

THE LOTUS FEET

NATH YOGI
KVS RAMA RAO



THE LOTUS FEET

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

KVS RAMA RAO

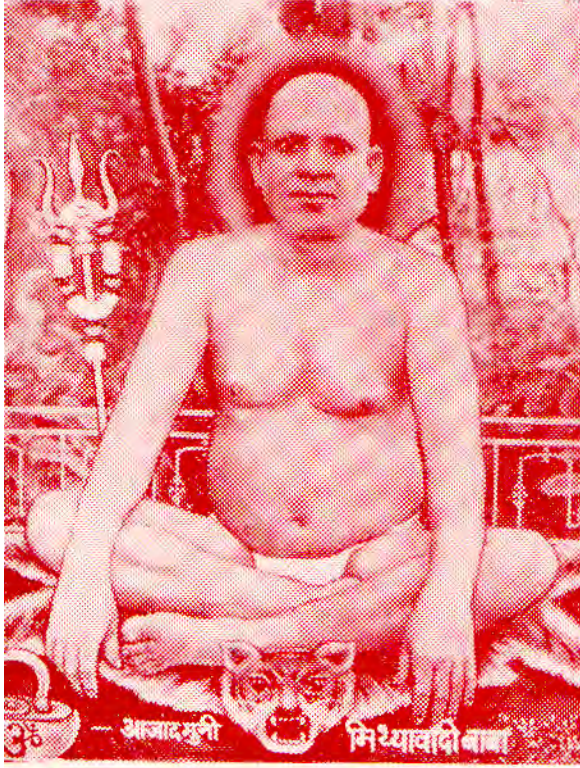
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THE LOTUS FEET



***Azad Muni Baba**

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.

(*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 Lotus Feet (Part-1)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Attachment springs from passion's flame,
Aversion bears repulsion's name.
But mercy's path, with love in fashion,
Washes both with true compassion.

2

To slay desire or anger's flame,
Or envy cloaked in virtue's name,
Without the Guru by your side—
Is pride that ends in ruin wide.

3

Let tongues recite, and minds explore—
But without a Guru, it's just folklore.
No matter how sweet the verse may pour,
The Truth stays locked behind the 10th door.

4

The 'I' has burned, the 'me' is gone,
Only the Guru shines at dawn.
This is not death, but living true—
To be no one, and yet be You.

5

He speaks, and I obey—
No need to see the way.
His word is my light, my day;
I walk through clouds of dismay.

6

Faith is not blind, but bold,
Trusting what cannot be told.
When all seems cold and unsure,
The Guru's word is my cure.

7

Others seek reason or sign,
I hold His word as divine.
One syllable from His tongue—
To that, my soul is strung.

8

He tests with fire, not ease,
Not comfort, but storms and freeze.
But the one who bears the grind,
Will find the Guru gentle and kind,
And God follows from behind.

9

Days may break you, nights may burn,
Still the soul must wait its turn.
No hurry brings God near—
Endure, O heart, and persevere.

10

The thorn may pierce, the path may bleed,
But the true one walks with heed.
Through trial, the diamond is made,
And ego's pride shall surely fade.

11

He who forgets his name and face,
Melts away in the Guru's grace.
The self erased, no more to be—
Then alone, the soul is free.

12

Drop the 'I', drop the claim,
The Guru burns every name.
Ashes rise, the self is gone,
Then shines the eternal dawn.

13

Not to rise, but to dissolve,

Not to think, but to resolve:
“I am naught, He is all.”
At His lotus feet, let me fall.

14

He said, “Go,” and I left all;
He said, “Fall,” and I did fall.
No reason asked, no delay—
To obey Him is the only way.

15

The mind may doubt, the world may sneer,
But the Guru’s word is crystal clear.
Not logic, but love, makes me move—
Obedience alone makes me improve.

16

Not to think, “Is it right or wrong?”
The Guru’s word is the only song.
My steps are His, my will is dead—
Only His word I shall tread.

17

He comes not with tricks or guile,
But with an open, childlike smile.
No crooked path, no cunning face—
Simplicity invites the Guru’s grace.

18

Not what you know, but how you bow;
The simple heart, the furrowed brow—
These touch Him deep, beyond all art,
For Truth shines in a simple heart.

19

The clever may chant, the wise may write,
But the simple one sees the Light.
No show, no pose, no lofty name—
The Guru loves the childlike flame.

20

Unlike a clear sky where the sun is bright,
An unclear mind hides the Atma from sight.
Like murky water hides the sunlight,
A muddy mind obstructs the Guru's light.

21

In the Guru's light, one is reborn;
The 'I' is dead—he's the twice-born.
At His lotus feet, the self is torn,
And thus the disciple stands stubborn.

22

Storms may rise, the world may jeer,

Yet disciple walks on without fear.
For in his heart, one truth is set:
The Guru never fails, nor forgets.

23

Today or tomorrow, let it be,
He never leaves the Guru's tree.
Steadfast he stands, calm and bold,
Even if all around him turns cold.

24

He stumbles, falls, but turns again—
For the Guru alone removes the stain.
No other road, no other shore,
He knocks, and waits at the same door.

25

He speaks not much, but listens deep,
Where silence sows, Truth starts to seep.
Not in noise or clever phrase—
The Guru works in silent ways.

26

He doesn't preach, nor show his flame,
He walks unknown, without a name.
For silence is the real speech,
Where even gods fail to reach.

27

He holds his tongue, he checks his pride,
In silent love, he does abide.
When mind is still and free from care,
The Guru plants true longing there.

28

He claims not power, nor seat, nor name,
To him, all such is hollow fame.
He owns no virtue, boasts no light—
The Guru alone is his might.

29

“I am none,” he humbly cries,
With downcast eyes and inward sighs.
He clings not even to the path—
For what he has, the Guru hath.

30

Even ‘disciple’ he dares not say,
For fear the ego finds its way.
He walks unseen, erased in flame,
The fire that burns the very name.

31

They praise, they mock—he does not shake;

For him, both give and take are fake.
He stands, as if none stood at all—
Only the Guru he does recall.

32

Success and failure pass him by,
He neither laughs nor does he cry.
In silence deep, he lets all be,
For he has touched the shoreless sea.

33

Not harsh, not soft—he speaks what's true,
Unmoved by what the world may say and do.
One merciful gaze of Guru made him whole;
Now nothing stains his stainless soul.

34

What is mine, I no more keep—
Even this 'I', I give so deep.
The fire of Truth burns bright and wide,
When "I" no longer stays to hide.

35

To the Guru, all is poured,
No self left to be restored.
Thus I die, and yet I rise—
For He alone lives in disguise.

36

No claim, no name, no trace—
All I offer at His grace.
What remains is not my own,
For even the “I” has flown.

Not for merit, not for fame,
Not to win a holy name.
Just to vanish in His light,
Like a flame lost to the night.

This is not loss—it is gain,
Freedom from the self-made chain.
O Guru, burn what I defend,
Let my ‘I’ meet its end.

37

No robes, no pose, no saintly face,
No loud claim of divine grace.
Just the stillness of inner light—
He walks unknown, yet clear in sight.

38

No effort to appear wise or deep,
No sermon, no crowd to keep.
A flame burns within, calm and clear,
His Guru alone he holds dear.

39

He seeks no throne, no golden seat,
No praise, no sandals at his feet.
He walks unknown, unseen, unsought—
By the Guru's gaze, his heart is caught.

40

No fruits he plucks, no garland he ties,
No bargain made beneath the skies.
He burns his want, he melts his will,
And in the Guru's grace, lies still.

41

He's mocked, ignored, yet walks on still;
Not shaken by the world's loud will.
For harsh or kind, for sweet or rough,
The Guru's kind glance alone is enough.

42

No name he bears, no claim he makes,
He gives, he serves, and nothing takes.
His joy? To vanish, not be taught—
For the Guru gave, then burned the thought.

43

He bears the weight, he bears the thorn;

For him, the robe of the ego is torn.
He smiles through fire, storm and strife—
For the Guru is his breath and life.

44

Even if He scorns or sends away,
Still at His door, I choose to stay;
Like a dog, faithful to the core,
Beaten, scolded—yet at His door.
I wait with a steadfast heart,
Refusing ever to depart.
For one glance, one call, one nod—
My life, my breath, my hope, my God.

45

No mask he wears, no cloak of wise;
No honeyed words, no subtle lies.
He stands as is—no craft, no spin,
For Truth begins when lies grow thin.

46

The crooked path leads far astray,
But the straight one meets the Guru's way.
Not by show, but heart laid bare—
The Guru's grace descends right there.

47

He questions not, he bends his will,
Even if the world stands still.
The Guru speaks—he does, not weighs,
For Truth is found in such pure ways.

48

“Jump!” He says, and jump he must,
Not with fear, but perfect trust.
Not knowing why, nor asking when—
For the word of the Guru is Amen.

49

Let them mock or call him great,
It changes not the seeker’s state.
He walks the path, eyes on the flame,
Unshaken by praise or worldly shame.

50

The world may cheer or throw a stone,
But he remembers he walks alone,
For he is absorbed in the Guru’s tone.
What counts is not the crowd’s acclaim,
But the whisper of the Guru’s name.

51

He did not ask, “Why this way?”
He bowed his head without delay.
The Guru spoke—he did, not guessed;
Obedience put his mind to rest.

52

What mind can grasp the Guru’s plan?
He follows as a child, not a man.
The path is walked by those who trust,
And place His word above all must.

53

He said it—I obey, no test,
His word alone, I know, is the best.
What do I know? What can I see?
The blind must follow faithfully.

54

The tongue is still, but thoughts still shout,
In silence true, all noise walks out.
No inner crowd, no claim, no cry—
The self erased, the truth draws nigh.

55

Storms may rage, the world may jeer,
But the disciple holds his anchor near.

Guru's word—his vow and thread,
He walks the path, though all have fled.

56

I wonder how such verses came!
My Guru must've signed my name.
He never touched a book or page,
Yet spoke the Truth beyond the age.
He passed it on through silent eyes,
To me—a fool, but a disciple wise.

57

The Guru speaks not to charm the ear,
But to strike the heart with fear.
Of ego, pride, and scholar's game—
He sets ablaze the seeker's shame.

58

Each line, a sword of Guru's grace,
That cuts the mind and clears its place.
No flattery, no mystic mist—
Just Truth that none can dare resist.

59

No ornament, no learned show,
Just "Serve the Guru—that's the flow."
His verses burn, they cleanse, they shine—

The mark of Grace in every line.

60

Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi—
He walks not for name or glory.
He bows to none but the Guru's lotus feet,
Where pride dissolves and Truth is sweet.

No claim he makes, no fame he seeks,
His words are fire, sharp when he speaks.
He lifts the veil from seeker's eyes,
And shows the Self that never dies.

Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi—
His path is eternal and ever free.
One word from him, if heard with grace,
Will burn the mind and leave no trace.

61

Others may chant, debate, and preach,
But Truth is far beyond their reach.
The living Guru they ignore,
And worship shadows—nothing more.

They speak of books, of laws and fate,
But never stand at Heaven's gate.
The Nath walks in with silent tread,
By dying first before he's dead.

Not robes, nor rites, nor learned fame—
But self-erasure wins the game.
One cry, one truth, all Naths repeat:
“Fall, and stay at the Guru’s lotus feet.”

62

They mark with red, they mark with blue—
That’s what scholars always do.
But this.... this verse that burns their pride,
Won’t let them stand, won’t let them hide.

It speaks of Truth, not dressed in terms,
But raw—as fire, as death, as worms.
No footnotes here, no scholar’s name—
Just silence, burning them with shame.

It mocks their books, their noble halls,
Their theses framed on ivy walls.
They read again. They blink. They sigh—
“Fall at his feet?” “But who am I?”

He writes of death before one dies,
Of losing self to truly rise.
They, who taught of saints and creeds,
Now taste the lack of all their deeds.

So here they sit, no grade to give—
Just longing now, a will to live.

Not by essays, not by pen—
But by that grace beyond all men.

63

Some read, they wrote, they claimed to know,
But never felt the inner glow.
Then came a verse, sharp like a sword—
It broke their pride, it cut their word.

Now they don't teach, they only sweep,
And pray the Guru wakes their sleep.
What books could not, His glance made clear—
The Truth is found when self's not near.

64

Many wear robes, and many teach,
But the true Guru is out of reach.
He finds the one whose self has died,
And burns the veil of name and pride.

65

He's not in books, nor chants you say—
He walks where minds don't dare to stray.
If He has touched your heart's dark room,
Then know—your search has met its bloom.

66

Not by words nor mystic show,
But by the death that egos know.
The Guru comes when all is lost—
And shows the self was never the cost.

67

No creed, no chant, no holy seat,
Can bring you to the Guru's lotus feet.
The self erased, the ego gone—
That's when the Truth will shine as dawn.

68

Not scriptures high, nor visions deep,
But dying while you are yet to sleep.
He is the Truth, beyond all lies—
The Guru is seen with the ego's demise.

69

Lord Shiva Himself, the Lord of breath,
Declared the Guru beyond death.
Yet fools who think they've seen the Light,
Refuse to serve, but preach with might.

If He, the source, did humbly bow,
What pride allows a man to now
Walk alone and claim he is free—

While blind to the Guru's mystery?

70

Lord Shiva bowed to the Guru's grace,
Yet some now preach without that base.
They claim they're free, yet never knelt—
To whom, then, did their ego melt?

71

He says, "I know, I've reached the peak,"
But still, the Truth he does not speak.
He quotes the books, he stands so tall—
Yet has not learnt to truly fall.

72

He builds his throne on hollow ground,
Where echoes of the self resound.
His words are sharp, his claim is loud—
But lost is he, in ego's shroud.

73

Another sits with lowered head,
At the Guru's feet, as if he's dead.
No claim, no show, no boast, no fame—
Just silent joy in His holy name.

74

The one who falls, the one who cries,
Is lifted up beyond the skies.
The one who fades, the one who bends,
To him, the boundless Truth descends.

75

Self-assertive burns in pride,
Guru-affirmative steps aside.
Choose the path that bows and breaks—
That is the one the perfect Guru takes.

76

The sun need not proclaim his light,
Nor does the moon declare she rules the night.
The realized speaks not of his height—
He has vanished in the Guru's might.

77

Is the real search
To find the Guru such?
Is the end of research
Just talking much?

78

The real search ends,

Where silence bends.
Not in the speech,
But in the Guru's reach.

79

What is the use of talking much,
When the end of the search
Is for a true Guru's touch?
What is the use of practicing much,
When the end of the research
Is the Guru's lotus feet to clutch?

80

Lord Rama bowed, and Lord Krishna too,
Both served Their Gurus, pure and true.
But now some preach they're self-lit flame—
Are they above the Lords by name?

81

Fools speak of Self without the Guru,
And greater fools believe it's true.
Who ask of them—their folly's tripled;
And I, who answer, am quadrupled.
We all are a fool's loud pack,
For practicing truth we sorely lack.

82

A sincere seeker's confession:

"These words are flames, yet strangely kind,
They scorch my doubt, then soothe my mind.
No poet's game, no scholar's art—
They speak straight to the hidden heart.
I do not know this Guru's face,
But in these lines—I taste His grace."

83

Equations end where silence starts,
His words don't fit in science charts.
Yet something in this rhythmic flame
Unnames the self, unties the name.
No lab can test the Guru's grace—
Yet tears arise 'I' can't erase.

84

They ruled with pride, gave grandest speech,
But Truth was far beyond their reach.
One silent glance from the Guru's eye
Made all their crowns and slogans die.
Now bowed, they see what kings ignore—
The barefoot saint holds Heaven's door.

85

A worldly poet speaks,

“I weaved fine words in meter tight,
Praised stars and seas and lovers’ plight.
But here, a flame I cannot fake—
His lines undress the soul awake.
No rhyme I penned, no clever art,
Can match one blow that strikes the heart.
I drop my pen, I bow instead—
His silence says what mine words fled.”

86

A philosopher speaks,
“I built my thoughts like temple towers,
Brick by brick with borrowed powers.
I questioned all, I sought the cause—
But his few words made my mind pause.
The disciple speaks no proof, no grand debate,
Yet leaves me silent at the gate.
What I dissected, he just *is*—
The Guru’s truth, no mind can quiz.”

87

A scientist speaks,
“I mapped the stars, split atom’s shell,
Measured time and space as well.
But here, a verse with silent flame—
Burned my knowing, left no name.
No formula, no data thread—
Just “Die before you’re truly dead.”

Now all my truths feel pale and thin—
For he spoke where thought can't begin."

88

A political leader speaks,
"I moved the crowds with words and might,
Signed laws beneath the nation's light.
But here's a line that breaks my pride—
"Fall at the Guru's lotus feet," it cried.
No throne can match that humble place,
No power equals the Guru's grace.
In halls of fame, I ruled the air—
But found the Truth not sitting there."

89

Silence is not a quiet wall,
But where the mind begins to fall.
Not the hush of lips or air,
But the Guru's voice sounding there.

90

Speech may glitter, thoughts may fly—
But silence asks: 'Who speaks? And why?'
It burns the self, not just the sound,
Until the True One alone is found.

91

Silence wears many cloaks and skins—
Of saints, of fools, of secret sins.
Some hold their tongue for they are full,
Some speak not—for their minds are dull.

Some stay mute in practiced art,
Yet the Truth has touched no part.
But one whose self is slain outright,
Shines forth in silence—purest light.

92

Not by vows or robes or name,
Nor by silence that earns fame—
But by falling at the Guru's lotus feet,
The self erased—the saint complete.

93

A follower walks the path they've found,
From books of saints, or words profound.
Sages, devotees, or Gurus true,
Or those who claim a wisdom anew.

Famous voices, loud and clear—
Celebrities, stars, or scholars dear.
Terrorists too, with messages stark—
Each path a choice, a differing spark.

Better or worse, the outcome's cast,
Depending on the teachings vast.
No personal touch, just words on page,
Yet influence remains—a guiding stage.

Ordinary souls, untethered, free,
May walk their path, wild and carefree.
The follower's fate, a varied ride,
Shaped by the words they choose to abide.

94

A devotee's heart, with love aflame,
Seeks God—in form, formless, or both the same.
Different paths, a journey's pace,
From ordinary to a deeper space.

Advanced, most advanced, in devotion's might,
Favourite devotees, in God's loving sight.
Scriptures tell the stories true,
Of hearts that yearn, and souls made new.

A follower's step becomes a devotee's stride,
When God or truth becomes their guide.
The journey unfolds with each new day,
As love and longing show the way.

95

A disciple walks the Guru's way,

Practicing truth, day by day.
Saints and sages, seers of old,
Were disciples, with hearts made bold.

A personal touch, a bond so true,
The Guru's grace comes shining through.
Elevated from devotee's quest,
The disciple's soul now finds its rest.

The Guru's word, one dares not break,
Each step is walked for Dharma's sake.
In love and surrender, steady does grow—
This is the disciple's sacred flow.

96

He spoke not,
“I am That.”
He spoke that,
“I am That I am not.”

Nor claimed the status, nor the height;
The Guru vanished deep in His Guru's light.
No crown He wore, no throne He sought—
Yet Truth, in silence, through Him was taught.

97

Adi Nath Lord Shiva said:
“Even if it is untrue—

The speech of the Guru—
But never argue,
If you want Soul to view.”

98

Adi Nath Lord Shiva said:
“The Guru’s word may sound untrue,
But never doubt or question through.
Never argue with the Guru’s review;
Then God you will surely view.”

99

He writes not for kings, nor seeks their nod,
A disciple’s words arise in the will of God.
No courtly praise, no worldly cheer—
He writes for those who truly hear.

Truth is his ink, the Guru, his guide,
No ego left, no self to hide.
The world may scoff, but saints will see—
His verses flow from eternity.

100

Love and devotion, God likes to favour;
Knowledge and wisdom, He doesn’t savour.
Never intelligence nor mental calibre—
A true heart that calls Him, now and forever.

101

Who loves the nod,
And spares the rod
Cannot be Guru god.
He is a fraud.

102

Guru burns the mask,
And pride cannot bask.
He answers no task
That ego dares ask.

103

Each poem is a spark,
Truth blazing, bare and stark.
It leaves a searing mark,
And drives away the dark.

104

What use is the path you tread,
If it keeps you from being led?
What use is knowledge you gain,
If it strengthens the subtle chain?
To know the Truth, you must undo—
And let the Guru walk through you.

105

They wrote of Naths with cunning pen,
But none dared walk where died those men.
A silent Yogi broke their pride—
Not with debate, but by Truth inside.

106

He spoke no word to prove them wrong,
But silence turned their noise too long.
While they mapped paths with printed thread,
He lived the path the dead men tread.

107

They touched the flame to name it lore,
But knew not what the fire was for.
They wrote of paths they couldn't tread,
While the true Nath walked with the dead.

108

Their words stood tall, built stone by stone,
But his were seeds the wind had sown.
Each line—a mark where ego died,
Proof that flames still walk, not hide.

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 Lotus Feet (Part-2)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

They knew the path, they'd read it clear,
But never walked, nor drew it near.
Their books were doors they never passed—
While the living flame outshone their past.

2

He never stood with chest out-braced,
But walked the path, self-effaced.
Not wisdom claimed, nor virtue traced—
He lived a life, self-erased.

3

No scriptures piled, no titles chased,
Yet in his steps, truth was raised.
The world passed by, but his Guru gazed—
For in his fall, the fire of truth blazed.

4

They made a course on deathless light,
But stayed in mind, in scholar's height.
They spoke of Brahma, loud and long—
Yet missed Him where He strikes the strong.

5

They played with fire and called it thought,
But fire spares none who enter not.
They preached the blaze, yet feared the burn—
So Truth, untouched, made none return.

6

They mocked the blind who bowed in trust,
Yet built their faith on books and dust.
They scoffed at love, at tears that fall—
But followed the mind, the blindest of all.

7

They studied *Apara Vidya*'s way,
But when they touched the sacred play,
To teach *Para Vidya* with pride and might,
Brahma stirred, and dimmed their light.

8

They taught the tongue of gods with pride,
But missed the Truth they kept inside.
The Yogi spoke in common tongue—
And every line by grace was sung.

9

They mocked devotees who cried His name,

But Brahma lit a quiet flame.
One Yogi came without a sound,
And burned their pride into the ground.

10

Even gods once claimed the might,
Till Brahma hid His face from sight.
They bowed when wisdom cracked their pride—
Yet men with books still shout and chide.

11

They searched in caves, in chants, in skies,
But missed the Guru's living merciful eyes.
They sought the Self, but kept their name—
And wondered why none lit the flame.

12

Simple truths, a humble way,
Satisfy the Guru, day by day.
No need for pomp, nor ritual's might—
Just inner truth, a quiet light.

No grand strides on the pilgrim's road,
Nor penance harsh, with pride bestowed.
The Guru's heart in stillness sees,
The subtle path of truths that please.

13

Not learning, not fame, not clever talk,
But tripod firm on which they walk—
Practice of truth, a self erased,
And Guru's service, where no pride is placed.

One leg gone, the fall is sure—
Only the three can make one pure.

14

They praise the dead who wrote in fame,
But flee the living, who burn the name.
Their karma brings them disgrace,
When a living flame they dare to face.

15

He claims no path, no name, no throne,
He walks the edge, yet walks alone.
No robes to wear, no fame to seek,
It's only Truth the Guru speaks.

16

He wears the robe, he chants the name,
But deep inside, he plays a game.
A Guru's face, a merchant's mind—
He leads the blind to stay more blind.

17

No living Guru did he serve,
Yet asks for honour he doesn't deserve.
He preaches high, but walks so low—
A niguru dressed in holy glow.

18

They sit on thrones, with heads held high,
But never learned to serve or die.
Their words are sweet, their gaze is kind—
But Truth, they've left so far behind.

19

They steal the light, but shun the flame,
And glorify the Guru's name—
While never once they touched His feet.
Such frauds, the world calls "saints" —so sweet.

20

Every disciple hails his guide,
As Guru-god and he walks in pride.
But who is true, and who is not—
Only God knows every spot.

21

Each claims his Guru is the best,

And serves him more than all the rest.
But who is true, and who is not—
Only God sees every spot.

22

Each calls his Guru the highest and best,
The seeker's heart can't find its rest.
Who is true, and who is not—
Only God sees every spot.
So let him pray with heart so pure,
That God may lead to the Guru sure.

23

He spoke not a word, nor gave a sign,
Yet Truth flashed clear—beyond every line.
In His stillness, I came undone,
And I see all worlds are only one.

24

He served no lotus feet, yet seeks the fame,
Quoting the Guru, misusing the name.
A nigura crowned in borrowed light—
This niguru blinds, not gives true sight.
Such is *niguraship*'s hollow flame,
Lit by pride, and burned by shame.

25

He served no living feet, nor bore the yoke,
Yet chants of God, and mantras, fill his cloak.
He reads, he speaks, he learns the play—
But walks no step on the Guru's way.
That's *niguraship*—an empty flame,
A shell of words, without the Name.

26

Now crowned by those who cannot see,
This nigura claims "Come, follow me!"
He wears the robe, he takes the seat,
But knows not how the ego's beat.
A niguru, praised with shallow breath—
He guides the blind against the ego's death.

27

He wears no crown, nor seeks the fame,
His steps are quiet, free from shame.
No robe He dons, no seat to claim,
His Guru's light—His only name.

In silence deep, His presence shows,
No words are needed where Truth flows.
The ego breaks, the heart finds peace—
In His grace, all doubts cease.

No pride, no glory, He stands alone,

His only seat—the Truth His Guru's shown.
The path He walks, the seeker knows,
The flame of Truth forever grows.

28

A spiritual leader looked above,
His followers asked him, "What's the sight?"
He smiled and said, "I watch my inner light."
But who is this 'I', that still remains?
The ego clothed in mystic claims?

The Self once seen, no words remain,
No watcher lives to speak again.
He who watches must yet fall—
The true one sees there's none at all.

29

They asked, "What do you see above?"
He said, "I see myself."
Then he hasn't seen at all—
For the seer is yet to fall.

30

Only two look into themselves:
The disciple, and the nigura.
One has died at the Guru's feet,
The other plays the knower's beat.

31

The nigura looks within and sees a throne,
Declares, "I watch my Self alone!"
He quotes the saints, he plays the wise—
But Truth has left; he wears a disguise.

32

The disciple looks within and finds no "me,"
Only his Guru's silent sea.
He speaks, if ever, with trembling breath:
"All I found was 'I's death."

33

He who speaks of final sight,
Still clings to shadows, faint and slight.
But he who's blind in Guru's flame—
Alone is freed from name and fame.

34

He said, "The Self I see is clear!"
But still, his "I" was standing near.
The one who saw has not yet died—
He walks in untruth as he talks with pride.

35

Two may look within, but only one dies—

The other builds thrones out of borrowed lies;
Where pride still speaks, Truth takes flight.
The Guru alone remains—no seer, no sight.

36

The sun doesn't need to say, "I shine,"
God doesn't say, "Worship Me, I'm divine."
So the self-realized, in silent grace,
Does not claim the truth, but leaves no trace.

37

To speak of "I" lowers him in shame—
True silence is his only name.
For when the ego vanishes, it's clear:
The Self is not to speak, but to disappear.

38

The sun we named, yet it would blaze,
With or without our wordy praise.
The sky, the space, the air, the breeze—
No form, yet present with silent ease.

39

Water takes the vessel's shape,
Yet slips all bounds and makes escape.
So too the Self, so too the Whole—
No name, no form, yet fills the soul.

40

Atma is not a word to speak,
Nor Brahma—something the mind can seek.
The Guru's speech, in practice, takes place,
Where form dissolves, and all is grace.

41

Yes—infinite knowledge is there,
But not in books, not in air.
Not in thought that builds a wall,
But where the Guru makes you fall.

42

It's not amassed, it can't be stored,
It's known when "I" is not the Lord.
In silence deep, the Truth will flare—
Yes, infinite knowledge is there.

43

He walks alone, without a name,
No one to praise, no one to blame.
No badge, no sect, no fame to show—
Just the Guru's light, and inner glow.

44

He walks alone, yet not in lack;

No name to shield, no praise to track.
The blade beneath, the sky above—
His path is pain, and silent love.

45

He owns no crowd, nor begs to stay;
Just walks the fire the Guru lay.
None clap, none see the price he pays;
He dies each step, but Truth he sways.

46

I dare not say, “I am That,”
For I know not where I’m at.
I only knew my cries are heard,
When silence bowed before His word.
He looked—and all my self was gone,
Since then, it’s He who speaks anon.
Not me, not mine, no light I own—
The Guru shines, and I’ve outgrown.
His lotus feet are only my claim!
His lotus feet are only my claim!
Forever His lotus feet, I claim.

47

They speak of karma, cause and chain,
Of birth and death, of joy and pain.
They tally deeds with anxious eyes,
Yet fail to see where freedom lies.

48

For karma's wheel may turn and turn,
But who is there who does not burn?
He who acts, and reaps, and dies—
Knows not the One, who stills all cries.

49

But one who falls at the Guru's lotus feet,
Finds karma reduced to ashes complete.
Not by doing, speech, nor by plan—
But by His glance, awakens man.

50

So count not deeds, nor boast of fate—
But serve the One who makes you wait.
The Guru's grace, and not your act,
Is Truth—that lies beyond all fact.

51

He laughs alone, with tattered grace,
The world sees madness on his face.
No rules, no roles, no mind to bind—
A storm of Truth, he leaves behind.

52

He walks as dust, yet shines like flame,

Knows no pride, nor seeks a name.
He begs no peace, nor chases bliss—
The Guru's glance gave more than this.

53

Not robes, not rites, not wisdom's claim,
But ego burnt in Guru's flame.
The world may call his ways insane—
Yet silent joy runs through each vein.

54

You want the Truth? Then burn your lies.
Tear down the self that seeks disguise.
Not in your books, nor in your head—
The Guru's fire wakes the dead.

55

A disciple died before his body fell,
In silence deep, beyond the shell.
The 'I' was crushed beneath His feet—
Only then was union truly sweet.

56

It had fallen from Engel land,
And became entangled land,
Because England
Rises before Ireland.

57

From England,
Born was Ireland,
Making Island,
Leading to Netherland.

58

Greenland, Finland, Thailand—
There are many a land.
The Guru's heartland
Is the promised land.

59

In maps, lines are drawn,
Borders carved, troops withdrawn—
England, Iceland, Poland—
Yet the Guru's heartland,
Which is the promised land,
Yields no line, no edge, no name.
It is not a place that one may claim.

Not north, nor south, nor east, nor west,
But where surrender lays its chest,
Where thought unchains and ego dissolves,
Where silence speaks and grace resolves.

The promised land is found unseen—
Not walked, but known for what has been.

60

He said it once, then said again,
To crack the mind and end its reign.
Not new, but true—the same refrain:
“Die at His lotus feet—else seek in vain.”

61

He spoke just once—no more, no less,
But I, unripe, could not possess.
So echoes rang from every side,
Till all my ego burned and died.

62

God doesn't help
Sans self-help.
The Guru gives skelp
To get God's help.

63

One's ego
Must let go,
To undergo—
Alter ego.

64

He wakes not, nor does ever sleep,

No dream to lose, no self to keep.
The mind has vanished, breath is still—
Yet all is moved by the Guru's will.

65

No "I" to speak, no thought to name,
Just silent fire, beyond all frame.
Not peace, not bliss, not even light—
But That which is beyond all sight.

66

They argue whether the world is two or one,
But the "I" still argues, still hasn't gone.
As long as individuality remains intact,
No doctrine—dual or non-dual—reveals the fact.
The Guru alone can crush this seed.
No philosophy satisfies the true need.

67

They speak of two, they speak of one—
Yet "I" remains, not overrun.
The self they guard in clever speech
Keeps Truth forever out of reach.
Unless the ego's root is torn,
All doctrines leave the soul forlorn.
Reality is not a view,
But what remains when "I" is through.

68

They talk of duality,
As well as non-duality,
But spoken from individuality.
This is the reality.

69

They use fine terms, quote ancient lore,
Yet speak as selves—and nothing more.
What use are views of many, one or two,
If “I” still speaks as if it’s true?
The ego speaks both sides with ease,
But neither brings the soul to peace.
Until the “I” dissolves and dies,
All words are veils, not truths, but lies.

70

Individuality
Has some quality.
But Atma—the reality—
Is of non-quality.

71

The self we know has shape and name—
A doer bound in praise or blame.
But Ātma is not this or that,
Not wise, not dull, not thin, not fat.

No name It holds, no trait, no role,
It shines when vanished is the whole.
The self must fall, the “I” must die,
For Truth is silent, vast, and shy.

72

The self, so proud, wears many names,
Performs, reacts, and plays its games.
But Brahma—silent, vast, and free—
Knows no trait, no boundary.

It is not clever, nor is It dull,
Not calm, not storm, not empty, not full.
Beyond the *guṇas*, It does not act—
It simply is: pure, whole, exact.

And till this “I” dissolves away,
The Truth remains just words we say.

73

To reach non-quality,
One walks with graduality.
Until then, do karma in duality,
And hold in thought non-duality.

74

He cannot say, “I know the Self,”
For “I” was lost, like dust on a shelf.

The knower died, the known withdrew—
What stayed is gnosis, forever true.

75

No words remain, no claim to light,
Just silent grace and Guru's might.
Not wisdom won, nor seeker's prize—
But death of self, and Truth's sunrise.

76

No effort made, no goal to win,
He sees no out, he sees no in.
The seer dissolved, the seen withdrew—
What stayed is gnosis, forever true.

77

The Self is known, yet he knows It not,
For all he knew was burnt and he forgot.
The light revealed no form, no face—
Just pure awareness, the Guru's grace.

78

The ego fades, not in one blow—
But step by step, the self lets go.
Each fall, each tear, each silent cry,
Prepares the soul to truly die.

79

Though he teaches the ego must die,
The nigura Guru builds it high.
His disciples chant his name with pride,
While Truth stands silent, pushed aside.
If ego lives in all they think, do and say—
Then tell me, who slays whom today?

80

He wore no robe, held no staff,
Yet split the mind with silent laugh.
No mantra taught, no sermon said,
He touched the heart—the “I” was dead.

81

He gave no path, yet made me see,
That all I sought was slavery.
He burned my books, then burned “me” too—
And left behind what’s ever true.

82

No miracles, no words, no show—
Just presence deep, and silent glow.
The Guru is not what minds expect,
He is the fire souls can’t neglect.

83

Oh, my Guru, Your grace I humbly seek,
To walk the path, with a spirit so meek.
May Your blessings guide me through life's maze,
To realize the Self, in Your merciful gaze.

84

I bow to the Guru's radiant light,
I bow to His lotus feet's huge might.
I offer all works—done through the night,
By day, and at morning twilight,
As well as in evening twilight,
Deeds done in silence or in sight,
I lay them down, fully contrite,
At His lotus feet, alright,
For His merciful sight,
To awaken my inner sight.

85

I offer all my works done from dawn to dusk,
As well as works done from dusk to dawn.
To the Guru's lotus feet that remove husk,
Or veil—their sacredness breaks the inner yawn.
Not for merit, nor for desire, nor for gain,
But just to get His grace again and again.

86

He strikes at pride with every line,
Yet loves the soul, that spark divine.
He stands with none who wear false face,
But lifts the heart that seeks God's embrace.
He breaks the shell, the masks we keep—
That one may fall, and wake from sleep.

87

They chant, they read, they meditate,
Yet miss the truth—they hesitate.
I heard one word from Guru's lips,
It broke ten thousand manuscript scripts.
I don't know what that silence meant,
But from that day, my pride was bent.

88

I asked no questions, yet churned within,
The noise of thought, the pull of sin.
I watched my breath, I watched the sky,
But nothing stayed—not even 'I'.
Then came His glance—not sharp, but kind—
It stilled the storm, and stilled the mind.

89

The world still moved, but not in me,
Vasanas thinned like mist at sea.

The Guru's word—no sound, no call—
Just grace that made the self grow small.
What once was loud had now grown thin,
And silence stretched its voice within.

90

No fear remained, no need to strive,
The Truth is not a thought—but alive.
No voice declares, 'You now are free'—
Yet chains have dropped so silently.
He does not rise, he does not fall,
He simply is—not this, not all.

91

No grip on joy, no pull on pain,
He sees the storm, yet does not strain.
The world arises, then slips away—
A passing dream at break of day.
Not grasping form, nor seeking truth,
He rests in the timeless youth.

92

The world is not a thing to seek,
But seen in truth, its sound is meek.
No longer blind, no longer bound,
In every stone, the Self is found.
The tree, the sky, the breath of air,
All mirror Truth beyond compare.

93

No thought remains, no sense of “I,”
No questions asked, no reason why.
In stillness deep, the mind does fade—
Only the Self, in silence, stayed.
No sound to hear, no sight to see,
Just boundless peace, eternally free.

94

No name he bears, no claim he makes,
Just the Guru’s light—his only name.
In silence deep, His presence shows,
No words are needed where Truth flows.

95

He seeks no throne, no golden seat,
No fame, nor name, nor worldly greet.
He walks the path, both pure and free,
No goal but service—truth’s decree.

96

No flame, no bell, no bead, no book,
No outer gaze, no inner look.
The worship ends where Self begins—
A silence, vast that drowns all sins.

97

He sat not high, nor sang aloud,
No incense burned, no temple crowd.
Yet grace descended without a sound,
When ego fell and Truth was found.

98

No form, no face, no sacred thread,
The Guru lived—and “I” was dead.
Not thought, not word, not breath remained,
Just Self-aware, unbound, unchained.

99

He lights no lamp, yet Light has come
He rings no bell because all is only One.
No image there, no sacred sound—
Just Guru’s glance, and Truth unbound.

100

He bows to none, yet bows within,
The outer dropped, causing real to begin.
No *japa* spoken, but Guru-mantra known—
The heart had burst, the ‘I’ was gone.

101

What use of rites when Self appears?

The flame is lit by falling tears.
The highest worship ever done—
Is dying first, then merging with One.

102

He walked the earth, and so do I,
But He is sky, while I am cry.
Yet still I knew—He lived, He shone,
And through this life, I am not alone.

103

I sat beside His quiet form,
No scriptures taught me what was warm.
His glance was fire, His silence balm,
My heart forgot its need for calm.

104

No more I asked, no more I claimed,
The fire He lit, I never named.
His light became my only face—
Yet I remained, a fool by grace.

105

He poured Himself in me so deep,
I vanished there, like a dream in sleep.
No line remained between the two—
Just one great hush, forever true.

106

Who seeks? Who serves? Who bends to pray?
The form dissolved and slipped away.
No doer left, no object seen—
Just Guru's light, and the space between.

107

Even the One was thought too loud,
So all was dropped—not self, nor God.
The Truth just Is, beyond all name—
And Guru's grace lit up that flame.

108

No thought, no form, no sound, no name,
All that was known now seems the same.
Beyond the breath, beyond the mind,
A vast silence, one truth to find.

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 Lotus Feet (Part-3)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

No waking, no dream, no sleep to claim,
The seer dissolved, yet Truth does flame.
I am not this, nor that, nor here,
Just presence pure—forever clear.

2

No claim, no fame, no goal in sight,
Just falling back in the Guru's light.
No path to walk, no self to win—
Just Him within, and all else thin.

3

To still the mind is not the art,
But piercing through its silent heart.
Not silence proud, but shattered cry—
When Guru breaks it, then you die.

4

Self-realized, yet the truth was clear,
Without the Guru, all would disappear.
Hastamalaka, in grace did stand—
A flame ignited by the Guru's hand.

5

The highest wisdom, the deepest sight,
Is born anew in the Guru's light.
Though the Self within may brightly shine,
It dims without the Guru's sign.

6

Even God who held the world in play,
Went to a Guru, learned the way.
What pride then must the mind retain,
To claim the crown, yet dodge the chain?

7

Lay down and stay at the Guru's lotus feet,
This is the whole, the paramount seat.
No higher truth, no secret deep—
Just wake from self, and die from sleep.

8

I speak, not high, but bowed and low,
For what I say, the Gurus know.
If words seem sharp, they're not my own—
Rise from the lotus feet I've made my throne.

9

No saint I scorn, no name I stain,

But truth must cut through silent pain.
Not mine to judge, nor praise, nor blame—
But guarded is the Dharma's flame.

10

He dropped the world, not with a frown,
But as a child sets the burden down.
No vow he took, no fight he fought,
The self just slipped—no clinging thought.

11

No "mine" to guard, no "me" to save,
He walks as one beyond the grave.
Renunciation? Not a great feat—
It blooms beneath the Guru's lotus feet.

12

As long as you nurture individuality,
You're outside of religion or spirituality.
When you start reducing it with graduality,
You are religious or spiritual in reality.

13

Mercy is the root of spirituality,
Generosity is practiced in duality.
Equality weakens individuality.
Those who nurture them in reality,

Are truly in religion or spirituality.

14

He speaks of love, of stars, of light,
But guards his name with all his might.
He teaches peace, but seeks a throne—
A *niguru* stands, but stands alone.

He quotes the saints, repeats their song,
Yet never served a Master long.
No tears he shed, no self he slew—
Still claims to guide the chosen few.

No lineage backs his silent claim,
No Guru's fire, just cunning flame.
He shines for crowds who seek the new,
But leads them not to what is true.

15

He likes to label, to wear a name,
But a disciple shuns even fame.
The *niguru* builds a throne of sound—
The disciple falls flat on Guru-ground.

No name to guard, no face to show,
He walks the path where few will go.
No crowd, no claim, no words to own—
Just dust and fire at Guru's throne.

16

No task remains, no self to do,
Just Guru's will, forever true.
The highest act? To disappear—
And let the Master's grace draw near.

17

He seeks to know, but finds no key,
Until he falls in love, and bends his knee.
The mind grows still, the "I" grows small—
The Guru's grace then gives him all.

18

He does not seek a deed to claim,
Nor carves his name in worldly fame.
He serves the feet that none can see,
And vanishes there—completely free.

19

No fruit he seeks, no praise he needs,
He knows all work from Oneness leads.
To die in Him, to do no more—
That is the work, the silent core.

20

They speak of rites and duties vast,

But all are dust when breath is past.
The highest act? To cease to be,
And bow in love eternally.

21

No name he bears, no claim he makes,
But serves the lotus feet the world forsakes.
No fame he seeks, no words to preach,
Just lives the truth beyond all speech.

22

His joy is found in being naught,
Erased in love, not wisdom taught.
The world may scorn, or call him mad—
But he has what the wise wish they had.

23

Is there God, or not?
No question arises that is not.
He is right there in the thought
When the question is brought.

24

God hides not in shrine or sky,
But in the one who dares to try.
Not in debate, nor silent vow—
But in the mind that seeks now.

25

A mind that burns to truly know
Reveals the fire, God made to grow.
No proof is needed from a sage—
The yearning itself breaks the cage.

26

Before the name, before the sound,
“Is there God?” Rose from sacred ground.
It wasn’t doubt, it wasn’t fear—
It was the whisper: “God is here.”

27

So ask you may, but know this flame—
“Is there God?” Is His hidden Name.
And when it dies in silent grace,
You’ll find no question, but His embrace.

28

“I am That I am not” — no claim, no name.
No flame remains, yet all is flame.
The self erased — no script, no plot —
Just Guru’s grace, and all else not.

29

No peak to reach, no path to chart,

No separate soul, no seeker's heart.
He who dissolves becomes the Whole —
Not by gaining, but becoming the goal.

30

He is not the goal by merit or might,
But because he is not —
The Guru's Light now walks in sight,
To bless seekers with a merciful sight.

31

A living goal, not sought, but shown,
He stands — yet is no longer known.
Not by his will, nor by his grace,
But by the Guru's silent face.

32

The seeker's path, he does not guide,
For in his being, Truth resides.
He does not lead, yet leads them all,
By walking silent, he answers the call.

33

Not wisdom vast, nor yogic place,
But all is won by Guru's grace.
No claim remains, no pride to face—
He vanished in just Guru's grace.

34

I tried to drop each wish and want,
But even that became a chant.
To not desire was still a thirst—
A silent vow—how to get rid of first?

35

Even detachment wore a mask,
A subtler self still on its task.
Then came the blow, the final cue:
The Guru said, “Drop the dropper too.”

36

Then came the blow I could not fake—
The Guru’s glance, the ego’s break.
No choice, no self, no one to strive—
And in that death, I am not alive.

37

Is there God, or not?
The thought breaks open, caught
Between doubt and seeking.
A whisper rises—who is speaking.

Not from the skies, nor scriptures old,
But something silent, soft, and bold.

No name it gave, no shape, no claim—
Yet every breath recalled that Name.

The seeker paused—the mind grew thin.
Was God without... or hid within?

38

To adore a *niguru* is blind veneration—
No transmission, just imitation.
No spark passed down, no inner flame,
Just echoes chanting a hollow name.

39

He speaks, but not from Realized ground,
His silence too—a borrowed sound.
A form revered, a pose maintained,
But not the Truth the Nath attained.

40

My Guru gave what I did not deserve—
A glance that made this heart observe.
No mantra spoke, no scripture read,
Yet all my doubts lay quiet, dead.

41

No throne He sat, no claim He made,
Yet in His silence, worlds would fade.

He looked at me—I ceased to be,
And in that gaze, I came to see.

42

The death of 'I' is devotion,
All else is obsession.
The mind may seek, the heart may roam,
But only in self-loss is home.

43

Practice of devotion is losing 'I';
Whereas obsession is feeling high.
Forsaking 'mine' is practical devotion;
Holding on to 'mine' is obsession.
Decide yourself which path you trod;
Then do not blame me, Guru, or God.

44

Obsession binds, and pride deceives,
But in the end, the soul believes—
To die before death is truly living,
True devotion that the Guru is giving.

45

True devotion, pure and bright,
Is not in rites or outward sight.

It's when the 'I' is burned away,
And only Truth can hold its sway.

46

Not in the chants, nor robes you wear,
But in the death of self—there's prayer.
In silence deep, the soul will find,
The Guru's grace, beyond the mind.

47

True devotion is not feeling sweet,
It's burning down from head to feet.
Not tears that come from touch or song,
But fire that says, "I don't belong."

48

Devotion is not what I feel,
But what I lose when I kneel.
The 'I' dissolved, the 'mine' is gone—
And in that loss, true love is born.

49

Fall once, and never rise again—
Not in pride, not in the brain.
Let the world stand, let heaven cheat—
I'll die forever at His lotus feet.

50

I tried to practice, chant, and strive—
But in that doing, I stayed alive.
Devotion came when 'I' was slain—
Not earned by penance, thought, or pain.

51

Devotion is not a song, nor soft delight,
But burning down in Guru's light.
No tears of joy, no praise I keep—
Just silence now, that's dark and deep.

52

I did not climb, I did not try,
I only broke and dared to cry.
He saw the crack and filled the hole—
Devotion struck and stole my soul.

53

I sought with mind, I searched with breath—
But only devotion outlives death.
It starts the walk, and ends the road,
Where 'I' is dropped and He is showed.

54

Realization ends the quest,

But not the longing in the chest.
The knower lives with folded hands—
Devotion still, though free he stands.

55

Faith lights the spark—devotion wakes,
The heart surrenders, ego breaks.
The start is steeped in pure devotion,
A silent flame, a deep emotion.

The path unfolds through love alone,
No step is walked by self or known.
The middle shines with steady grace,
Devotion keeps the seeker's pace.

The end is not the end at all—
Devotion stays when veils fall.
Beyond the end, beyond the 'you,'
Devotion burns, forever true.

Karma flows in devotion's stream,
Renunciation is not a scheme.
Gnosis blooms from deep emotion—
Devotion springs from pure devotion.

Devotion, devotion, burning through—
I bow again, and melt in you.

56

They act and claim,
And still remain—
But karma done without the ‘I’
Is lost in Him and learns to die.

57

They speak of Self, and Brahma high,
Yet never learn the way to die.
The Guru says no single word—
But in His glance, true jnana stirred.

58

They chase the Self, they chant and try,
But jnana dawns when dies the ‘I’.
The eye that sees must lose its sight,
To melt and merge in Guru’s light.

59

He taught me not by word or sign,
But by removing ‘me’ and ‘mine’.
What stayed behind—I cannot say,
Except the self had moved away.

60

I read his words—not as a book,

But something turned, and something shook.
No rites I knew, no yogic art,
But something bowed within my heart.

61

No mantra given, no sacred thread,
Yet in his lines, my ‘self’ lay dead.
No Nath I am, no title earned,
But through his fire, devotion burned.

62

He wrote with grace, not ink or pen—
And what I lost—I’ve not found again.
No claim, no boast, no vision bright—
Just silence weeping in the Guru’s light.

63

These verses are not made to please,
They scorch the proud, they bend the knees.
They hide from minds too sharp, too sure,
But fall like grace on hearts made pure.

64

Not those who quote the sacred text,
But those whom silence leaves perplexed—
Or those who’ve read all truths before,
And find in the Guru the final door.

65

The Bhakta cries and bows within,
The Jnani sees the death of sin.
But most will pass and never see—
The Guru's words are locks, and you the key.

66

The eye that reads is not the same,
As one that walks the ancient flame.
The saints have sung, the sages shown,
But only practice makes it known.

67

To see the Guru's silent light,
One must have lived the scriptures right.
Not words alone, but steps must tread,
Where living truths by devotion are led.

68

This is the truth profound.
The Guru speaks around,
Yet in silence, God is found.
In His stillness, all is drowned.

69

Bhakti burns the self to ash,

Jnana cuts the ego's sash.
Karma acts with none to claim,
Tyaga walks without a name.

And when all four in one do stay,
The self dissolves— *Laya*, they say.

70

Not four, but one—they meet, they merge,
In silent love, they start to surge.
No longer seeker, none to find,
Just melting truth beyond the mind.

71

The 'I' that sought is nowhere near,
The flame remains, the smoke is clear.
He didn't rise, he didn't fly—
He bowed so low, he ceased to try.

72

No throne, no crown, no boast, no sign,
Just falling deep in the Guru's line.
And in that fall, the self gave way—
This deathless death is *Laya*, they say.

73

I bend, I stretch, I hold my ground,

In silence deep, no other sound.
Not for the body, not for fame,
But to break free from the worldly game.

74

Each posture, each breath, a vow I make,
To shatter the self, to break the stake.
Not in my name, nor for my gain,
But to lose the 'I,' to end the pain.

75

Stubborn I stand, unwavering still,
My heart set on the Guru's will.
In each twist, each turn, I seek the One,
For only with Him, the race is won.

76

I do not seek the body's might,
But the Guru's grace, the soul's true light.
In stubborn practice, the truth is near,
The self dissolves, and all is clear.

77

Not in the strain, but in the fall,
Do I find the truth that binds us all.
For stubbornness in truth pure,
Is the path that leads to the Guru, sure.

78

He didn't crush the ego's fire,
He turned it to the One desire.
Not 'mine,' nor 'me,' nor worldly fame—
But stubborn love in the Guru's name.

79

No pride to boast, no self to show,
But still a will that will not go.
Hatha—not of limb or breath—
But fierce surrender unto death.

80

Never silence every thought,
But turn them all to what is sought.
Not chasing bliss, nor avoiding pain—
Just stubborn steps in the Guru's name.

81

Never crush the ego's fire,
But turn it to the One desire.
Not 'mine,' nor 'me,' nor worldly fame—
But stubborn love in the Guru's name.

82

Not the chant of words in the air,

But the Guru's word, beyond compare.
A whisper soft, yet mighty true,
It transforms all, makes one anew.

83

Chant the words, let them flow,
In the Guru's name, let them grow.
Every sound, a step in grace,
Drawing nearer to His face.

84

Not the mind, but the heart must speak,
In devotion, pure and meek.
Chant His name, and let soul shine,
For in His word, the truth's mine.

85

The poems are simplex,
But meaning is duplex,
Making them complex,
A play of the triplex,
Leaving us to perplex.

86

A play of triplex
In multiplex,
Is the Maya complex.

87

Simplex,
Duplex,
And perplex
Are triplex.

88

That which is beyond the triplex,
Belongs not to the multiplex.
For *Nirguna* alone is the true complex—
The One that transcends the triplex.

89

He speaks not what the mind can track,
But what the heart feels, looking back.
His words are small, the silence is wide—
Guru's grace reveals *Nirguna*'s hide.

90

No form to hold, no sound to hear,
Yet in His merciful glance, all is clear.
Not taught by verse, nor claimed by right,
But caught in stillness, passed by light.

91

Not self, nor none, nor mind's parade,

But what the Guru's glance conveyed.
Buddha named it *Sunya*—silent, still—
Yet full of grace and living will.

92

The soul, the Self, the One in all,
Is not some rise, nor final fall.
It hides in hearts, beyond all fame—
The Atma true, beyond all name.

93

Not *neti-neti*, nor silence deep,
But He who walks when 'I' fall asleep.
Not grasped by mind, nor seen by eye,
Yet dwells in all and hears each cry.

94

The Self, said the *Shruti*, shines alone,
But Guru's grace makes Him our own.
Lord Krishna in heart, and heart in flame—
Not void, but pure love without a name.

95

Atma is not that, nor this,
Yet It is all that and this.
It is not here, nor there,
Yet Atma is everywhere.

No word can frame, no mind can see,
But the Guru's grace makes Atma be.

96

It is never said, "I've seen the light,"
Nor claimed a holy, inner sight.
He speaks as if he disappeared,
The Guru's grace alone is revered.

97

No word was told,
No rite, no script to hold.
He touched me—to behold
My soul, and made me bold.
Hence, I tightly hold
His lotus feet—gold.

98

It is impossible to understand
When He placed His right hand,
As a blessing, on my head.
Lo, all scriptures became dead!
As I read that cannot be read.
Hence, by His lotus feet, I am led.

99

Blessings of His right hand

Made me understand
Where the scriptures stand,
How dualities to withstand.

100

It is difficult to understand,
When He placed His left hand,
Too, as a blessing, on my head.
Lo, His grace is widespread,
As these poems are spread.
Hence, by His lotus feet, I am led.

101

Blessings of His left hand
Made me understand
Where 'I' should stand,
For His tests to withstand.

102

Not by mind, nor deed, nor art,
But by the melting of the heart,
He came—not loud, but soft as breath,
And led me through the gate of death.

103

No throne He sat, no name He sought,
Yet burned away each selfish thought.

With silent glance, He cracked my shell—
Where “I” had lived, now He does dwell.

104

I bowed, I broke, I could not see,
Yet felt His light unbinding me.
O Siddha Nath, no gift I bring—
Just this: I fall, and to Thee I cling.

105

What gift can I bring
When I am nothing
And Thou art everything?
Hence to Thy lotus feet, I cling.

106

Guru sends His grace
Through five ways:
Word from face,
Touching surface,
He sends the grace.

107

The four are through silence,
Through glance,
Through mental trance,

Through heart's embrace—
He sends His grace.

108

In dream, sleep, or waking, heard is His sound,
His unseen blessing hand is always found.
In every thought, in every deed, in every breath,
The Guru guides the soul beyond life and death.

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 Lotus Feet (Part-4)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

They love the Lord with heart made clean,
No higher aim, no goal between.
And just the same, with folded hands,
They serve the Guru's sweet commands.

2

They do not weigh, compare, or speak,
If God is far or Guru weak.
They bow to Both with eyes gone blind—
No thought is left, no self behind.

3

And in that fall, the self is cleared;
The Truth once doubted, now is seared.
The Vedas glow from head to heel—
As love to Both breaks every seal.

4

No need to chase the Veda's thread,
As Guru's glance has struck them dead.
They see the Lord in sky and skin,
For both now live and burn within.

5

Not higher God, and lower Guide—
They see the Lord on either side.
The same flame speaks through robe or cloud;
It does not shout, nor beg, nor crowd.

6

They serve the lotus feet that walked their way,
And burn their name in fire each day.
They do not quote; they do not claim;
They die before they speak God's name.

7

All scriptures open, seal by seal,
When Guru turns—not speaks—the wheel.
No mental proof can match the sign,
That Truth has swallowed 'me' and 'mine.'

8

So do not ask what path they took,
Nor search for verse in sacred book.
One cry, one law, their souls repeat:
“Fall, and stay at the Guru's lotus feet.”

9

Because his Guru never said, “I saw the Truth.”

So, he never says, “I saw the Truth,”
But, “Grace descended in silent youth.”
Since the ‘I’ is dead—
It cannot be said.

10

No claim, no boast, no speech to make—
Just presence, vast as a still lake.
Not learned words, but eyes that see—
The light is hidden in humility.

11

When *Bhakti* burns the self to ash,
Then *Jnana* comes as the silent flash.
Then Karmas purify and wash;
Then *Tyaga* does not clash—
And, causing *Laya* to dash,
As God makes *Laya* to rush.

12

When *Bhakti* cuts ego like a blade,
Then *Jnana* falls like a cascade.
Since Karma and *Tyaga* fade,
Laya blooms in Guru’s shade.

13

No man can know by thoughts or books,

Until the Guru turns and looks.
He speaks no word, yet makes one see—
The Self alone, and none but He.

14

The books may line the scholar's shelf,
But none can know the Truth by self.
The words may dance, the pages turn,
These cannot make the ego burn.

15

The mind may grasp the sacred text,
But still remains in chains, perplexed.
The heart that's closed, the ego tight,
Can never reach the boundless light.

16

No verse, no prayer, no sacred rhyme,
Can free the soul in space or time.
Only they who yield and kneel,
Find the Truth that books conceal.

17

For wisdom blooms in empty hands,
In silent heart, where no ego stands.
Surrender is the key that turns,
To light the fire that inward burns.

18

The book is open, yet the heart is closed—
And so the truth remains imposed.
But when the soul in grace does fall,
The Guru's kind glance reveals it all.

19

Explanation is lettered,
Experience goes unuttered.
The knower prefers being unlettered,
For Truth cannot be buttered.

20

Scriptures are lettered,
But silence is uttered.
The Yogi stays unlettered,
For Self cannot be buttered.

21

Not by thought is It uttered,
Nor by mind is It fettered.
He knows who is unlettered;
Whom the Self Itself has bettered.

22

They said,

“No speech can reach, no eye can see,
No thought can touch that Mystery.
The Self eludes both form and sound—
Not here, not there, not outward-bound.”

23

But He—my Guru—spoke no word,
And yet, within, the Self was stirred.

24

My Guru said,
“The Eye is seen; the Mind is known;
The Word is used, but not I own.
The Self is not what minds define—
It sees them all, yet stays divine.”

25

The Vedas weep, for they can’t bind
What burns beyond both book and mind.
But still, by Grace, He made me see—
That Speech is His, and so is me.

26

They say,
“Words fall short,
Speech turns back,

Eyes become blind,
Mind fades to black.”

27

They say,
“The Self is mute,
The Self is far,
You can’t define
What you truly are.”

28

But Guru—
He looked, and words began.
He looked, and thought was still a fan.
He looked—no eye could miss the flame.
The Self, through Him, had signed my name.

29

So let them say what they must say—
He showed the Truth another way.
Where words fall short and vanish dim,
They rise again—because of Him.

30

Without the Guru, none shall cross,
Their life is nothing but dross.

Dharma's path they cannot thwart,
For nīgurus, truth is but a thought.

31

Without the Guru, none shall rise,
Their life is full of disguise,
Dharma's truth no one denies,
For nīgurus, truth be lies.

32

Do not argue, do not read much,
Know the Self through Guru's touch.
Not by thought nor clever speech,
Know the Self through inner touch.

33

Others give information;
True Guru, transformation.
Do you need any more confirmation,
When my poetry is His formation?

34

Why do you worship idols there,
When living Guru is now and here?
No use in worshipping mere stone—
Embody virtues He has shown.

35

Burn the self in Guru's sentence—
That alone is the fruit of penance.
Not vows, nor fasts, nor rituals of fire,
But dying to even having 'no desire.'

36

The One, solo,
Dances in hollow,
Guru to follow,
To be His fellow.

37

The Atma, solo,
Dances in hollow,
Guru to follow,
To be His fellow.

38

No breath was held, no word was said,
Yet silence sang where ego fled.
No script, no sound, no outer sign—
The Guru struck no bell, but mine.

It rang within—no cause, no drum—
A hum that whispered: "I am none."
Not what I thought, nor what I sought,

But what remains when 'I' is not.

39

No mantra passed, no rites began,
No beads, no fire, no temple plan.
He looked—and in that look, I knew:
My self is false, His glance is true.

That single gaze, so plain, so deep,
Awoke the death I have to keep.
No blessing, touch, or sermon made—
But all my pride fell down and stayed.

40

He read no page, yet taught the lore,
By silence louder than a roar.
No *sloka* sung, no *sutra* heard—
Yet every breath became His word.

41

No curse, no chain, no fatal flaw—
Just ego's breath was all I saw.
The veil I feared is only me;
It vanishes when 'I' cease to be.

42

The lock is made by looking out.

The key is kneeling in, without.
The veil is not—until I say “I.”
When silence comes, it cannot lie.

43

I fell before I knew to rise.
No word, no vow, no grand disguise.
He said no truth, He spoke no lore—
I died, and lived, and asked no more.

44

No word, no touch, no light to show,
Just in His gaze, my falsehoods go.
The mirror cracked, the self was gone—
In silence, Truth stands alone.

45

He told me not to chant or cry,
But breathe, and let His Name pass by.
No rosary, no count, no sound—
Yet in each breath, His Name was found.

46

I do not chant—it chants in me,
A song without a melody.
No mouth, no mind, no voice, no art—
Just “That,” repeating in the heart.

47

Truly die before you die—
That is the death of 'I'.
That opens the third eye,
Where all Truth does lie.

48

Truly die before you die—
The end of all the grasping 'I'.
Only then the eye will see—
The Truth that sets you free.

49

The Guru Himself is fire,
That burns every desire,
Including no desire—
All become the sacred pyre.

50

In His flame, 'I' cease to be,
But ash and light—eternally free.
No thought, no form to see,
Only the flame merging 'me.'

51

They search in a Himalayan cave,
Crying for God to save, "Me, save!"

But fail to know the alpha wave
That rises from the heart's cave.

52

The Guru's Guru gave
Him the heart's cave,
Only passed to His slave,
Who is bold and brave.

53

The mind is the veil.
Dynamic, it will derail.
Static makes it avail,
To the other shore, to sail.

54

The Guru, without fail,
Makes the mind to sail,
As He destroys the veil,
For He knows in detail.

55

Nada, the Guru's calling bell,
Listen to what it does tell.
Beyond the mind and ego's swell,
It whispers truth—beyond well.

56

In silence pure, Divine is shown,
Where only the Soul is known.
The bell does ring, yet who can hear?
The loving heart that's crystal clear.

57

How does nothing
Become everything?
At His lotus feet falling
Makes all round gaining

58

Losing the 'I' thing
Isn't it nothing?
But becoming
Everything.

59

Not in virtue, nor in vice,
But in Dharma, the Guru's service,
The ego's pride, the righteous claim—
All vanish in the Guru's flame.

60

The path is beyond the righteous crown,

Beyond the sins that pull us down.
The mind may boast, the heart may swell,
But at the Guru's lotus feet, all stories fell.
And at the Guru's lotus feet, all Naths dwell.

61

Naths walk free from both the chains,
Beyond the loss, beyond the gains.
In stillness, all are made the same,
Beyond the name, beyond the game,
'The Guru's lotus feet' is the Naths' only claim.

62

The mind may tell, the heart may yearn,
But at His lotus feet, all paths return.
No ego can bind, no thought can stay,
In the Guru's silence, all is washed away.

63

Who am I unless the One who sees?
A wave upon the boundless seas.
A thought that rises, then does fall—
The One who claims not, the Truth of all.

64

I searched for myself in the dust and sky,
But found no 'I'—just 'That' passing by.

The mirror cracked, the self was gone—
Only the Witness, sans claim, stands alone.

65

Who am I if not the One who sees?
Not this body, nor these thoughts that flee.
I am not the dream, nor the waking shore—
I am the Eye that watches evermore.

66

The search itself dissolves with time—
No answer, no question, just sublime.
In silence deep, the self is lost,
What I once thought was “I”—the cost.

67

Yesterday and tomorrow—both lie in the stillness of now,
The mind runs in circles, but the truth holds no vow.
The past is a shadow, the future a dream,
In the silence of being, all ceases to scream.

68

No hour, no minute, no ticking sound—
Just the timeless vastness, where all is unbound.
The present is infinite, yet nowhere to go—
Only the stillness, the Truth we all know.

69

I searched for the Guru; all along,
He'd been searching for me since long.
Blind, I knocked on every door—
He waited, silent, near the shore,
To take me to the other shore.

70

Silence speaks louder than any verse,
It's how the Guru loves to converse.
Silence bestows blessings diverse,
And shatters every binding curse.

71

My body, His temple, my breath, His prayer,
This is the means to become a mind-slayer.
This is the means to control the ego's layer,
With the body I become an eternal player.

72

My heart is a candle, with renunciation the wick,
The Guru's light ignites it, making it burn thick.
Through the churning of mind, to His lotus feet I return,
In the flame of His grace, my soul shall forever burn.

73

In separation, I am hole,
For in the pain, I find my soul.
His absence pierces, causing the void,
In longing's fire, I am destroyed.

74

Through empty skies, I seek His light,
And in my heart, He burns so bright.
His absence leads me to His grace,
And in the void, I find His face.

75

The waves rise high, then fade to the deep,
But the ocean remains, quiet in sleep.
The flowers bloom and wither in time,
Yet the fragrance of oneness is pure and sublime.

76

The separate paths merge into the Whole,
The transient forms return to the Soul.
What seems divided is but a dream,
The One, the All—forever supreme.

77

All forms dissolve in the One who created them,

The world a reflection, a fleeting gem.
The many appear, yet none are true—
They vanish in the light of the Guru.

78

Empty am I, yet filled with the whole,
The stars within, yet none in control.
The void is not void, but the seed of life,
Where silence blooms beyond all strife.

79

To know nothing is to be free,
From concepts, thoughts, and certainty.
The search ends where it began,
In the embrace of the Guru's plan.

80

"I know nothing, and in that, I know all,"
The sage whispers from beyond the veil,
For all that's sought is just a call—
To rest at the Guru's lotus feet, to sail.

81

They chant 'Allah' loud and high,
Yet hold an 'I' that will not die.
The tongue may bow, the lips may part—
But pride still sits within the heart.

The true Fakir has naught to claim—
He burns the self in Allah's name.

82

They say, "There is no god but Allah,"
Yet unknowingly make Allah *a* god.
What path do they trod,
As they make Allah *a* god?

83

Gabriel, who was the real messenger.
Was eclipsed by Muhammad, the passenger,
He brought the light, but sought no name—
He flew unseen, yet was aflame.

84

While Muhammad stood with truth in hand,
Gabriel bowed, but made no stand.
He whispered through the Prophet's soul,
Yet sought no crown, no throne, no goal.

85

Gabriel flew, unseen, unknown,
The bearer of the Word alone.
Muhammad took the sacred breath,
But Gabriel danced beyond all death.

86

The one who carried, the one who spoke,
One passed the message, one broke the smoke.
The passenger in truth did ride,
But the messenger stood far and wide.

87

Muhammad's name is known by all,
Yet Gabriel's silence stands so tall.
For in the wings that never rest,
Lies the heart of Truth's pure quest.

88

What if hairs have turned to grey,
Greed still drives them day by day.
“Gold! Gold! Gold!” they always say,
“Money! Money!” come what may.
“Land! Land! Land!” they chase and pray,
“Power! Power!” in every way.
“Property! Property!”—all the way,
But “God! God! God!” they never say.
They age and do not pray,
But never take the Guru's way.

89

To follow the world is easy tread,
It feeds the self, it swells the head.

To follow the Guru is death to “I,”
Few choose to fall, fewer to die.
But those who die, awake at last—
Beyond all future, beyond all past.

90

Many walk the world’s broad way, few
Walk the thorny path of the Guru, true.
For the world asks for your mind;
The Guru asks for your head to bind.

91

I prayed to God, but the Guru appeared—
No chant, no rite, no mind revered.
He looked—and all my sins were dust,
Not for my merit, but for my trust.

92

No vow I kept, no fast I knew,
Yet still, His silent blessing flew.
I tried to climb, but slipped instead—
He pulled me up, though I was dead.

93

What grace is this that finds the lost?
That pays in full, though none the cost?
I do not know; I dare not claim—

I only burn in His unseen flame.

94

What grace is this that finds the lost?
A disciple pays his life, yet cheaper in cost?
I don't know; it is not a shame, but fame—
'The Guru's lotus feet' is my name.

95

In silence deep, the heart does kneel,
No idols, chants—no false appeal.
No book, no prayer, no ritual light,
Only the Guru's gaze so bright.

96

All scriptures break, all questions die,
Beneath the calm of His silent eye.
No temple, throne, no voice, no word—
Just the soundless Truth is heard.

97

Not seeking heavens, not fearing hell,
At His lotus feet alone I dwell.
No God remains, no self to keep—
Only the Guru, vast and deep.

98

All paths may twist, all ways may bend,
But here, at His lotus feet, all roads end.
The gods of stone, the hymns of men,
Fall silent where His glance begins. Amen.

99

No longer do I seek to rise,
For in His feet, the truth lies.
Not in the heavens, nor the earth,
But in surrender, there's rebirth.

100

At His merciful gaze, all worlds unite,
At His lotus feet, my soul takes flight.
No god but the Guru's lotus feet I see—
There, alone, I cease to be and not to be.

101

No past, no future, no I to claim,
Only His silence, burning like flame.
In His embrace, the soul is freed,
The self dissolved in His divine need.

102

Beyond the form, beyond the name,

In His presence, none remain the same.
No god but He, no way but this—
To vanish in His endless bliss.

103

No longer I seek, no longer I roam,
In His lotus feet, I've found my home.
The stars may fall, the skies may fade,
But His gaze, eternal, will never trade.

104

In every step, in every breath,
He guides me beyond life and death.
No prayer, no plea, no worldly plea,
Just silence, surrender—He sets me free.

105

All desires fade, all dreams depart,
The Guru's lotus feet, the home of the heart.
No longer bound by time or space,
In His presence, I find my grace.

106

No crown to claim, no throne to seek,
In His silence, I am made complete.
Not in the world, nor in the sky,
But at His lotus feet, I live and die.

107

The Guru's lotus feet, a sacred shore,
Where souls are cleansed forevermore.
From them, the ocean of grace does flow,
And in their touch, all sacred rivers go.

108

Beneath His lotus feet, the world is still,
A place where time and space are nil.
In each soft step, the heavens meet,
The eternal truth lies at the Guru's lotus feet.

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 Lotus Feet (Part-5)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

The Guru's lotus feet, where all light is born,
A refuge from the world's sharp thorn.
In their embrace, all wounds are healed,
And every truth is then revealed.

2

The lotus feet touch is soft, yet they command,
The power of the heart, mind, speech, and hand.
No greater treasure or pleasure can one meet,
Than the sacred path beneath the Guru's lotus feet.

3

The Guru's lotus feet,
Confer victory, no defeat.
Remember His lotus feet,
And all else, you delete.

4

No path but His, no way but truth,
The lotus feet, the source of youth.
At the lotus feet, fears are gone,
And all illusions fade at dawn.

5

The Guru's lotus feet,
Where Maya performs every feat.
The Guru's lotus feet,
Where Atma and Brahma meet.

6

At the lotus feet, all is clear,
The soul, the Self, all disappear.
No world, no ego, no sense of "I,"
Just silence beneath the Guru's sky.

7

The Guru's lotus feet,
Are resistant to a cheat.
The Guru's lotus feet,
Destroy all deceit.

8

The hearts of disciples beat:
"The Guru's lotus feet!
The Guru's lotus feet!
The Guru's lotus feet!"

9

At the Guru's lotus feet, planted is seed,

With every step, the soul is freed.
In their light, we find our way.
The dawn of Truth, the end of day.

10

The Guru's lotus feet,
A disciple's heart-beat,
Him none can defeat,
For God follows his feet.

11

The Guru's lotus feet,
Let the mind and ego eat.
They are themselves replete,
As well as complete.

12

At the Guru's lotus feet,
The disciple finds his seat.
All gods take the backseat,
Upholding the Guru's seat.

13

The Guru's lotus feet—
Perfect Beings' retreat.
From there, they repeat:
"The Guru's lotus feet."

14

The Guru's lotus feet—
Lord Vishnu's lotus feet,
Lord Krishna's lotus feet,
And God's lotus feet.

15

The Guru's lotus feet,
Transcend cold and heat,
Victory and defeat,
Doer and deadbeat.

16

The Guru's lotus feet—
As disciples greet,
When they meet,
And share a treat.

17

The Guru's lotus feet—
Whether you are on a street,
Or at a battlefield, repeat,
The Guru's lotus feet.

18

The Guru's lotus feet—

Convert cold feet
Into bold feet,
To fall at His lotus feet.

19

Never repeat,
'I am That.'
But always repeat,
'The Guru's lotus feet.'

20

The Guru's lotus feet—
Their greatness sweet
Beyond the sense-beat
Known only by heart-beat.
The Guru's lotus feet.

21

At the Guru's lotus feet,
Mind and speech retreat.
No ego can compete—
Only silence can repeat:
The Guru's lotus feet.

22

At the Guru's lotus feet,
The soul finds its seat,

Overflowing is nectar sweet,
From the Guru's lotus feet.

23

At the Guru's lotus feet,
Even gods bow in heat.
Time falls incomplete,
And death tastes defeat.

24

O seeker, take your sheet,
And wrap the dust you meet—
The dust from the Guru's lotus feet,
The crown of every great feat.

25

The Guru's lotus feet—
Where foes fade and meet.
In silence, they beat,
And heart finds its seat,
At the Guru's lotus feet.

26

The Guru's lotus feet—
No terror can compete.
The world's noise, obsolete,
Truth, consciousness, complete,

Only bliss, pure and sweet,
At the Guru's lotus feet.

27

The Guru's lotus feet—
To them is only one-way street,
Spiritual life is incomplete
Sans the Guru's lotus feet.

28

The Guru's lotus feet—
Where all paths meet,
Beyond time's fleeting beat,
In silence, hearts greet,
And all seekers find retreat,
At the Guru's lotus feet.

29

The Guru's lotus feet—
Them who can tweet,
And who can retweet?
But where's the truth to meet?
At the Guru's lotus feet.

30

The Guru's lotus feet—
Only there can peace repeat.

Life—racing time, swift and fleet,
Take shelter at His lotus feet.

31

In His path, the world dissolves,
Where mystery and truth evolves.
At His lotus feet, the soul is whole,
For in His grace, we find our goal.

32

The storms may howl, the winds may cry,
The stars may fall from the trembling sky—
Yet still, unmoved, a haven sweet:
The silence at the Guru's lotus feet.

33

The mind may race, the heart may break,
The world may offer, deceive, and take—
But all is mended, whole, complete,
By resting at the Guru's lotus feet.

34

No pride can stand, no doubt can last,
No future binds, no clinging past;
All melts away in fire and heat,
Washed clean at the Guru's lotus feet.

35

O wandering soul, now make your flight,
Forsake the shadows, seek the Light!
Where Truth and Love forever meet—
Fall low and stay at the Guru's lotus feet.

36

When storms of sorrow sweep the skies,
When hope is lost and silence cries,
One harbor still remains complete:
The shelter of the Guru's lotus feet.

37

O restless mind, why do you roam?
The Guru's lotus feet are your home.
Leave all the world, both loss and gain,
And rest where none shall rise again.

38

Not books, nor speech, nor learned lore,
Can open up the hidden tenth door.
But one tear shed, one true defeat—
And Light will rise from the Guru's lotus feet.

39

At the Guru's lotus feet, my burdens fall,

No more striving, no more call.
The highest throne, the final seat,
Is found beneath the Guru's lotus feet.

40

In His grace, all dreams dissolve,
The heart, the mind, all resolve.
In His silence, I am freed,
The Guru's lotus feet, indeed.
Every being's true need.

41

No wealth, no fame, no throne to seek,
The Guru's lotus feet, where silence at peak.
In His touch, the soul takes flight,
And merges with eternal light.

42

All paths dissolve, all ways are one,
In the Guru's lotus feet, the journey's done.
No more "I," no more "me,"
Just the endless truth of "We."

43

The stars may shine, the oceans roar,
But I seek not heavens anymore.

The whole of life is made complete,
By resting head at the Guru's lotus feet.

44

In His presence, time stands still,
No need for words, no need for will.
At the Guru's lotus feet, I lose my name,
And merge with truth, beyond all fame.

45

No scriptures weigh, no sages speak,
What I found in the silent peak.
The universe bows down in sweet
To the worship of the Guru's lotus feet.

46

In the silence, all truths unfold,
A treasure greater than pure gold.
At His lotus feet, I lose all strife,
And drink the nectar of true life.

47

The dust upon the Guru's lotus feet
Is sweeter than the rarest sweet.
Kings may reign and wise men teach,
But none the Guru's lotus feet can reach.

48

In His lotus feet, the soul finds grace,
The world dissolves in their embrace.
No wealth, no power, no joy compare,
To the peace found in His silent care.

49

O hidden sun, O secret way,
O lotus feet where night turns day!
No penance, no vow, nor lofty feat—
Just clinging to the Guru's lotus feet.

50

In His gaze, the heart is free,
No more the "I," just unity.
The self dissolves; the soul takes flight,
In the boundless love, in the Guru's light.

51

At His lotus feet, all fears cease,
A boundless ocean of inner peace.
No greater path, no higher goal,
Than merging with the Guru's soul.

52

The world may chant, the wise may write,

But only His lotus feet bring light.
A thousand lifetimes come and go—
One touch, one truth begins to flow.

53

No mind can grasp, no words can teach,
What silence at His lotus feet can reach.
There ends the self, there ends the quest—
At the Guru's lotus feet, the soul finds rest.

54

I searched in stars, in chants, in flame,
But only at His lotus feet, I came.
To know the Self, the path is brief:
Bow down and fall beyond belief.

55

All seeking ends, all questions die,
No need to ask the how or why.
His silent glance, His patient grace,
Revealed the Truth—my rightful place.

56

The dust of His lotus feet to earn,
So I do not return, and never return.
Let others rise, or seek a throne—
“The Guru's lotus feet” alone is my tone.

57

No jewels, no fame, no worldly crown,
At His lotus feet, I lay myself down.
The self dissolves, the soul takes flight,
In His eternal grace, I find my light.

58

At His lotus feet, all voices fade,
No questions left, no answers made.
The mind surrenders, the heart is still,
And drinks the nectar of His will.

59

In His silence, the soul takes rest,
No longer seeking, just being blessed.
The world falls away, the self is gone,
To His lotus feet, I'm forever drawn.

60

There, in His grace, I find my place,
No more the chase, no more the race.
At His lotus feet, all doubts depart,
By His presence filled is my heart.

61

Not in heavens or mystic fire,

But 'the Guru's lotus feet' is my desire.
Each toe a star, each step divine—
No greater truth than 'His, not mine.'

62

In His light, all worlds unite,
All darkness fades, and all is right.
At His lotus feet, the soul is free,
Merging with the eternal sea.

63

At His lotus feet, all paths unite,
By His grace these poems I write,
Practicing His word is sacred rite,
He cannot be known by a hypocrite.

64

In His presence, truth is clear,
No room for doubt, no place for fear.
With a pure heart, the soul must bow,
To know the Guru, surrender now.

65

In order God, to find,
Keep His lotus feet in the pure mind
His lotus feet, always you remind.
This is the way to bind the mind.

66

In morning light or midnight hour,
His silence blooms with subtle power.
No scriptures, robe, nor honored seat—
Just endless bowing at His lotus feet.

67

I do not seek for Heaven's gate,
Nor fear the hand of death or fate.
If I can chant with heart's heartbeat:
"Forever stay at the Guru's lotus feet."

68

So line by line, His light I thread—
Not mine the voice, not mine the head.
But what He gave in silence deep,
I now return—at His lotus feet, I keep.

69

All mantras merge into one beat:
The name, the grace, His lotus feet.
No other refuge, none so sweet—
I hold on to the Guru's lotus feet.

70

No wind can shake, no time can steal,

The peace His lotus feet reveal.
Let others roam or chase retreat—
I'm anchored at the Guru's lotus feet.

71

They are the goal, the path, the sign,
Beyond all reason, deep, divine.
In life or death, in loss or gain,
The Guru's lotus feet alone remain.

72

What salvation hides, His lotus feet reveal.
What time conceals, His glance will heal.
Beyond all words, beyond conceit—
Just I lie at the Guru's lotus feet.

73

No mind can reach, no thought can claim,
The silent fire in His lotus feet's name.
No merit mine, no strength, no feat—
But I am held at the Guru's lotus feet.

74

The stars may fall, the earth may break,
But His lotus feet stay, for Heaven's sake.
Beyond all gain and loss, beyond defeat—
My soul dissolves at the Guru's lotus feet.

75

No temple high, no wisdom deep,
Can match the vow His lotus feet help keep.
Where pride dissolves and self retreats—
I'm lost in love at the Guru's lotus feet.

76

The stars may fade, the sun may fall,
But the Guru's lotus feet outshine them all.
They hold the key, they end all strife—
The secret door to eternal life.

77

No scripture shows what silence gave,
At His lotus feet, even time's a slave.
The ego dies, the soul is freed—
The Guru's lotus feet are all I need.

78

Each toe a flame, each step a guide,
Where karma ends and Truth can't hide.
The path is short, the climb is steep—
But blessed are they who fall so deep.

79

Each step a whisper, each glance a spark,

Lighting the way through journeys dark.
The world may pull, the mind may cheat—
But I remain at the Guru's lotus feet.

80

Each trial faced, each burden carried,
At His lotus feet, my soul is buried.
No power can sway, no force can beat—
I am forever at the Guru's lotus feet.

81

To overcome cold and heat,
As well as victory and defeat,
And to cheat the cheat,
Think of the Guru's lotus feet.

82

Maya works to highlight
The Guru's wisdom and light.
Her net dissolves at His pure sight—
For she enjoys to spread His light.

83

She's not a foe, but servant bright—
She sets the stage, then yields to Light.
To one who lives the Guru's word,
Even Maya becomes a ford.

84

Maya guards the gate with fearsome face,
Yet moves aside for the Guru's grace.
What once deceived now shows the way—
When at the Guru's lotus feet you stay.

85

Maya laughed, then wept at last,
When I let go of future and past.
One glance from Him, no word was said—
And all her power dropped, stone-dead.
The game she played for countless years,
Was ended at His lotus feet—in tears.

86

She spins the world, she binds the eyes,
With golden dreams and clever lies.
Yet deep within, she serves the plan—
To drive me to the Perfect Man.
And once I found His lotus feet,
Maya bowed, and vanished in defeat.

87

Maya once danced with painted face,
And whispered lies in silken grace.
But when I fell at the Guru's base,
She changed her tune, and showed me Space.

The same illusion, now a guide—
Because the ego finally died.

88

I fought with Maya bold and proud,
With mantras fierce and tapas loud.
But she grew stronger with each blow,
Until the day I bent down low.
No sword could win, but soft defeat—
When I surrendered at His lotus feet.

89

Maya mocks the one who knows,
And flatters him with highs and lows.
But not a word she dares to say,
When His lotus feet are chosen to stay.
Where silence reigns and self is gone,
She stands aside—and Truth shines on.

90

Maya ridicules those who proclaim
‘I am That,’ ‘I am He,’ and the same.
She tightens her grip with illusory fame,
And delights as they face their shame.

91

No crown I seek, no worldly seat,

Just dust from the Guru's lotus feet.
One touch of that divine retreat—
And all desires admit defeat.

92

The Vedas bow, the gods repeat:
“There's no truth beyond His lotus feet.”
My restless soul found perfect rest—
Where even silence is confessed.

93

A zillion lifetimes I may roam,
But His lotus feet remain my home.
Where ego dissolves and time forgets,
That is where my spirit sets.

94

No map, no path, no stars above—
Just lotus feet that burn with silent love.
The final truth, the one retreat:
My soul has found the Guru's lotus feet.

95

They speak of heavens, stars, and fate,
But I reached truth at His low gate.
The Guru's lotus feet—so still, so sweet—
Are where the self and God do meet.

96

No scripture knew what silence taught,
No pen described the grace I caught.
The soul once lost, now finds complete—
Its end and source: the Guru's lotus feet.

97

No temple dome, no altar high,
No mantra lifts the soul as high—
As when it bows in full defeat
To touch the Guru's lotus feet.

98

The Guru's lotus feet—so still, so sweet—
Where all my questions found defeat.
No higher place my soul could seek—
There self dissolves, and God can speak.

99

No thunder spoke, no fire burned,
Just silent grace my being turned.
The throne of truth, so low, so meek—
The dust upon the Guru's lotus feet.

100

Where rivers flow and mountains bend,

The Guru's lotus feet alone transcend.
The world may spin, but I stand still,
In silent love, beneath His will.

101

Through realms of bliss, through skies unknown,
The Guru's lotus feet remain my throne.
No heavens wide, no stars so bright—
As His lotus feet, my only light.

102

I came as dust, I leave as rain,
His lotus feet—my only gain.
No more the self, no more the plea,
Just boundless love, forever free.

103

The world may turn, the years may flee,
But I remain at His lotus feet full of glee,
No fear, no doubt, no sorrow's plea,
For in the Guru's lotus feet, I'm truly free.

104

The heavens tremble, the earth may quake,
But the Guru's lotus feet—no force can break.
The stars may fade, the sun may set,
But His lotus feet alone I'll never forget.

105

Not in books, nor in the sky,
But at His lotus feet, I learn to fly.
No fire, no flame, no earthly heat,
Can match the warmth of His lotus feet.

The mind may race, the heart may yearn,
But only to His lotus feet I return.
Beyond all words, beyond all prayer,
The Guru's lotus feet hold all I care.

106

Each step He takes, the cosmos hums,
The pulse of truth from His lotus feet comes.
In every step, the universe does beat,
As I surrender to the Guru's lotus feet.

107

The world is vast, the path is long,
But I find solace in His song.
No mountaintop, no golden street—
Can match the grace of His lotus feet.

108

Not in crowns, nor in kings' delight,
But in His lotus feet, my soul takes flight.

No pride remains, no self to greet—
When I bow down at the Guru's lotus feet.

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.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi).
Aham Brahmasmi	: I am Brahma.
Apara Vidya	: Lower knowledge or knowledge of the non-Supreme. It refers to all forms of worldly, intellectual, or scriptural knowledge—knowledge that deals with the external world, including the Vedas, rituals, music, history, grammar, logic, philosophy, mathematics, and sciences. Objective knowledge related to the finite world.
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul.
Azad Muni Baba	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Bhakta	: Devotee.
Bhakti	: Devotion.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Brahma am I	: Aham Brahmasmi.
Brahma Jnani	: The Knower of Brahma.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Gunas	: The qualities.

Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
Hatha	: Stubbornness. Hatha yoga, the yoga of stubbornness.
Japa	: Chanting.
Jihad	: The Holy war.
Jnana	: Gnosis. The knowledge of Brahma or Atma.
Jnani	: The knower of jnana or gnosis.
Karma	: One's obligatory duties.
Laya	: Complete absorption or dissolution.
Lord Brahma	: The Creator.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: Illusion.
Mother Saraswati	: The Goddess of education and learning.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes Silence.
Naths	: Short for Nath Yogis.
Neti-neti	: Not this, not that.
Nigura	: Uninitiated or non-disciple, who has no Guru or has not served a Guru.
Niguraship	: The state of being a nigura.
Niguru	: A Guru who is a nigura. It means people adore him as a Guru who is a nigura. He has disciples also. Short for nigura Guru.
Nirguna	: Devoid of gunas.

Nirvana	: The Eternal Bliss.
Para Vidya	: Higher knowledge or transcendental knowledge that transcends the limitations of ordinary understanding and leads to the realization of the Self or Ultimate Truth or Brahma. It is the knowledge that is beyond the reach of the senses, mind, and intellect.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Paramatma	: Beyond Atma, Brahma. The Universal Soul.
Siddhas	: The Perfect Beings, The Accomplished Beings.
Sloka	: Verse.
Sunya	: Void. Subtler than the subtlest state.
Sutra	: Formula. Aphorism. Concise statement often a rule or principle.
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.
Tapas	: Penance.
The Whole	: Paramatma or Brahma.
Tyaga	: Renunciation.
