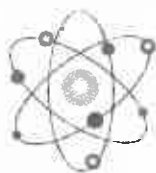


INSPIRING



THOUGHTS

By Sri Swami Omkar

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~~FROM THE~~ "SPIRITUAL NOTEBOOK OF

SRI SWAMI OMKAR , 1924

O MIND DON'T WANDER

O my dutiful mind, why do you wander hither and thither, looking this side and that side? Time is short and life is flying, why do you waste the precious time? Is not the body momentary? Is not the world transitory? Why not you be firm and steady in the Truth or Divinity. If you cannot be free from wanderings, then wander only towards the feet of the Lord. You think of so many things, my mind, even by forgetfulness why not you think of the Lord, who is thy very life and soul? What great joy it is to feel all as my own and to practically realise everyone and everything as a part and parcel of my own Self! One is happy with this Allness and Universal feelings. One is miserable and wretched if he has only individual love and narrow-mindedness. No one can escape this Divine law of Allness or unity. Whether kings or beggars, saints or sinners, all are bound by this unchangeable law. May everyone try to move with the Divine Law!

SACREDNESS

Where is sacredness? Is it in the body or is it in the temples? Or is it in the rivers or in pilgrimages? Sacredness is nowhere other than in the Self or Truth. Where Self is realised, everything becomes sacred. Where self is not felt everything becomes unsacred. A thing is sacred because of the presence of the Self. By living in God, everything becomes sacred and by forgetting God, leading a beastly life, unto him everything will be unsacred.

While we were speaking with the Secretary of a certain Maharaja of Banaras, in the course of the conversation he was telling us that his Maharajah is so orthodox that he will wash his hands if he happens to shake hands with a European, with cow-dung and with the sacred waters of the Ganges from Hardwar! I felt astonished at his words and for the too-much orthodoxy of the Maharaja. I wonder why the Banaras Ganges water has become unsacred for washing his hands with cow-dung? Because he lives in Banaras the Maharaja thinks perhaps that Hardwar water alone is sacred. And people who live in Calcutta think that Banaras water is more sacred than their own Ganges water in Calcutta. In addition, what about the people in Hardwar? They again think that the Gangotri and Jamnotri water alone, the water that can be had at the source itself will be sacred.

Thus, there is no end at all to the ignorance or weakness of one's underdeveloped mind. When one realised the Self, he will be blessed with sameness of God-Vision. Unto such a one everything and everyone appears as God or Sacred.

When we expressed a desire of seeing the great orthodox Maharaja, we felt shocked to hear from his Secretary that he went hunting on a shooting excursion. Oh, how cruel and heartless it is! The Maharaja, who thinks that he is getting polluted by mere touch with a child of God, takes the greatest pleasure in shooting innocent animals mercilessly. On one side, he is not able to take the hand of a fellow brother calling it orthodoxy, and on the other side, he is taking the lives of God's dumb children by numbers. How to reconcile? O Lord who art in all, bless everyone to see the same Divine unity alone in one and all!

BLESSING RAM NARAYAN

While I was leaving Lucknow to Delhi when saying good-by to my devoted friends, Mr. Ram Narayan the Deputy Collector, with all humility and devotion brought tears to my eyes by saying, *"Oh Swamiji save me, for thou hast the power of converting sinners into saints!"* What could I say to him? With tears in my eyes, I silently blessed him saying, *"Thou art already a saint for in the Kingdom of God there can be nothing like sin or sinner!"*

Verily it is all Divinity. May Peace be unto Ram Narayan and unto all. I silently prayed repeatedly, on the power or greatness of converting the whole world into saints. May I be worthy of his trust!

TAJ MAHAL

For the second time again in this life of mine I am standing face to face with the gigantic building of Agra, especially the world famous Taj-Mahal. Oh how many years of energy and how much of untold wealth must have been spent on these sublime tombs and buildings! How fine, lofty, costly and vast are these buildings, there is no end for the genius or power or ambitions of men.

In my own way, I am trying to construct some buildings and kutirs in Santi Ashram for the use of devotees. Is there any comparison between a glow-worm and the glorious Sun? So are my achievements or ambitions when compared to Taj Mahal. Sitting on one of its four corner towers, I thought if one has to construct must he construct a building like the Taj? If not then what is the use of wasting time and energy in constructing some thatched huts? Then do I desire

to construct buildings like the Taj? Never, never! Even if I am provided with the wealth of the whole world. What for is all this glory to me? If I want Taj, can I not feel this Taj of Agra as my own? Verily it is mine also. But the great lesson I have learnt sitting by the side of Taj, silently meditating of the beauties of inner life and on the flying glories of external grandeur, is that I should give no more of my mind to earthly constructions but only to the Divine constructions, in the Holy Life of Divinity. Calling Taj as my very own, I will give my mind no more to constructions in the cause of Santhi Ashram. Thine only for the spiritual contribution to the world.

In all humility and devotion pilgrims visit Badri Bisal at Badri Narayan in the snowy peaks of Himalays. Devotees also enter the temple of Kasi Viswanatha at Banaras and of Jagannath at Puri. This humble self is given the chance, going down into the inner tomb of Kahn Taj Mahal-Shah Jaha. Let zealots of religion or bigots of faith say what they please, but I am glad to confess that I found there by the side of the dead in the tombs of Taj more Peace than in the money-extracting temples of Banaras and Jagannath. Blessed is the Taj for it is free from the life-sucking ambitions of the Hindu shrines.

Amidst sweet fragrances of perfume, I lost myself into a state of unconsciousness when I sat by the side of Mum Taj and Shah Jaha. What sweet relationship it is, even with the dead. This is a living proof of my Oneness with the dead not to speak of the living. Verily I am inseparably one with the Mother Mum Taj and Brother Jaha, if not why should I feel for them? Indeed, it is ignorance that makes one think that he is separate with the past, present and future. As for me I am one with all, wither time or dead of past, present or future.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

AGRA

Whom shall I call the happiest man in the world? Shall I call the great Shah Jaha who called himself the conqueror of the world, as the happiest man of the world? I weep to call him a happy man, for he is far from happiness. The great Shah of Bihar, the Shah Jaha, who was adored and loved by Mum Taj and the true Emperor, was he not made a prisoner of his own fort, in a small dungeon like room, by his own beloved cruel son Awanyeela, not for a day or two but for a period of seven years?

Oh where is happiness, is it in riches, is it in Emperorship, and is it in worldly life or in mightiness? O happiness, where art thou hidden? Can we call Napoleon the Great of olden days, as the

happiest man, for under him the whole world quivered and quaked for many long years. Napoleon the Great, with all the blood money of the world for which he had been made the cause, was called an Emperor of heresy and confusion. With all his power and money, he suffered death most cruelly at the hands of his heartless gallery at Saint Hedena. Similar has been the case with the Kaiser, the German Emperor of the latest world's Great War.

Verily these mighty Emperors though filled with all the wealth, health and power of the whole world, they are far from happiness. To be great in the world's eye is to be far from eternal happiness. The great Shah Jaha who had built the grand Taj has passed away so silently as a tiny creature. The great Mum Taj, in whose loving memory the Taj of Agra stands today, is also no more in the physical world. She too passed away like a little flower. However, what about the Spirit, their souls? It is the same, everlasting and eternal. For all things pass off except the Truth. It alone is indestructible. For none calls himself happy unless he identifies himself with the Truth, the Divinity, killing the little "I". As such Truth alone is all happiness.

EVERYONE BUSY

DELHI 1-6-24 5 PM

Days are passing like seconds and everyone is restless busy with their own respective works, whether they are Sanyasins or Grihastas. With the first glimpses of the dawn, I have been struggling in every second to merge myself in my Divine Birthright. I am busy with Peace. So is everyone busy with his own duties.

On my side, I find my boy Atma Ram making himself busy with some work or the other. On the other side, I find my devoted Rama Krishna also is restlessly busy with his own duties. However, where is Peace? It is within and without, if one cares only to behold it. Indeed all are busy but some are busy for Peace and others are busy for the world. I wish all would be filled with Peace even amidst their works. May Rama Krishna feel Krishna's Presence, within and without although he is merged in a busy world of his own. If we wish for Peace earnestly, we will surely get it. PEACE!

OM! OM! OM!

HOW LONG REPEATING

3-6-24 DELHI

O how long am I to repeat "I am not the body"? How long am I to say I am not the mind? Is all my life to be spent only in saying and repeating Shivoham, Shivoham? When I am the one without a second what need is there for my saying Shivoham or Aum or I am not the body, mind, etc.? O let me be above talking, writing, feeling and repeating. Let me merge in my own Divine Glory, ever freed from every kind of duality! OM

OM

RENOUNCING EVERYTHING

3-6-24 DELHI

When in meditation I feel I am all in all. I feel the whole world as a bubble in the ocean of Divinity. With all this, what a great pity it is that I am hankering after a few thousand rupees for supporting the Shanti Mission! How ridiculous is my ambition. When all the vast treasures and riches of the world is in me, why am I refused even a few thousand rupees from my own Beloved's tiny world? Is my Religion of Allness practical or impractical? When all are my own why should not all respond to my unselfish desires. When I feel for all why should not others also feel for me? Is my religion only mere theory? Are these tests and trials? Who is testing me? But is there anyone besides me to test me.

Perhaps I should not hanker after materialism. My duty as a Sanyasin is only to live in God as God. Oh let me not forsake my Divine Birthright, the vision of Universality or Godhead. Oh God, where art Thou? If Thou art not separate from me, if Thou and I are one, why is this body consciousness? Oh my Lord, whether thou art near or far, whether Thou art separate or One with me, let me send to you my hearts inner appeal!

Listen, listen O my sweet Lord, Thy child's heart rendering sincere and earnest prayers. Oh Lord I am tired of this body so take away this body consciousness, or better, the body itself. Oh God, I am tired with this tiny mind, let me offer this also unto thy Holy Feet. I am disgusted with the Universal Mission of Shanti Ashram. Make me free from its bondages and worries. Oh Lord, I require neither public works nor private works. Let me rise above all duties and works. Let my

highest duty be to ever live inseparably one with Thee. Oh let me not forget or forsake Thee even for a single second, calling it sacred duty or public work.

However great the sacrifices may be, let me not sacrifice Thee. What can I do for others or for myself forsaking Thee? I do not want to sacrifice Thee for the sake of a world of public duties or any number of other sacrifices. I need Thee and Thee alone. I renounce everything for Thy sake, including body, world and Shanti Ashram. Oh my God where art Thou? Let me embrace Thee for I have come to Thee now with clean hands, renouncing everything!

LIVING MIDWAY

Can anyone live midway between the sky and the earth? He must either live as a planet or star in the sky or as a man or worm on the earth. However, how is one expected to live midway, forsaking both sky and earth? So also, one cannot live both in Heaven and hell. He must either live in hell or in Heaven. Neither can he live mid-way between heaven and hell.

In the same way, one cannot live with body-consciousness and with God-consciousness. How can one live midway between body consciousness and God consciousness? One must be either in God consciousness or in body consciousness. His will be a miserable plight, who tries to live as God in one second and as man in another second. Either the one or the other must be left and sacrificed for getting harmony either in the bodily plane or spiritual plane.

Here also one ought to remember the golden words of Lord Jesus, ***"No one can serve two masters."*** How possible is it to serve both God and Mammon? So, let one determine once and for all, without wasting any further time, either to serve God or Mammon. He who tries to serve both will be utterly lost, filled with worry, agony, misery and death in ignorance. So let all sensible people try to serve only the Truth or God.

OM! OM! OM!

WHERE ART THOU

DELHI

O God consciousness where art Thou? Why do you forsake me even for a single second? Am I not working for Thee, an I not weeping for Thee? Am I not living for Thee? O my blessed Divine Consciousness! I can live no more without Thee, let me live, move and have my being only in Thee. I need Thee and Thee alone and nothing else. If not for Thee, why should I live? Take away the breath, take away this body and let me dissolve in Thee never to be separated any more!

OM! OM! OM!

EMPIRE OF MONEY

Money, though thou art lifeless, thou art sucking the life out of the whole of Humanity. God ruleth in the Kingdom of Heaven and thou art the ruler in the Kingdom of Satan or Devil.

How vast is thy empire, how numberless are thy slaves and worshipers! Majority of the world is worshipping you, even forsaking God. When compared to you, God's empire is very limited and His devotees are very few. Many are mad after Thee and very few are mad after God.

O Money, it is for Thee alone that sons forsake their parents. O Money, it is for Thee alone that brothers quarrel and fight with each other. O Money, it is for Thee alone that nations fight against each other. How heartless art thou, ever dancing mercilessly on the heads of one and all, treating both poor and rich equally!

O wretched money, is it not for Thee alone even murders are committed in untold numbers, at all times and in all ages by thy followers and slaves? O cruel money, is it not for Thee alone that even Sanyasins that have renounced the world have to wait at the doors of the poor rich, pampering to their tastes, sacrificing their self-respect for the support of public works?

O money, devils live in Thee always, men worship Thee always. Even gods run after Thee. How powerful and mighty art thou! O cruel money, pitying this poor Sanyasin, who has renounced Thee, send on him thy holy Blessings by not coming in his way. O Money, let me live where thou exist not, satisfying myself with my spiritual wealth only.

FREE FROM CLOTHING

I feel quite unhappy and miserable when I cover this dirty body with clothing. I feel most comfortable, healthy and happy when I am free from clothing. How happy I am when I wear only a towel or a loin cloth!

I consider this skin also as a certain kind of clothing, as such it is surely a hindrance to my external happiness. If so, how I wish to be free of this skin, to enjoy my Divine Birthright, the endless happiness. O may I be free from all kinds of external coverings! As Truth, I do not require any cloth made either by cotton, skin or flesh.

OM! OM! OM!

WHY REMEMBER

DELHI 5 AM

Why should I exert myself to remember my Godhead, often and often and even in every second of my life? Is it not ignorance and weakness? Is my Godhead or Divinity separate from me? When it is my all in all and when I am that why should I not simply enjoy it, ever feeling it? When I am that, no feeling is needed, what is needed is I must be free from worry and life-sucking thoughts. Then all will be well. Self--I am cheerful and Divine!

OM! OM! OM!

SPEEDY HORSE

4-6-1924, 5 AM, DELHI

Filled with my Indivisible oneness I was just washing my teeth near the balcony, looking into the street early in the morning. I felt attracted to see the wonderful speed of a horse of a carriage--with what great speed it was running!

Oh, if all people run after God with half of the speed of that dumb horse, by this time the world would have been filled with living gods. For everyone, in everything steadiness and concentration are needed. When once we want a thing to be done, we must do it with all speed like that of the horse.

OM! OM! OM!

NEVER AFFECTED

8 AM

When having my usual bath I felt thus: I am the Self in the past, present and future. Whether I have a body or a million bodies, my self will never be effected. It remains the same under all conditions. Because it is above duality. It is the same in heat, cold, pain, pleasure, honour, disgrace and life or death. In both sin and virtue I am the Self alone. Whether the body is placed in Hell or Heaven, I am determined to live as Self alone, for it is my only Birthright.

OM TAT SAT OM!

WHY MEDITATION

11 AM

What for am I to do meditation? How long am I to do meditation, am I to run after it still, will it not run after me? Am I not tired of these concentrations and meditations? If I am a body, I need meditation but when I am the Self, what shall meditation do for me? Away you meditations and concentrations, do not play with me! I am free from duality, go to those who are I need of you, who are filled with duality. Let me be free from all duality, ever enjoying my own glory of Oneness.

OM! OM! OM!

WHY WRITING

Why should I write even spiritual thoughts of mine, forsaking my God- Vision? In what way are these mere writings going to help me? Will they give me strength, Peace and Divine consciousness, in going through them? If these empty writings are going to give me Peace, how much more Peace will my Divine consciousness give me, even by just remembering it. Let me care only for my Divinity and not for reading or writings!

OM! OM! OM!

THE LITTLE BOY

4 PM

A boy of three years comes to me with all his love and cheerfulness, making me feel ashamed of my gloominess and cares! The little free truant, he boldly comes into my hands, sits on my lap and plays with me, mocking at my care worn long face. How blissful is he, I really envy his happiness.

I have taught him to chant **OM**. Whenever he comes he greets me with the sacred syllable **OM**. Being a Gujarati boy he cannot understand my language but he makes himself comfortable in my company, playing with me.

As I am writing this my dear little free one is laughing at my ignorance of writing this. He is chanting **OM** repeatedly making me also repeat the same! "*Suffer little children to come unto me*" are the Divine words of Lord Christ. Verily they are untainted gods or Divinity on earth. May Peace be unto my devoted little one!

OM! OM! OM!

SQUIRREL CALLING

4.30

As the boy is playing placing his tiny hands around my neck sitting on my lap chanting **OM**, a little squirrel began to ceaselessly chirp at me, asking to play with it also, making me feel my united oneness with it. Why should I play with the boy alone and why not with my dear little squirrel? It is also a form of mine! How free you are, how beautiful you are, singing and playing! Peace be O beloved one, unto thee.

OM! OM! OM!

RESULTS OF THINKING

It is nothing but ignorance and wickedness to confine the Self to a single body. If it is thinking in one body, why should it not think in other forms also, as it is all in all? Or why should it not cease from thinking state.

If the Self confines itself to this body it thinks of bodily things, bodily concerns of things done in the past, present and the things that

are going to be done in the future. It is body that is spreading its connections with names and forms but never with God or Truth.

If the Self thinks that it is a cot on which I am sitting now, perhaps it thinks of those persons that have slept on it in the past, their weight and the future persons that are going to sit on it. A cot also must think of its own materials with which it is made and its connection with which it has been living.

But if the Self confines not to any form or names, it most not think at all. As all-pervading Self it lives in its own glory. Thus ignorance begins when one confines to limited things to a certain name and form. If I think I am a man, I am bound to have the desires of a man. If I think I am a beast, I am bound to have beastly desires. If I think that I am a rock, I will be filled with the nature of a rock. If I think I am an angel, I will be filled with angelic thoughts. If I think I am a God, God I will be.

Thus thought alone is playing the important part in moulding the lives of everyone. So one ought to identify with Truth, the unlimited alone but never with the body, the limited and finite.

WHEN BODY HINDERS

It is the body combined with the fickle mind that is making a havoc of spiritual lives, converting Heavens into Hells. If the body comes in the way of attaining realisation, why shouldn't it be thrown under the wheels of a railway train? If this body is coming as an obstruction between God and I, then I prefer to throw it under the wheels of running motor cars or other vehicles.

I respect the body so long as it helps me. I love and adore it so long as it makes me to feel my oneness with the Lord. If it comes in my way, I will immediately throw it into a gutter. Or, give it as food to hungry wolves or to the tigers or lions in the forest. What I need is God consciousness. I keep this body as long as it helps me to feel my Divinity.

OM GIVES PEACE

When all else fails in establishing equanimity or profound Peace for any individual, there is only one tested and practical path and that is the chanting of OM with feelings of Oneness. One who weeps will be made to laugh by chanting Om.

OM can be chanted in any tone one likes best. At first he must fill the whole body with OM. He must then send it alone into legs, hands, ears, eyes and all other parts of the body. Then he must fill every pore of the body with OM. After, OM must be sent into every drop of blood, even into every bone. Then he should fill every hair of the body with OM. Mind and intellect should be saturated with OM alone. Then in such a state when one chants OM, his eyes will be weeping with great joy, and Om will be coming out from every pore of his body. Even the hair will stand on end by chanting OM with ecstasy.

OM should not be confined to the mere body alone. OM consists of three letters, A, U, M. 'A' stands for the past, 'U' stands for the present and 'M' stands for the future. It can be also taken that the three letters of A, U, and M represent respectively waking, dreaming and sleeping states also. So when one chants OM he should feel that he is all these stages and also that he alone is the past, present and future. In short the sacred syllable OM is a symbol of his Birthright, the formless and nameless Divinity.

OM! OM! OM!

AWAY WITH ALL

Away with writings, away with readings, away with scriptures, I am tired of you! Away with talking, away with walking, away with wandering, away with seeing and away with learning. Away with thinking, I am dead tired of all this duality! Away you honours and disgraces, I am disgusted with you! Away you learned and away you mighty rich, I need no favours from you. I am more contented with the glory of my own blissful Self.

OM! OM! OM!

MISERY WHERE ART THOU

Oh gloominess, where art thou? I shall trouble you if you come in my way again. O Misery where art thou, I shall kill you mercilessly if you enter into my presence again. O dejection, where art thou? If you enter into this body, I will forcefully hang this body from a tree. O pains, heartaches, diseases, do not come in my way henceforth, for the sake of your own good! I am a very hard and

heartless maser. So beware of me and never think of even approaching into my Sacred Sanctuary of Holy Consciousness.

OM! OM! OM!

I HAVE ATTAINED

Now I have attained to the heights of my highest ambitions. Glory be unto the Saints and Sages of all nations of past, present and future, they are all in me! I myself am they, for I am all in all.

Now the heaviest of sorrows cannot make me forsake my Divine Joy. The greatest scandal can not make me forget my Birthright, the Eternal happiness. The pleasures of an Emperor cannot make me come down from the Glory of my Divine Self-effulgence. It will be nothing to me even if I get the whole world's possessions. It will be the same to me even if the whole world would be wiped off from my consciousness. For I am the Self, neither with decrease nor increase. Let me be engaged only in enjoying the nectar of his non-dualistic consciousness, the Divine heritage of mine.

OM! OM! OM!

THE THREE PLANES

As everyone is aware there are certainly three planes of consciousness: there is the bodily plane or physical plane; there is the mental plane where the mind will ceaselessly be dancing up and down and there is the spiritual plane where it is all Peace. There, it is Peace inexpressible and indescribable; verily it is One without a second, so it cannot be sensed or perceived or even enjoyed.

All the sins, weaknesses and other lower qualities come under the physical plane. So long as one is conscious of the physical body or plane, he cannot be free from these weakness though he calls himself a saint or a philosopher. Here one is satisfied with lower things.

When one rises from the physical plane, there comes the mental plane. Here it is all a constant fight between the lower and higher. Here there is ceaseless exertion for attaining the highest and

thus to be eternally free from all sorrows and miseries. To a certain extent all concentrations and meditations come under this plane.

When one rises from the mental plane, there dawns on him the plane of Spirituality, where there will be no more trials or exertions. Here one attains the Highest. He hankers no more after Peace or meditations. He is all Peace, the object of all meditations. Glory be unto those who live in Self as Self!

OM! OM! OM!

AFRAID OF CONCENTRATION

Concentration and meditations, now I am feeling afraid of you. For heaven's sake do not come on my way! I do not need you any more. What can you do for me who is enjoying uninterrupted Peace? Oh, let me bathe myself in the Sea of my Self consciousness. Do you want me to forsake this God-Vision of Allness and inseparable oneness and joy, to have a life of your mournful concentration and imaginary meditation? Oh let me look in my own Self sunshine!

I AM THE SELF

Oh I am the Self, I am the Self! I can be nothing else other than the Self, for one thing alone exists and that is myself. Eternally I am the Self, forever I am the Self Supreme--what doubt is there of my Self? If you like, doubt the existence of the sun and days and nights, but for the sake of Truth do not utter falsehood. Do not commit blasphemies doubting my living Self.

I am the Self, Self, Self, nothing but the all-pervading Self. Before body I was, before the world I was existing and before all the creations I have been. The world may be blotted out but it affects me not. I will be the same even at the dissolution of the whole Universe.

I have seen innumerable creations like these. I am the witness of all. I am the life, the sustaining principle of everything. The worlds are coming and disappearing in the waves of the limitless Ocean but I am ever the same with the creation or dissolution of the universe. I cannot help living as Self, for I am nothing but Self.

I have been the same unchangeable Self in all the sins and virtues, in all the joys and sorrows and in all the horrors and disgraces. How can I be anything other than the Self, when nothing

else exists besides me? The past I am, the present I am and the future I am. All this I am. O, let me dissolve in the glory of Self-effulgence, ever rising above the stupidity or weakness of this writing!

OM! OM! OM!

WATCH THE MIND

In certain stages the mind becomes quite unruly, fickle and wandering, then it will be very difficult to control it. At that time one should try to watch it as a witness. When one watches the malignancy of the mind, he will remain quite separate from the mind. In spite of the fickleness of the mind he will be peaceful and happy. But when one identifies himself with the mind he will be most wretched and miserable. So one should be ever a Witness of the mind, whether it is calm or fickle.

CELIBACY

One who desires to be a strict celibate in thought, word and deed must be a follower of Lord Suka Deva, often and always meditating on his Holy life. Suka Deva was ever wandering wearing no clothes, not even a loin cloth, ever risen above the body, not to speak of man; even damsels were not afraid in moving with the Lord Suka Deva, the master of the senses!

Even when tested when heavenly nymphs, Suka Deva was ever steady and true, clinging to his ideal celibacy. When a certain damsel named Ramba grossly tempted and argued with Suka Deva, he discarded all physical life as filled with nothing but filth, blood, flesh, urine etc. He said that these bodies are compiled of nothing but such filthy stuff. Then the story goes to say that the damsel who was determined to tempt Suka in some way or the other, tore open her body and showed to Lord Suka that it was filled only with sweet flowers, Divine fragrance etc., instead of with blood, flesh etc. Even this could not move Suka Deva to temptation. Instead of yielding to her Lord Suka, with tears in his eyes, prostrated at her feet saying "*O Mother dear, I would love to be born in such a sweet womb as thine!*"

Such ought to be the determination of all celibates under all tests and trials. Verily the disciples of Suka Deva even now can walk in the streets stark naked without the least sensation. Indeed they can live even in the Harems of Sultans untainted, as children of Divinity or Immortality!

EAT TO LIVE

Simple and Satwic plays an important part in the plane of spirituality, especially in the elementary stages. Last night I took only a glass of milk and the result is lightness. I could not get sleep until 12 o'clock; again I got up at 3 AM and felt oneness in gazing at the stars. At least the night diet must be very light and simple so that one can live in God comfortably in the night and in the early morning hours, as the early hours are the best of all times. What for are we to eat? It is to live or is it to eat? Everyone knows that he is eating only to live but nobody cares to put this great fundamental Truth into practise. It is very rare to find people who are not slaves to taste, even among Sanyasins who have renounced the whole world. When such is the case with Sanyasins what to speak of the people of the world.

All of us know that we are born for the realisation of the Self or to feel our oneness with God. When a certain kind of food is not helping us to realise our ideal why should we not forsake it? Anything that comes in the way of God must be given up and discarded. If milk does not help me to feel my oneness with God I will give it up. If water alone helps to feel my Divinity, I will stick to that only for the rest of my life. If food stands in my way I will give it up for the sake of Self. If body stands in my way I am ready to give it up also, for His sake. If mind stands in my way of realising my God then it should be renounced, given up. One should rise above it. If world stands in my way to God it must be given up also.

Realisation first and all else afterwards. Verily untruth must be sacrificed for the sake of Truth or God. Then alone we can realise God. How foolish of us to expect God consciousness without paying its proper price! God is ready to embrace if we only care to need and love Him.

OM! OM! OM!

BRILLIANT STARS

I was made to wake up from my sleep by the Blessed Lord. The cool breeze at 3 AM is all around, it is all calm and peaceful and filled with sweet atmosphere of Oneness. Felt for some time I was all alone, but when looked above I felt joy and greater Peace to be watched by the numberless stars. How brilliant and Divine they are, ever watching me whether I am asleep or awake!

I wondered why not a few men even were not mad after these Divine stars? Are these not more brilliant and shining than rubies and valuable diamonds? Then why should men be mad only after silver and gold, which will rust sooner or later, why should not even a few try to feel their oneness with these Divine stars? If one is not so far advanced in realising oneness with these brilliant stars, he can at least meditate on them and send his mind there instead of meditating on money and other material things.

In the spiritual stages the Bliss of feeling united oneness with each and every of these holy stars is simply indescribable! Verily when one is filled with God consciousness he will be nothing other than the brilliancy of the stars, or even the sun.

WASHED MY HANDS

7-6-1924 DELHI

Just now I have washed my hands clean from the affairs of Shanti Mission and all other kinds of blind attachments. Whether in public works or unselfish works, it is the blind attachments alone that wrecks one's Divine life and fills it with ignorance and misery.

I should be attached to Truth, to my Divine Birthright, but never to the solid-seeming things of the world. Even if the worst is going to befall me in worldly things, it will not effect me in any way. I will remain as Truth, the all pervading Self, always.

OM! OM! OM!

HERE FOR MONEY

8-6-1924 R. K. HOUSE

When I began to chant OM, feeling my united oneness with the Almighty or feeling the Glory of my Divine consciousness, tears began to roll from my eyes remembering my present state of mind and its attitude.

Being the Self, the Divine Truth, what for am I waiting here, is it not for money? Fie upon you, are you not a Sanyasin? Have you no self-respect, even for the cloth that you wear?

Thus getting haunted by such holy and troublesome thoughts, I wanted to leave this place without even telling the inmates of the house, thus disappointing Mr. Rama Krishna.

Then the thought of the Ashram and its present poor condition, the great Mission on which I have come, my poor Mother Mariya and Ratnam and the other hundreds of devotees that are relying on me, came one after the other, making me refrain from my mad project of leaving this place.

Thus continued chanting OM mournfully, sitting there unwillingly and repeating "**THY WILL BE DONE**", but at the same time requesting the Lord of compassion to fill me anew with the Indivisible Divine Presence.

BEGGING MONEY

8-6-1924 8 PM R.K. HOUSE

In spite of my best efforts to suppress the unpleasant feelings of my mind, the more I try to suppress the more the following thoughts begin to rise in me:

"Why am I sitting here? For what am I waiting here? What is the object of my present stay here?"

O Lord, I am verily a blot and stain to the great saints and Sanyasins like Rama Krishna Deva and Rama Tirthaji etc.! They never begged money, they never ran after money; they ran only after God in every second of their lives. O Lord, making me a Sanyasin, why hast thou placed me in this miserable plight? What sins have I committed for my present helpless and disagreeable condition.

O Lord, are there not Sanyasins who are ready to kick off even thousands if offered to them? Has not Sri Rama Krishna Deva refused and shunned the Marwadi devotee when he wanted to pay him a thousand rupees? O Dear Self, when such is the conduct of real Saints and Sages, why are you treading now on this disgraceful path of begging? Your only lame excuse is Shanti Mission. Even in the name of Shanti Mission why should you run after money; if you are worthy and desireless money alone must seek you.

Nevertheless O Lord, make me free from the shackles and bondages of Shanti Mission. Place it on the shoulders of one more worthy than me!

RAMA KRISHNA MY GURU

R.K. HOUSE, DELHI, 6.20 PM

Who is the happiest man now? Who else can be other than me, the Supreme Self? Now I have washed my hands clean not only from money but even from every kind of expectation. Rama Krishna is my guru! Mentally I prostrate to his Holy Feet, as I consider him as my teacher. Glory be unto thee dear Rama Krishna, for thou hast taught me a life-long lesson. Verily every pain has got its own grand lesson.

Now you have taught me that the duty of a Sanyasin is to give but never to ask, either in life or death. O Merciful one, why hast thou not cut this tongue of mine when it has asked for thy money? Why hast thou spared these hands, when they have written letters asking for thy money? Why hast thou not cut these legs of mine when they have walked to your house with the intention of getting thy help, even for the sake of the support of Sri Shanti Ashram? Oh even now let me be filled only with God consciousness alone!

HAIL MOTHER DIVINE

10-6-1924

When coming on a Tonga midnight from station to Bandi:

To My Mother Divine

1. Thy Boundless love is now raining on me
In the form of these numberless raindrops
Making me feel my united oneness with Thee
For Thou art ever abiding in this heart of mine
Hail Mother Divine, Glory Unto Thee!

2. Thy Infinite love is ever spreading on me
In the form of these numerous beams of the moon
Making me to realise my inseparable unity with Thee
For Thou art ever watching me ceaselessly
Hail Mother Divine, Glory Unto Thee!

3. Thy Divine love is ever flowing on me
In the form of this life-giving breeze
Making me greet my indivisible love with Thee
For Thou art ever guarding me with a Mother's tender heart
Hail Mother Divine, Glory Unto Thee!

4. Thy Love is ever shining on me
In the form of the brilliancy of these Divine stars
Making me to know my Divine Birthright
For Thou art filling me ever with Peace on all sides
Hail Mother Divine, Glory Unto Thee!

OM TAT SAT OM!

UNBROKEN FLOW

15-6-24 BUNDI

While washing my feet with water, my foot slipped on the floor. My sandal broke and a big hole was made on the big toe of the right foot. Blood began to flow profusely. I tried to stop it with water, sugar and earth but in vain. All of my applications did not stop the continuous flow of blood.

Then why shouldn't God consciousness also flow from within like an unbroken current of Peace and love, even amidst the tests and trials of the world? As sugar, water and earth could not stop the free

flow of blood, so also let not the world's calamities and bandages come or stand on my way to the free flow of God consciousness!

AVOID TALKING

My toe has been bandaged beautifully with earth and a cloth around it, inspite of its out rush of blood. As if it is determined to fill everything with blood, it began to soak the mud and cloth with blood, giving me a lesson to fill everyone and everything with God consciousness.

When Prabhu Dayalji came to see me I covered the damaged toe with a towel, to avoid wasting any more time in talking and thinking over the incident. Thus he has been kept in complete darkness of my toe only for that time, as I could not have when walking etc.

As we avoid talking of these physical things, how good it will be to avoid talking also all mental things! Thus a lot of time would be saved in unnecessary discourses, discussions etc. If we have got to talk we must talk only of God in spirituality, never wasting our time on material things.

GIVING AND BEGGING

What a great happiness it is to remain always as a giver and never under any circumstances to stretch forth one's hand for the purpose of begging! In giving one will be in the position of a master and in receiving one will be compelled to be in the position of a slave or a beggar. So long as one remains as the Self Supreme, he will have no need to beg and will instead give everything to everyone; such a one seeks not materiality but will be ready to throw away the material things on his neighbours.

One who lives as Self tries to avoid material things and thus frees himself by removing his worldly wealth. But the man of bodily life will be ever trying to accumulate all things around him. One buries himself in materiality and the other merges himself in spirituality. The former seeks all his pleasures in the things of the world, because he has not realised the joy that is within. The later finds Infinite bliss only within himself, as such he cares not for the pleasures of the world. A worldly man hesitates not, even to commit a murder, to satisfy himself in getting earthly things. A spiritual man cares not even if he has to offer his body for the good of others. A giver is ever contented, as

such he is peaceful; a beggar is never content, as such he is miserable.

SOUL OF FLOWERS

19-6-1924, BUNDI

Felt joy to see garlands of flowers when brought by devotees of this place. Perhaps every flower has a story of its own. How sweet is their fragrance, making me rise above the senses. But *alas*, is this real and permanent? Undoubtedly it is only for the time being. Every tiny flower has its own time of birth, growth and death, but the soul of the flowers is everlasting and immortal, as of man! What doubt is there?

Then are there two souls or many souls? How can there be many, when the soul is All-pervading and Infinite? There can never be two Infinities! As such, the soul of a man or the soul of a flower is one and the same. The same thing that is in me is in the flower also, the self that is laughing and weeping in men is blooming in flowers also. All is One! Truth is One but the forms are different and the bodies are perishable.

There is no difference a body and a flower. Both have decay, both are perishing. Everything that has birth is subject to death, so I consider the physical body in no way better than a flower. When body dies it is not kept in the house. So is a flower removed when it dies or decays from the other flowers. Forgetting the real life or God, how much of love and can we bestow on these flower-like bodies? As a flower is momentary, so is the body. Surely all these pass off. When dried or decayed flowers are cast aside in the gutters. So are the bodies laid in the burning ground. So a sensible man should never attach himself to mere body.

LESSONS FROM A SQUIRREL

Oh beloved squirrel of my joy, how blissful art thou!! As man are never tired of thinking, so thou art never tired of playing. Oh how you are making me feel ashamed of thy free life and full freedom! Thou art ever gleeful either in rain or heat, either in night or day. Thou carest not for the frowns or favours of anyone. Thine is an ideal life of

freedom, teaching lessons even to the so-called great reformers of the world of freedom. Bless all of us with thy free life of everlasting joy!

BEAUTIFUL PEACOCKS

20-6-1924, BUNDI

As I am sitting in the early hours of the dawn on the veranda, on my carpet meditatively, a beautiful peacock is in the same way enjoying its life, spreading its fine tail in a glorious way. Who can describe the physical beauty of a peacock? It has got all the beauties of Nature in all its colours on its body. Oh, the grandeur of a peacock! When it walks majestically as if cooing OM, especially in the early hours of a day, it is not to be described but to be felt and enjoyed. Its long tail, its slender body, its comely neck and the tuft of hair on its head are beauties to be enjoyed by lovers of nature but not things to be described by dry poets and lifeless writers.

I wonder who has created this beautiful peacock with such ingenuity and forethought? Who else could create such a beautiful creature with all the fine graces of the nature? No man of might or riches or no scientist even of deep and highest intellect, could create any living thing, much less a peacock of beauty and glory.

Then undoubtedly God alone must have created this peacock also. If so, has God no other work other than creating birds and beasts? Is He ever spending his time in little things like creating this and that, as a potter is in making different pots and as a goldsmith is, in making ornaments of many shapes and sizes? Then is God no better than a potter or a goldsmith? Oh how deep is the mystery of the creation! Who can solve this intricate problem. Perhaps it is not for us to attempt to solve it. We are here only to do our duty but never to question why or how. Our duty is only to give, as self rises above the duality of world and bondages.

BEAUTIFUL JASMINE FLOWERS

Thousands of beautiful jasmine flowers are placed in front of me, at my feet, by my devoted ones. How fresh and beautiful they are! What sweet fragrance they are emitting, what fine aura they are spreading!

O dear innocent flowers, how pure and spotless you are, making men ashamed of their impurities and dark spots. Glory be unto thee of beautiful flowers, for all the beautiful lessons thou art teaching to the seekers of Truth, as thou art ever standing as emblems of purity.

O Divine flowers, thou art the same though touched by men of impurity or by men of saintly life.; thou art unmoved and the same and changeless in the hand of women of the street or on the head of a God in a temple. Thou givest the same sweet fragrance either from the neck of a God or of a woman of bad life. Oh dear sweet flowers of purity and innocence, glory be unto thee! Teach this brother of yours of same-sighted life, in all the stages of the world of duality.

SHORT LIFE OF FLOWERS

Oh my dear beautiful flowers of sweet fragrance, though you are giving to me all that is sublime, beautiful and pure, like an ungrateful being I am feeling dejected and sorrowful seeing you, instead of being joyful.

Dear beloved ones, as I love you so deeply, I am thinking of your tomorrow's life but not of your present beauty. Oh my thousand and one forms of beauty and love, where will you be tomorrow? Thou who art so fine, so beautiful, so much loved and worshipped now by one and all, are you to be nothing by tomorrow? Am I to see you in the streets on the heaps of rubbish, after only a single day? How momentary is your sweet fragrant life!

Oh, the same has been the case with everything that has a name and form, whether it is called by the name man, woman, beast, bird, plant or flower! Everything that has a name or form is bound only for destruction sooner or later. But the formless reality, the underlying principles of all name and forms, the **essence** of you sweet flowers, that alone is changeless and everlasting.

When I thought and pondered, I realised that even these bodies, whether they are of saints or sinners, of Emperors or beggars, will pass off and perish, as you dear flowers are going to die by tomorrow.

So dear beloved flowers, as I am travelling with you in the same boat, there is no need for my unnecessary sorrow regarding you. As we are all from one common source, let me but feel for you, living and dying with you. May **Peace** be unto all of you dear tiny flowers!

TO WEEP OR LAUGH

20-6-1924, BUNDI

On one side there are a heap of dead bodies of my yesterday's jasmine flowers and on the other side there are the living bodies of today's fresh flowers of my dear jasmine. Am I to weep for the dead and laugh for the living? The same flowers for which I am laughing today, I am to weep for tomorrow! Oh how blind is the attachment of the mind!

I the Self, will neither weep for the dead of yesterday nor enjoy and laugh for the lives of today, for they are both sides of the same coin. So as the witness of all both living and dead, I will remain ever above feelings of duality.

BELOVED TIGER

6 PM

While attending the calls of Nature and when bathing also, I heard the roaring tiger of the Maharajah of Bundi, that is placed in a cage near the side of my lodgings. The tiger did not roar exactly with cheerfulness; somehow I felt it is moaning and restless.

O dear beloved tiger, what can I do for you? Are you also restless like me? I thought that in all the world I am alone in my restlessness of the Ashram's work, now I find a brother of mine who is also restless. If I am not travelling in the same boat, why should I feel for you?

O dear brother tiger, we are verily one. We will be really one if I appease your hunger by entering into your mouth! And then Peace will be both unto me and unto thee, for thy restlessness is due to hunger and my restlessness is due to Ashram's work. By becoming one with you both of our desires will be realised!

INNOCENT MONKEYS

21-6-1924

Often I find great joy in watching the play of the innocent monkeys. This place is full of many such black monkeys. I wonder

why the mind of a man is compared to that of a monkey? The monkey's fickleness runs only in a certain direction and it follows its own inborn instincts. But alas, who can describe man's endless vain glories, his too many ambitions, his numerous desires and his numberless weaknesses and sins of lower life? As such, a man is never to be compared to a dumb and innocent monkey.

WORK OF NATURE

21-6-1924

Whenever I see anything sublime and grand in the beauties of Nature, I am touched with the living life of Mother Nature. When I was having my usual evening stroll under the big ragi tree, with great joy I was attracted to lift a golden leaf of the tree which felt at my feet. How fine and beautiful it is! Without rubbing or scrubbings it is so fine and natural. With all the rubbings and scrubbings, man is still ugly, nasty and clumsy. In every part of the leaf one sees beauty and Divinity. The very thought of making oneself beautiful makes him ugly. Let Nature do the work for us.

EXTREME STATE

Somehow I will find myself at best, in the highest consciousness when I am face to face with extremes of life. When visited by the direst calamities and disappointed cruelly on all sides by both fowl and friend, then I will cling to my Divinity so closely that I cannot express the intensity in words.

Then again when I am in the highest joys of life being Blessed with cool breezes, basking myself in the fine moonlight, the question comes why is this body consciousness? When God is Blessing me with so much of His Nature, free life, what a wretch I must be to misuse His kind love and gratitude!

I wish to be worthy of all His kind love and gratitude, I wish to be worthy of all His gifts of Nature by ever being above body. So I pray to the Almighty to keep me either in this state of Divine consciousness or in the grip of extreme pains and disappointments, but never in the worldly state.

MEDITATION NOT NECESSARY

The more and more I think of the necessity of concentrations, meditations and other yoga practises and their utility, I feel that man requires not these at all from the highest stand point of Truth consciousness. As such one need not run after them. One can as well give up hunting after spiritual Gurus, travelling from place to place making many long pilgrimages at the risk of health and money.

Man has to search only his innumerable wants and desires which are covering the bright surface of his Divine Self, making a wreck of his holy life. So long as one is not trying to become free from the grip of these vicious wants and manifold desires, what for of these concentrations and other yogic practises, and in what way are they going to help him?

As such one must dive deep into his own mind and try to be free from every kind of attachment and weakness. When he frees himself from these dark clouds of sins and miseries, the Sun of Glory will shine in him all the splendour. Then immediately on the spot he will attain the object or the Goal of all meditations and concentrations.

As such one need not run after meditation and other spiritual practises. He should never place the centre out, he need not rely on others, however great they might appear. He should exert to see that his mind does not go after momentary things of the world. So let the hands be off from meditations and blind japas and let them be placed on the numberless desires of the fickle mind.

SHARING MIRTH

While reading the poems of Wordsworth standing under the cool shade of the great ragi tree, I felt blissful to see so many squirrels and birds playing on the tree. When so many creations of the Almighty are so happily playing, am I alone to weep with the book in hand mournfully? Thus I too was tempted to climb the tree to partake of a little mirth of my birds, industrious ants and my joyful squirrels. In such Divine Oneness and joy I spent some time on the tree sharing the same mirth of my little brother squirrels and birds. OM TAT SAT OM!

ATMA RAM'S SLEEP

Atma Ram's sleep is very intense, deep and strong. When sleep comes to him he never cares to see whether it is night or day, or

whether he is alone or amidst hundreds of persons. Even when travelling in a Tonga or ekka, feeling its jerks every second. He can make himself comfortable rising above body and mind.

O Lord I need such a kind of deep and steady concentration, wherever I may be, and in whatever acts I might be busily engaged. Atma Ram's sleep cannot be disturbed even by cannon shots, so let my meditation also be not disturbed by any noises of the world. OM! OM! OM!

EARLY DAWN

22-6-1924

It is early dawn. Nature is kissing every beast and bird to wake up and thus to enjoy the Glory of glimpses of the beautiful morning hours. Not to speak of beasts and birds, even green trees are responding unto the calls of Nature's life.

But man alone, the highest of all creatures in the creation, who in pride and vanity calls himself the best creation of Nature, is deaf to the callings of this Mother's heart. He finds his bliss in ignorant sleep and in laziness. How wicked and heartless of him to lie down on the bed, in death-like sleep, forsaking Nature's life, more so when every tiny creature is enjoying life in all its freedom!

A PRAYER TO ATMA RAM

Oh Divine Mother of my life, Thou art not in any way different from the God of Divinity or Truth. Thou and he are one and the same! So am I, with all my forgetfulness of mind.

Mother Holy, Thou art in the East so let me bow down to Thee. Mother dear, Thou art in the West, so let me bow down unto the West. Mother Beloved, Thou art in the North so let me prostrate unto Thee on that side also. Mother Glorious, Thou art in the South also, so let me fall on my legs to that side also, beholding Thee. Thou art in the bird, beast, man, woman and every tiny creature. So let me feel for all these things of life and non-life. Thou art within and without so let me behold Thee within me as ever One with me.

BROTHER DOG

22-6-1924, 7 AM, BUNDI

Every day a dog takes pleasure in keeping company by the side of Atma Ram in the night time. It is also dull and lazy, claiming Atma Ram as his own brother, after all, however slothful one may be, he will not be mercilessly left alone in the wilderness of solitude. Everyone will have his own brothers or companions, as my Atma Ram has this lazy and dull dog for his companion. For the poor dog the whole world appears as dull and insentient for it is so! May Divinity alone manifest both in my Atma ram and this brother dog of his.

OM TAT SAT OM!

REGARDING OM

I feel at times the chanting of OM is also a certain kind of weakness. By chanting OM am I, the all pervading Self, going to be more all-pervading? Am I the Infinite going to become more Infinite? By repeating OM often, what am I going to become? Am I not one without a second? Am I going to grow in stature by chanting OM? Or will I become big and stout? When I am all-in-all why should I chant? I who live above duality, does not require any chanting of OM or any other Mantram or repetition.

But the repetition of OM is not to be discarded by one and all. Men of Realisation who have risen above speech and thought may not be in need of chanting OM, but all others that are not blessed with the Bliss of unbroken bliss of oneness need the repetition of OM in every second of their lives. OM helps beginners and even advanced souls; but not the perfect. Until one realises the perfection of God consciousness he must live, move and have his being only in OM.

POEM TO THE ANT

Do tell me a story dear tiny ant
I want the story of thy own industrious life.
How ceaselessly busy art thou
How happy, blissful and peaceful thou art!

Do tell me the secret of thy life,
Failing not to consider me as thy own Brother
loving thee.

Do tell me please how you judge
The world from thy own tiny eyes.
Do you feel that it is only made for you?
As a man feels that the world is his
Then is the world thine or his?
Perhaps it belongs to neither of you!

You little ant, as men are many
In colours and kinds, so art thou
Among you also behold, many ants of different
colours
Such as black, red, blue etc.
I wonder whether your natures also
Are different from each other, as in man
Do you feel and worry like men of other life?

Please, will you tell me the goal of your little lives
Do you also pray to the Almighty ?
Oh do you satisfy yourself with work
Never caring for the results of the same.

Oh dear little ant please do tell me
Whether your worship is physical or mental
Do you behold God outside of you,
Is your God with form or without form
Or do you find your God within,

As inseparably One with you?

In all your acts and deeds
Oh dear little ant
How tidy and tiny art thou
Will you allow me to share thy thoughts
Of both good and bad
That you think?

Oh dear Antie, will you fail to let me know
Whether you are free from thoughts
Of every kind that saps and hankers this life
If so thine is a blessed life
Even men and angels must envy
Thy life of Peace, Joy and Plenty
Antie dear may God bless you
And may you ever abide in God
Is the Prayer of this brother of Thine.

OM TAT SAT OM!

NATURE'S HAPPY LIFE

Children are singing
Squirrels are playing
Ants are working
Crows are crowing
Lizards are crawling
Parrots are prattling
Monkeys are thinking

peacocks are dancing

Doves are cooing

Sparrows are chirping

Flies are flying

Bees are buzzing

Am I alone to weep, confined to books

when so many are happy

filled with God's Life?

Breezes are blowing

Leaves are fluttering

In all their Glory of Love and Oneness

Away ye thoughts

Away ye books

Away ye writing

Away ye bug-bears of duty and work

Of you mind

Of you body

Of you world

Of you forms

Of you names

Let me also play

With my Beloved ones

In all freedom and glee

For I can live no more separate

From my own dear ones

Oh leave me alone
Unto my God consciousness
For it is Thy Birthright
Of my Divine Glory!

A SAINT'S WORK

Filled with God consciousness I was offering flowers as if counting, to the Lotus Feet of my Holy Mother of Divinity. Atma Ram, thinking that I was counting the flowers, has asked me the number of flowers that I had counted. It made me to laugh and to realise the ignorance of the men of the world.

No doubt saints also appear as doing the same works done by men of the world, with all attention and attachment. But they can never realise or comprehend the inner motives of acts and duties. A saint also acts like a man of the world; he is not eating, though he appears as if engaged only in eating. Same is the case when sleeping or playing or when engaged in other works.

No one can be free from work, so saints are also seen working, but they work with no thoughts of desires of the results. As such their works do not bind them. Though they are working they are not working. Though they are sleeping they are not sleeping. Indeed a saint alone can understand a saint but never a worldly man.

FALL TO RISE HIGHER

As usual today again I was playing with the flowers, with divine consciousness, offering every flower unto the Holy feet of my all-pervading Mother

Instead of the Divine Feet of Mother Holy, unconsciously my mind began to wander towards something else, remembering the devotion of a certain devotee. Then I felt ashamed of my external worship and began to offer the flowers with more concentration and steadiness, thus my mind began to be more steady than in the beginning. Now I realise there is beauty even in the fickleness of the mind also, provided we understand and watch its movements.

If the mind wanders not, there may not be beauty at all in it. Every fall gives us fresh strength alone. So welcome are these falls

and weaknesses! The thing that makes us go down also makes us rise higher and higher until we lose ourselves in Infinity.

CALM TIME

2 AM

Within and without it is so calm
Verily it is a time when soul speaks to soul
In speechless words and in solitudes of silence.
Hush, disturb not the Peace
By writing nor by laying and thinking
Listen, listen world's weary travellers
To the Voice within and without.

Beams of moonlight, through clusters of trees
Of the gigantic trees that are shrouding me
Are penetrating into my heart's inner soul
Making me feel for the beauties of life
Blasts of fine wind blowing ever cool
Is making me to feel for my sleepless self

How fine is the night calm, the atmosphere
Making the sinners sleep and saints weep.
Oh how bounteous is God's love flowing on all
Unceasingly by whether in day or night!
Indeed for the Lord of Love there **is** neither day or night
It is only for the men of ignorance there is the duality of life.
~~Instead of enjoying peace within and without~~
Is it not pitiable that men spend
Their precious time in mirth and mire?

Becoming slaves to tastes and passions
They forsake the life of the spirit
For the life of the body, the heap of sins.

Ah verily it is a time when soul speaks to soul
So dear self of mind, do not hesitate
Or feel shy
To express thyself in all the full Glory of thy splendour
Listening to thee men becoming dumber and mute
Oh soul of mine drink deep nectar Divine
by drinking which thou becomes the all in all.

OM TAT SAT OM!

OH SOUL OF MINE

2.30 AM

Oh soul of mine
Thou art in old
Thou art in young
Thou art in fair
Thou art in ugly
Thou art in sleep
Thou art in work
Thou art in life
Thou art in death
As one without a second

Oh soul of mine
Thou art in ant

Thou art in fly
Thou art in beast
Thou art in burden
Thou art in bush
Thou art in tree
Thou art in star
Thou art in moon
As one without a second
Oh soul of mine
Thou art in the cool breeze
Thou art in the hot wind
Thou art in the jasmine bud

Thou art in the blooming rose
Thou art in the fluttering leaves
Thou art in the dumb animals
Thou art in man's busy life
thou art in Mother's love
Ever as one without a second

OM TAT SAT OM!