.

70

He sought no name, no poet's throne—
Just dust to kiss the Feet alone.
What world calls work, he calls retreat—
Dissolving slow at His Lotus Feet.

71

He kept no ledger of the years,
No garland craved from clamouring peers.
The gain is loss, the loss complete—
A fading trace at His Lotus Feet.

72

The praise of men passed like the wind,
No mark before, no mark behind.
For every crown was laid beneath
The dust that graced the Lotus Feet.

73

The English bowed, the rhyme obeyed—
Not forced by hand, but self-effaced.
No author crowned, no self to claim—
Lotus Feet alone, and wordless Name.

74
The book was closed, yet not the Grace—
The Silence lingered in its place.
Beyond the rhyme, beyond the sheet,
Abides the call of Lotus Feet.

75
What rests in words is not the Whole,
The ink points inward to the Goal.
The map dissolves when hearts complete
Their homecoming at Lotus Feet.

76
The written word can point the way,
But cannot make the Truth obey.
When even seeking is complete,
There is no distance from the Feet.

77
The words were lamps along the way,
Not meant to bind, but fade away.
For every soul would one day meet
Its end at the Guru’s Lotus Feet.

78
What rested here was not a lore,

But knocking on the inner door.
A timeless pulse, serene and sweet,
That led the heart to Lotus Feet.

79

The seeker reading now becomes
The path on which the Master comes.
The eye turns inward, still, complete—
Drawn homeward by the Lotus Feet.

80

No page can hold what must be known,
No tongue can claim what Grace has shown.
Where thought and Silence finally greet,
There blooms the Way of Lotus Feet.

81

You read it once, you read it ten—
Same ink, yet new light breaks again.
For Truth not written, Truth is met—
Alive, afresh, at Guru's Lotus Feet.

82

No poet, poem, or reader remains—
No separate path, no separate gains.
Where Word and Silence become complete,
All that is "I" bows at Guru's Lotus Feet.

83

The scholar gathers arguments and lore,
And piles up notions greater than before;
Yet one small task performed without a trace
Draws nearer than a thousand thoughts of Grace.

84

The mind would map the sky from end to end,
And seek a path no wisdom can transcend;
Yet broom and bucket quietly embrace
The hidden teaching of the Guru's Grace.

85

The ego loves distinctions it can claim,
It signs each thought and stamps it with a name;
But service enters at a humbler pace,
And leaves no badge upon the seeker's face.

86

One washes robes, another sweeps the floor,
A third stands watch outside the Guru's door;
No task is small within that sacred place,
For all are drawn by the gravity of Grace.

87

The clever seek a method to ascend,

A secret knot of knowledge to unbend;
Yet every scheme dissolves without a trace
Before the silent working hand of Grace.

88

The water cleanses garments stain by stain,
As service cleans the heart of subtle gain;
Each unnoticed act becomes a chisel's trace,
Carving cracks within the mask-like face.

89

The world rewards achievement and applause,
And crowns the one who gathers praise and cause;
The Guru asks no trophy to embrace,
But simple surrender alone before Grace.

90

To sit at Guru's Lotus Feet and simply be
Holds more truth than vast philosophy;
For stillness opens what no thought can chase,
Revealing hidden depths unveiled by Grace.

91

The Ghost "I" resists the daily grind,
Preferring lofty concepts of the mind;
Yet friction slowly wears its form apace,
Reducing pride to dust before His Grace.

92

No ladder reaches where the Heart resides,
No argument removes the inward hides;
The servant learns through labour's warm embrace,
What cannot be obtained except by Grace.

93

So let philosophy bow down and meet
The washing cloth beside the Guru's Feet;
For none can hack the gravity of Grace,
And service strips away the seeker-face.

94

The hands that serve may seem to do but small,
Yet through such acts the hidden barriers fall;
The Ghost "I" guards its self-created space,
Till worn away by service, Grace by Grace.

95

One seeks the Truth through learning's winding road,
And bends beneath a self-appointed load;
Yet one pure act performed without a trace
Leads ever more near the doorway of God's Grace.

96

The broom knows not the teachings that it gives,

Yet through its silence deeper wisdom lives;
The humblest task must hold a secret place,
Where none remain except the Guru's Grace.

97

The servant neither measures nor compares,
Nor counts achievements, merits, vows, or prayers;
Such reckoning belongs to time and space,
While love dissolves before the Face of Grace.

98

The Ghost "I" hungers always to become,
To gain a crown, a title, or a sum;
But service beats upon that prison-place,
Until its walls give way to Guru's Grace.

99

What enters first, the washing or the rain?
What falls away, the pride or hidden gain?
Who knows the hour the heart begins to trace
The silent pull of gravity called Grace?

100

At last the cloth is clean, the floor is swept,
The vows forgotten and the records left;
No servant stands to claim a special place,
For all has vanished into the Guru's Grace.

101

The river does not boast the fields it feeds,
Nor count the sum of all its flowing deeds;
So service moves without a name or place,
Obeying alone the Guru’s silent Grace.

102

The sun does not announce the light it gives,
Yet by its warmth the sleeping seedling lives;
The servant too leaves scarcely any trace,
Yet hearts awaken through the touch of Grace.

103

The Ghost “I” speaks of all that it has done,
And seeks a witness when the race is won;
But true surrender leaves no claimant’s face,
For none remain apart from the Guru’s Grace.

104

A garment washed returns again to soil,
And daily life returns to care and toil;
Thus service is no momentary place,
But ceaseless bathing in the stream of Grace.

105

The hands work while the mind and speech grow still,

Freed little by little from the urge to will;
Then action flows with effortless embrace,
Like leaves borne gently on the wind of Grace.

106

What servant serves when Ghost “I” is undone?
What work remains when worker, work are one?
The question falls and leaves behind no trace,
Absorbed within the Heart of the Guru’s Grace.

107

No philosophy survives the final test,
No argument accompanies the Blessed;
The cloth is clean, the heart an open space,
None remains yet Guru, Grace, and Grace.

108

The clothes are washed, the floor and heart are clean,
No servant, service, served can now be seen;
Philosophy and pride have left no trace,
All vanish at the Lotus Feet of Guru and His Grace.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father Guru Siddha Nath

The True Guru's Grace Has No End

Part Five

Snake-Ladder Mandala (Part-5)

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

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Doing works menial,
Is ego's denial.
Sweeping the inner space,
Welcomes the Guru's Grace.

2

Doing works menial,
Is ever ego's denial.
Serving without a trace,
Dissolves in Guru's Grace.

3

No task is small or great,
The ego alone creates.
When pride has left its place,
There shines the Guru's Grace.

4

Fetching water day by day,
Without demand or display;
The hands may move apace,
The Heart receives His Grace.

5
Washing vessels, floors, or walls,
The ego's conceit soon falls.
What once proclaimed its face,
Now bows to Guru's Grace.

6
Massaging the Guru's feet,
The heart and service meet.
No doer leaves a trace,
Dissolved in Guru's Grace.

7
The broom sweeps dust away,
As Guru sweeps the clay.
Of thoughts that crowd and chase,
Revealing boundless Grace.

8
The worker disappears,
Along with hopes and fears.
No claimant leaves a trace,
All merges into Grace.

9
Service asks no reward,

Nor seeks a praising word.
It flowers in every place,
Perfumed by Guru's Grace.

10

The lowly path is high,
For there the proud "I" dies.
Where none remain to boast or chase,
There reigns the Guru's Grace.

11

The servant and the deed,
The doer and the need;
All vanish without trace,
Within the Guru's Grace.

12

Doing works menial,
Ends ego's long denial.
None remains to claim the space,
Only Guru, Only Grace.

13

The dense and heavy mass of ghost "I" dies,
Annihilated in Asilence pure;
The phantom "i"—a fleeting photon—flies,
Lacking the mass to linger or endure.

14
The ghost had claimed the heavens and the sod,
The doer's throne, the pride of self-made fame;
But Asilence revealed no claimant-God,
And burned to naught the bearer of the name.

15
The ashes of that ghost are left behind,
No monument survives its final fall;
The vast undoing emptied claim and mind,
Till neither voice nor owner spoke at all.

16
Yet phantom "i" appears a while to gleam,
A subtle trace where once the ghost abode;
Like twilight lingering after daylight's dream,
It fades along the Guru-given road.

17
A photon dances through the boundless sky,
Touching no burden, carrying no weight;
Thus drifts the phantom remnant termed the "i,"
Too fine to found a self or fashion fate.

18
It seeks no kingdom, gathers no acclaim,

Possesses neither memory nor desire;
A flicker alone, lacking fuel and flame,
A final glint departing from the pyre.

19

The ghost sought permanence through deed and birth,
Through thought and form and countless acts begun;
The phantom “i” finds no foothold upon earth,
Its course already ending when begun.

20

Asilence neither beckons nor compels,
Yet all dissolves within Its depthless sea;
Beyond the reach of thoughts or temple bells,
Abides the Source of all that seems to be.

21

There phantom “i” relinquishes its flight,
No longer seen as separate from the Whole;
Like starlight vanishing in morning light,
It yields its ghostless and its phantom role.

22

No “I” remains to stand apart and say,
“No i” remains to witness what is done;
Asilence alone outshines night and day,
The Endless Not, the Ever-Alone One.

23

As electric and magnetic fields flow,
Form and Formless together glow;
The devotee moves through both, as One,
Till walker, path, and Goal are None.

24

The eye beholds a world of name,
The heart perceives a hidden Flame;
Two ways appear beneath the sun,
Yet source and shining are but One.

25

Some worship form with folded hands,
Some seek the Vast no thought withstands;
The Guru joins what minds would shun,
Revealing both as ever One.

26

The temple stone, the boundless sky,
The whispered prayer, the silent cry;
Each points beyond what can be known,
To That which ever stands alone.

27

The current moves, unseen yet near,

Its presence felt though not made clear;
So Form and Formless softly run,
As moonlit streams beneath One Sun.

28

The seeker learns through loss and gain,
Through joy and grief, through sun and rain;
Each changing scene, when wisdom's won,
Reveals the ever-present One.

29

The mind divides, compares, and weighs,
Creating nights and crafting days;
The heart at the Guru's lotus feet is done,
And rests within the deathless One.

30

When worship deepens into sight,
And seeing flowers into Light;
The two dissolve, their journey done,
Like stars that fade before the Sun.

31

No form confines the Formless Vast,
No Formless void leaves form outcast;
They dance where all distinctions run,
Their seeming twoness born of One.

32
The devotee no longer knows
Which way the sacred river flows;
For every stream and every run
Returns at last to only One.

33
The Guru's grace removes the wall
Between the great and seeming small;
The many fade, their counting done,
Revealing None as only One.

34
Electric, magnetic, near and far,
Dust of earth and burning star;
All opposites together shine
Within the Source of yours and mine.

35
No walker remains the path to tread,
No goal shines on the road ahead;
What seemed as three dissolves as none,
In Guru's None, the only One.

36
Sages sought the Formless, beyond name,

Yet worshipped Name with loving flame;
Form and Formless, two seeming spun,
Dissolved in None, the only One.

37

The thought is observed, then falls away,
What once was known is seen today.
No borrowed word, no claim remains—
The Self is known beyond all names.

38

A cloud drifts by the inner sky,
Observed in light, it cannot lie.
Its passing leaves no hidden stains;
The Self alone ever remains.

39

The books pointed onward, page by page,
Yet Truth was never bound by age.
What memory sought, vision attains;
The Self alone ever remains.

40

The mind collects its treasured lore,
Then finds it cannot cross the Shore.
Where wisdom ends and silence reigns,
The Self alone ever remains.

41
A thousand thoughts arise and cease,
Yet none can trouble boundless Peace.
Like echoes fading from the plains,
The Self alone ever remains.

42
The seeker follows every sign,
Through sacred word and holy line.
At journey's end, no path constrains;
The Self alone ever remains.

43
The knower stands upon the stage,
Reciting truths from sage to sage.
The knower and the known are none;
The Self remains when all is done.

44
No doctrine there, no creed to hold,
No new belief, no ancient gold.
The Heart awakens, free of gains;
The Self alone ever remains.

45
Before all names and forms appeared,

Before the “I” was loved or feared,
A silent Presence still sustains;
The Self alone ever remains.

46

The seer and seen no longer pair,
No second light, no inward stare.
Beyond all losses, beyond all gains,
The Self alone ever remains.

47

The sun requires no lamp to shine,
Nor Truth another truth define.
The source of all that mind explains;
The Self alone ever remains.

48

The search has crossed each thought and sign,
And left all borrowed truths behind.
Where nothing more remains to claim,
The Self shines free of thought and name.

49

Knowledge gathered strand by strand,
Falls like sand from an open hand.
All names and forms are overthrown;
None remains but That alone.

50
Before the first of thoughts took flight,
Before the mind could name the light,
That which was never born remains—
Unbound by beginnings, ends, or names.

51
The first enchants the worlds in play,
Where threefold Nature holds its sway;
The second fulfills each hope and desire,
As longing rises like a wildfire.

52
The third stirs all in restless motion,
With waves of thought and deep emotion;
The fourth bestows auspicious grace,
And brings good fortune into place.

53
The fifth fulfills each cherished aim,
And turns each purpose into gain;
The sixth protects what grace has won,
Guarding the seeker, one by one.

54
The seventh heals each hidden pain,

And removes affliction's lingering stain;
The eighth bestows each siddhi bright,
And leads toward wisdom's inner light.

55

Yet powers bright are passing things,
Like dew that gleams on fleeting wings;
The wiser heart seeks not their shine,
But That beyond all yours and mine.

56

When gifts and gains no more enthrall,
The seeker hears a subtler call;
Beyond achievement, name, and fame,
There burns the One without a name.

57

The ninth enclosure is Bliss, all-Full, all-One,
Where seeking ends and nothing more is won;
At *Bindu*, all fulfillments rest—
No want remains, no need, no quest.

58

Through ninefold grace the seeker sees
That fullness is not having "these";
When every hope has found its end,
No lack remains, no need to mend.

59

When lack dissolves and questions cease,
The heart awakens into peace;
Within that still and central sea,
The Mother shines eternally.

60

Mother Lalita, the Mother of Grace,
Reigns at the *Bindu*, the central place;
Through Her the universe moves and shines,
And all its power in Her combines.

61

For Guru, Parabrahma, stands above,
The source of Shakti, Grace, and Love;
Through Guru's Grace, the Truth is known:
The Mother, Guru, Self are One.

62

At Guru's Lotus Feet all pathways run,
Their many journeys joined in One;
The Mother, Guru, Self revealed—
None remains in Asilence concealed.

63

The Ghost "I" sought a throne of light,

Guru’s glance turned day to night;
From ashes rose a nameless “i,”
That faded—none was left to sigh.

64

The worldly “I” kept accounts tight,
Of merit, sin, of left and right;
Truth scanned the book, found zero sum—
No debtor left, no sum to come.

65

“I am That” the Ghost once swore,
Guru laughed: “One claimant more.”
When claim and claimant turned to dust,
That stood—sans name, sans trust.

66

A knot of “I” began to glow,
“I seem to be,” it started low;
One look, one cut, the knot undone—
No seer left to see the sun.

67

Silence was a room someone owned,
A quiet stage where “I” enthroned;
When none remained to call it “mine,”
Asilence shone—no line, no sign.

68

From ashes of the bold “I”-face,
A timid “i” stole fleeting space;
Imaginary, brief, and thin—
It faded; Asilence walked in.

69

The trial ran through birth and death,
“Who is I?” was every breath;
Gavel fell: “No two remain—
Asilence ends the self’s domain.”

70

No false self died, no true self rose,
No victor stood at curtain close;
This alone: no one was there—
Self is self; Self is bare.

71

The Ghost “I” got the court’s demand,
To stand and prove its native land;
It brought its names, its deeds, its fame—
Asilence asked: “Who makes this claim?”

72

The self unrolled its books of right,

Of sins and virtues, dark and light;
The Judge ran through each line with fire—
No owner left, no debt, no hire.

73

The ego wore a crown of “I,”
Studded with “mine,” lined deep with “my”;
Guru’s glance, a single spark—
The crown dissolved, left only dark.

74

From ashes of that bold “I”-face,
A timid “i” stole temporary space;
Imaginary, thin, and shy—
It whispered: “I?” then let it die.

75

This “i” arose, a passing knot,
It seemed to be, yet was not;
One look, one cut, the thread undone—
No seer left to see the sun.

76

The witness sat in quiet state,
“I watch all this,” its subtle fate;
Asilence spoke: “Who watches whom?
When none is left, who owns this room?”

77

The phantom “i” just plays its part,
A borrowed voice, a transient art;
It speaks, it moves, it bows, it goes—
No one behind the mask that shows.

78

This “i” will rise for time, then fade,
Into the ground from which it strayed;
Not gone somewhere, not turned to none—
Asilence is all, there is no one.

79

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

80

From ashes of the bold “I”-name,
A shadow “i” quietly came;
No claim to make, no throne to win—
Just borrowed breath, a temporary skin.

81

This “i” does nothing on its own,

It moves when life has already shown;
A puppet cut from empty air,
It acts as if someone were there.

82

When words arise, this “i” appears,
As if it spoke through all the years;
But speech flows on, a wind-blown tune—
No speaker hides behind the moon.

83

The hand reaches, the foot will walk,
This “i” supplies a running talk:
“I do, I choose, I plan, I try”—
Yet deeds unfold with no “doer” by.

84

Joy comes, pain comes, this “i” claims share,
As if it owned the joy or tear;
But feelings pass like clouds in sky—
No owner lives for them to tie.

85

It holds a string of “I was” tales,
Of wins, losses, hopes, and fails;
Yet memory plays a recorded part—
No one inside recalls the start.

86

“I love,” “I hate,” “I need,” “I fear”—
This “i” makes all relations dear;
But love and hate move through the frame—
No lover left to bear the name.

87

It meditates, it bows, it prays,
It counts the breath, the nights, the days;
Even “I seek Asilence” now—
Is just this “i” wearing a vow.

88

It sits and says, “I watch the show,
I am the silence, still, below”;
But watching needs a watched to be—
Two phantoms in a mirror-sea.

89

This “i” obeys what life ordains,
It bears no fruit, it breaks no chains;
A passing spark in boundless night—
It serves the Whole without a “right.”

90

For time it plays, then loses grip,

Like smoke that leaves a burnt-out wick;
Not gone to some far, final place—
It thins into Asilence's face.

91

When "i" has played its brief design,
No trace is left of "me" or "mine";
This alone: no one can tell—
Asilence functions, all is well.

92

From ashes of the bold "I"-name,
By Guru's fire this shadow came;
No claim to make, no throne to win—
Just borrowed breath, a temporary skin.

93

This "i" arises not by will,
But Guru's Grace that stays it still;
From Asilence it seems to rise,
Then fades beneath the Guru's eyes.

94

It moves when life has already shown,
By Guru's nod the script is known;
A puppet cut from empty air,
It acts as if Guru and God are there.

95

When words arise, this “i” appears,
As if it spoke through all the years;
But speech flows on, a wind-blown tune—
Guru’s Grace flows; no self behind the moon.

96

The hand reaches, the foot will walk,
This “i” supplies a running talk:
“I do, I choose, I plan, I try”—
Guru’s Grace acts; no “doer” by.

97

Joy comes, pain comes, this “i” claims share,
As if it owned the joy or tear;
But feelings pass like clouds in sky—
By Guru’s Grace, they arise and fly.

98

It holds a string of “I was” tales,
Of wins, losses, hopes, and fails;
Yet memory plays a recorded part—
By Guru’s Grace, no self owns the heart.

99

“I love,” “I hate,” “I need,” “I fear”—

This “i” makes all relations dear;
But love and hate move through the frame—
Guru loves all; no lover bears the name.

100

It meditates, it bows, it prays,
It counts the breath, the nights, the days;
Even “I seek Asilence” now—
Is Guru’s Grace that makes the vow.

101

It sits and says, “I watch the show,
I am the silence, still, below”;
But watching needs a watched to be—
Guru is both; two phantoms in one sea.

102

It chants the Name, it kisses dust,
In Guru’s feet it places trust;
Yet even “I surrender” here—
Is Guru’s Grace revealing “i” clear.

103

This “i” obeys what Guru ordains,
It bears no fruit, it breaks no chains;
A passing spark in boundless night—
It serves the Guru without a “right.”

104
The phantom “i” just plays its part,
A borrowed voice, a transient art;
It speaks, it moves, it bows, it goes—
Guru in front; no mask it shows.

105
By Guru’s Grace, its grip grows thin,
The phantom “i” dissolves within;
No going out, no coming in—
Asilence alone remains herein.

106
Into the ground from which it strayed,
By Guru’s hand the “i” is laid;
Not lost, not found, not turned to none—
Asilence is all; there is no one.

107
When “i” has played its brief design,
No trace is left of “me” or “mine”;
This alone: no one can tell—
Guru is all; Asilence is well.

108
Guru is Grace, and Grace is One,

The “I” dissolves; the “i” is done;
No word remains, no self, no claim—
Asilence alone, beyond all name.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father Guru Siddha Nath

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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.
Ahankaram	:	Ego; the sense of “I” or individual selfhood.
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, or Self.
Baba Saheb	:	Dear Father Sir.
Bhakti	:	Devotion.
Bindu	:	The dot in the Om symbol; the point where all fulfillment rests and seeking ends. The central point of the Sri Chakra.
Brahma	:	The Impersonal God.
Brahmalokam	:	Abode of Lord Brahma.
Dada Guru	:	Guru’s Guru, Grand Guru.
Eternal Father	:	Guru.
Golokam	:	The divine abode of Lord Krishna; the eternal realm of divine love.
Guru	:	Spiritual Teacher.
“i”	:	Explained in the book ‘Not The ‘i’’ clearly. This “i” rises from the ashes of “I” or Asilence for time being and fades into Asilence. An imaginary “i.”

Jnanam	:	Knowledge or wisdom.
Kailasam	:	Abode of Lord Shiva.
Lord Shiva	:	The Destroyer.
Mahalokam	:	The great divine realm; a higher spiritual plane of existence.
Mandala	:	Pattern, design, the circle of one's own being— a map from mind to Self.
Mantra	:	A sacred sound, word, or phrase that liberates.
Masthana Jogi	:	A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Matsaryam	:	Jealousy; envy.
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 nigura turned Guru—by self, by others, or by any means; has disciples. Short for nigura Guru.
Om Azad Muni	:	Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Parabrahma	:	Beyond Brahma. Transcends Brahma.
PaRaMaPaDaSo PaNaPaThaM	:	Paramapadasopanapatham, also called Vaikunthapali; the traditional Indian Snake-and-Ladder game.
Pardada Guru	:	Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Patala	:	The netherworld.

Sadhushyam	:	The quality or state of being saintly; goodness and virtuous conduct.
Salokyam	:	Dwelling in the same divine realm as one's chosen God.
Saṃsāra	:	The cycle of worldly existence—the recurring movement of birth, death, desire, attachment, suffering, and rebirth.
Shakti	:	Divine power or energy; the dynamic power through which the Supreme manifests.
Shatakantha	:	Hundred-throated.
Siddhi	:	Accomplishment, attainment.
Svargalokam	:	The abode of Lord Indra.
Tapolokam	:	The realm of austerity and profound penance.
Vaikuntham	:	Abode of Lord Vishnu.
Vairagyam	:	Renunciation; detachment.
Yagam	:	Yajna; a fire sacrifice or sacred ritual.
Yoga	:	Union with the Spirit or God.
Yogi	:	One who practices different forms of Yoga, such as Karma Yoga, Jnana Yoga, Kundalini Yoga, etc. to achieve Yoga.