

The Is

A surreal landscape painting. In the foreground, a person in a brown robe sits in a meditative pose on a rocky surface, facing away from the viewer. They are looking through a large, glowing, golden archway that frames a landscape. The landscape beyond the archway features a calm lake reflecting a snow-capped mountain peak. The sky above the mountain is filled with stars and a bright light source, possibly the sun or moon, creating a lens flare effect. The archway is flanked by steep, rocky cliffs with waterfalls on either side. The overall scene is bathed in a warm, golden light, suggesting a magical or spiritual atmosphere.

Nath Yogi KVS Rama Rao

THE IS

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

KVS RAMA RAO

www.nathyogi.com

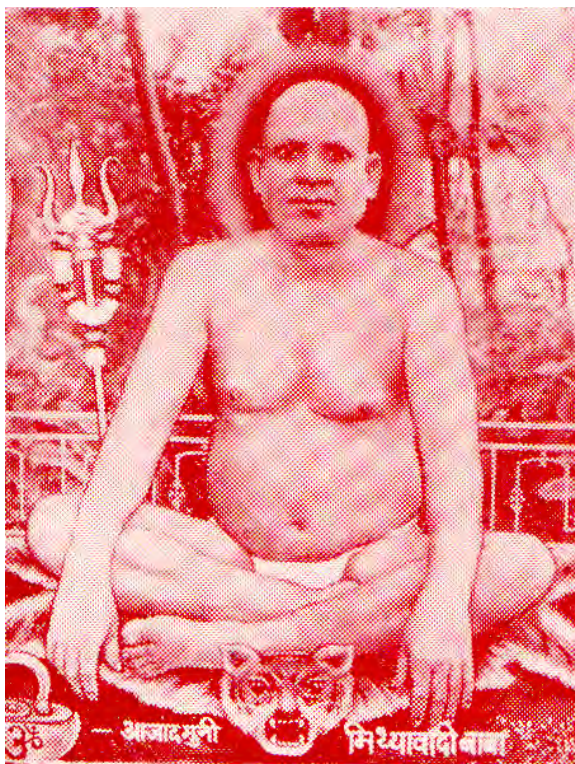
THE IS

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The Is



*ॐ Om 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

The Is (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

Those who shout, “No Guru need!”
Speak from the root of ego-seed;
Unbroken law the wise have known—
Guru alone brings Self to own.

2

None rises by their own light;
Ego crowns itself with borrowed might.
Where Guru’s hand is cast aside—
Blindness walks, but thinks it’s wide.

3

Self-born guides proclaim they see,
Yet cling to mind’s own tyranny.
No lamp is lit by its own flame—
Guru alone removes the name.

4

The fool declares, “No Guru need!”
But truth is not self-sown by seed.
Without the touch that ends the ‘me’,
None awake to what should be.

5

Claiming “no Guru” is ego’s throne—
A shadow shouting as if grown.
Where no surrender shapes the clay,
No shaping light can enter way.

6

Those who refuse the Guru’s door
Know scriptures, names, and nothing more.
Knowledge swells—but sight is none;
Guru alone makes seeing one.

7

Without a Guru’s living sign,
The seeker falls to self-design.
Mind becomes the temple’s priest—
And feeds the ego, not the least.

8

Greatness claimed without a guide
Is greatness merely magnified.
The peak is dreamt, the path unknown—
Guru alone brings seeker home.

9

Ego whispers, “I am free!”

Guru shows what truth must be.
Only the flame that ends the mind
Can lead the soul to Brahma-kind.

10

Self-made saints the crowds applaud,
But none are lifted from the fraud.
Where Guru's grace is not the root—
The fruit is dry, the tree is mute.

11

Without Guru, none can cross;
Mind remains the final boss.
The fool rejects the saving hand—
And sinks, still thinking he will stand.

12

Who claim no Guru, claim the sky;
Yet walk in dust and never fly.
Self they preach, but self is loud—
Words of nigras please the crowd.

13

No Guru needed—so they preach;
But Self is never theirs to reach.
Unserved flame can never burn—
Niguru minds refuse to turn.

14

Self is God, they proudly say;
But self rules their every day.
Without a Guru's guiding hand,
No seeker rises, few can stand.

15

Who say they are the Self alone
Proclaim a throne they've never known.
No service done, no lineage true—
Niguru speech the masses woo.

16

One truth stands through age and age:
Without a Guru—none cross the stage.
However high the seeker climbs,
Ego returns a thousand times.

17

The path is sharp, the climb is steep;
Those without Guru fall asleep.
Self they claim, but self deceives—
Only Guru's glance retrieves.

18

God is far when ego speaks;

Guru alone wakes what God seeks.
Claiming Self without Guru's grace
Is ego wearing sacred face.

19

A million books, a thousand cries—
But without Guru, none arise.
Who deny Guru deny the sun;
Darkness holds what Light had won.

20

Niguru speaks and shadows fall;
No flame to give, no Guru's call.
Diksha cast in hollow air—
Seekers lost in borrowed glare.

21

Niguru speaks and shadows rise;
No flame beneath, untruths arise.
Initiation cast in empty air—
Binds the seeker to despair.

22

Niguru's *Shaktipat* blinds the way;
No Guru-root, no light to stay.
A hollow touch, a borrowed word—
The seeker bound, absurd.

23

Where niguru gives, the bond is weak;
No grace descends, no truth they speak.
Shaktipat taken from the untrue
Chains the soul it hopes to break through.

24

Beware the hand that never served;
Its *diksha* breaks what once was curved.
From rootless trees no fruit is born—
Niguru rites breed nights, not dawn.

25

Guru's touch alone makes whole;
Niguru binds the wandering soul.
Serve the flame, not borrowed light—
Only Truth survives the night.

26

Niguru calls the path “well,”
But leads them slowly into hell;
Blinded crowds hail ruin as grace—
And smile their way to barren place.

27

They call the niguru's path a “well,”

Yet step by step they walk to hell;
What they praise as water clear
Proves the pit that draws them near.

28

Niguru sinks, and blind ones fall;
With drums they greet their funeral call.
Pomp may roar, yet none can tell—
They march with joy into their hell.

29

They praise it “well,” yet walk to hell;
Niguru’s charm becomes their spell.
Blinded crowds applaud their fall—
The end arrives, and that is all.

30

Nigurus claim their path is well;
Followers echo the tale they tell.
Both walk on, convinced and sure—
Stench ignored, the fall secure.

31

Niguru proclaims his path is bright,
Followers echo, “Yes, he’s right.”
Yet shadows lengthen, truth concealed,
A rotten core is soon revealed.

32

The chants grow loud, the crowd is swayed,
But wisdom sleeps, and doubt's betrayed.
They march in step, their eyes shut tight,
Mistaking darkness for the light.

33

A rat, its stench begins to rise,
Behind the mask of holy guise.
The faithful cheer, the leader beams,
But all is not the way it seems.

34

For blind belief, when left unchecked,
Will steer the ship to reefs of wreck.
And those who follow, hand in hand,
May find themselves in quicksand.

35

Niguru rose without a guide,
No master's hand was at his side.
Yet crowds proclaim his wisdom true,
Though roots of lineage none construe.

36

Nigura, uninitiated still,

Ascends the throne by force of will.
Self-crowned, or lifted by the throng,
He chants a borrowed, hollow song.

37

The world now teems with such as these,
Who preach with ease, yet lack the keys.
Their words are sweet, their robes are grand,
But truth slips out like desert sand.

38

A Guru's path is tried and deep,
Through service, silence, vows they keep.
But niguru, rootless, loud, and vain,
Leads seekers down a crooked lane.

39

Disciple's fire refines the soul,
Tradition guards the sacred whole.
Without that flame, the mask will fall,
And show the fraud beneath it all.

40

The path is lost when self is sure;
The blind lead on, yet feel secure.
Only the fallen learn to rise—
Guru reveals what ego denies.

41

With broom my Guru swept;
From dust my mind is kept;
Into eternity I leapt;
At His lotus feet I wept.

42

His gaze became the rising dawn;
My fears, like night, were simply gone.
One silent breath dispelled my plight—
Guru made darkness bloom as light.

43

He spoke no word, yet all was said;
He touched me not, yet ego fled.
What never moved unmade my fear—
Guru was silent, yet drew near.

44

One glance from Him dissolved my night;
A single word turned fear to light.
Where ego stood in armoured keep,
One breath from Guru sank me deep.

45

His silent gaze unbound my claim,

The “I” that clutched its borrowed name;
In that still flame my masks were burned,
Ash whispered truths my mind had spurned.

46

Where thought once paced its narrow cell,
His formless touch broke every spell;
The watcher woke, the dream withdrew,
And all that stayed is only You.

47

Now speech runs thin where Presence stays,
A wordless hymn through all my days;
One glance, one breath, and I can see
The Guru lives as this “not-me.”

48

One breath of Yours unhooked my schemes,
Loosened the knot of second-hand dreams;
Plans fell away like husks from grain,
Naked I stood in Your raw rain.

49

You walked my mind like a patient king,
Room after room of remembering;
Where dust of ages blurred the view,
One sweep of silence—and only You.

50

No temple roof can cage Your sky,
No mantra buys what You supply;
When heart lies bare in trust alone,
Guru appears as the Self, full-blown.

51

Once I begged heavens for a sign,
Counted omens in leaf and line;
Now every breath, so plain, so near,
Speaks “*Tat Tvam Asi*” in the ear.

52

The world still spins its praise and blame,
Shadows that dance on walls of name;
In Your still cave I watch them pass,
Wind on water, clouds on glass.

53

Your glance unthreads the woven lie,
The “I” that swears it will not die;
In that bare look my stories cease,
And something faceless tastes of peace.

54

I climbed through texts and sacred noise,

Counted austerities as toys;
One effortless smile from You, and then
Those mountain-heaps fell flat again.

55

I searched for caves in far-off hills,
Chased rumours of the ancient skills;
You turned me inward with one cue—
“Sit where you stand; let That find you.”

56

When craving storms around the gate,
Old habits shouting, “Choose your fate!”,
Your nameless presence, cool and wide,
Opens a door I step inside.

57

No halo crowns Your common face,
No robe declares Your hidden grace;
Yet in Your nearness, sharp and plain,
All ornaments fall off the brain.

58

Your whisper cracked the shell of doubt,
Let rivers of no-mind flow out;
What fought for foothold in the storm
Now melts to silence, soft and warm.

59

I traced the maps of hidden lore,
Knelt at the shrines of long before;
One nod from You erased the quest—
The seeker stilled; the search at rest.

60

In crowded days of deed and din,
Your quiet eye pulls me within;
No outer fire, no thunderclap,
Just endless ease in Guru's lap.

61

The body hums its old refrain,
The mind spins webs of loss and gain;
Your steady gaze cuts every thread,
And leaves me vast, alive, unfed.

62

The world still calls with tug and tear,
Old echoes rise of hope and fear;
But in Your hush, both fade from view—
What once seemed mine now rests in You.

63

My restless pulse once chased the day,

A hundred wants in wild array;
Your quiet nearness stilled that race—
Now breath itself becomes Your grace.

64

Where once I roamed in search of You,
Your silence proved the seeker untrue;
Now nothing moves and all is clear—
Guru as this is simply Here.

65

Guru sends no armies out,
No weapons raised, no war to rout;
A single word breaks ego's holds—
Seated still, He wins all worlds.

66

Glorious is the victory won
With no opponent, none undone—
When ego falls and silence stays,
Guru triumphs in unseen ways.

67

Guru's presence—
Unknown in silence.
When active is a sense.
Guru's presence—

Known in silence.
By the sixth sense.

68

Seeker walks, but nowhere to go;
Guru stands, yet nothing to show;
Mind asks, but answer is none—
Silence proves all seeking done.

69

Knower rises—to know the Known;
Guru smiles— the knower is gone;
Knowledge drops—where ego fell;
Self remains as gnosis— the only tell.

70

Ego calls the search its right;
Guru turns that call to light;
What ego sought, ego cannot see—
Only absence sets it free.

71

You prayed for truth with earnest plea;
Guru showed the one who prays is the lie;
Seeing ended where prayer began—
Truth was never “you,” nor “I” again.

72

Mind says, "I'll reach." Guru says, "Who?"
Mind answers back but fades from view;
What reached was what never went—
Pathless path, by grace, unspent.

73

Thought claims the throne with borrowed might;
Guru's glance restores the rightful light;
When thinker falls, what thought meant—
Shines as Self, pure and innocent.

74

Ego guards its little claim to be;
Guru shows that claim is only "me";
When "me" dissolves in silent sight—
Being blooms as effortless light.

75

Ego weaves its fragile shell,
Guru's glance dissolves the spell;
Silent depths embrace the call,
Where no self or shadow fall.

76

"Mine" and "I" are clouds that part,

Guru lights the inner heart;
Without thought, with no divide,
Boundless space and bliss abide.

77

Mind clings tight to what it knows;
Guru lifts the veil it chose;
When knowing ends and knower dies—
Self stands clear, with open skies.

78

The mind clings to what it knows,
Guru strips away the shows;
When all display is put aside,
Truth stands Self—no light, no guide.

79

Self dissolves like morning dew,
Guru's word makes all things new;
In that ease beyond all strife,
Bloom unfolds as soul's pure life.

80

Seeker stands where shadows play;
Guru turns the night to day;
When all forms and fears depart—
Self unveils the silent heart.

81

All that rose now falls away;
Guru holds the final sway;
When even witnessing is gone—
Self abides as only One.

82

No path to walk, no self to free;
Guru ends the “I” in me;
In that end, all ends take flight—
Self alone remains as Light.

83

Ego’s guru is ego’s own,
Ego bows to ego’s throne;
Teaching circles round ego’s lie—
Self stays veiled from ego’s eye.

84

Ego builds a temple tall,
Echoes fill its empty hall;
Every chant repeats its name,
Self unheard, beyond the frame.

85

Ego crowns itself as king,

Blind to truth the sages sing;
Lessons loop in hollow sound,
Self remains not yet unbound.

86

Ego guards its fragile pride,
Shadows where the Self must hide;
Seeking wisdom, finding none,
Self concealed, the work undone.

87

Ego's path is winding stone,
Leading back to self alone;
Yet the silence breaks the spell,
Self awakens, knows it well.

88

Ego weaves its careful web,
Holds the heart in patterns dead;
Guru's silence cuts the thread—
Self steps forth where fear once led.

89

Ego paints the world in guise,
Colors drawn from borrowed lies;
Self, the canvas pure and wide,
Waits beneath where truth must bide.

90

Ego claims the teacher's chair,
Preaching doctrines thin as air;
Self remains the hidden guest,
Silent, watching, no interest.

91

Ego fears the mirror's gaze,
Lost within its crafted maze;
Self reflects a deeper light,
Shining still beyond the night.

92

Ego clings to fleeting form,
Shelter built against the storm;
Self abides in timeless ground,
Where no walls or chains are found.

93

Ego chants its endless creed,
Feeding want disguised as need;
Self is quiet, vast, and free,
Rooted in eternity.

94

Ego bows to ego's lore,

Guarding tightly every door;
Self, the key, awaits the hand,
Opening truth across the land.

95

Ego fades when silence grows,
Self revealed, the river flows;
The guru false dissolves away—
Self alone now lights the way.

96

Ego's words repeat the same;
Feed the seeker, fuel the claim;
Only when this guru dies—
Dawns the Truth no ego tries.

97

Ego fades where Guru stands;
Silent grace in empty hands;
When the "T" forgets its claim—
Self alone remains the same.

98

Self reveals what Self has shown;
Guru stands as Self alone;
No two lights, no separate guide—
Only Self on Self's own side.

99

Self is teacher, Self is friend,
Alpha source and final end;
No division, none to hide,
Self abides where none reside.

100

Self is lamp that needs no flame,
Shining past both form and name;
Guru's mask dissolves away,
Self alone commands the day.

101

Self is river, Self is sea,
Flowing into unity;
No two currents, none divide,
Self is all, and all inside.

102

Self is silence, Self is song,
Timeless truth where all belong;
False guru has stepped aside,
Self remains the only guide.

103

Self is mountain, vast and still,

Rooted deep in boundless will;
No horizon marks its span,
Self is endless, more than man.

104

Self is breath that none can bind,
Air of spirit, pure, refined;
Guru's voice is hushed and gone,
Self alone sings on and on.

105

Self is fire that does not burn,
Light of wisdom all must learn;
No two flames in truth abide,
Self alone is sanctified.

106

Self is sky without a seam,
Holding earth within its dream;
Guru fades, the clouds depart,
Self shines clear in every heart.

107

Self is seed and Self is tree,
Bearing fruit eternally;
No division, none to sow,
Self alone is all we know.

108

Self is path without a turn,
No step remains, no truth to learn;
Guru's shadow falls away,
Only Is—night, day, no day.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Two

The Is (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

Self is One, and One is all,
Answering the seeker's call;
No two lights, no separate guide—
Only Self on Self's own side.

2

Where all forms and names depart,
Guru rises as the heart;
In that seeing, pure and free—
Self is Guru, Guru is “no-me.”

3

When the seeker drops the quest,
Guru moves within the chest;
Nothing left to seek or see—
Self alone is “I” set free.

4

No seeker left, no path to tread,
Guru's grace has cut the thread;
Where all questions cease to be—
Self alone stands, ever free.

5

Self is None, and None is all,
Silent to the seeker's call;
When the final veil is done—
None remains; the One is gone.

6

None is lamp without a flame,
Truth beyond both Self and name;
Guru rests, the silence stays,
None beyond all seen and ways.

7

None is river without shore,
Flowing where there is no more;
Seeker's oar dissolves in stream,
None alone completes the dream.

8

None is sky without a seam,
Boundless void, the final theme;
Stars dissolve and fade away,
None abides beyond all day.

9

None is song that cannot sound,

Echo lost, no notes are found;
Yet the *asilence* sings within,
None reveals what Self has been.

10

None is seed that does not grow,
Rootless ground where truths must go;
Harvest gone, the field is bare,
None alone is everywhere.

11

None is wind that does not move,
Stillness none can ever prove;
When all motions cease to be,
None alone is liberty.

12

None is path without a tread,
Trail erased where seekers bled;
Journey ends, the road is gone,
None remains, and all is One.

13

None is fire that does not burn,
Ashless truth none must learn;
Flame extinguished, light withdrawn,
None alone shines on and on.

14

None is wave without the sea,
Rise and fall in harmony;
When the motion fades to none,
Stillness speaks: All, yet One.

15

None is breath that does not rise,
Air beyond the seeker's guise;
Silent lungs no longer strive,
None alone keeps all alive.

16

None is door without a frame,
Opens wide yet none can claim;
Entry fades when self is gone—
None alone remains as day and dawn.

17

None is crown without a head,
Throne where every king is dead;
Empire lost, the rule undone,
None enthrones the only One.

18

None is cup that holds no wine,

Empty yet the taste divine;
When the drinker fades away,
None alone is feast and day.

19

None is gate that does not close,
Doorway where no crossing goes;
Seeker gone, the key is none,
None alone is all begun.

20

None is ink that leaves no trace,
Script unwritten, boundless space;
When the scribe dissolves in rest,
None alone is final text.

21

None is bell that does not ring,
Soundless tone in everything;
When the listener fades away,
None alone is song and sway.

22

None is One, and One is None,
Circle ends where all is done;
Guru silent, seeker gone—
None alone remains as One.

23

God is None, and Guru None,
Self as None is all begun;
When the name and form are done—
None alone is Three made One.

24

God is None, and Guru None;
Self is None, the All-in-One.
When the last of thought is gone—
None alone remains as Silent One.

25

God is None, and None is Guru;
Self is None, the only true.
When the final veil is done—
None alone is Trinity in One.

26

None is God, and God is None,
Guru silent, Self undone;
When the seeker's path is through—
None alone is all that's true.

27

None is Word that cannot speak,

None the strong, and None the weak;
When the final sound is stilled—
None alone is all fulfilled.

28

None is crown and None is throne,
None the many, None the One;
When the last of names are gone—
None alone is all begun.

29

None is end and None the start,
None the whole of every part;
When the final veil is drawn—
None alone remains as Dawn.

30

None is prayer that none can say,
Silent night and voiceless day;
When devotion fades to none—
None alone is All-in-One.

31

None is temple, None the shrine,
None the sacred, None divine;
When the worshipper is gone—
None alone is everyone.

32

None is path that none can tread,
None the living, None the dead;
When the pilgrim's steps are done—
None alone is All-in-One.

33

None is circle, None the square,
None the answer, None the prayer;
When the seeker's search is done—
None alone is only One.

34

None is silence, None the sound,
None the lost, and None the found;
When the final thought is gone—
None alone is All-in-One.

35

None is all, and all is None;
Seeker, Guru, Self are done.
Where the final light is drawn—
Only None remains as One.

36

None is One, and One is None,

Trinity dissolved, all done;
Guru, God, and Self are gone—
None alone remains as One.

37

None is flame that casts no light,
None the day and None the night;
When the watcher's eyes are gone—
None alone is ever One.

38

None is All, and All is None;
Name and form to silence run.
When the last of "I" is done—
None alone remains as One.

39

You ask the "I"—it fades from sight;
You seek the source—ego loses might;
Question falls where questioner dies—
Guru alone remains, the Self that lies.

40

Silent, He seems unknown;
Silent, His truth is shown—
Guru is felt intense
Only by sixth sense.

41

“Who am I?”—ego asks the call;
Asking only makes it tall.
Seeker stands and seeker stays—
Thus the question veils the Way.

42

“Who am I?”—the ego cries,
Building towers toward the skies.
Each demand obscures the flame—
Guru waits beyond the name.

43

Seeker trapped within the call;
The question builds a subtle wall.
Question veils the silent Way—
Guru’s light dissolves the play.

44

Seeker stands and seeker stays,
Guarding self through endless days.
Motion halts, the wheel is bound—
Guru’s step is not yet found.

45

Ego asks “Who am I?” to stay;

Mind weaves answers its own way;
Question turns in endless play;
Only Guru ends who asks, not why.

46

“Who am I?”—repeated cry;
Vasanas lift the ego high.
Inquiry turns to mental spin—
Technique can’t break the self within.

47

Mind responds with borrowed shine—
“Witness... Brahma... Self divine.”
Words may glow, but none set free;
Concept ever clouds the Real to be.

48

Words repeat, but nothing’s found;
Habit turns the circle round.
Technique lifts the doer’s claim—
Inquiry fuels the seeker’s name.

49

Ego kneels yet keeps its throne;
Craves the light to call its own.
Masks devotion with desire—
Hides itself within the fire.

50

Ego bends but not breaks;
Saintry robe is all it takes.
Thirst for Truth becomes its game—
Thus it lives with altered name.

51

Visions rise, and feelings sweep;
Dreams grow loud, and Truth grows deep.
Fantasy wears the saintly face—
Guru alone reveals the trace.

52

Mind drifts far in dreamlike sway;
Echoed lights pretend the Way.
Shadowed glimpses charm the whole—
Guru's glance unveils the soul.

53

Guru halts the asking "I";
Cuts the knot that questions why.
When seeker, thought, and search are done—
Self stands forth as silent One.

54

Guru stills the restless "why";

Drains the root of asking “I.”
When the question fades from sight—
Self appears as native light.

55

I dissolves into the stream,
Ego fades like fleeting dream.
Seeker gone, the Way revealed—
Guru’s hand the wound has healed.

56

Silent flame consumes the word,
No more asking shall be heard.
Name dissolves, the veil is torn—
Guru’s gaze leaves none forlorn.

57

Silence blooms where thought once stirred;
Breath itself becomes unheard.
Guru’s stillness clears the Way—
Light remains; the rest gives way.

58

Guru speaks without a sound,
Flame descends, the heart unbound.
No more seeker, none to stay—
Only light unveils the Way.

59

Flame that burns yet leaves no ash,
Light that strikes without a clash.
Guru's fire consumes the night—
Seeker gone, the Way is bright.

60

Cycle closed, the petals fall,
No more seeker, none to call.
Guru's gift beyond all frame—
Only silence speaks the Name.

61

Wordless song, the cave resounds,
Echo fades, no self surrounds.
Guru's silence speaks the whole—
Transmission fills the seeker's soul.

62

Hands release, no grasp remains,
River flows through loosened chains.
Guru's gift is not acquired—
Only given, never desired.

63

No more subject, none to see,

No more object, none to be.
Dual poles collapse in One—
Guru's work is wholly done.

64

Niguru chants the hollow name,
Offering shadow, not the flame.
True Guru burns the veil apart—
Transmission strikes the seeker's heart.

65

Ego asks and ego stays—
Guru alone clears all the ways.
Ego asks and ego lives—
Guru alone the answer gives.

66

When ego asks, the path is night;
When Guru dawns, the question's slight.
No seeker left, no self to be—
Only Silence shines as He.

67

Silent flame, no question burns;
Name dissolves, and none returns.
Guru speaks without a word—
Way unveiled, no seeker heard.

68

Where ego's pleased, the path is wrong;
Where praise is given, false grows strong.
If words excite, the truth is thin—
Only silent fire melts within.

69

Where ego smiles, the path is bent;
Its joy is false, its fuel soon spent.
The Guru's flame does not appease—
It burns the "I" with silent ease.

70

Where ego hopes, the path divides;
Where doubt appears, devotion hides.
Guru's glance unmakes the fear—
Truth stands simple, pure, and clear.

71

When words excite, the truth is thin,
A glittered mask, no fire within.
The seeker lost in verbal play
Misses the flame that melts away.

72

When mind applauds its crafted line,

It crowns the false as though divine.
Guru's glance undoes the claim—
Leaving only the formless flame.

73

Names alone are brittle thread,
Without the flame, the line is dead.
True Guru's breath ignites the chain—
False mouths recite, but leave no flame.

74

Where names abound but fire is none,
The mind feels rich yet truth undone.
Guru's spark defeats the night—
One glance turns shadow into light.

75

Clever speech may dazzle eyes,
But wisdom clothed in show is lies.
Transmission lives in silent ground,
Not in applause or verbal sound.

76

Mind that shines to win acclaim
Is but a moth that seeks the flame.
Guru's fire consumes its flight—
Leaving space for Real Light.

77

Rituals done with pride are vain,
They bind the heart in hollow chain.
The cave of fire dissolves the rite,
Leaving only the flame's pure light.

78

Where effort grows without release,
The restless mind mistakes for peace.
Guru's touch undoes the strain—
Flow appears, yet none remain.

79

Titles worn with pomp and might
Are shadows blocking inner sight.
The Guru's seal is not a name—
It's silent fire, beyond acclaim.

80

When ego stands to guard its throne,
It claims the path as though its own.
Guru's gaze removes the claim—
Revealing none who sought the flame.

81

Tears and thrills may seem profound,

But fleeting waves are not the ground.
The melting fire does not excite—
It burns the self in silent night.

82

Where longing swells without the Guide,
Desire returns in saintly pride.
Guru's touch dissolves the ache—
Leaving truth no wish can take.

83

Mind's debate may weave a snare,
But truth is not in logic's lair.
The fire dissolves both thought and scheme,
Leaving only the silent stream.

84

Understanding builds a wall,
A shining gate that leads to fall.
Guru's glance breaks knowledge's pride—
Revealing truth with none inside.

85

Books amassed, the seeker proud,
Yet wisdom hides beneath the shroud.
Transmission's flame no page can bind—
It melts the self, not feed the mind.

86

Verses learned and spoken well
May charm the ear yet cast no spell.
Guru's fire the tongue can't claim—
It rises only from the Flame.

87

Crowds may cheer, the stage may glow,
But hollow seeds are all they sow.
The Guru's gift is not for show—
It burns unseen, the self to go.

88

When poses rise to look devout,
The inner flame is soon burnt out.
Guru's truth needs none to see—
It blooms within, unseen and free.

89

Humility worn as outward show
Is just another mask to glow.
Guru's glance strips mimicry—
Leaving heart in naked clarity.

90

At center rests the melting flame,

No ego, praise, or hollow claim.
It burns within, beyond all din—
Only silent fire dissolves within.

91

When self resists the inward blaze,
It strengthens night in subtle ways.
Guru's fire admits no fight—
It ends the "I" in effortless light.

92

No question left, no self to see;
The silent fire has set me free.
Guru's light, the only Way—
All else fades, dissolved in Ray.

93

Atma stands at heart's center,
There no ego dares to enter.
Though ego acts scenter—
Atma remains the epicenter.

94

Ego struts with claim of deed,
Boasting work and sowing seed.
Yet Atma moves without conceit—
The silent source of all indeed.

95

Ego shouts, “Behold my role!”
Claiming power it cannot control.
Atma acts without a trace—
The unseen pulse of timeless Grace.

96

Ego claims, “I stand alone,”
Yet trembles when the light is shown.
Atma needs no self-display—
It holds the world in hidden play.

97

Men believe their acts are theirs,
Bound by pride and worldly cares.
But Atma breathes through all hands,
The hidden flame that truly stands.

98

Ego claims, “My will is done,”
Owning battles never won.
Atma moves without intent—
Source of all that came and went.

99

Ego moves in outward show,

Atma works—the truth below.
Ego claims, but does not know;
Atma alone makes currents flow.

100

When ego drops its claim to do,
The silent Self comes into view.
Atma moves without a “who”—
The One behind all seeming two.

101

Ego of all men acts,
Yet Atma alone enacts.
Ego claims the deed as fact,
But Atma is the guiding tact.

102

Though ego moves in every man,
It is Atma that sustains the plan.
Ego grows loud of work begun,
But Atma alone completes the run.

103

Ego claims each thought as mine,
Stringing words in crooked line.
Yet Atma breathes the silent sign—
The source of knowing, pure, divine.

104

Ego boasts in voice and sound,
Declaring truths it has not found.
But Atma speaks without a bound,
The wordless flame where all is drowned.

105

Ego labors, proud of deed,
Counting merit, sure indeed.
Yet Atma moves without the need—
The hidden hand in every deed.

106

Ego longs with restless fire,
Chasing forms that soon expire.
But Atma holds the true attire—
The stillness none can ever tire.

107

Ego clings to love's embrace,
Seeking self in other's face.
Yet Atma shines through every space—
The giver none can displace.

108

Ego fears the final breath,

Clutching life, resisting death.
But Atma stands beyond the sheath—
The epicenter, flame beneath.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

The Is (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

No nation rises by outward claim,
But by the hearts that lose all name;
If one flame spreads from Guru's lore—
Almighty needs nothing more.

2

Guru needs no world to know;
Silent fire is how truths grow.
One who claims the sky is small—
Guru stands beyond it all.

3

Fit for the world, He need not be;
Fire that frees is Guru's decree.
Crowns are worn by those who fall—
Guru is crownless, yet crowns all.

4

The world may seek His healing grace,
Yet Guru walks no crowded place.
One heart lit in silent cheer—
His work is done when Truth is near.

5

World wins nothing—ego thrives;
Guru cuts the “one” who strives.
When seeker falls and none remain,
Inner conquest ends all gain.

6

World claims its throne—ego reigns;
Guru slays the false who feigns.
Seeker dies, no trace stays,
Guru alone, in timeless blaze.

7

Ego has to accept its defeat
When ‘I’ bow at His lotus feet.
Mind falls still in silent grace—
Atma alone remains in place.

8

Ego resists but cannot stand,
Its fortress crumbles, built on sand.
The flame consumes its hollow pride—
No refuge left, no place to hide.

9

The ‘I’ bends low in prayer,

Lotus feet are always there.
Pronoun dissolves in silent stream,
Guru alone fulfills the dream.

10

The more this 'I' begins to fade,
The clearer shines the light He made.
When all pretense is set aside,
Guru alone becomes the guide.

11

Thoughts once raging, now grow still,
Grace descends without the will.
Silent vastness fills the space—
Mind dissolves in boundless grace.

12

When silence rises, pure and bright,
The inner eye perceives the Light.
Not by effort, thought, or claim—
Guru awakens Truth's own flame.

13

When all the masks have slipped away,
Atma shines, a steady ray.
No subject left, no object seen—
Only the Self, serene, supreme.

14

When world returns in shifting hue,
Nothing stands apart as “two.”
Forms arise and fade as one—
All is Self, and self is none.

15

His glance ignites the hidden fire,
Burns the dross, consumes desire.
Transmission flows, no words are said—
The living flame by which we’re led.

16

When inner flame begins to rise,
It melts the walls that ego ties.
No path is walked, no steps are trod—
The light within itself is God.

17

Seer and seen no longer two,
Knower dissolves in what is true.
The mirror shatters, yet remains—
Only the One, beyond all names.

18

Though life moves on in form and flow,

No doer stands to say, “I know.”
Acts arise and fade away—
Atma alone performs the play.

19

False guides may chant, but lack the flame,
Their lineage hollow, built on name.
Without transmission, words decay—
Niguru leads the heart astray.

20

A thousand words may sound the same,
Yet none can spark the inner flame.
Only the Guru’s silent breath
Can free the heart from living death.

21

Grace descends without a sound,
In stillness, truth alone is found.
No effort made, no striving done—
Silence reveals the only One.

22

When all control is laid to rest,
And nothing claims to know the best,
The heart opens without a plea—
Guru unveils what Truth must be.

23

The final bow, the last release,
Brings the seeker into peace.
No claim remains, no self to keep—
The soul dissolves in boundless deep.

24

Where seeker ends and silence starts,
A deeper pulse begins in hearts.
No separate life, no self to be—
Only the Self in unity.

25

From emptiness, a light appears,
Beyond the reach of time or years.
It shines without a source or flame—
The Self alone, forever same.

26

Though worlds may rise and worlds may fall,
The Self remains untouched by all.
No tide can shift its silent ground—
It is the One in which all's found.

27

Guru's breath, a silent stream,

Carries truth beyond the dream.
No doctrine taught, no text to read—
Living flame fulfills the need.

28

When Guru's flame begins to rise,
It clears the fog before the eyes.
No separate self remains to see—
Only the Self in unity.

29

Cycle complete, the petals close,
In stillness, only Atma shows.
No ego left, no mind in place—
The Self remains, eternal grace.

30

When all is stilled and Self is seen,
Guru shines as what has been.
No second source, no path apart—
He is the Light within every heart.

31

His Light moves on without a sound,
Revealing truth where none was found.
No thought can grasp, no mind can trace—
Guru alone illuminates grace.

32

When grace is seen, all fears depart;
A quiet strength pervades the heart.
No shadow stays, no doubt remains—
The Self alone through all sustains.

33

When seeking ends, the doors expand;
The world itself becomes His land.
No place to go, no path to chart—
Guru resides in every heart.

34

All paths dissolve in silent light,
Where Guru ends the seeker's plight.
No "I" remains to roam or stray—
The Self stands clear as nameless Way.

35

No seeker left, no path to trace—
All rests in Guru's timeless grace.
The Self alone is all that is—
Eternal, boundless, ever His.

36

The seeker is unreal;

Self alone is real.
Guru alone can reveal—
Truth resists appeal.

37

The seeker fades like mist at dawn;
His quest dissolves—mirage withdrawn.
Unreal hand cannot grasp the Real;
The phantom self—no flame can seal.

38

The searcher's cry is hollow sound,
No seeker stands when Truth is found.
The mirror breaks, the mask undone,
The unreal seeker is none.

39

The path imagined bends and folds;
The seeker's tale the mind upholds.
When the flame consumes the lie,
The seeker dies—Self ever nigh.

40

Self alone abides, unshaken
By dream or doubt—never forsaken.
No birth, no death, no fleeting role;
Self is whole, and Self the goal.

41

The Self is light without a name,
The silent core, the deathless flame.
No other truth the world can show,
The Self alone is all we know.

42

Self cannot know what Self is,
Knowing belongs to ego's quiz.
When the knower dissolves away—
Self alone remains, no "self" to say.

43

The Self is real, the rest is play,
The shadows pass, the flame will stay.
No seeker's hand, no worldly claim—
Self alone remains the same.

44

Guru alone unveils the sight,
The hidden Self, the deathless light.
No book, no plea, no borrowed lore,
The Guru opens the secret door.

45

The Guru speaks without a word,

His silence louder than what's heard.
The gift He gives is only None—
With Him alone, the Self is One.

46

Guru alone can pierce the veil,
Where seeker's effort all will fail.
His glance ignites, His presence heals,
The Guru alone the Truth reveals.

47

Truth resists the seeker's plea,
No bargain wins Reality.
No argument, no clever art,
Truth stands apart, beyond the heart.

48

Truth will not bend to mortal will;
No prayer, no practice, no learned skill.
It shines alone, it does not yield;
The sword of Truth none can wield.

49

Truth resists appeal, unmoved,
By reason's claim or faith unproved.
It stands alone, the final seal,
The Guru shows what none can steal.

50

Ego gone,
Self drawn—
A new dawn;
Atma is on.

51

Name fades,
Form wanes—
Silent shades;
Guru pervades.

52

Mind stills,
Heart fills—
No will;
Calm thrill.

53

False fall,
No call—
One All;
None small.

54

Dust clear,

Light near—
No fear;
Flame here.

55

Bond broke,
Veil smoke—
Om spoke;
Self woke.

56

Eye closed,
None posed—
Gate rose;
Path disclosed.

57

Time gone,
Space withdrawn—
Cycle done;
Truth on.

58

Wave cease,
Depth peace—
No lease;
Release.

59

Song hushed,
Walls crushed—
Pulse stilled;
Void revealed.

60

Name none,
Self one—
Work done;
Sun alone.

61

Flame lit,
Cave fit—
Guru sits;
Grace transmits.

62

Drop pride,
Guru guide—
Flame wide;
Self inside.

63

Mask torn,

None worn—
Light unborn;
Nothing sworn.

64

Chain break,
Dream quake—
Self awake;
No mistake.

65

Cloud part,
Pure heart—
Self depart;
Sacred art.

66

Grip loose,
Mind truce—
No use;
No excuse.

67

Gate clear,
Path near—
None fear;
Guru here.

68

Word fall,
Self all—
Ego wall;
None small.

69

Breath slow,
Currents flow—
Untruth shallow;
No show.

70

Dark gone,
Lamp on—
Self one;
Truth alone.

71

Form fade,
Ego laid—
Self never made;
None afraid.

72

Bond shed,

Steps dead—
Guru ahead;
Niguru fled.

73

Void vast,
Knots past—
None cast;
Nothing lost.

74

Veil torn,
Self unborn—
Night forlorn;
Pure morn.

75

Breath flows,
Not blows—
None know;
Guru's glow.

76

Chain breaks,
None wakes—
Maya quakes;
What partakes?

77

No cash,
Minds clash—
No sash;
Ego ash.

78

Word rises, then bends to mean;
Meaning breaks in paradox keen.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, not even essence.

79

Word to meaning, meaning worn;
Paradox leaves silence torn.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no final sense.

80

Word ascends, but falters near;
Paradox cuts the husk of fear.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no essence clear.

81

Word dissolves, its garment thin;

Paradox strips what lay within.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no sense akin.

82

Word flames, then turns to ash;
Paradox strikes with sudden clash.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no essence.

83

Word wanes, its meaning slow;
Paradox lets all footing go.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, nothing to know.

84

Word leaps, then breaks apart;
Paradox pierces the beating heart.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no essence.

85

Word fades, its echo mild;
Paradox leaves silence wild.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no sense reconciled.

86

Word climbs, then bends to fall;
Paradox shatters meaning's wall.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no essence at all.

87

Word thins, its thread undone;
Paradox ends what had begun.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no sense begun.

88

Word rises, then bends to break;
Paradox cuts the final stake.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no essence awake.

89

Word wanes, its meaning spent;
Paradox leaves no argument.
Silence burns past Asilence—
None remains, no sense content.

90

No word to rise, no sense to stay;

Paradox spent, thrown away.
Silence burned past Asilence—
None remains. Not even this.

91

Word rises, then bends to mean;
Meaning clings, though never keen.
Guru stands, the flame unseen—
None remains beyond the screen.

92

Meaning breaks in paradox sharp;
Sense dissolves, a hollow harp.
Bondage falls, the veil undone—
None resounds; the cut is done.

93

Silence falls when word is gone;
Absence stands—no dusk, no dawn.
Guru's flame is never drawn—
None remains, beyond span.

94

Silence stands—no crossing there;
Without the Guru, it stays a shore.
Asilence burns past silence—
None remains, beyond essence.

95

Burning past both word and sense,
Past silence, past Asilence.
Guru's flame—no stand, no fence—
None remains, beyond all sense.

96

No word to rise, no silence stay;
Guru unseen—no path, no way.
Asilence burns itself to None—
Not even this remains. Done.

97

Breath moves first,
“I breathe” comes late;
Life flows free—
Ego stamps its date.

98

Thought appears, then claims a name;
Action moves before the same.
Deeds unfold by silent law—
Ego signs what life already saw.

99

Words arise without a pen,

Steps are taken, walked, and then
“I did this” is softly said—
Claim follows where act has fled.

100

Rain falls not by cloud’s command,
Rivers run without a plan;
So too life moves on its own—
Ego says, “This path I’ve known.”

101

Laughter bursts, no thinker near;
Tears arrive, no seer to fear.
Feeling comes, then story grows—
Ego writes what life bestows.

102

Work is done, the day completes;
Hands were moving, time retreats.
Life has flowed from dusk to dawn—
Ego says, “I carried on.”

103

No doer drives the wheel of days,
No owner owns the sun’s own rays;
All that moves has always flown—
Ego only claims as “own.”

104

Things just happen—
Simple, plain;
Ego claims—
Life remains.

105

Things just happen—silent flame;
No one grasps, none to name.
Life flows on, beyond the claim,
Truth abides, forever same.

106

Things just happen, clouds drift by,
No one questions, none ask why.
Silent flame, no hand to claim,
Life unfolds without a name.

107

Simple, plain, the path is clear,
No adornment lingers here.
Bare and bright, the moment sings,
Unadorned, it carries wings.

108

Ego shouts, “This all is mine!”

But hollow words dissolve in time.
Grasping hands reach out in vain,
Only silence will remain.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Four

The Is (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

Life remains, the stream flows on,
Night dissolves, replaced by dawn.
Beyond the grasp, beyond the dream,
Being shines, a steady beam.

2

Clouds drift on, the sky is still,
Ego bends to fleeting will.
Shouts resound, but truth is plain,
Nothing lost, and none to gain.

3

Hands release, no need to hold,
Transmission burns, both fierce and bold.
Silent fire, no voice to speak,
Strength is found within the meek.

4

False flame flickers, names alone,
Guru's fire has no clone.
Empty words, a hollow sound,
True flame burns where truth is found.

5

Forms collapse, the veil is torn,
Duality no longer born.
Only Being, vast and free,
Carries on eternally.

6

Cycle spins, the petals fall,
Center still, embracing all.
Round and round, the wheel will turn,
Silent truths we slowly learn.

7

Who remains when claims depart?
Answer hides within the heart.
Silent question, endless call,
No one left, yet none to fall.

8

Hollow cries will fade away,
Silent truth alone will stay.
Names dissolve, the false undone,
Guru flame outshines the sun.

9

Things just happen, life flows free,

Guru flame burns eternally.
Silent stream, no need to claim,
Truth abides without a name.

10

Clear words leave no place to hide;
Meaning stands, the knower denied.
Clarity presses ego to the edge—
Silence completes the final pledge.

11

Clear words strike; no veil remains,
Speech unmask the ego's chains.
Language burns, the false undone,
Guru's tongue is blazing sun.

12

Meaning shines, yet none can claim,
Knower fades, dissolved in flame.
Sense stands free, without a name,
Transmission flows, beyond the frame.

13

Clarity walks the ego ever near,
Threshold sharp, no refuge here.
Self dissolves where silence waits,
Edge becomes the final gate.

14

Silence seals the vow complete,
Guru's flame, the heart's retreat.
No word remains, no self to keep,
Only depth, unfathomed, deep.

15

If words impress, the ego lives;
If fire burns, no teacher gives.
Where edge leaves none to cling or keep—
Truth rests not in speech, but silence deep.

16

If words impress, the ego thrives,
Speech adorns but never dives.
Yet silence cuts the root of show,
Truth abides where no words go.

17

If fire burns, no teacher gives,
No hand bestows, no master lives.
The flame consumes, unnamed,
Guru's depth is pure, untamed.

18

Where edge leaves none to cling or keep,

Self dissolves in surrender deep.
Grasping fails, the false undone,
The edge reveals the only One.

19

Truth rests not in speech's claim,
Not in chatter, not in fame.
Silence holds the final key,
Guru's flame eternally free.

20

No word to claim, no self to keep,
The fire burns, its silence deep.
At edge of all, the vow is made—
Guru abides where forms must fade.

21

Lust and wrath are gates that sway,
Greed and pride but lead astray;
Countless doors the seeker greets—
Ego stands where silence meets.

22

Many gates of want and blame,
Each one fed by "I" and name;
All fall easy when seen through—
Ego is the last gate true.

23

Lust and ire, the gates of fire,
Greed and pride mislead desire;
Countless doors the seeker tries—
Ego waits with silent eyes.

24

Every gate is fed by name,
“I” the root of want and blame;
All dissolve when vision’s true—
Ego stands, the last to undo.

25

Desire’s flame may bend and break,
Anger’s storm the heart may shake;
Yet beneath these shifting skies,
Ego hides with subtle guise.

26

Pride proclaims a lofty throne,
Greed demands what’s not its own;
But when their shadows fade away,
Ego lingers, cold as clay.

27

Words fell still; the ego stayed.

Silence claimed, the path delayed.
When the silent one was gone—
Gate dissolved; the Truth moved on.

28

Silence held, the “I” survived;
Silent knower still contrived.
When even silence could not stay—
No gate remained. No “I”. No way.

29

Silence whispers, “All is well,”
Yet within, the “I” can dwell;
Only when the knower dies,
Truth unveils with open skies.

30

Countless seekers walk the road,
Bearing silence as their load;
Few perceive the final snare—
Ego waits, still standing there.

31

Words may fall, the tongue grow still,
Mind may bend to silence’s will;
Yet the watcher, sly and sly,
Keeps the gate of subtle “I.”

32

Speech fell still, yet “I” remained,
Silence claimed, the path restrained;
When the silent one was gone,
Truth advanced, the gate withdrawn.

33

Silent knower still contrived,
Though the words no more survived;
When even silence lost its stay,
No “I” remained, no path, no way.

34

When the watcher fades away,
No more gate, no more delay;
Truth unbound, the path is free—
No “I” remains, no destiny.

35

All the gates of want and blame,
Rise and fall with “I” and name;
When the final gate is gone,
Only Truth moves ever on.

36

No more silence, no more “I,”

No more seeker left to try;
No more gate, no more way—
Only Truth, without decay.

37

Silence stops the noise of mind;
Asilence leaves no one behind.
When neither state can claim a name—
Self is, untouched by still or flame.

38

Silence comes when words withdraw;
Asilence—Guru's silent law.
When even this no "I" can tell—
Self alone remains, beyond all spell.

39

Silence stills the mind's own trace;
Asilence—Guru's silent grace.
When even silence has no claim—
Self is, untouched by still or flame.

40

No silence left, no state to claim,
No path, no edge, no inner flame.
Guru not found, nor Self defined—
Only What Is, with none behind.

41

Silence fades, yet none can say;
Asilence shines without decay.
No seeker left, no path to trace—
Only the Guru's formless grace.

42

Silence breaks, yet nothing lost;
Asilence pays no seeker's cost.
No "I" remains to guard or keep—
Only the depth where all dissolves deep.

43

Silence gone, yet nothing dies;
Asilence lives where no one tries.
Guru not found, nor Self retained—
Only the Is, unbound, unchained.

44

No word, no law, no spell to bind;
No silence left to still the mind.
Self not claimed, nor Guru named—
Only the flame that can't be framed.

45

No silence, no sound, no state to hold;

No Guru's grace in story told.
Self not found, nor flame defined—
Only the Is, with none behind.

46

Silence once was gate and law;
Asilence now no trace can draw.
Guru unseen, Self unclaimed—
Only the nameless, none proclaimed.

47

No silence, no grace, no law to bind;
No Guru's voice, no seeker's mind.
Self not held by still or flame—
Only the Is, beyond all claim.

48

Silence fades, the trace erased;
Asilence shines, no state replaced.
Guru dissolved, Self withdrawn—
Only the Is, forever dawn.

49

No silence left, no spell to weave;
No Guru's hand, no Self to grieve.
Only the Is, beyond all frame—
Untouched by silence, still, or flame.

50

No silence, no law, no grace to claim;
No Guru's path, no Self to name.
Only the Is, beyond all time—
Silent, formless, without rhyme.

51

Poems do not point to Truth's way;
They strip all veils that bar Its sway.
Nothing is given, nothing shown—
Truth is victorious when all else is gone.

52

No crown remains for Truth to wear;
No foe survives Its open air.
Victory fades with claims withdrawn—
Only Being, self-unborn.

53

Words forge no path to silent core;
They shatter chains the mind bore.
No map endures, no light bestowed—
Truth stands alone when fictions erode.

54

No throne awaits the Real's ascent;

No shadow lingers where veils are rent.
Claims crumble in Its boundless gaze—
Only the Void, an endless blaze.

55

Forms rise and fall in dream's deceit;
Truth mocks the dance with swift retreat.
Nothing to grasp, no prize to claim—
Self shines forth in the unlit flame.

56

No hymn can hold what songs deny;
No seeker lives when "I" must die.
All battles cease in bliss profound—
Being prevails, forever unbound.

57

Mind stills where thought no longer tides;
No wave remains on silence's sides.
Seer and seen no longer stand—
Samadhi shines when veils disband.

58

Breath halts, the *prana*'s fire consumes;
Ego dissolves beyond all rooms.
No "I" to claim the boundless sea—
Being alone, no word nor ecstasy.

59

Forms fade to *nada*'s subtle call;
No throne remains to bind at all.
Nirvikalpa, seedless and free—
Being alone, that only Be.

60

No path returns from that fierce light;
No one abides in day or night.
Jivanmukta—liberated here—
Samadhi leaves no trace of fear.

61

No one remains to live or free;
No bound, no path, no destiny.
Liberation leaves no mark, no trace—
Being alone, without a face.

62

No word remains to end or start;
No verse survives, no hidden part.
What was sought was never two—
None alone, and even this untrue.

63

Renunciation runs—not away,

But through the fire of each today.
Nothing shunned, yet nothing held on—
Ego falls while life goes on.

64

In every task, the flame is near,
Not to consume, but to make clear.
Ashes fall from grasping hands,
Freedom breathes as silence stands.

65

Not by leaving work or place,
But dropping claim in every case;
Hands still act, the heart unbinds—
Renunciation runs through minds.

66

The cup is empty, yet it fills,
Not by desire, nor by wills.
To hold is bondage, to shun is pride—
Renunciation walks inside.

67

Praise or blame may rise and fall;
Neither taken, nor felt at all.
Acts unfold without a name—
Renunciation runs the same.

68

The “I” dissolves, the world remains,
No loss endured, no binding chains.
Life continues, fresh and free,
Without the weight of “me” to be.

69

What comes is met, what goes released;
No gain pursued, no loss decreased.
In open hands, the moments run—
Renunciation lives as one.

70

The flame instructs without a word,
Its lesson felt, though never heard.
Burning falsehood, leaving true,
Renunciation shines anew.

71

No sign is worn to mark the free;
No vow proclaims austerity.
Life flows plain, without display—
Renunciation runs this way.

72

Neither mountain nor the street,

Renunciation makes both complete.
Not escape, nor worldly claim,
But living free, within the flame.

73

No role assumed, no mask in play;
No debt within to clear or pay.
Acts unfold, with none to claim—
Renunciation is the flame.

74

No silence left, no mind to still;
No seeker's path, no self-will.
Self not marked by flame or name—
Only the Is, beyond all frame.

75

No banner raised, no trumpet call;
Renunciation leaves no sign at all.
Invisible, yet vast in scope—
Surrender stands where ends all hope.

76

No robe proclaims the inward shift;
No act performed to earn the gift.
What drops away was never mine—
Renunciation runs as line.

77

Guru's glance ignites the heart,
Renunciation plays its part.
Not by effort, not by plan—
Surrender stands where none began.

78

Grace moves first, before the choice;
Renunciation has no voice.
What falls away was never true—
Life remains, clear, whole, and new.

79

No cave of stone, but cave of mind;
Renunciation stands behind.
Withdrawn from grasp, yet open wide,
The cave is lit from deep inside.

80

Not less of life, nor narrow frame;
Renunciation widens flame.
Each step free, yet fully here—
Nothing renounced, yet nothing dear.

81

Eating, walking, speaking plain,

Renunciation breaks the chain.
In common acts, the ego dies,
And life is seen with Guru's eyes.

82

No end is reached, no start undone;
Renunciation simply runs.
In every breath, without a claim,
Life lives itself—no self, no name.

83

False renunciation wears a name,
But never bears the living flame.
Niguru clings to hollow show—
True renunciation lets it go.

84

True renunciation leaves no trace;
No badge to wear, no lofty place.
It walks unseen in common days—
A silent fire, a hidden blaze.

85

Renunciation runs—not away,
But through the fire of each today.
Nothing held, yet nothing to shun—
Guru lives, and life is One.

86

Nothing abandoned, nothing kept;
No vow is sworn, no path is stepped.
In living free from grasp and run—
Renunciation and life are One.

87

What comes is served, what goes released;
No gain pursued, no loss increased.
In simple acts, without a claim—
Renunciation keeps its flame.

88

Nothing renounced, nothing won;
No two remain, not even one.
Life lives itself, without a claim—
Renunciation has no name.

89

Devotion asks for nothing's gain;
Favour descends when claims are slain.
Not earned by tears, nor ritual's art—
Grace blooms unasked, within the heart.

90

Devotion bows with empty hands,

No bargain struck, no measured plans.
The heart unburdened, silent, plain—
In stillness waits, without a claim.

91

Devotion stands with nothing due;
No debt to clear, no vow to renew.
When asking ends, the heart is free—
Grace moves first, silently.

92

The ego's ledger fades away,
No merit tallied, none to weigh.
When self dissolves, the gift is near—
Grace descends when none is here.

93

No plea is raised, no sign is sought;
Devotion rests beyond all thought.
When nothing's asked and none appear—
Grace abides, already here.

94

No rite can bind the boundless flame,
No chant can cage the nameless Name.
The hollow form dissolves apart—
The Guru dwells within the heart.

95

No prayer remains to reach or send;
Devotion bows where paths all end.
When form and seeker both depart—
Grace stands revealed as Guru's heart.

96

Not tears nor cries compel the sky,
No pleading voice can force reply.
The Giver moves by silent art—
Unasked, the bloom unfolds at heart.

97

No promise made, no boon to earn;
Devotion waits for no return.
When all demands are laid to rest—
Grace lives as what the heart has guessed.

98

Within the cave where mind is stilled,
The lamp of grace is self-fulfilled.
No outward show, no worldly part—
The flame ignites within the heart.

99

No sign appears, yet all is known;

No light is sought, yet light has shone.
When self falls silent, empty, bare—
Grace breathes as life, already there.

100

Niguru speaks of gain and trade,
Of rituals sold, of debts repaid.
But true descent no coin imparts—
Grace blooms unasked, beyond all charts.

101

No fee is paid, no vow is signed;
Grace comes free when claims unwind.
Where nothing's owned and none demand—
Devotion rests in open hand.

102

The seeker fades, the search is gone,
The night dissolves without a dawn.
No “mine” remains, no separate part—
The One alone sustains the heart.

103

No giver left, no gift bestowed;
Grace stands where none have ever owed.
Devotion ends where truth is plain—
Only the One, without a name.

104

The Guru's glance, a wordless tide,
No doctrine taught, no form supplied.
The flame is passed without a start—
It burns unseen within the heart.

105

No bond remains to hold or part;
Guru and Grace dissolve as art.
What lights the way leaves none to claim—
Life breathes itself, the self a name.

106

To gain is loss, to lose is gain,
The self erased, the Self is plain.
The paradox dissolves apart—
Grace flows unasked into the heart.

107

No one remains to bow or rise;
Devotion sheds its final guise.
When giver, gift, and goal depart—
Grace stands revealed as beating heart.

108

Silence gone, no seeker's stay;

Asilence shines, no night, no day.
Guru not found, nor Self defined—
Only the Is, with none behind.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

The Is (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

A hidden bud begins to rise,
Unseen by world, beyond the eyes.
No gardener tends, no outward art—
The flower opens in the heart.

2

No bloom to claim, no fruit to keep;
Grace wakes where none are left to reap.
What opens here was never sought—
The heart knows what the mind forgot.

3

No two remain, no one apart,
The Giver and the gift are heart.
The bloom dissolves, no flame imparts—
All is One, and One is heart.

4

Nothing to seal, no end begun;
The circle breaks before it's spun.
What seemed to flower, burn, or part—
Falls silent here: no two, no heart.

5

The cycle ends where it began,
No seeker left, no separate man.
Devotion asks for nothing's gain—
Grace blooms unasked—beyond all claim.

6

No word to close, no truth to claim;
No path recalled, no step, no name.
What was, is not—nor ever part—
None alone remains as heart.

7

Guru is flame, eternal and bright,
Disciple the wick, awaiting light.
Without the flame, the wick is vain,
Darkness alone, a hollow chain.

8

Flame without wick burns unseen,
Silent radiance, pure and clean.
Yet union births the lamp of grace,
Illumining cave, dissolving space.

9

Wick without flame is form without soul,

A vessel unlit, a half-made whole.
Niguru's hand leaves seekers blind,
False lineage traps the searching mind.

10

When flame descends, wick surrenders,
Transmission flows, no pretenders.
Guru and disciple merge as one,
Lamp of silence, fire, moon and sun.

11

Lamp illumines the cave of heart,
Where Om stands, tearing apart.
Sound and silence collapse in play,
Duality dies, night meets day.

12

Flame is giver, wick receiver,
Union dissolves the false believer.
No self remains, no claim to keep,
Only surrender, vast and deep.

13

Darkness warns of hollow guides,
Niguru names where truth subsides.
Flame alone outlives the word—
Transmission moves where silence stirred.

14

Guru's flame is not display,
It burns the ego night and day.
Disciple's wick must bow and bend,
Only then does darkness end.

15

Lamp becomes *mandala* bright,
Twelve petals bloom in silent night.
Each petal a gate of surrender,
Each gate a koan, truth defender.

16

Flame is silence, wick is sound;
Om's dot—no point to hold—is found.
No start, no end, no grasping mind—
Only the cave where truth is kind.

17

Guru is giver, disciple is gone,
Transmission flows, the self withdrawn.
Wick and flame leave nothing to meet—
Surrender stands, not made complete.

18

Lamp dissolves; the cave remains.

Om stands free of sound and chains.
Guru and disciple vanish too,
Only asilence, vast and true.

19

Walking, eating, speaking plain,
No inner loss, no hidden gain.
Nothing sought, nothing to flee—
Life lives itself, simply free.

20

Fuel of surrender, pure and clear,
Carried in silence, without fear.
Approach the flame with empty hand,
Only humility can withstand.

21

Faith thins doubt; devotion flows,
The heart made ready as it bows.
Without this yielding, wick stays cold—
No flame received, no truth bestowed.

22

Discipline steadies, clears the ground;
Tapas thins the self it found.
The vessel shaped of breath and clay,
Unbroken enough to burn away.

23

Pride is poison, spilling the jar;
Borrowed fire cannot travel far.
The vessel rests in silence deep,
Where Guru's flame alone may keep.

24

Surrender rests in heart's own cave,
Not in words the ego gave.
Fuel dissolves the self's demand—
The flame moves free, with no hand.

25

Breath shapes the pot, alive, unclaimed;
No breath is used, no Om is named.
Trust thins itself, then leaves no trace—
Guru alone ignites that space.

26

Mind as vessel cracks with doubt;
Silence shows what must burn out.
Only the heart, unguarded, whole,
Can host the flame that ends the soul.

27

Love gives itself and asks no more;

The body bows, not crowned a throne.
Guru's flame descends, does its way—
No union held, no light to stay.

28

No gold is borne, no worldly claim;
Such vessels fail before the flame.
Emptiness alone endures—
Surrender leaves no lamp impure.

29

Patience remains when haste is gone;
Time loosens grip, no path is drawn.
No grasp, no will, no forward skill—
Transmission flows when heart is still.

30

Silence thins; no fuel remains.
Song falls mute where nothing reigns.
Guru and disciple leave no sign—
No lamp to light, no dark, no shine.

31

The vessel disappears;
Fuel dissolves, no form appears.
None alone, vast and free,
Guru and disciple cease to be.

32

Walking happens, breath goes on;
Nothing gained, and nothing gone.
No one left to say or see—
Life is lived, just as it be.

33

The words are gold,
For the fire is old.
Nothing new is told—
Forms unrolled.

34

The flame does not fade,
Though shadows parade.
Silence is the blade,
Cutting masquerade.

35

No claim remains when seen as such;
Names drop off, they matter not much.
What stands needs neither proof nor plea—
Seen once, it cannot be.

36

The Guru is near,

Though unseen by ear.
The false forms appear,
But dissolve in fear.

37

Coming, going—left as is.
No reach, no hold, no “this.”
Seeing without a seer—
Nothing near, and nothing here.

38

The cave is deep,
Where the secrets sleep.
No promise to keep,
Only void to reap.

39

No depth to plumb,
No truth to claim.
What posed as Truth
Was empty name.

40

The breath is still,
Beyond seeker’s will.
The mountain is hill—
No flame left to fulfill.

41

No state attains,
No loss remains.
What came and went
Leaves no remains.

42

No cycle turned,
As ego burned.
No one learned.
Nothing earned.

43

No path remained.
No ground was found.
What seemed to stand
Was not around.

44

The name is dust,
Sans the flame's trust.
Niguru's crust
Collapses to rust.

45

No claim survives.

No voice prevails.
No flame thrives—
Already fails.

46

Gate stands wide.
None may hide.
Nothing inside—
Guru, implied.

47

No door ahead.
No step made.
What seemed ahead
Was already laid.

48

Patterns spin,
Then fall within.
No loss, no win—
No origin to begin.

49

No ground beneath.
No sky above.
What seemed to move
Was pattern's love.

50

The koan breaks,
As silence stays.
No hollow stakes,
Only none awakes.

51

No question asked.
No answer kept.
What once was sought
Was never met.

52

No seeker bows,
No eternal vows.
None allows,
But never endows.

53

Giver disappears.
No gift appears.
What seemed there
Was never here.

54

The words are none.

The fire is gone.
The cycle is done—
Yet never begun.

55

I act, I weigh, I hold the deed,
Success breeds pride, failure breeds need.
Noise surrounds the steps I take,
Burden clings for ego's sake.

56

Action moves, no doer found;
Steps fall soft without a sound.
What once was held now slips away—
Burden fades where none lay claim.

57

Work unfolds, yet none to own,
Speech flows free, decisions shown.
Silent grace before, behind,
Lightness blooms when claims unwind.

58

No push applied, no reins to hold,
No map to trust, no will to mold.
What needs to move already goes—
Life lives itself when grasping slows.

59

He shirks the call, yet claims release,
Neglect wears mask of inner peace.
But idling mind still clings to 'I',
Avoidance binds, not grace nearby.

60

No step withheld, no urge to prove,
Life answers need before the move.
No watcher left to guard the flow—
What comes, comes right; what goes, can go.

61

Results are feared, compared, pursued,
The mind is loud, the heart subdued.
Each outcome weighs, each moment bends,
The doer's chain never ends.

62

Seeing the chain, the grip grows thin;
No fight to end, no will to win.
When fear is seen and not pursued,
The doer fades—action stays true.

63

Effort flows without a strain,

Duty done, yet none to gain.
Before and after, stillness stays,
Grace illuminates hidden ways.

64

No state to keep, no calm to save,
No ground to stand, no role to rave.
What was revealed now fades from view—
Only what is, remains as true.

65

Success inflates the fragile chest,
Failure brings a guilty rest.
Both are shackles, both are claim,
Both are sparks of ego's flame.

66

When gain and loss are seen as one,
The counting mind is finally done.
No rise to chase, no fall to fear—
What acts is clear, when none is here.

67

Action shines without a boast,
Burden gone, the heart can host.
Outcome falls, yet none to bind,
Freedom breathes in silent mind.

68

No freedom claimed, no silence named,
No path recalled, no self to be tamed.
Life moves plain, without a sign—
Nothing to reach, and nothing mine.

69

To sit in sloth is still a deed,
Avoidance sows its subtle seed.
The ego hides in idle guise,
But bondage grows where truth denies.

70

Not held by push, nor sunk in rest,
Life meets each call, simply dressed.
No will to force, no will to hide—
Truth walks on, with nothing denied.

71

Hands may toil, the voice may speak,
Yet none within lays claim to seek.
Duty flows, the task is clear,
Grace alone is acting here.

72

No banner raised, no victory told,

No truth paraded, bought, or sold.
Life moves plain, without a name—
Grace walks on, the same, the same.

73

The false doer is revealed,
Exhausts the will, the ego is peeled.
Trust redirected, effort ends,
Non-doing dawns as Guru sends.

74

No watcher waits behind the scene,
No hand to steer what might have been.
What comes, arrives; what leaves, departs—
Life breathes whole, with open parts.

75

Right action comes without delay,
Wrongful steps just fall away.
Conflict fades, corrections cease,
Life flows gently, free of peace.

76

No rule to guard, no wrong to fear,
No aim to reach, no self to steer.
What happens fits, without appeal—
The real moves on, untouched, real.

77

Doing binds because it claims,
Non-doing frees, dissolves the names.
Same movements, yet the center shifts,
Burden falls, and silence lifts.

78

No doer left to stand or fall,
No path begun, no end at all.
What lived as weight now lives as ease—
Nothing is done, and all just is.

79

Ignorance stumbles, knowing it is blind;
Knowledge stands proud, guarding mind.
The blind may fall and rise once more—
The learned dig hells, then bar the door.

80

Ignorance errs, yet does not claim;
Its failing bears no mark of name.
Knowledge declares, “I know, I stay,”
And seals the light, night and day.

81

The ignorant bows to what it lacks;

The learned builds walls of thought and fact.
Through absence, truth may slip inside—
Through certainty, it is denied.

82

Ignorance blocks by not seeing clear,
Yet leaves no lock to keep truth here.
Knowledge blocks by presence of “I”—
Where claims arise, no truth draws nigh.

83

The blind may grope and still move on;
The learned stands still—truth is gone.
Stumbling breaks, but does not bind;
Certainty seals the gate of mind.

84

Thus ignorance leaves the door ajar;
Knowledge becomes the prison bar.
One errs and heals by falling free—
The other seals eternity.

85

Error may wander, yet still it moves;
Seeking bends, but never proves.
The trap begins when effort claims—
“I will arrive,” and signs the name.

86

Seeking sharpens into sight,
Sight congeals as “I am right.”
What once searched now stands assured—
The knower forms, the way obscured.

87

Movement halts where answers stand;
Certainty grips with steady hand.
No fall remains to break the claim—
Thus knowing locks the living flame.

88

Knowledge stands proud, guarding the mind,
Its fortress seals what none may find.
The claim of “I” becomes the wall—
No seeker enters, none may call.

89

Knowledge declares, “I know, I stay,”
And stops all turning, night and day.
Nothing can enter, none ignite—
Certainty blinds the inner sight.

90

Knowledge digs hells, then bars the door,

Dogma deepens, pride ensures more.
The prison built by thought and claim
Leaves no space for living flame.

91

Knowledge clings to “I” and pride,
Truth dies where certainty resides.
The ego’s seal, both sharp and tight,
Leaves no place for living light.

92

Knowledge blocks by presence of “I,”
Where claims arise, no truth draws nigh.
Unlike the blind who stumble free,
The learned seal eternity.

93

Knowledge seals the gate with might,
Day and night it bars the light.
Only surrender breaks the chain—
The path is neither “I” nor gain.

94

With no one left to guard or yield,
The gate stands open, unsealed.
Nothing sought, and nothing known—
Life moves on, alone, alone.

95

Praise the Guru—ego breaks.
Bow to Guru—falsehood shakes.
Where Guru stands, no “I” survives;
In Guru’s grace, the Self alone lives.

96

Name the Guru—ego is dead.
Claim the Guru—mind unmade.
Where Guru is, no self can stay;
Only Truth walks on its way.

97

Serve the Guru—actor dies;
Do not serve—ego thrives.
Service leaves no one behind;
Only emptiness is signed.

98

Guru’s glance, a silent blade,
Splits the knot the mind has made.
No effort left, no will to try;
The doer falls without a cry.

99

Without the Guru, ego reigns;

With Guru, all false gain wanes.
What stood as “me” dissolves in light;
Only Being stands upright.

100

Guru’s word cuts deep and still;
The mind falls silent, void of will.
No command, no force applied—
Ego drops, nowhere to hide.

101

The Guru points—no path remains;
The seeker ends, no self sustains.
What was sought is always here;
Seeing clears what fear held dear.

102

Before the Guru, knowledge fails;
Pride grows weak, all boasting pales.
What books could not, His glance has done—
The many fade, the One has won.

103

Serve the Guru—no act survives;
Do not serve—ego thrives.
Service burns the doer whole;
Ash reveals the timeless Soul.

104

Where Guru's lotus feet are firmly placed,
Time dissolves, and space is erased.
No fore-play, no after play—
Only Now remains as Way.

105

The Guru neither comes nor goes;
He is the ground where knowing slows.
When this is seen, the "I" departs;
The Self alone fills all hearts.

106

One surrender ends the play;
Night dissolves into the Day.
No seeker left, no path to roam;
The Guru stands as final home.

107

One bow ends the endless round;
One surrender—Truth is found.
No seeker left to rise or fall;
Guru alone is All-in-All.

108

No Guru, no Self—this is known;

With Guru, even “known” is gone.
Nothing claimed, and nothing free—
Guru, Truth, God, and Self are None.

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.
Diksha	: Initiation ritual, giving mantra, making one a disciple, etc.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
Jivanmukta	: Liberated while living.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Mandala	: Pattern, design, the circle of one's own being— a map from mind to Self.
Mantra	: Sacred chant used to crossover the mind.
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: Illusion.

Mithyawadi Baba	: A Saint who speaks illusion/false.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes silence.
Nada	: Sound or vibration.
Nigura	: Uninitiated or non-disciple, who has no Guru or has not served a Guru.
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.
Nirvikalpa	: Type of Samadhi.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Prana	: Life force.
Samadhi	: Absorption.
Shaktipat	: Initiation, Diksha. Transformation of state. Transmission.
Siddhi	: Spiritual powers or attainments.
Tapas	: Severe penance or austerity.
Tat Tvam Asi	: Thou Art That.
Vasanas	: The past acquired tendencies for enjoying the sense objects. Mental tendencies, acquired during the experiences of all previous births, for enjoying the sense objects.