

Listen With Your Heart



Welcome the Mother

Niranjan Guha Roy

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*Welcome
the
Mother*

Paintings
&
Meditations
by
Niranjan Guha Roy

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Motherland
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Niranjana Guha Roy was born in East Bengal, now Bangladesh, in 30 May 1920. His family moved to New Delhi where he studied before joining the Indian Air Force as a pilot and career Officer. After the war as he said often himself that – “having realized that the war was not the solution,” he resigned from the Air Force and decided to dedicate himself to the spiritual search. He joined the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry, created by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother (Mira Alfassa) in 1946. Then his “real life began.”

It is there that he started putting in music, paintings and words his deepest spiritual experiences, his most touching feelings and his visions of a new world of Beauty.

The Mother united him with a French disciple Amita as they shared the same aspiration and could work together; they were married in 1967. After the passing away of the Mother, they went to France in 1984 where he continued more and more to express his spiritual journey through his art. He created a small place called Motherland, a silent, humble – “Shrine in honor of the Mother,” as he called it. He lived quietly there following an intense spiritual discipline till he left his body in August 2005.

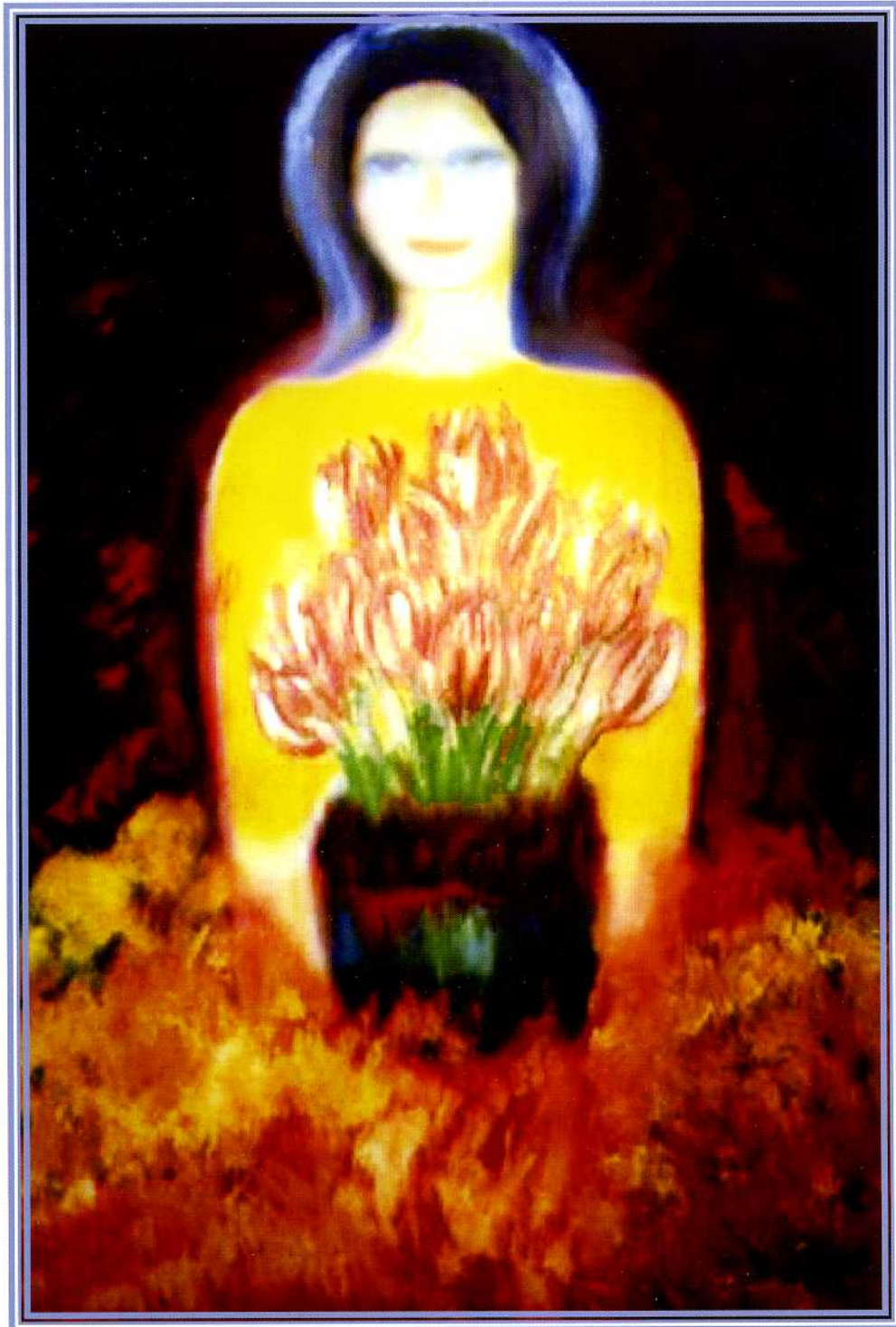
His whole work is still in his little Sanctuary expressing the intensity of his search and the depth of his spiritual experiences. One can truly say that his life has been a song of love and adoration to the Mother Divine, a complete dedication to the Ideal of Sri Aurobindo.



Om Sri Aurobindo saranam mama

Om Douce Mere saranam mama

Pranam, pranam, pranam



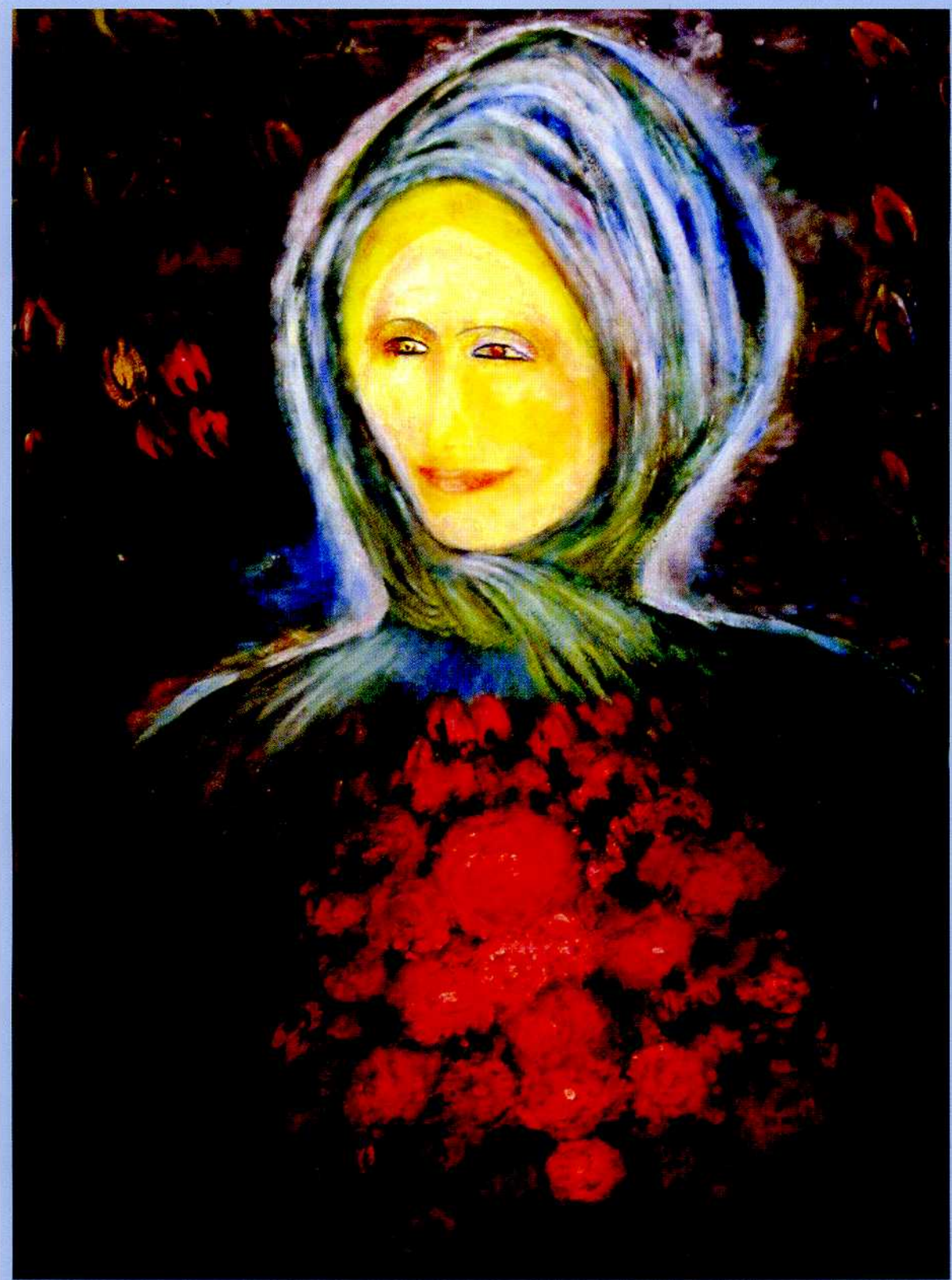
Welcome

the

Mother

The Bride of the Eternal

My heart is like a huge cathedral, a temple rising to the sky,
Illumined with Love, filled with the perfume of Love,
Softly resounding with the organ-choir music of Love.
An invisible breeze refreshing, healing all the agonies and wounds
Greets one and all, good ones, bad ones, prophets and monsters,
The sick and healthy, the nuns and harlots, the hard and the gentle ones
With a silent adoring Love which sees the Divine in all.
The cathedral Temple needs constant expansion in all direction
To house birds, animals, living beings on land, sea and air,
For whom to reject: In the tiniest worm and flower and pebble
Shines the Lord, the Great One who puts on the humblest robes.
Love circulates unseen through all hearts, unhindered by any wall.
Your violence, selfishness, blind littleness, your grief and shame
Will disappear forever, if you come out of your cocoon in the open,
Break the rock fortress of ego, your self-made prison of hatred,
Anger, disdain, your born distrust of others, even of your own brother.
Love in disguise is at your door begging; invite the Stranger to your table,
Darkness will be swallowed up by the radiant yet soothing Love,
Division cured by Love, becomes myriad souls throbbing with a single impulse.
Suffering faints in the mighty embrace of a sublimating sweetness,
The psyche in man and beast, plant and stone yearns for Love day and night.
Love is knocking at your door.
Listen with your heart. Welcome the Mother.





A Touch of Grace

Om Douce Mere

A mountain of garbage on a seashore, foul smelling,
Hungry hands retrieving bits of paper, rags, plastic containers,
Broken and rusted tools and machines, used batteries,
A huge mass of rotting bodies piled pell-mell
As in a monstrous junkyard waiting for burial,
Kindly hands, invisible angels looking through the pile
For some souls still breathing, clutching to life desperately,
Clinging to some impossible hope, a touch of Grace,
Are not totally dismayed – yes, there were a few hearts still beating.
With gentle care they removed the wounded souls from the crushing heap,
Filled their lungs with a celestial air, gave them a drink of nectar.
Coming back from the land of dead, the survivors could not realize
That they were back on earth for there was a new radiant Sun
To welcome them in a new divine world of delight, color, song and laughter.
The terrible nightmare seemed to be a far off faded unreal mirage.
When a soul receives a touch of Grace, all is magically forever changed.
All around them was now a magnificent garden of unfading flowers.

The Strange Blossom of Light

My soul, open thy eyes,
Watch the long – expected birth
Concealed from the vulgar inquisitive sight
Of the marvelous bloom of tomorrow,
Almost invisible in the shadow of austere trees,
Old as the mountains and self-assured of their immunity.
Watch it open silently petal by petal,
Unsuspected in a neglected corner of thy freehold.
Stranger, little understood, disdained by the wise,
Unwelcome, mocked and disowned by the crowd,
The gentle humble Guest can hardly lift Her head
With the mortal weight of the past on Her breast.
The victorious yesterday lives on gloriously,
For a while, trembling inside, now certain of its death.
My soul, do not be duped by the faintness of the early glow.
It brings in its wake the ocean-swell of liquid gold,
The end of a perpetual night, the Sun that does not set anymore,
Unveiled blissful Presence of the beloved Mother Divine.
Open wide thy doors to that strange distant Light
And nourish with the white purity of inner fire,
The wonder-bud of Splendor in the mire of Earth.





The Mountain of White Clay

The world goes around the sun everyday
And leaves behind it a world plunged in bitter sweet memories.
Every day one wakes with atrocious pains for all that disappeared forever.
Every event, every person leaves a thorn driven in the flesh.
What is lost has disappeared forever in the bottomless abyss of Time.
Man tries to fill the loss of his world all the time
By insane adventures – one drowns himself in wine,
One hangs himself, incapable to bear the disappearance of cherished being.
Time with its basket brings fruits bitter sweet, exotic adventures,
A moment of ardent love to allow us to forget
The pain of the thorns pushed in the flesh.
Where does one go?
For some moments, for some seconds, one is at the crest of a drunken wave,

The Mountain of White Clay

The moment after one is swallowed in a macabre darkness crushing us to pulp.

Are we living, are we dead?

It is the Nothingness which swallows us.

Nothings exists, neither the past, nor present; the future has no right to enter.

Silence!

A light of hope is born in this grayness,

The Sweet Mother murmurs with an enchanted voice.

It is like a balm, which relieves one thousand wounds in the flesh and the soul:

‘O Traveler of eternity why lament for broken vases lost for ever,

Look around you; there are mountains of white clay.

Look at the Potter magician,

Who creates all the time new china vases, new fascinating miracles,

Always more brilliant than the former broken, lost, destroyed vases.

Everything is there forever! Here is the mountain of white clay,

If you want, come with me in my studio.

I would teach you how to make new porcelain vases,

And fill them with the Nectar waiting in my inexhaustible cellars.

Make vases; fill them with immortal nectar,

People are sad and unhappy, if they come to knock at your door,

Cure their disease; take away the thorns from their flesh,

Give them to drink the nectar of immortality,

Which unveils the supreme and smiling Divinity

Residing in the mystic heart center from inside our own selves.

The more the inward divinity would appear in the life of the body, the more the suffering would disappear forever replaced by the joy of the Immortals.

Heal them; bring a golden-colored sunbeam of the Eternity in their soul.’

Aspiration

O Aspiration, rise more and more towards the Real.

O Aspiration become more and more pure,
Pure like the flame without smoke, without desire,
Without attachment to the past.

O Aspiration, you are the only stairway to our future.

It is only through the aspiration
That the great benevolent Divinities can come down
And make abode in our consciousness and being.

The presence of Aspiration
Is the sign of God's working in us.

O Aspiration, become intense, steady and one-pointed.
May all other aims, other ideals, other goals be consumed
In your bright and incandescent plane.

O Mother Divine, come down in me,
Down the stairway of my rising aspiration.

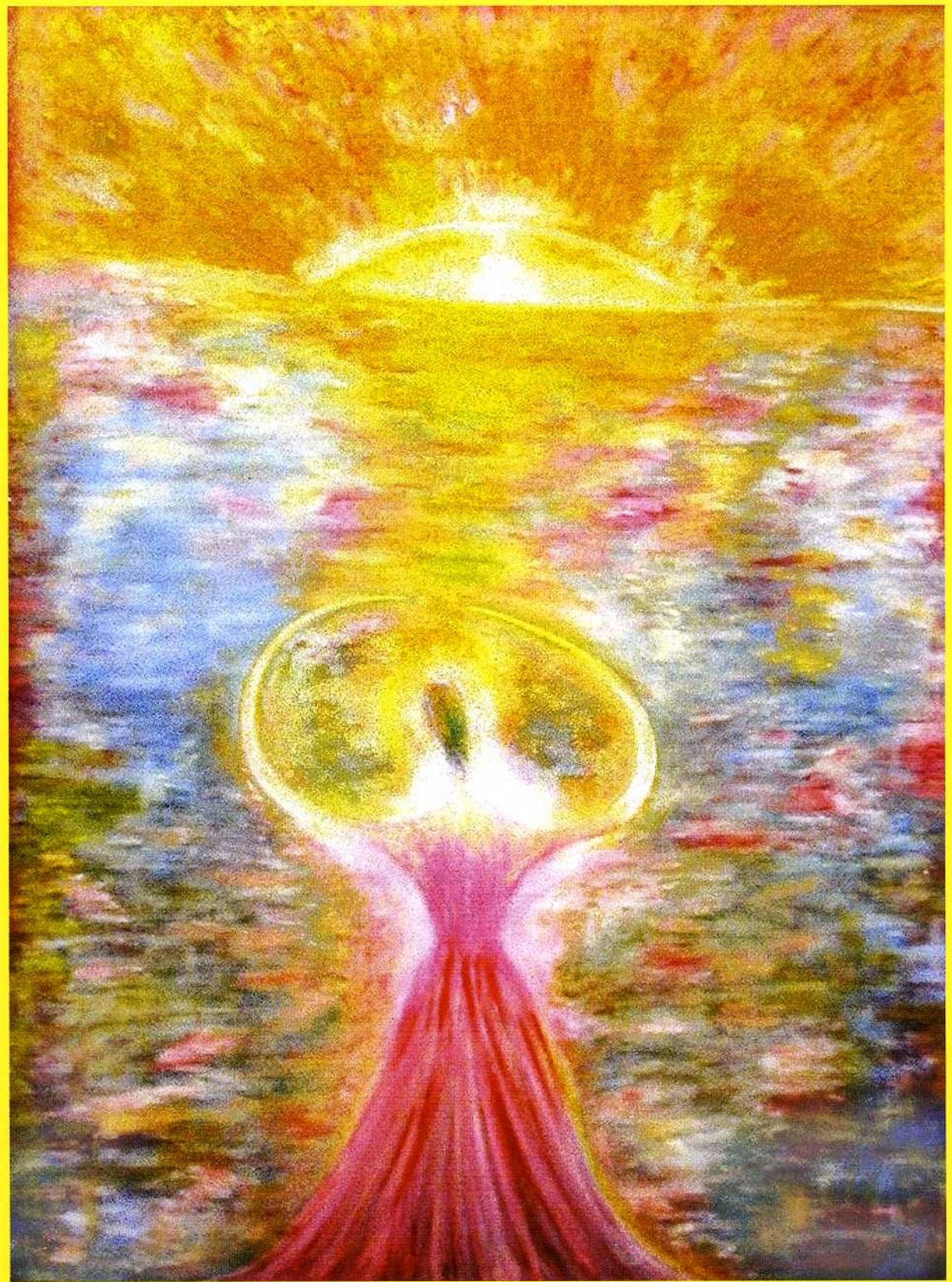
O Aspiration, set fire to my heart, mind, soul,
My body, all the cells of my body.

O Aspiration, when you are there
I know I am with the Divine.

Keep me, keep me always with the Divine.

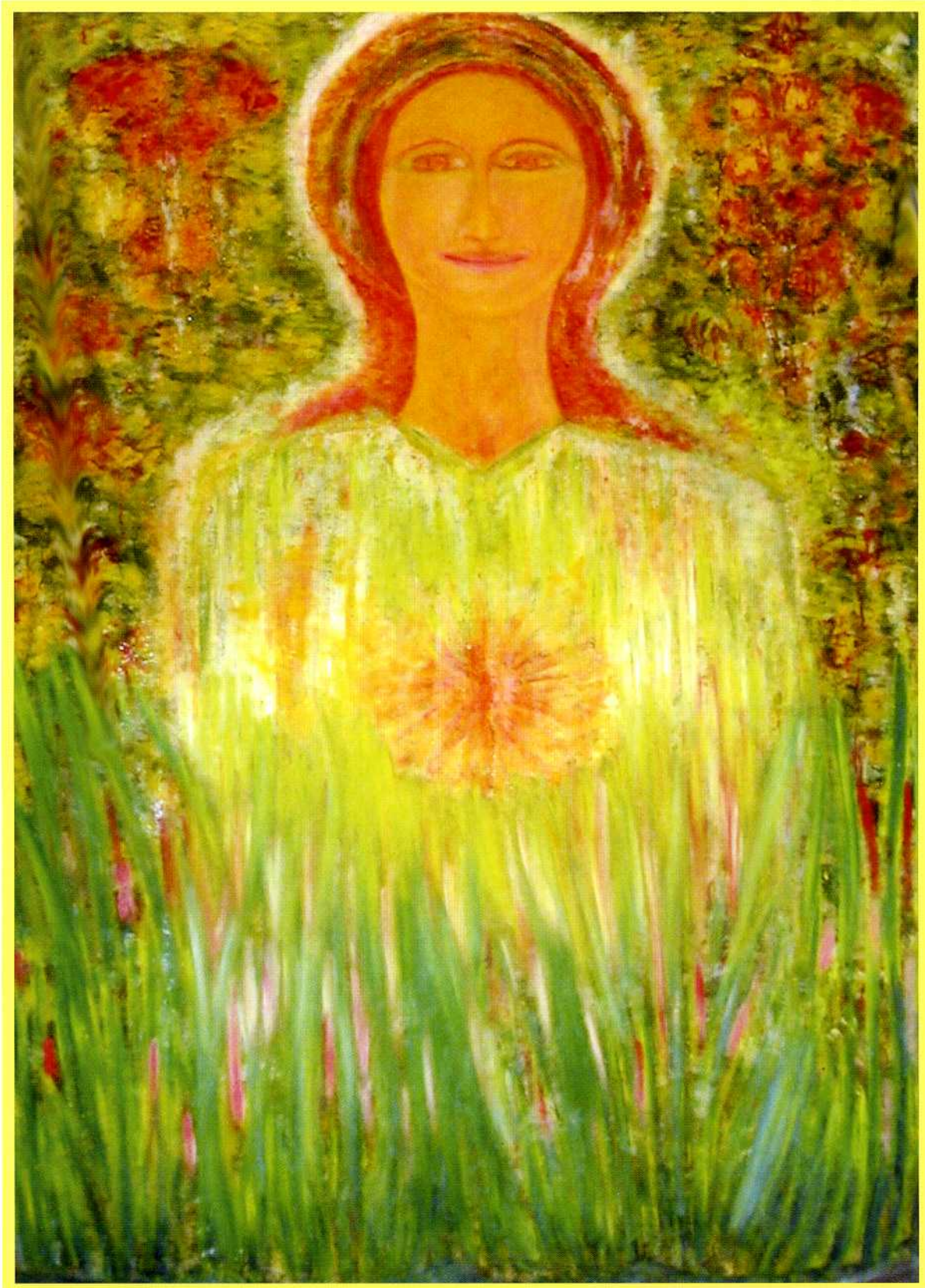
How auspicious you are for in truth,
Aspiration is the rising, the awakening of the Mother Divine in us,
Her descent and Her fulfillment.

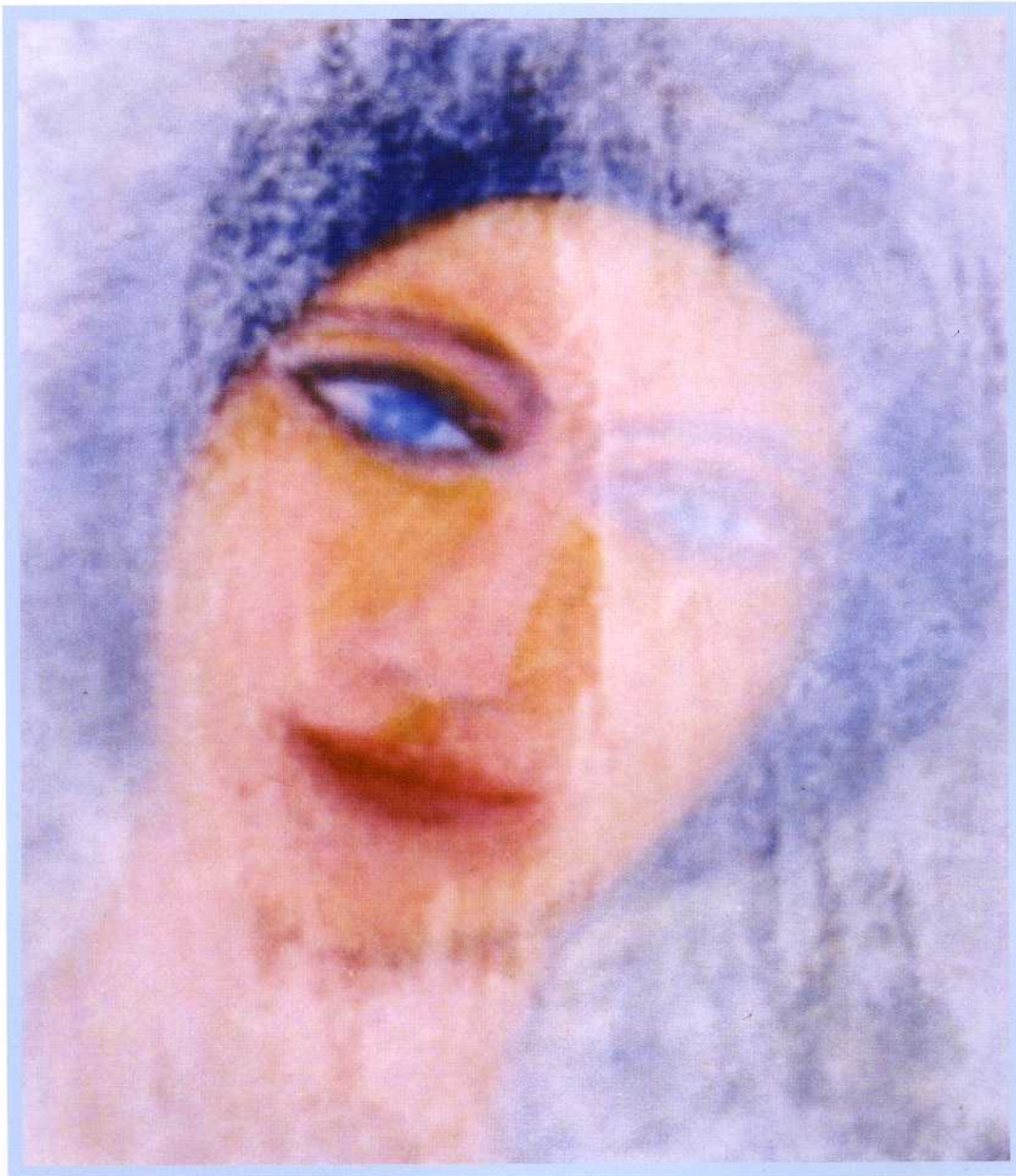
O Aspiration rise ever pure, fragrant, intense,
One pointed, incandescent.



Spring – forever young

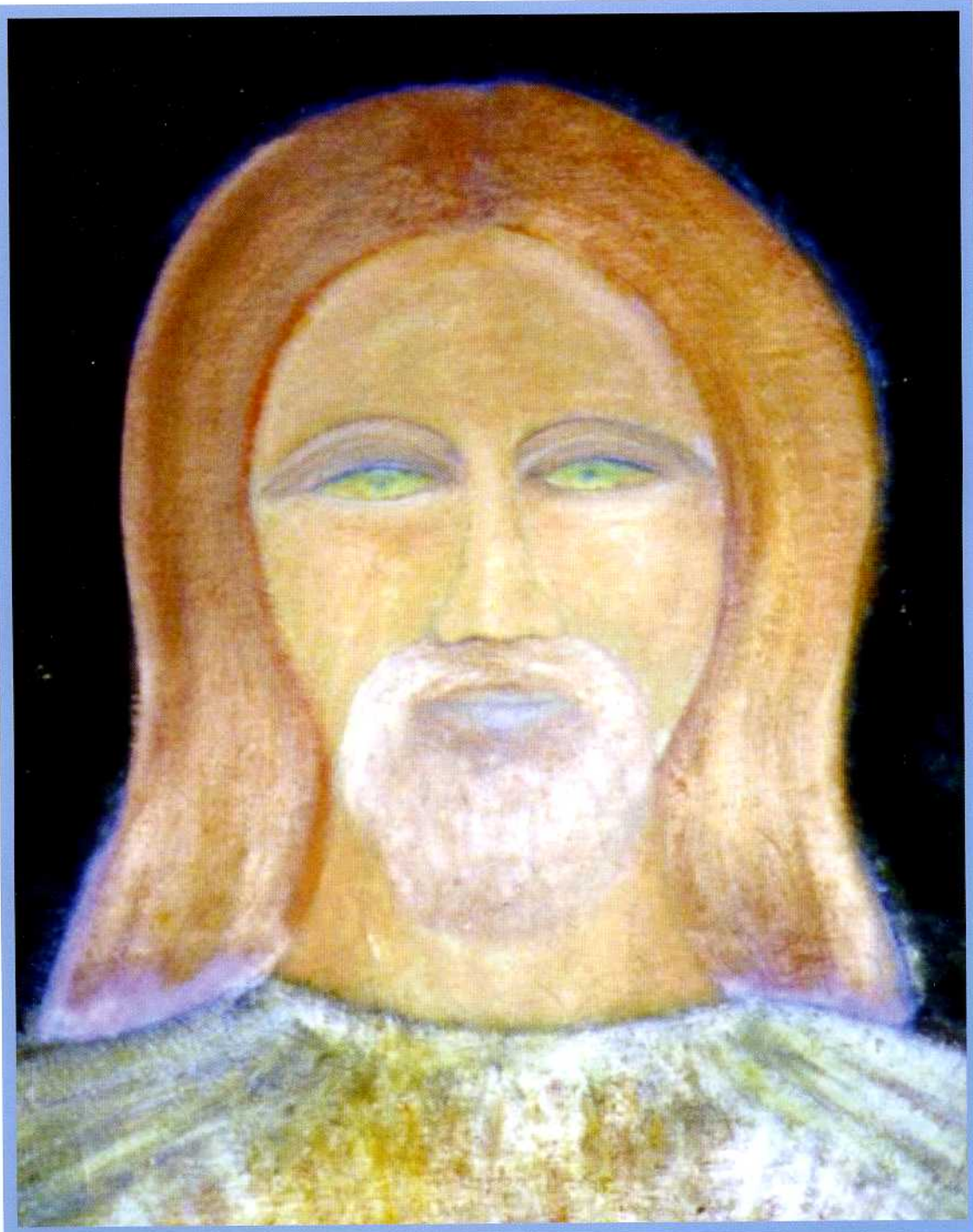
Night was dark filled with frightful howling and shrieking.
It dragged on for ages like the endless tail of a wounded dragon,
Blood and crushed limbs, growl and roar of violent beasts fighting.
Life was adrift on a turbulent river gone red with passion,
Men's eyes used to the palpable body of night reveled in orgy.
Like the drone of tampura, a moan of anguish chilled the air.
Hope was not born yet, every time it tried to come to life,
It met a premature death in the womb of the tyrant night.
Then a mighty wind blew, began to whistle and thunder like a galactic choir,
Followed by heavenly showers and hoards of knights, lightning bright,
Pierced, slashed and cut to ribbons the unyielding body of night.
A tranquil Light flooded the earth; the darkness got dissolved forever.
The strangled spring burst into a song mixed with silvery ripples of laughter,
Like a maiden in love with Krishna, it ran among the trees and lakes,
Pursued by a gentle flute, opening the sleeping buds of roses
And closed lotus-hearts from their heavy trance of forgotten joy.
One by one, new deathless flowers grew in number smiling, dancing
In the sacred garden of the Temple, nourished by the Divine Love.
The prolonged agony of night vanished in the golden Light of a New Sun.
The long-awaited Mother has come and taken the sick unhappy child,
The abandoned weeping earth to Her bosom, now all is wonderfully fine.
O Soul, move on in the ray of Her infallible Sun to constant Splendor.





Mystery

Deep within us, far beyond the gaze of the surface mind,
In a luminous cavern in the secret mystic heart,
Sits the omnipotent supreme goddess: Our real immortal soul.



The Tranquil Power

O Lord, forever tranquil, unmoved,
Leading the pilgrim souls through the darkest night
To the Home of Bliss and unfailing Light.



Prayer

Ever welcome to my kneeling soul and heart in adoration
O Secret Spirit, subtler than the subtlest as You are.
Yet You have inhabited these fragile earthen frames
To make Yourself tangible, accessible to the soul of man.

You speak through them each word they say,
You pour through them the molten gold of an invisible Sun.
O Secret Spirit, before I caught a glimpse of Them
Arranged by a lucky accident, like a lost tragic one-note
Cry moaning in the hopeless night, my desolate life
Was a tedious stretch of a wretched play,
A huge senseless waste, a perpetual gnawing affliction.
Had I not met Them and borne Their transmuting gaze,
O Secret Spirit, I could never, never have believed
That the Divine is so wonderful, all love and compassion.
Like a passionate moth burning madly for the embrace of Fire,
How my whole being yearns to be possessed by His Sweetness
Till nothing, nothing shall be left of the sordid amalgam that is myself.
O Secret merciful Spirit, in answer to my desperate longing,
You have pressed a tiny concealed spring,
A flow of cleansing waters stream down from the benign peaks,
Melt and purify the petrified filth and gloom of the ages.
My soul now deeply satisfied, a happy one-note hymn of faith
Throbs faintly with gratitude, drowned in the symphony of Grace.
O Secret Spirit, penetrating the vast Universe and beyond,
All its nooks and corners with Your breathing Presence,
Substance of dreams, realities and abysmal mysteries
From the most luminous High divinities
To the tenebrous God-denying Almightyies,
You are always the same intimate, nameless Supreme.
I see You, feel and touch You and hear Your voice,
Yet You are the strangest of the strangers I have ever met.

Do I exist? It makes me laugh, such a ridiculous question.

In Your boundless unbroken changeless Self-extension,
An isotope of an old shattered atom pulsating with hope

For the billionth of an undying second that is myself;

No, I do not exist yet this moment is rich and poignant.

O Secret Self, from You I am born, Your body's portion,

In You I disappear like the exalted sprays

Falling back into the Ocean in suspense.

When I contemplate the endless sacred procession

Of Your fugitive names and faces on the Cinerama of Time,

Then, then only I vibrate and my life even so insignificant

Glow and burns in ecstasy like a meteor in explosion.

Glory to You, my Friend, Sweetheart, Master, Guide and Queen,

Glory to Your Messengers, Emanations and Incarnations,

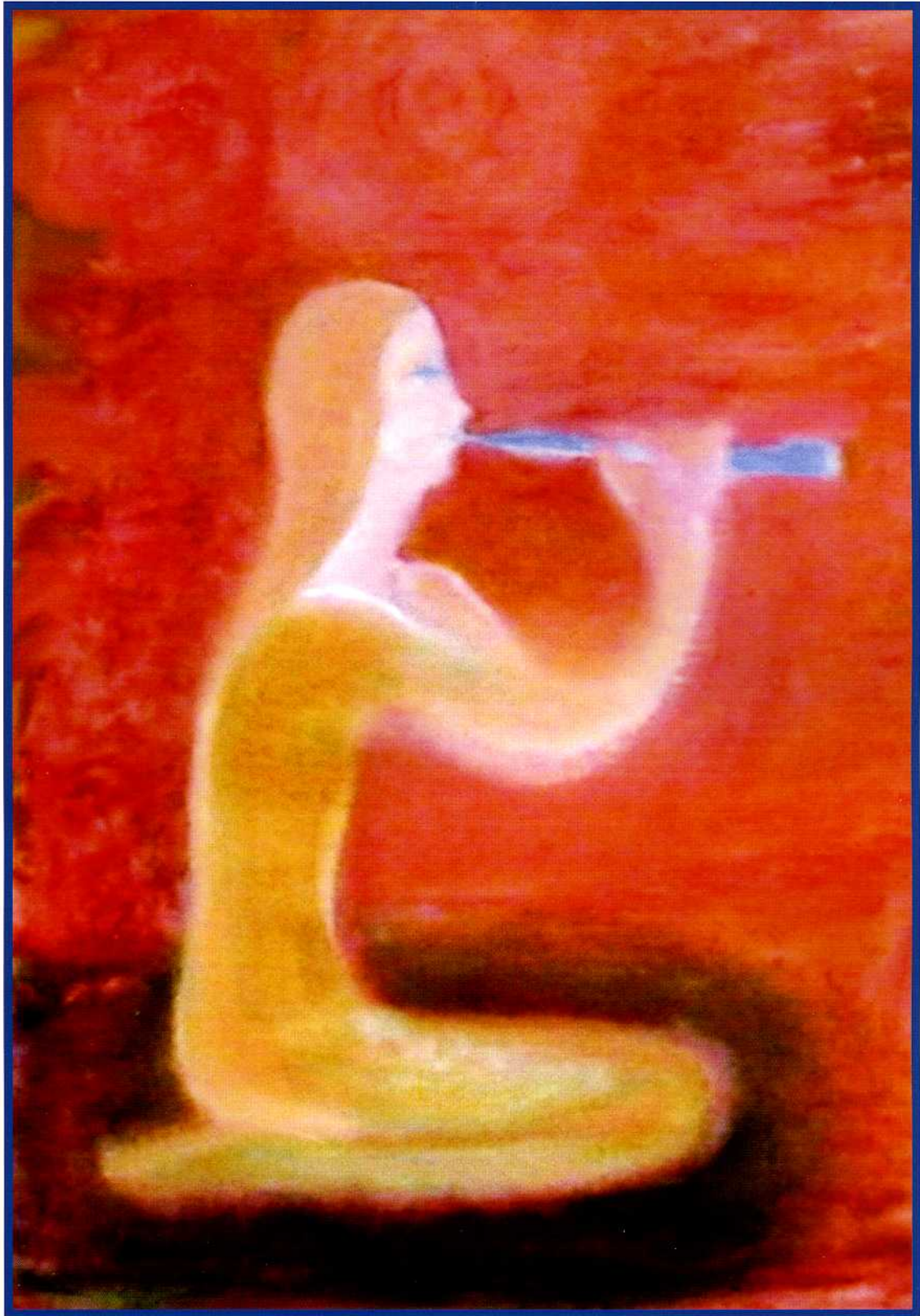
Glory to the earthly bodies filled with the Holy Spirit.





The Flight

The effort to rise higher and higher,
To fly and explore
Always new dimensions,
This call to ascend is on all of us,
Whether we shoot up or dive,
In the end,
All is same for always,
Always we rise.



Calling the Souls

In the hush of the soul listening,
A deafening crash of cymbals announced
The Apocalyptic fall and final demise
Of the moribund Asura, blind lord of this world matter.
Riotous winds whipped up the sea, a thousand violins
In ecstasy, presto, crescendo, ripped the veil to ribbons
Between the devotee and the dazzling splendor of Mahashakti.
The waves gone mad, danced in frenzy, foamy hands lifted high,
Thundering a choir mingled with the voices of a hundred nations,
A huge roaring cosmic harmony, an eruption of laughter,
A volcanic outburst of soul's release from death and pain,
A giant symphony of orchestras from the East and West,
Warriors on horseback descended galloping, brilliant
From the high plateau, the hooves clanging, ringing
In rhythm with a legion of timpani and drums,
Trumpets striking terror into the guts of demon hordes
Who infest the earth and feast on human misery;
An entreating flute came floating from some Wonderland,
Gods and angels, the Devil and his brood, men and beast, fish and fowl
Felt an irresistible charm invading their distinction,
All barriers softly melted revealing an eternal single Vibration.
Om Douce Mere, Om Sri Aurobindo.

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Calling the Souls

The Queen Mother

And Ananda in transmuting waves to hasten the psychic birth,
Some shining Godhead fallen from heaven floating on the silent night.
The somnolent buds slowly wake up from their heavy primal trance,
By the warm glow of a new life emanating from the golden Queen,
Stretch out their long paralyzed bodies in a prayer of gratitude,
Behold the countless beaming faces, bodies straight swaying gently
Moving in rhythm with an unforgettable ancient melody
Around the amazing lotus, the unique golden Queen Mother.





A Beckoning Hand of Light

A beckoning hand of light, hope and joy is calling the human soul
From the other shore. But man is desperately holding on to its old moorings,
Threadbare, faded, worn out enchantments. He clings on to his hopeless
Life though reduced to an orange squeezed dry with no juice left.

A beckoning friendly hand calls the soul from afar to a paradise little
Known on earth. But man, though tempted at times, clings to the old rusty
Brittle iron bars of the fence of his imaginary Eldorado. But, for how long?

How long, O yearning soul gasping for Light, a breath of heaven,
How long will you resist and increase your incurable agony!

Be brave, gather courage, let go the grip on the

Fatal illusive charm of human life.

Take a risk, plunge into the rough sea and swim to the other bank.

A hand of light and hope and joy is beckoning from afar.

How long will you suffer, O yearning soul, let go the old moorings!

Swim and run to the Mother Divine, waiting for you with all Her
Sweetness on the other shore, to welcome you in Her home of delight.

Let go all the rotten hollow termite-eaten, fragile castles of old.

Run, run, swim fast to the safety of light and joy of Eternity
On the other shore. Don't stay, my friend, I pray. Don't stay in the house
Crumbling to pieces and be caught in the debris of the falling sky of your
Futile dreams. Get out quick from the tottering house and the cloud of dust.

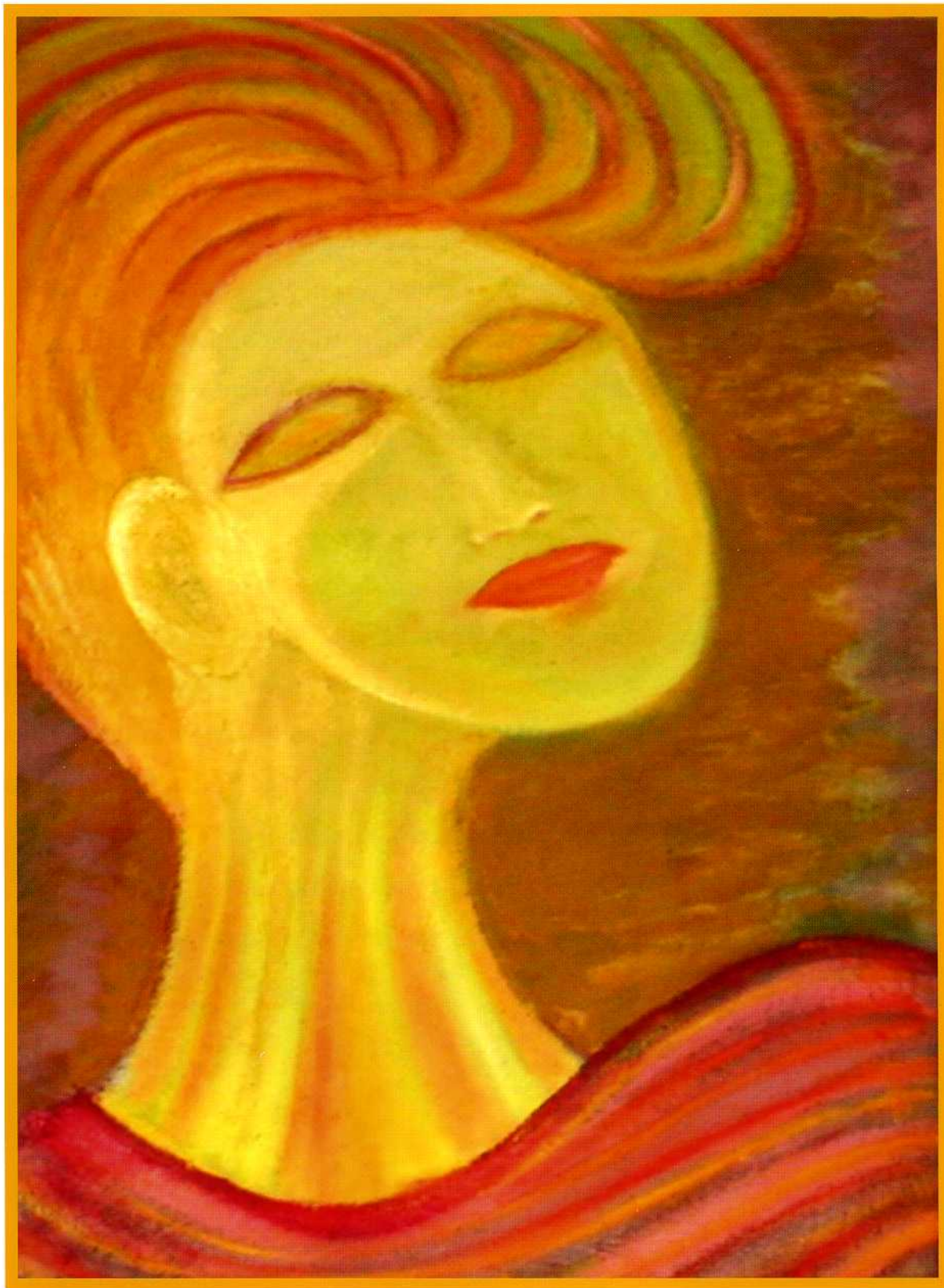
Run fast and quick to the open extended arms of the Sweet Mother Divine,
Waiting to shelter you in Her boundless heart of peace, love, harmony,
Splendour and glory. The moment you decide to live only for Her in Her soothing
Light, then, in an instant, all the walls and partitions melt forever into a delicious
Surprise. You find yourself happily locked in the embrace of the Sweet Mother.

Om Douce Mere saranam mama.

Om Sri Aurobindo, our Friend and Master,

Lead us step by step to the Eternal Mother.





Listening to You

‘Thy feet are torn and thy spirit is bleeding,
Drink deep my perfume and enjoy the coolness of my shade’ –
Like a mother to her lost child, thus whispered to me an evening,
A bower of jasmine imploring with a thousand eyes,
‘May the Lord’s blessings be with thee.’ I cried in delight and ere long
In the wake of the footfall of the night came an amorous moon.
Lying on the ground, in vain I seek refuge in an impossible dream,
Ghosts of uncertain tomorrow and vague memories scream and dance;
Twin vampires dark and pitiless suck the lovely moon
Who dies in spasms in the embrace of their sepulchral wings.
The awakened night struggling for breath shudders in terror,
But the jasmine comforts me with a refrain sweet and understanding:
‘Like one listening to the strain of muted violins in a symphony,
Hearken behind the glamour of ideas and the riot of feelings
To the quiet voice of the Friend who dwells within.
Each day shall be a deeper probe into a joy unknown.’

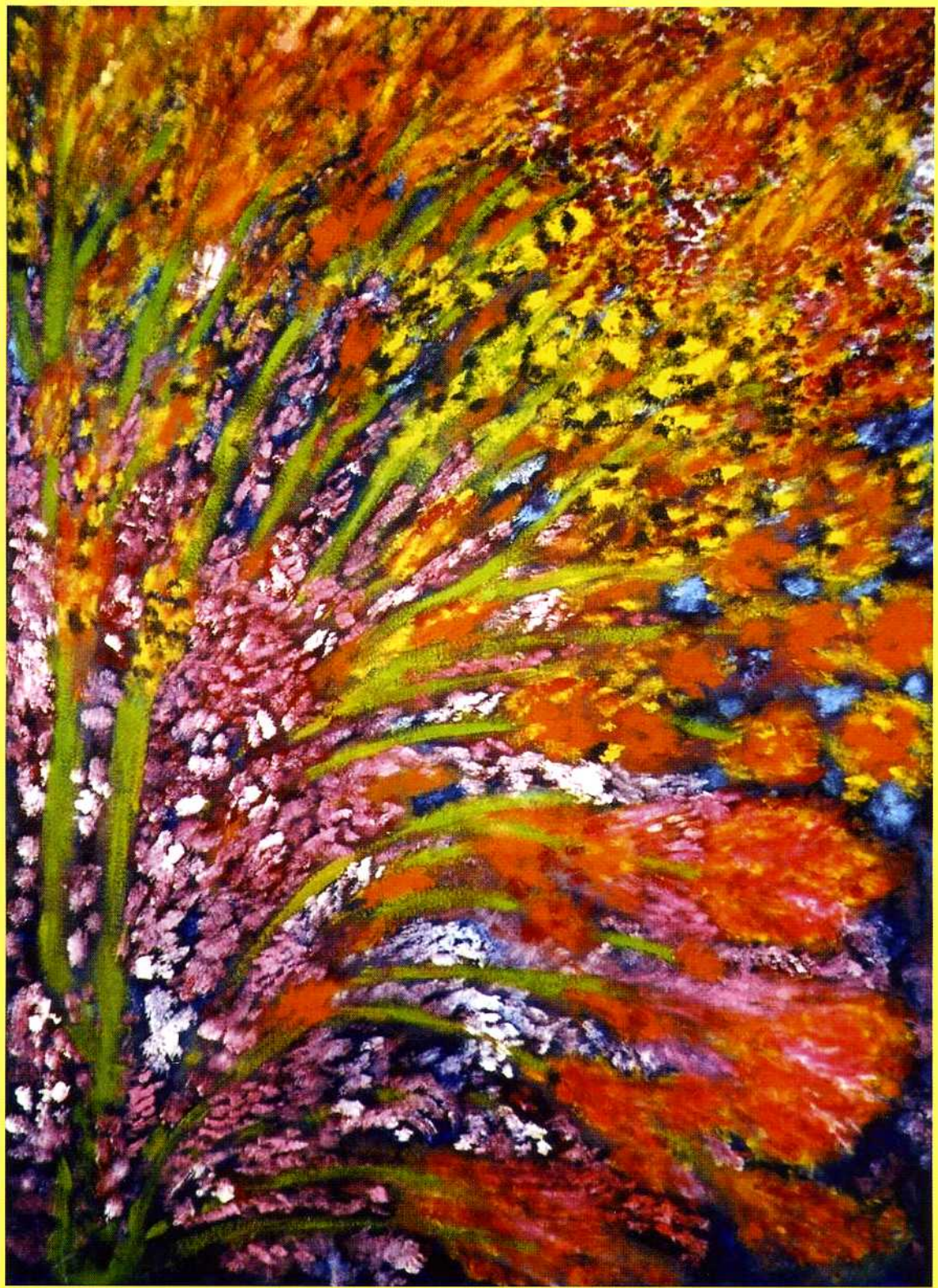


Courage

Fearless Eagle, soar up in the sky
Towards the peaks of danger, dawns of glory,
On the spiral arm of the shining galaxy
Build thy impregnable cerie.

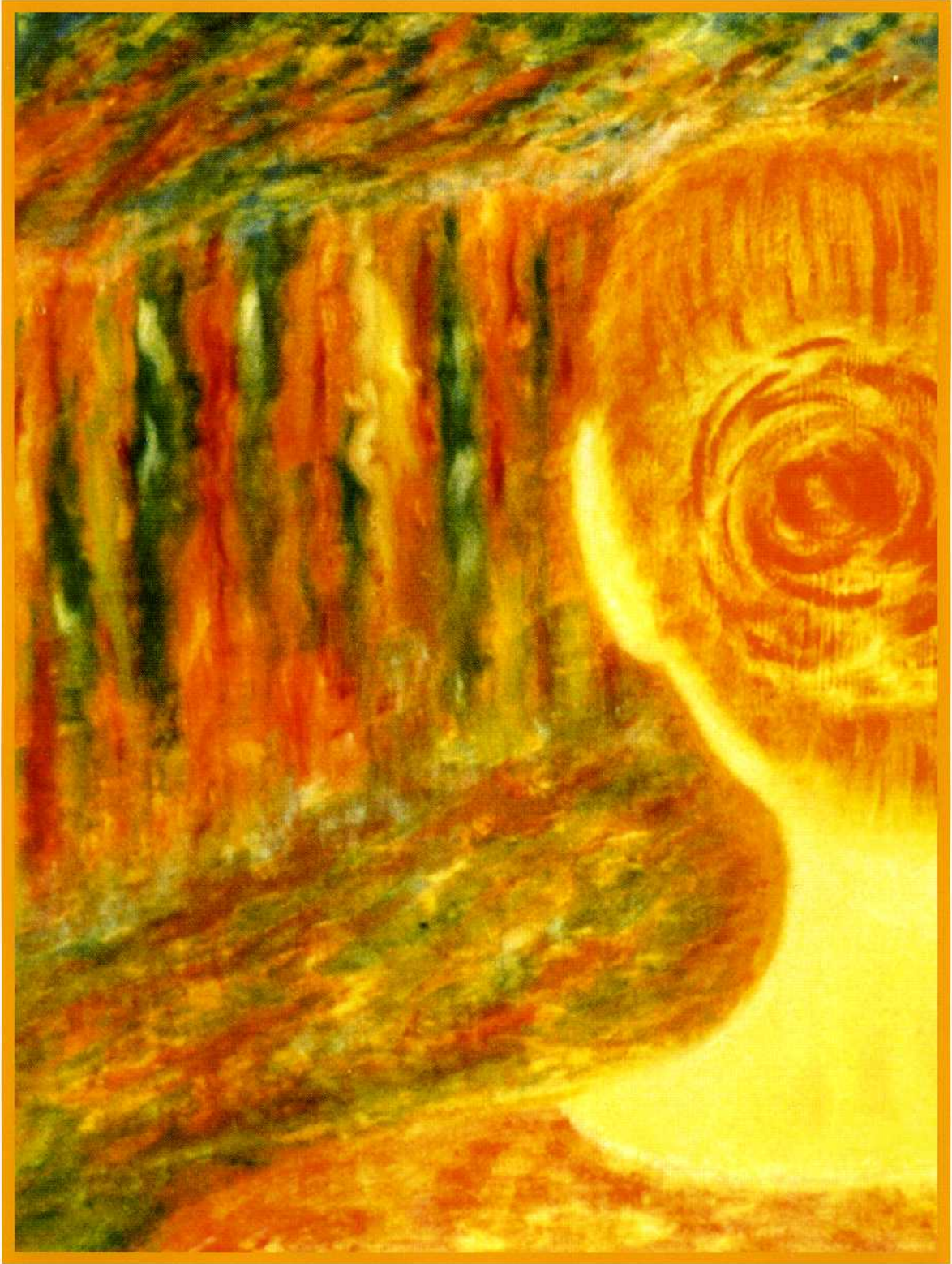
Salmon with prodigious leaps
Born in the shallow mountain streams,
Go and sound the monstrous deeps
To hasten thy growth and strengthen
The fiber of thy will.

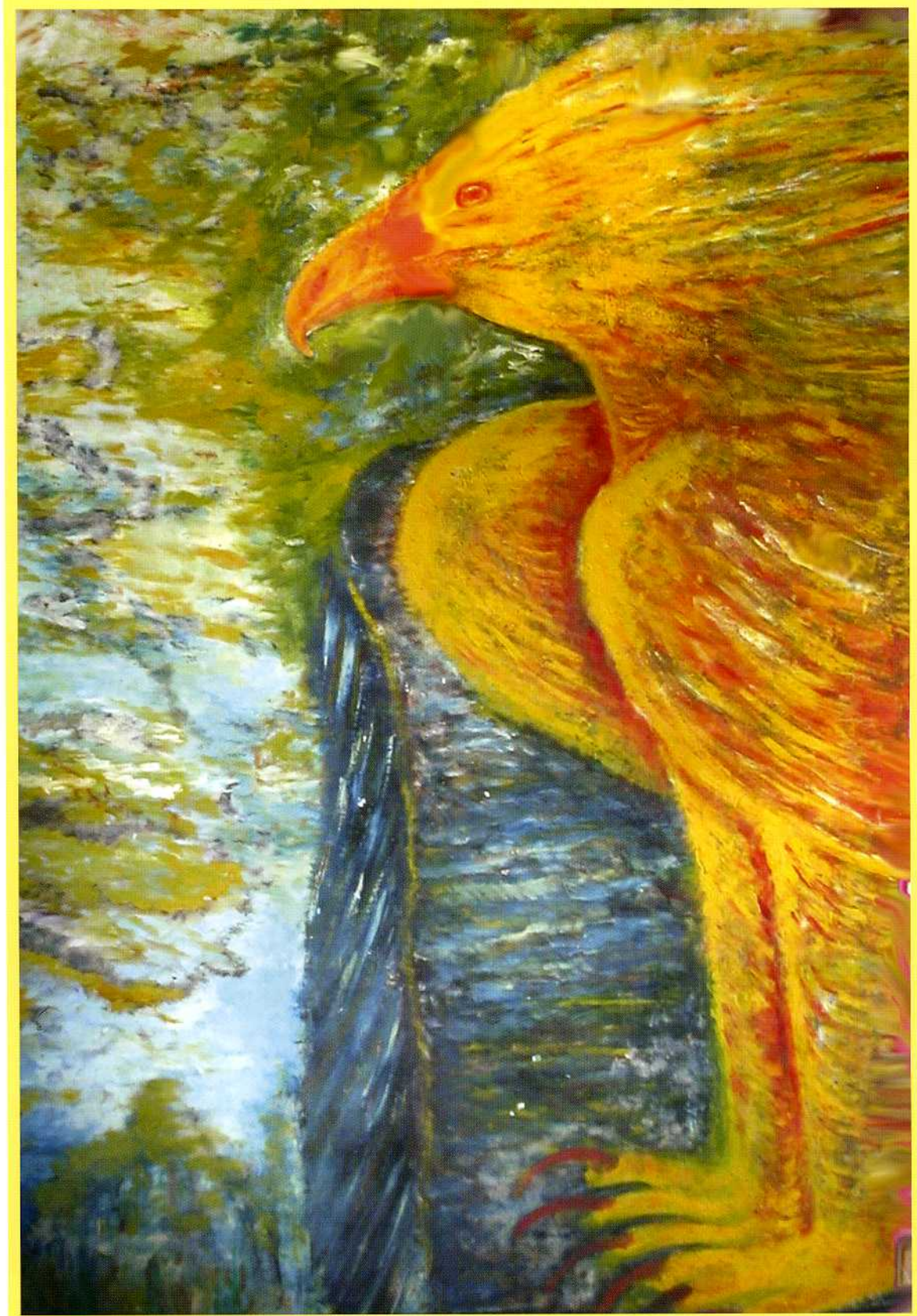
Wandering bumblebee probing in
The blooms of the wilds afar,
Force into the closed hearts
Of the slumbering flowers,
Fear not the rapier of thorns
Or the scorn of a haughty bloom;
Should thy end be bitter,
Be it in quest of immortal nectar.



The Cascades of Light

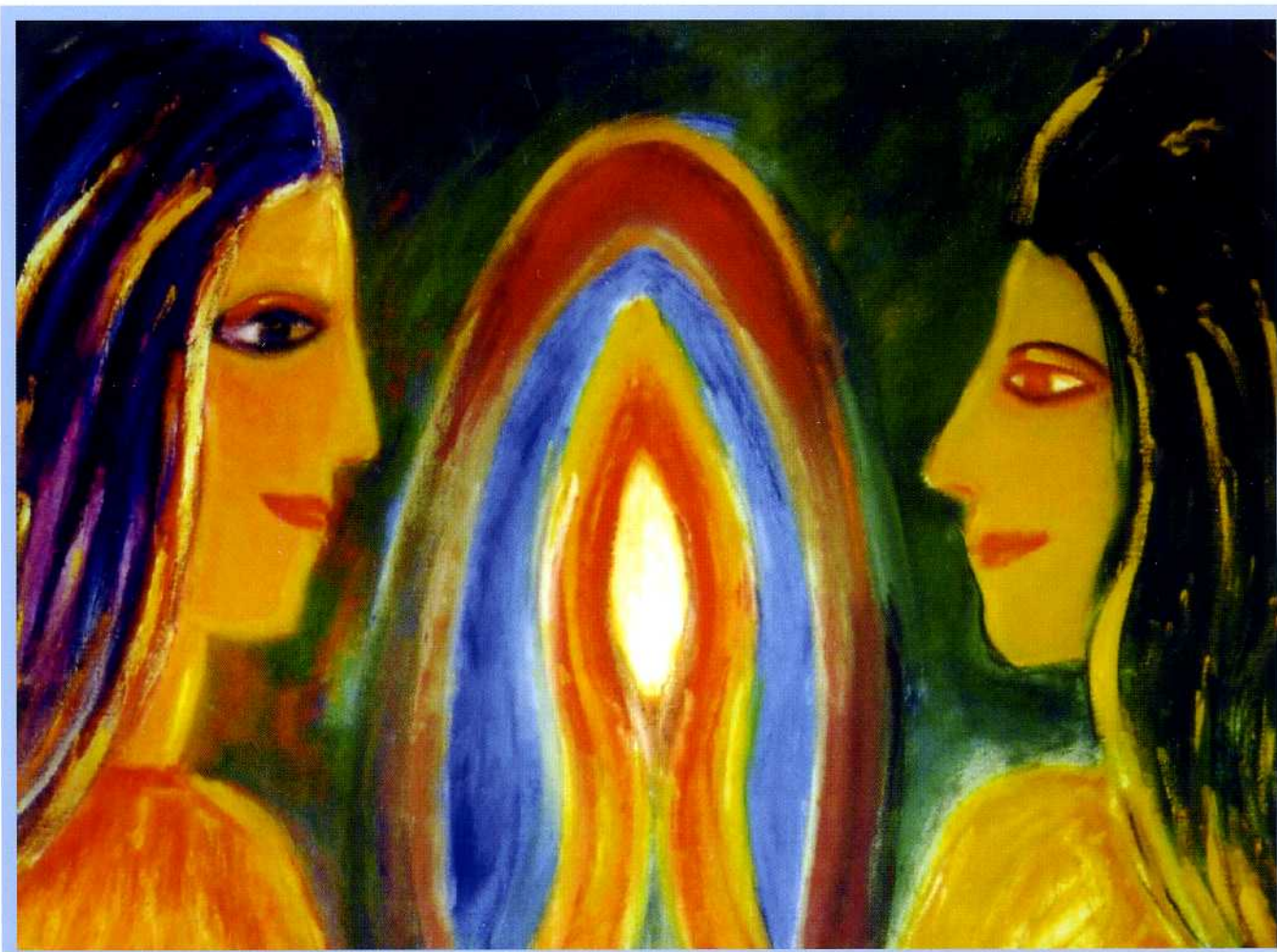
A cascade of luminous liquid Felicity
Crawled up the stone-paved way to the Temple,
Washed clean the darkened stones with hardened blood of ages.
It climbed up the stairs filled with the anguish of the slaughtered souls,
Released the petrified souls into the ravishing morning Light of the Spirit.
It entered the great sombre hall adorned with sculptured deities,
Inhabited by demons and his cohorts who feasted on the prayers
And incantations devoid of any love or devotion, but soaked
In the violent wine of desire, lust, vengeance, murderous greed for power.
It freed the high and noble, generous divinities from their tyrants,
Who fled in disorder like an army routed, scattered to the winds,
Unable to bear the searing touch of the divine rapture.
Darkness cannot cohabit with Light, violence dies in the embrace of Delight.
The cascade of luminous Felicity rose and rose like a divine anthem
To the ceiling and then over flowed into the Temple gardens.
A breath of celestial happiness like a sacred perfume filled the air.
Flowers blossomed even on the stones of the courtyard and pathways.
Their strong incense like perfume, their unearthly splendor
Attracted hearts yearning for the Eternal, kept at bay or drove away
Hosts of profiteers, dwellers of gloomy caves, haters of daylight.
The cascade of luminous Delight is flooding the towns and villages,
Every day a little more mending, washing, cleaning, transforming
Weeping and moaning, anger and violence, lust and greed and hatred
Into a supernatural joyous colorful carnival of song and laughter.





Your Protector

Lead me on, O Great Spirit,
I have left behind the familiar shores,
Lakes and torrents, harmless shallow river ways.
All around me is the strange, thrilling sinister Ocean.
O Eagle, Friend, Powerful cover my perilous journey
With your vigilant eyes, higher than the highest peaks of mind
Which no man can climb, deeper than the deepest abyss of life,
Which no diving whale can fathom, further than the Fancy's utmost extended
Range waits the New World of million-toned Harmony.
My keel is on the uncharted Ocean,
You have thrown all useless cargo overboard.
Heaven's blessings, the pouring rains have cleansed my deck
Of the petrified slime of the ages.
Each moment is a near disaster in the adventure of the Unknown
But for You, O Knower of the unmarked open sea-lanes.
Beyond the treacherous submerged knife-sharp ridges
Lies the Promised Land where the Golden Sun does not set.
O Great Spirit, My Captain, I have faith
In your skill, wisdom, power and courage.
Lead me on, O Great Spirit, I am wholly yours,
I fully trust you. The wheel of my destiny is safe in your hands.

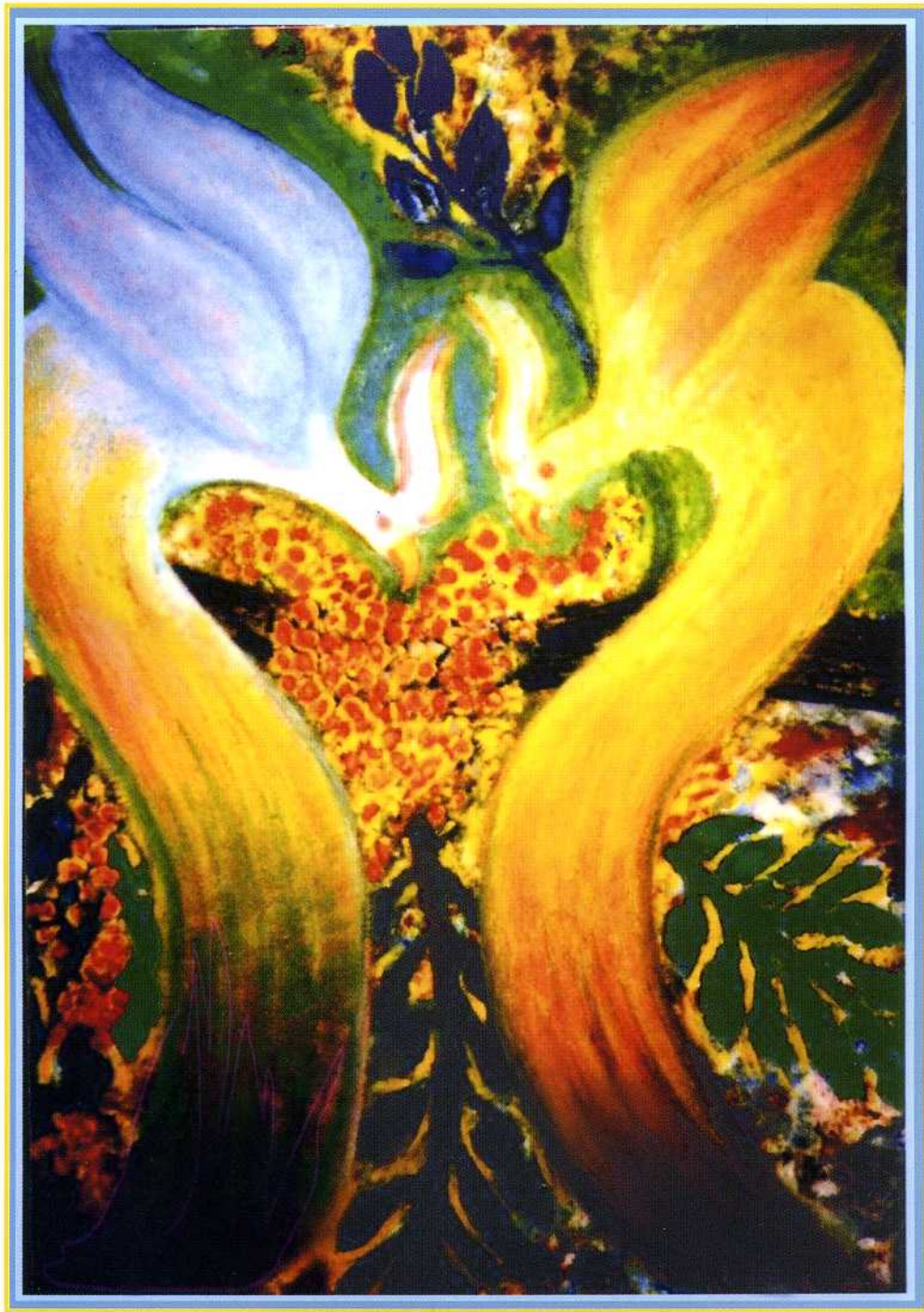


O Wonder Spirit

O Wonder Spirit

O wonder Spirit of Beauty, Joy and Harmony,
Asleep in the mystic chamber of the aspiring soul,
Awake and spread wide your peaceful wings
On our warring passions, senseless thoughts and actions.
Let our mind be a vast sanctuary of unbroken felicity.
Let our emotions be warm and sustained notes of vibrating strings.
Let our actions be at good times, at odd times, a symphony of solidarity.

O wonder Spirit of Beauty, Joy and Harmony,
Strip away from our heart, mind, body and soul,
The hard layers of ugly violence, endless cruel suffering
And release the dancing fountains of sparkling song and laughter.
We are as yet only partly divine even at our greatest summit moments,
Waning and waxing like the moon, ever unreliable, inconstant.
The human retreats slowly before the steadily growing Light within,
The age-old prophetic manifests of the Kingdom of God on earth.
O wonder Spirit of Beauty, by your active Presence is now a reality.
A new muted race still wearing the human face glowing with the psychic
Fire appears on the horizon to change this nightmare
Into an exquisite radiant dream.



Birds of Paradise

One day, the immortal Soul in men will break all barriers and join
Matter and Spirit
In a constantly growing beauty and harmony
And divine felicity.



Harmony of the Body and the Spirit

May my entire being, my whole life be a conscious collaboration
With my soul, where resides forever the Mother Divine.
May I become a simple surrendered happy instrument,
For Her play in the drama of divine life on earth.



Migration

An invisible great migration has already begun in earnest.
Drawn by a Majestic Golden Swan flying in a pale moonlight,
Flocks of ducks, geese and swans abandon their feeding grounds,
Familiar lakes, marshes and ponds and rise with a wild clamor
To join the Queen circling high up in the sky.
She is the lovely Golden Swan for whom they have waited so long.
She will take them to a happy Kingdom where deadly traps and arrows,
Cunning predators and ruthless hunters have no access to the land.
Far, far away from this blind, violent, intolerant, sickening world,
Where one lives in fear even of his intimate neighbor,

Illness, death and disaster stalk us quietly at all hours.
Victims of our own folly, we set fire to our own houses.
To slay a deer, slaughter a cow, shoot doves and pigeons by scores,
Stab an old friend, strangle the brother and the sister,
Are day's work of the carnivore we harbor in our nature.
My soul has heard the whistle of the Swan Queen calling us to assemble
High above the jungles where She is circling, waiting, waiting for us all.
Early in the morning while the sky is still dark, the signal is given.
Led by the Swan Queen, the great formation of wings fly into the Sun rising.
After crossing long centuries of deserts and icy fields,
Mountains and forests, smoke-laden huge cities,
Deafening airfields, busy ports, stale and decadent societies,
Swift trains and overcrowded roads and lanes leading nowhere,
They discover lying below an entranced land of heavenly harmony.
They notice with surprise a fringe of gold on their own wings.
An emerald earth set with sapphires, radiant with an inner fire,
Dotted with crystal cathedrals sending up swelling organ choirs,
Greets the Noble Queen followed by a legion of gold-tipped wings.

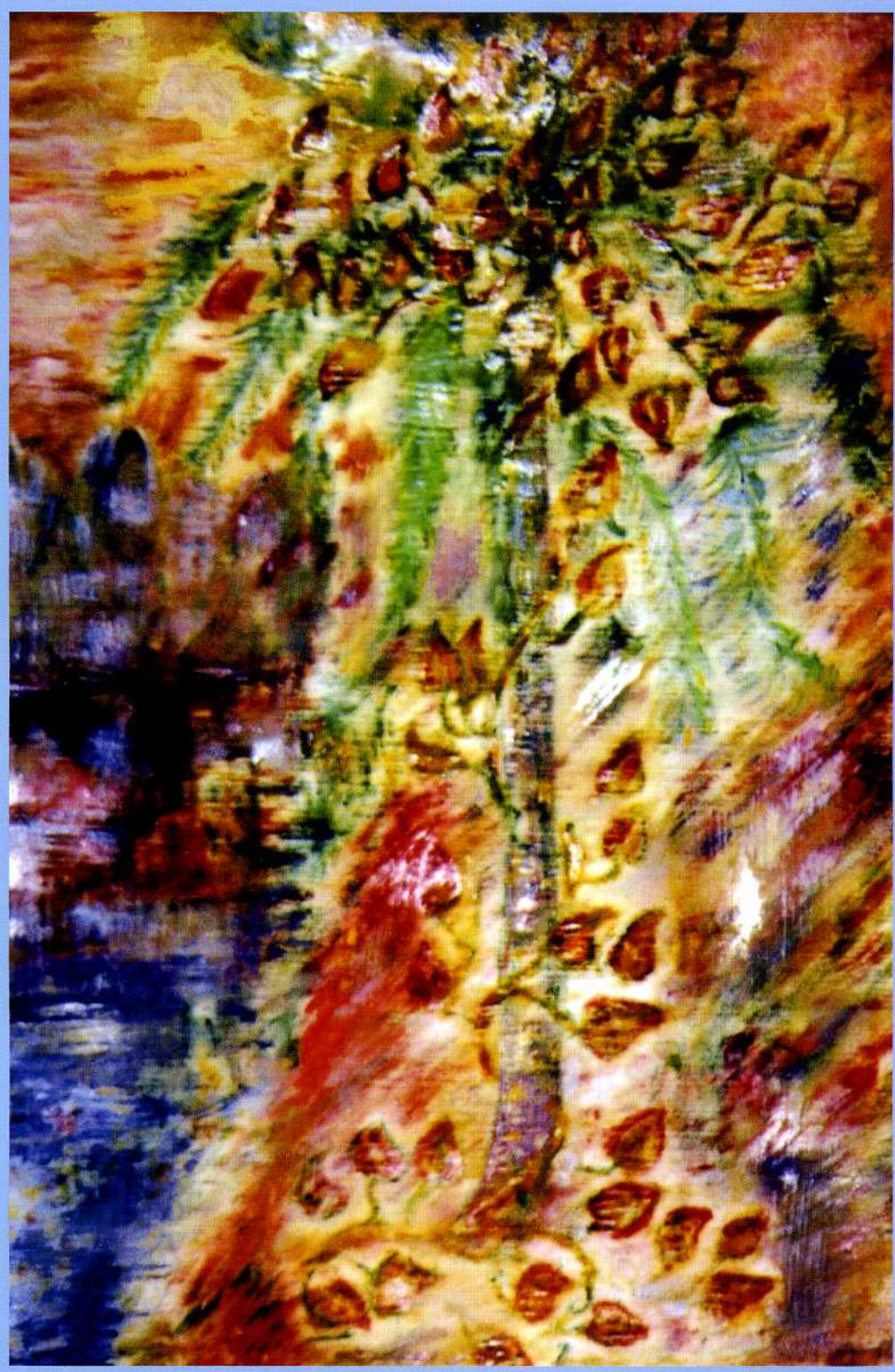


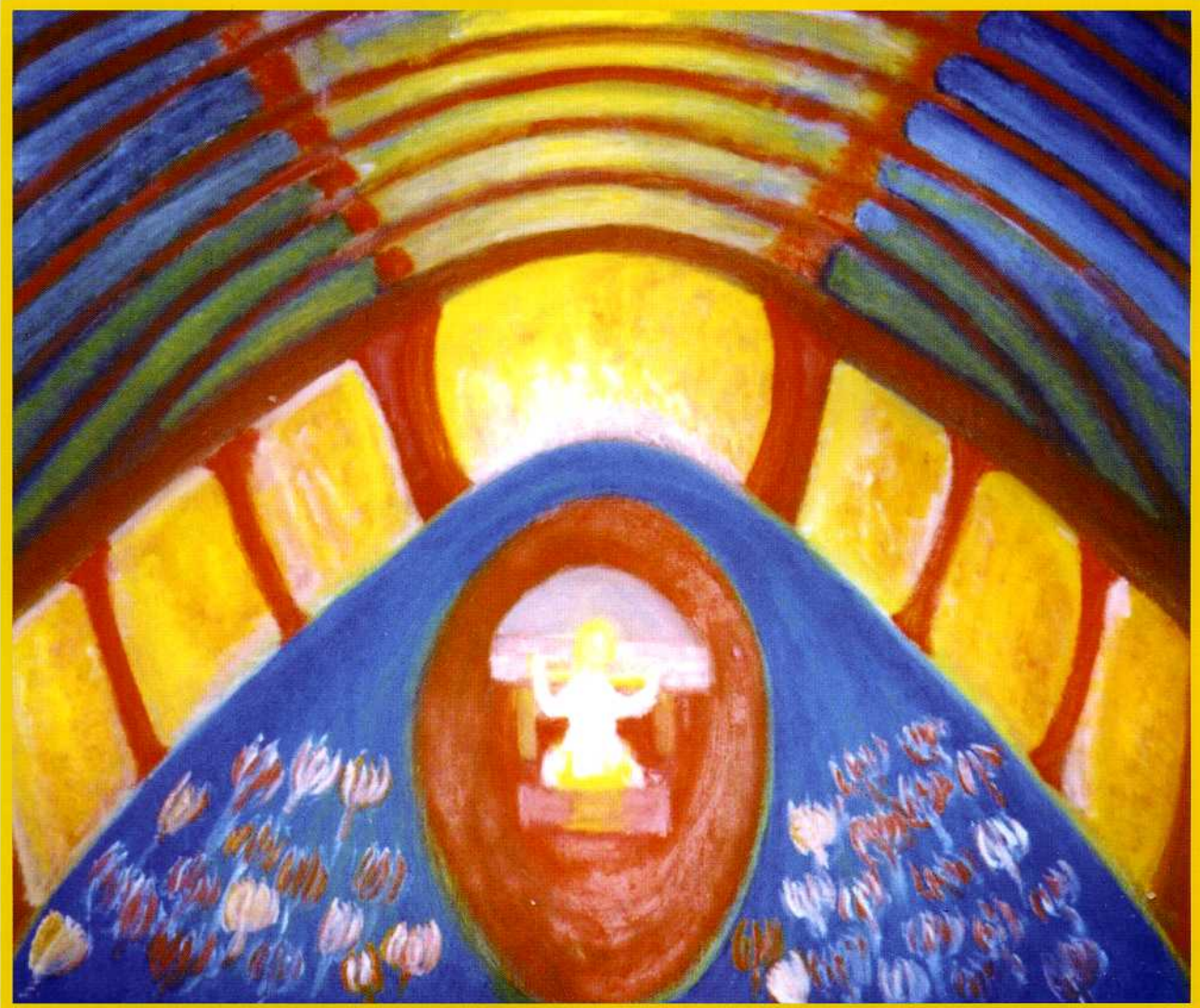
Humility

Blades of grass,
Leaves of humility,
Spread wide your carpet on the
Grounds of the sanctuary
To receive the Guests with a secret
Mission who walk softly
And are startled by the rustling
Of a falling leaf.

Blades of grass,
Leaves of humility,
Offer your deep cushions to the
Priests and dignitaries
Tending through sleepless vigil
The smokeless Fire
Which alone can endaemonise
Life's tragic confusion.

Blades of grass,
Leaves of humility,
Give your bouquets to the
Heralds of glory.
Protected by its green magic
They shall pass unhurt through
All the keyless doors
And contain the Divine Force
Without breaking.





Harmony

Led by the Organist the soul broke into the wide rapture
Of a daring harmony in a moment of inner liberation,
Walls fell apart, boundaries were rescinded.

All the nations, men, women and children across the oceans
Joined in an immense upward venture even unknown to themselves.
Devotees aspiring for Truth beside the tomb of the Avatar at night,
Fortunate pilgrims conscious recipients of a New Light from Above,
Scientists in love with their work intent on finding out the secrets of life,
Astronomers sounding the spaces, technicians engaged in ballistic projects,

Mill-hands toiling in factories, mechanics bent over the lathes,
Farmers gathering a golden harvest of wheat, paddy and maize,
Women picking tealeaves and oranges, flower girls and vendors of laces,
Pilots concentrated on the dials of their supersonic jets,
Captains of cruisers, sailors and soldiers, famished minds seeking knowledge,
Leaders of finance, architects of highways, musicians, artists and poets,
Numberless humble people who grumble and take the crumbs offered by Fate
And crawl through rainy days and sunny lanes to the natural end,
Fomenters of trouble, revolutionaries, gamblers and death-dealers,
Starving children, the dead and the dying, prisoners without ransom,
Perverted visionaries who would gladly blow up creation,
Even those who hate the Divine and work against His will,
All in that miraculous instant gathered around the sacrificial
Fire of Grace, solicitous bees surrounding the
Mother-Queen to draw their sustenance of Faith.
Unknown to us, our soul participates in a magnificent plan.



Mother of Compassion

Aum Anandamayi, Compassionate Mother of Delight,
Sustained by Thy smile we move towards Thy ecstasy.

The darkest soul awakened by Thy Grace,
Burns heavenward pure as a flame.

Patiently thou disengagest our real shape
By Thy clairvoyant refusals, delicate strokes of chisel,
Healing our wounds with the tender touch of Thy magic fingers.
The lightning kiss of Thy Force from above in the end
Puts the seal on the pact of love that never wanes.

O Blissful Presence, our beloved Queen!
Thou veilest Thy face in feigned indifference
When our souls are besieged by rebel passions.
In despair when we sink to the bottom, we come to rest on Thy bosom.
We seek Thee no more, Mother Divine, each being is truly Thy shrine,
Transparent eyes reflect the outline of Thy mystic face.
Wherever we turn our look, we meet only Thy reassuring gaze.



She is She was She will be

Our Guardian Angel whom we call the Mother
Is a sweet and gentle person, extremely humble and always accessible.
She likes flowers, simple hearts, simple life, candor, frankness,
Childlike simplicity. She loves good taste, decency,
Beauty and sublimity in painting, music, dancing and acting.
She is moved to tears when she hears someone singing
From the depths of his soul "Ave Maria" or a hymn
To the Lord in Sanskrit or in any language. She is utterly good,
She does not like any ugliness. Unkindness, selfishness,
Meanness are very painful to Her. She likes sunshine and laughter.
She said once, "My children, I want you to be really good,
My children, I want you to be really happy."
Has She any form now? She is a Presence.
Our Guardian Angel resides in the heart of all living beings,
In the mystic solar plexus. There in the Sanctuary of the soul,
In the heart of the lotus, in the core of the mystic rose,
She is all that is beautiful, all that is good, all that is true and eternal.
A mystic Egyptian writing says, "She was, She is, and She will be."
Through yoga or concentration on the heart centre, you may discover
Her, the eternal Presence whom the mind of men has given
Many names and forms.

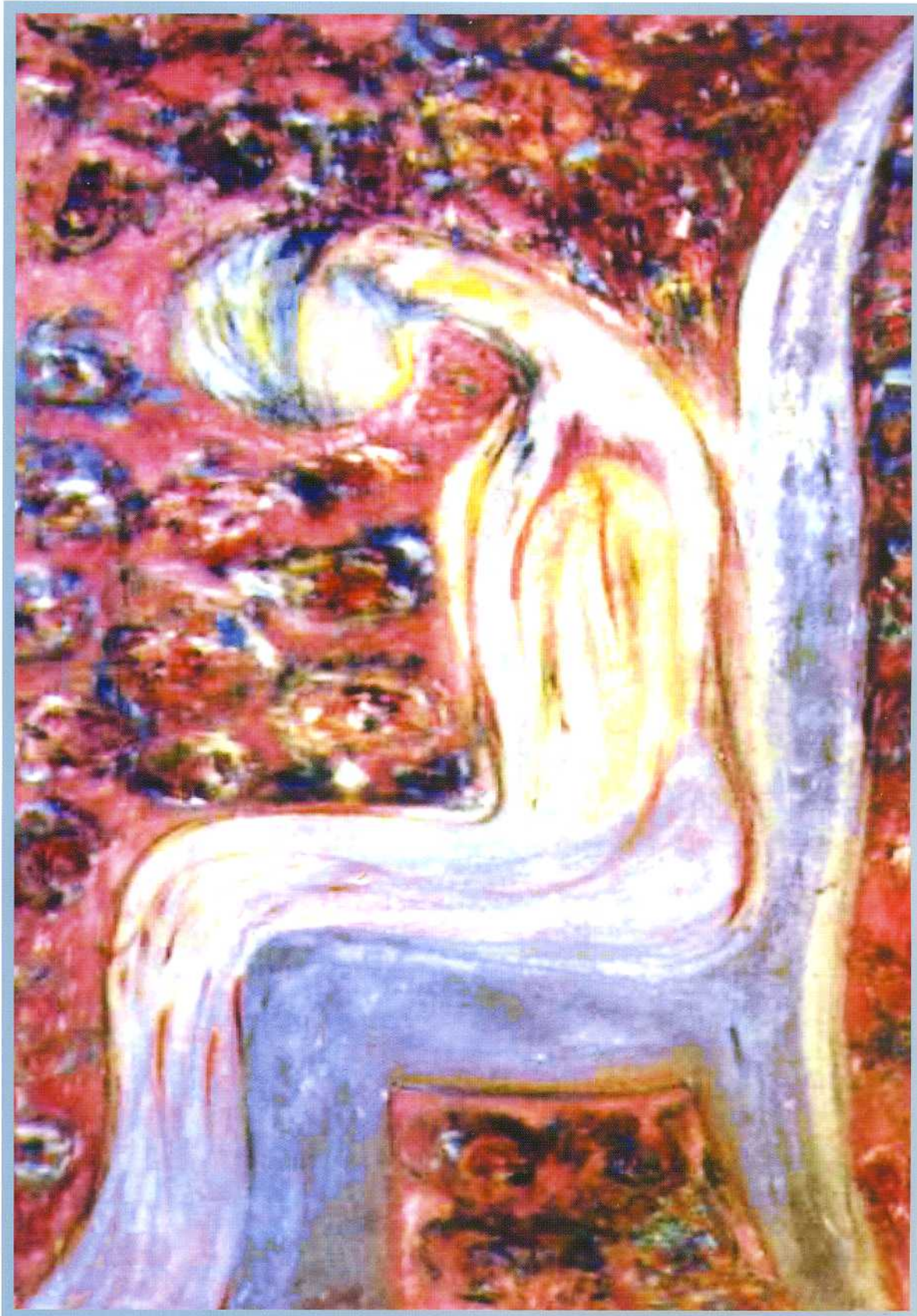




Souvenirs

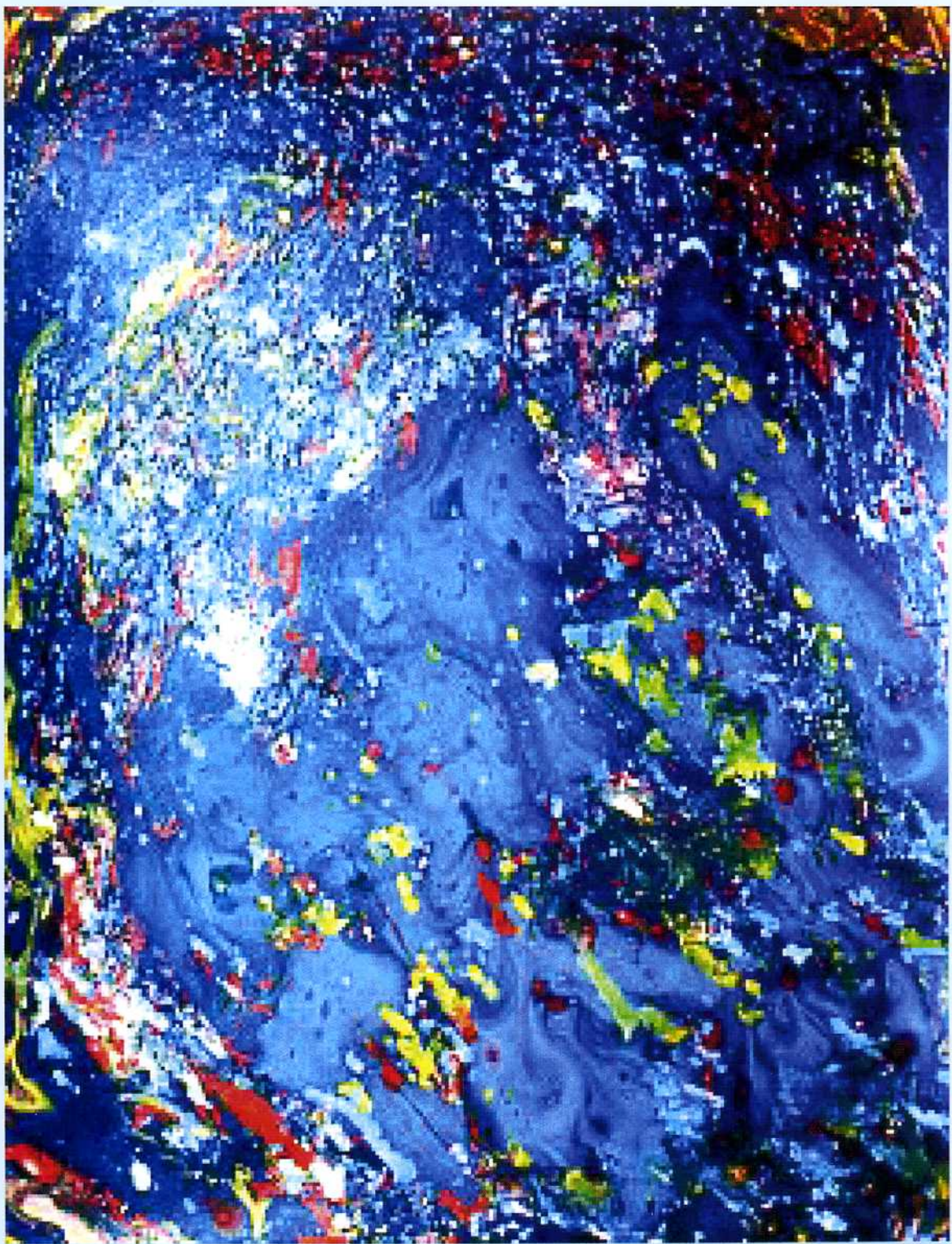
When the inner gates are open
The world becomes a figure and mould of the living Spirit,
A home of delight, symbol-image of an impenetrable Mystery.
All the bodies and forms reveal the divine Resident,
The inconceivable Splendor, the Eternal multiple Being.
Wherever we turn our gaze we meet only an ineffable Wonder.
This world of double opposite terms, good and bad, sorrow and happiness,
Life and death, day and night, God and demon, friend and foe
Disappears in a glorious epiphany of supernal harmony.

Each face recalls a picture-gallery of a thousand souvenirs,
Some snapshot images remain forever engraved in the memory,
Fluid expressions, passing waves of some fascinating Beauty,
An unending vast and complex drama staged by a supreme Genius,
A passionate dance of some conscious Power in perpetual motion,
In an unbroken procession the sacred pilgrims nourished
By the bliss of the Brahman, travel through time frozen in Eternity.
An expert Jeweler-Sculptor in a delirium of ecstasy
With unbridled fancy is the creator of this Divine Reverie
Forever moving, shifting, unsteady, fugitive, unsubstantial,
Chimeric, disorderly, incoherent, confusing
Yet a constant undeviating serial development, pursuit
Of the single theme – God, the marvelous Mystery.
A many-voiced fervent anthem played on a praying Organ
By a God-possessed Musician in rapture draws the souls nearer
And nearer to the Mother of incredible Love and Sweetness.
Yet the joy unshared is an incomplete joy for a noble soul,
Like a violin concerto without an orchestra to accompany its exultation.
Radha feels shy to have Krishna all for her own.
She persuades her companions to fall in love with her beloved Lord.
A great soul does not enjoy his solitary liberation,
Cannot remain unconcerned with the world in distress.
Like a giant tree struck with lightning,
As he burns, he ignites the obscure forest around him,
Makes it glow with the yearning for an irrevocable metamorphosis.



Silence

A priceless luminous indestructible Diamond,
No, Someone, Some Beauty, Some death defying Felicity,
Meditating in a hidden mystic crypt down below.
Above, an ocean in turmoil, furious with discontent
In search of a fire to appease its huge hunger,
Looks up fuming, foaming to the immobile Moon in the sky.
A rain of pale blue shimmering sweetness,
Soft, velvety, innumerable gentle streams of tenderness
Caress the inconsolable agonizing violence,
The self-destroying uncontrollable stupid arrogance
Of a stubborn ocean slowly subsiding into a swoon
Of rapture, an ease, a tranquil détente,
A transmuting, regenerating Peace brought to a standstill
All the devastating rage, volcanic surge in its depths,
An undulating green blue carpet, spread to the horizons
Happily received the tread of the fascinating Divinity,
Who risen from the inaccessible abyss of Mysteries
Now inundated the praying expanses with Her purifying Sweetness,
A fragrant symphony of divine Harmony climbed to the Moon.



The Descent of the Grace

A swirl of billion and billion stars,
A galactic merry-go-round for God's pleasure
Rotating around an invisible Centre, irresistible Power,
Moved by His passion and Fire and all-realizing Will
Through eternal time undergoing an inevitable metamorphosis,
Slowly wake inwardly to their primordial Divinity,
Each star an unforeseen Godhead, a new face of the One
Forever the mysterious All, infinite, inexhaustible Source
Hiding His face behind a glow of Light, His eyes looking into mine.
A mirage, a dream, a hallucination, an unbearable Wonder,
A Supreme Reality containing, swallowing,
Immeasurably surpassing all existence
Yet peers at me from the tiniest grain of a star,
Enfolding me with Its Ocean of Sweetness
Blotting out my littleness,
Releases me into a boundless delightful lawless freedom
Of Love Divine.



Supreme Vibration

Supreme Vibration

A perennial fountain fills up with nectar all the yearning jars.

One wide breath animates the tiny cells and the stupendous galaxies.

One crimson Love flows through all the hearts petal-soft or hard as steel.

One sacred Fire ignites all the flares in the sky at night.

One orange passion hides behind its myriad shades and variations.

On a single point converge all the diverging roads.

One compassionate Seer looks through the million differing eyes.

One eternal purpose drives the countless forces at constant discord.

A single Ecstasy heightens the tension of the wise and the wild.

A single vibration keeps the immeasurable clockwork in motion.

A single ravishing note sustains the prolonged

Frenzy of all the heartstrings.

One Supreme exploded beyond recognition

In scattered fragments,

Holds all creation together

Whirling around its Mystic Presence.



Felicity

When You are with me,
Thy felicity slips into the ill-lit corners of my being
Dissolving the massive darkness perpetuated by hunger and pride,
Bridging the gulf between soul and soul with understanding,
Transforming existence into a river of serene delight.
Words seem inadequate to express the essential unity.

When Thou art with me,
Evil and suffering lose their terrible meaning,
Each happening becomes a ritual, an act of benediction,

The dire misfortune brings a rare opportunity
To step over an impossible barrier with a smile.

Misunderstanding opens a door of deeper and lasting concord,
Rejection seems an unexpected favor, gesture of an indulgent Grace,
Death, a joyous entry into a life more intense and luminous and divine.

When Thou art with me,

The One stands revealed everywhere, in all creatures and beings endlessly,

Eternal changeless Being containing all, contained equally in all,

Above all and no one, yet dwelling in the heart of everyone,

Carrying the destiny of one and all, safe and assured forever.

Thou shinest in a broken piece of porcelain, a rose bud fallen in the mud,

In the golden bust of an ancient Egyptian Goddess

Recovered from the night of a subterranean grave in the desert.

Life is then a mirrored surface of a tranquil lake

Reflecting the sacred procession of ineffable wonders,

Cloud-messengers hiding in their bosom flame-contents of the Infinity.

Profiles and contours, inscrutable symbols,

Sculptured images of the Unknown

Drive our souls to a constant discovery of a newer and newer Ecstasy.





The Magic Place

When the rains come the red barren hills
In no time become emerald green
Covered with grass, weeds, plants, flowers and trees.
Ants, bees, butterflies and a thousand other insects
Crawl, hop and fly attracting birds and animals
From near and far creating a stir of noisy life.
When the wind of Grace passes over a burning planet,
Little by little the fire goes out, water appears
Announcing the million guests of life.
As from a seed grows the tree, so too the earth

Reveals all the hidden treasures she holds in her bosom.
Each star, each planet, each atom of this universe
Is made of an extraordinary, fertile spirit-substance,
Contains in essence worlds of inconceivable Wonder and Beauty.
Each handful of earth pulsates with the heartbeat of the Lord.
When the hot wind blows the gardens dry up, crumble into sand.
With the coming of the rains blooms appear from nowhere.
The earth-drama is a perpetual repetition, delightful replay
Of God's unfolding glory with constant variations.
In distant corners of this immeasurable universe
Other earths are waking, flourishing and falling into sleep.
The seed develops into a tree, the tree retires when tired into seed.
God recovers His memory and then after ages of enjoyment
Plunges into oblivion into His unfathomable trance.
Red barren hills or emerald green hills or silence of the void
Are God's whims, His musings, fanciful dreams and reveries,
His manifestation or sleep in His own being beyond creation.
The seed becomes a tree; man shall be immortal and divine.
The human soul climbs a step daily to God's summit.
When the Mother Divine opens our inner eye by Her magic touch,
Then and then only we see God's million bodies and faces everywhere.





The individual soul meets the eternal Soul

All the bodies are bodies of God,
His mutable forms filled with His immutable Presence.
He is the conscious enjoyer of all forms of existence.
When man was absent on earth, God was fully present
In all hundred million bodies of dinosaurs and dragons.

Nothing can ever live without His breath,
The boundless fathomless bliss which sustains all existence.

The forms are made of His immortal substance,
This stupendous universe in His body,
The cobweb of His imagination.

Space and Time are elements of His Consciousness

The individual soul meets the eternal Soul

To spin His yarn unfolding in the nothingness of Eternity.

All is His play with Himself split, sectioned, fractioned

In incalculable fragments, yet each particle

Contains some magnificence of the whole Divine.

No form however perfect can ever manifest the entire Reality.

Yet some incarnations reflect the supernal Glory

As the dark blue ocean seized and ravished by the resplendent moon.

All creatures are habitations of the Lord,

At His pleasure He changes His domicile.

The supreme Artist and Architect of the Creation,

He designs and executes the plans of His vision.

He is the unsleeping wakeful dreamer

Enjoying a peaceful long night of rest

In His innumerable ever-changing mansions,

Seemingly durable yet having a programmed span of reliability

To avoid the monotony of a landscape frozen in immobility.

Who art Thou, O Wonderful Master of the house of my life?

Am I a fiction, a figment of Thy imagination!

Who cares! Thou, O wonderful Lord art only real,

I am an ephemeral spark thrown out by an Effulgent Sun.

This marvelous split-second of my life is filled with Thy Glory.





Adoration

Mother Divine,
My heart in gratitude bows down at Thy feet.
Against the pink-rose background of Thy Eternity
Each moment is a revelation, each shadow an apocalypse of Thy glory,
A diamond-constellation which shall never appear
In the canopy of heaven till the end of time,
The dream-washed faces we shall never see, the same yet so charmingly different,
The hands we shall never clasp to convey the message of our hearts.
Life is so fascinating, so beautiful and so mysterious,
Half in jest, half in seriousness all is play of Thy boundless Love.

Who is good or who is wicked? None can be neglected.
Behind the veil of our forgetfulness shines the omnipotent Divine in all.
Even the flicker of the eye is a chosen rhythm of His marvelous design.
Children from the infinitudes of His indivisible existence,
We enjoy harmony and strife on this tiny uncharted island of beatitude.
Pageantry of magnificent souls gladly robed with titanic difficulties,
Reverent procession of seers and mystics in the guise of an average humanity,
Nascent pilgrim sparks, moths in love with night attracted by a hidden Light,
Gods and goddesses and Lords of the Earth whom man venerates through the ages
Move silently with folded hands in front of the Dais of the Two-in-One.
Offering their lives in homage, they stay on or pass through the Shrine.
All are blessed for eternities to come in this benign Hour of Grace.
Who can ever reach Thee, Mother Divine?
Active, puissant and immobile, Thou art all around us, within and above.
Pursued Thou disappearest in the far and the wide.
Who can ever contain Thee, Mother Divine?
Like water through the mesh, Thou escapest from the strongest wit,
Yet chooseth to abide in the heart of Thy children.
Who can ever know Thee when Thou seekest Thy own self ceaselessly?
Mother Divine, Thou only art, Thou only hast been,
And Thou only shalt be, Origin self-born, Supreme.
In Thee we move and live and have the bliss of our being.
My heart in gratitude bows down at Thy feet.





O Victorious Kali

Your boundless love for the Divine
Is the most intense, fiery ardor
And vehement Ecstasy.
Your intolerant violence of passion
For the Divine knows no control,
No rule, no barrier, no frontier.
Always at a crescendo
Like the drunken ocean
Seized by the mightiest winds,
You bring all the measureless splendor

Of your invincible power to protect
The worshipper of the Divine.
Be with us, O Victorious Kali,
Liberate us in the love of the Eternal Mother,
May we love Her with your mad
Passionate rapture.
May Her face remain clear and shining
Day and Night in a Vision which
Sees the One in all things and beings.
May we love Her with all our being
And consciousness
In every cell and fiber of our body
At each instant.
She is so good, so marvelous, so simple,
So near, so fully concerned with our
True progress and happiness
Always ready with Her help.
She is humble as no one else
Can ever be.
She is utterly simple
She is Love and Love and Love.
To live and vibrate in Her sweet
Presence is the most profound Bliss.
Give us the Power to love the Mother
In a simple and beautiful way.



The Eternal Shakti

The eternal Shakti hides behind the veil of a fragile mortal body
As the sun, which remains invisible in a gray thick fog.
Her easy words communicated brilliantly the difficult ultimate Truth.
As a refreshing source, tenderness flowed from Her
And simply removed pain and the thorns piercing the flesh.
As a light bulb which enlightens a dark chamber
Her presence, simply, illumined the thick consciousness.
Never in a hurry, She had all the eternity in front of Her.
Her smile received the debates, the conflicts and the corrosive doubts
And dissipated them immediately in a soothing harmony.

The Supreme Mother inaccessible even to the Gods, so great and so distant,
Unthinkable divine Reality made Herself small, insignificant, passed unnoticed.

We ignored Her very often in our blind impertinence.

When we were in front of Her, the window of our soul open

Even for some seconds we could perceive in Her

The Divine Mother, the wordless magnificence, the Eternal in a body

For ever so close, so intimate, mother, friend, confidante,

Master, professor, infallible guide, adorable sister.

Day and night She was ready to listen our complaints,

Never a word of criticism, never the least reprimand,

She led us towards the sublime aim by an infinite sweetness.

All, which emanated from Her, every word, every gesture

And Her silence was only a blessing, which hastened spiritual progress.

She took care of our souls as a wild sentinel,

Fought for us against merciless powers

Of terror and darkness who hate the Divine

And protected us from the worst in spite of our decay.

The violent passions, rotten pieces, mud which we threw on Her,

Smiling, She collected them in Her scarf as flowers.

Her thousand children who evolved around Her in an ecstatic saraband,

Cherished, warmed, inundated by Her transforming waves

Forgetting cruelty, violence, torments of human agony,

Lived on an island fortress in the middle of a sea in fury.

It was the paradise so dreamed, so prophesized, the impossible realized.



The Mother and the Flowers

Mother Divine, in a kingdom of dreams on the border of life,
The fettered creepers virile and thirsting for the sunlight,
Burst the chains that held them anchored so long
To become snakes gliding over fields and lakes.
A luminous green ardor still flows in their veins.

Camellias, petunias, orchids, roses and lilies,
Fly away in a tumult of exciting colors
Changed into dragonflies, gorgeous moths and butterflies.
Forerunners of the splendid tribe of peacocks and swans,
They draw their strength from the liberty of the blue sky.

The patient majestic tree brooding for centuries,
Imploring the Gods above with a thousand hands,
Detached from its earthly moorings
Becomes the restless and daring spirit of Man
Besieging the mute heavens with his thousand queries.

Aspiring men and women, young and old seeking their souls,
Burning day and night in an inner fire, life after life,
In this miraculous Hour of Grace, leave their humanity behind,
And lightened for ever from the burden of the tormenting night
Invade the Earth with a supernal delight and a God-vision deep and wide.

Mother Divine, hidden Will in the atom and the protoplasm,
Thou aspiest in the flowers and the creepers,
Extendest Thy arms of prayer in the tree,
Thou keepest vigil on the altar of the soul of man.
Mother Divine, Thine is the inspired vision, the struggle and the battle,
Thine too the Victory, the laurel and the crown,
The Realisation, the glory of the marvelous New Creation.





The Entrance of the New World

O Mother, who shall ever sound the mystery of Your fathomless Love?
If only the blind and the lame and the mutilated and the profane
Knew the omnipotence they harbor in their breast, all would change.
The hungry dog whining in the rain is made from a deathless substance.
The furious bull straddling across the path is the Lord Himself.
The nubile princess luxuriating in the revelry of senses

The Entrance of the New World

Crystallizes for an opulent instant the potency of Your transcendence.
Death, too, is the soul's cozy tavern for the night
In its long strenuous walk towards an immortal life.
Seen under a serene light, each face is a sculptured poise of the Formless.
On the bosom of rocks a fiery joy is engraved, compassion animates cruel Fate.
A handful of earth becomes the palpitating heart of the All Beautiful,
A glass bead, an orange peel reveals That which has no name.
Transparent eyes recount epic tales of heroic conquests with God as the only witness.
Unknown to the beings, the spirit in them yearns and communes with the Reality.
The humblest soul sojourns nightly to its home
Beyond the mystic shores sealed off by a deep sleep.
The muffled ecstasy of life in the porphyry, the gamut of passion in the mimosa,
Ease of movement and careless exuberance in a fawn, the majesty of a swan,
A rapture and a harmony that elevate man on sudden occasions,
Mark the early trajectory of Your assault on the yet unconquered peaks.
Now soft and sweet and tender, now adamant, relentless and tyrannical,
You change the technique according to the nature of Your subject.
The sails resistant to the strong winds of Your grace
Take the vessel to its destination through a contrary process.
Baptism of fire purifies the ore, transmutes the sordid into sublime.
Weak with the weakling, subtle with the cunning, comedian with the fool,
Lover with the beloved, Master with the servant, Teacher with the disciple,
Kali to the strong, Krishna to Your comrades, Mother to Your children,
You draw each one to Your breast through roads that seem to deviate.
If a lotus could appear in a corner of this lifeless Universe,
Wonder not, O soul, should a new race possess the Earth with the Mother as Leader.
The impossible becomes inevitable through the miracle of a boundless Love.



The Boat of the Future

Fortunate voyagers on the galleon of the King, rejoice, O happy pilgrims,
Long harassed by storms, hunger and privation, waves of passion,
Hunted by marauding pirates through the ages,
Held up by long doldrums of despair and slack sails of emptiness,
Ensnared by the crystalline bays within coral reefs
Which tear open bare keels with the ease of a razor blade.

Forget, O soldiers, now that the land is in sight
The giant whirlpools, irresistible downward pull drowning all yearning,

The Boat of the Future

Forget the fog, the rain, the sleet, the icebergs and the biting bleak winds,
The dreadful sleepless vigils in face of starvation and certain death,
Efface the memory of the hard sacrifices made to appease an implacable Fate,
Forget the harsh words, secret plots of rebellion against your Pilot Queen.

Celebrate, O chosen delegates, your long ordeals are over.
Land-birds sing an anthem of welcome to our new home.
Dancing bits of green wood, fresh-water weeds and plants
Eagerly kiss the advancing prow of our galleon.

The laughing winds bring an incense offering from the excited virgin fields.
The Dawn writes her message of greeting with the contour of the Eastern hills.

Remember the friendly stars on the way and the trade winds of constant Grace,
The smile of the Sun and the Moon signaling through the crevices in the sky,
The dolphins and the seagulls by daylight and the honk of the geese at night
And your anxious brothers and sisters who wait with trust in your mission,
Remember the mighty ocean that carried you so long on its bosom
And above all the sovereign vision and determination of your Captain.

O happy pilgrims, bridle your impatience, stand a while in silence.
Then lower the plank, move aside, give the Queen the right of the way.
She has steered the galleon of the King safely to the other hemisphere.
Watch Her plant on the untrodden soil the blue and gold banner of New Creation.
Stay and pray with Her in this mystic hour of hope and triumph.
Beyond the fringe of the sand lies the unsullied land of Love's adventure.

The Oasis

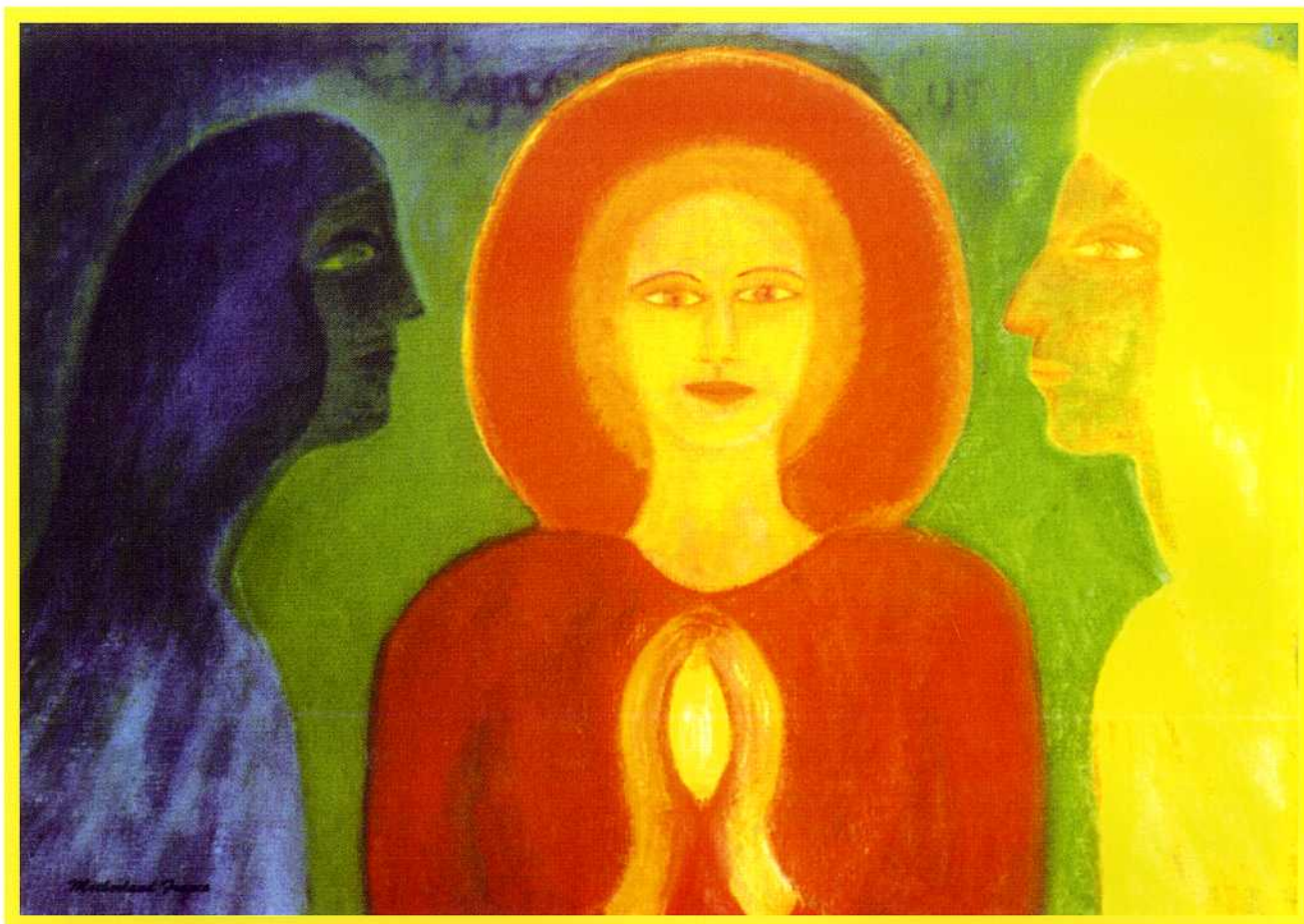
Step for a moment in a magic circle of dream and unreality
Where all is Joy, Peace, Harmony and
An unbroken Song of Eternity.
Behind the mask and beyond the mind,
That is the Reality.





The New Beings

An endless procession of symbol-dream figures on the canvas of eternity,
Infinity of space, shadows, glimpses, suggestions,
Hints and images of a vast fathomless mystery ... the One.
Faces, smiles, arms, lips and eyes of someone utterly simple,
Humble and loving. All yet none, Unknown forever
Yet sweet, close, intimate, real, incredibly near, inside, outside,
All around, O Thou, Thou alone art true and worthwhile.



Highest Vital Mental Psychic Beings

“O Pioneers of the Gnostic evolution,
Prophetic dreams, hopes and promises fulfill.
Herald God’s reign. Millenniums await Thy advent.
Carry out My Will; cleave new broadways to divine Ecstasy
Through ravines, fields and mountains, shape Paradise on Nature’s soil.
Die, O Seeker bound to ego, enamored of vanity, thy star has set.
Forget the charming frailties, burn in the blaze of the New Sun rising,
And be the twice born, awake to the Reality, the knower of the Brahman,

Highest Vital Mental Psychic Beings

Assert thy birthright, accomplish thy mission.
Live for Me, by Me and in Me from now on.
Open wide thy spirit to the incoming Light.
Be My instrument, bright and transparent, moved by the
Truth above, beyond the dubious circle of reasoning.
I shall embrace the world with thy eyes,
Pour My love on it through thy heart divinized,
And from the capital of thy soul convince it
Of lasting peace and harmony, sheer joy of living in the Spirit.
O Mortal, welcome the Eternal in thy frame of body, life and mind.
The Lord has set His saving seal on thy Destiny.
Arise, demand and receive in this supreme Hour of Grace.”



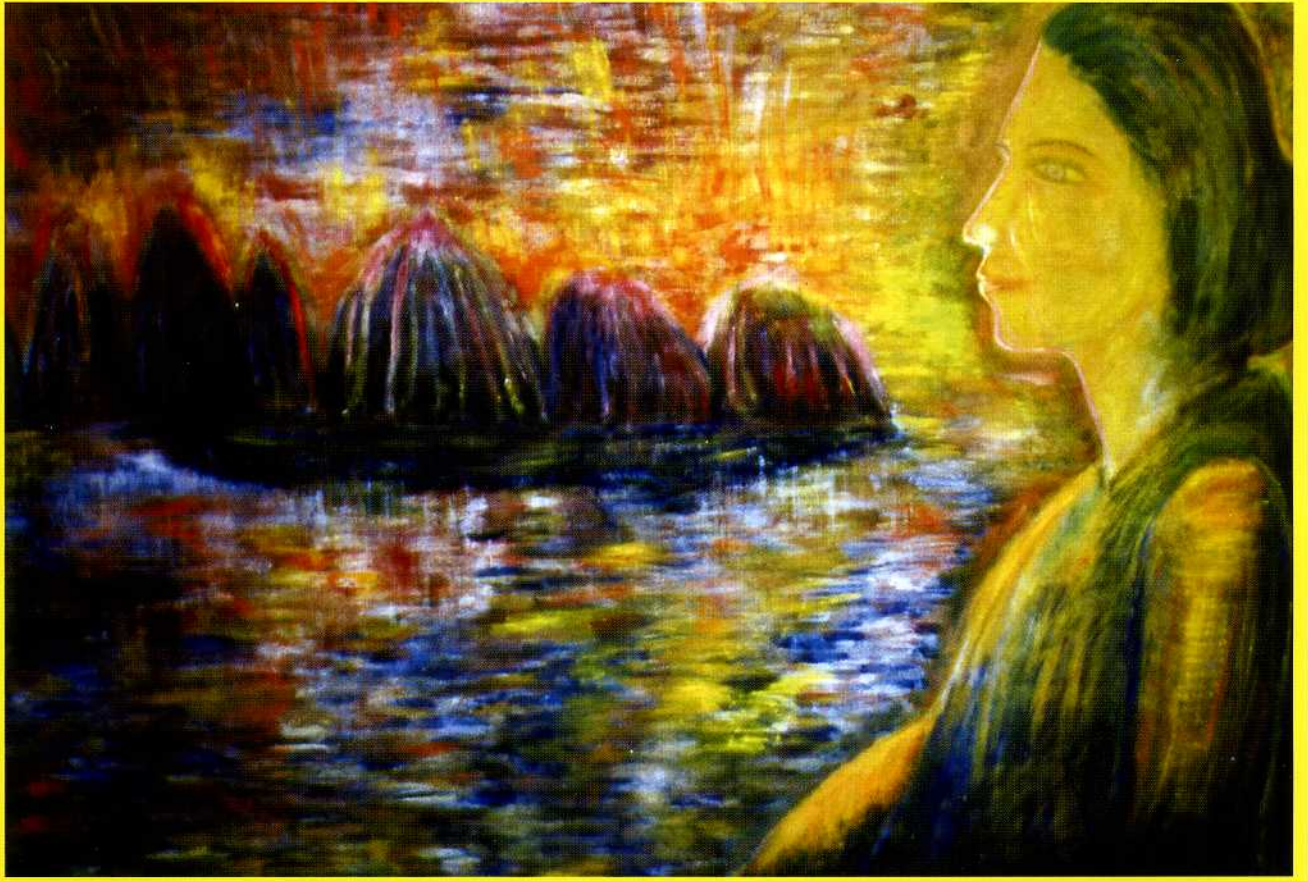


The Carriers of Honey

The Heaven has sent us to distribute this invaluable Nectar to the souls
Who are thirsty for the love of God and for the new divine life on earth.
We come from a very distant, very ancient country. We bring a very special honey,
Which cannot be found somewhere else. Honeys, which can cure all the wounds,
Relieve all the troubles, calm ardent pain, ease the most murderous violence.
We come from a very distant country, sent with the Supreme, this honey which
Stayed in the forgotten cellars, concealed since ages. We bring you this miraculous honey,
This immortal nectar, which illuminates all the darkness, erases all the sorrows,
Helps forget all the sufferings, lights in the heart a new hope,

The Carriers of Honey

Releases a fountain of joy in the secret soul,
Transforms slowly this human being into a divinity of tomorrow.
We are carriers of honey sent by the sky coming from a distant country.
We are not salesmen of honey, but we distribute it freely to all the anguished,
The deprived souls, the broken lives, to the blind and the mutes.
Our honey has no price; the smile of the patients is our reward.
Come, O frightened souls, stressed to the breaking point
Who cry hopeless in the night.
Come, the honey, the immortal nectar waits for you.
Come our brothers and sisters,
The Divine Mother puts all Her sweetness in our honey, in this nectar.
All the walls, artificial, false, murderous will fall
As soon as you will have swallowed some drops of this sublime honey.
Man is a divinity in creation disguised in ridiculous suit on the scene of life.
This honey will bring down the disguises
And will reveal a sweet and magnificent Divinity in your soul.
We are carriers of a very ancient, very special honey,
The recipe of which was kept secret during millenniums!
Now the cellars are opened and the key has been given to us.
This honey is for whoever looks for the Divine.
Knock at the door, taste some drops of the honey,
Then depart enlightened, cured,
Singing the glory of the Divine Mother, the Mother of the whole Universe.
Come, you children of immortality, the honey waits for you.
Come, take your part, be happy, luminous
As the blue full moon playing with the waves of the Ocean.



Peace Over the World

We have only heard the pretty legend of Bhagirath
Who brought down on the Earth opulent Ganga,
Holy benevolent Deity from the peaks of the hidden paradise
To resurrect the unwise tribe of his sixty thousand brothers
Burnt to ashes in the fire of their own dire folly.

But we have seen with our own eyes Sri Aurobindo
Who persuaded our beloved Mother Divine,
Eternal River of boundless Grace, Source of all love delight,

To descend from the impossible silent heights
Here below to awaken the somnolent soul of the
Mankind and rekindle hope.

Sacred Mother, perennial River transmuted the Earth-life,
Pierce the mountains, inundate the lifeless plains,
Wash away in Thy majestic elan
The massive barriers restraining our Godward yearning,
Spread wide Thy purifying waters on our smoldering lives.



The Spirit of Music

I feel closer to the Mother
When I play music.
She is my listener.
Music is my communion.
I feel Her Grace flowing through
Me in the form of music.
It is an ardent prayer rising to the
Supreme Mother and at the same time
Her sweet powerful response,
Her Love and Blessings.
This prayer is most often for the
Manifestation of the new world of
Peace, unity, beauty and harmony for the
Descent of the Mother Divine
In hundreds and thousands of souls.
It is a prayer of the man of the earth to the
Divine Mother bringing Her healing touch.



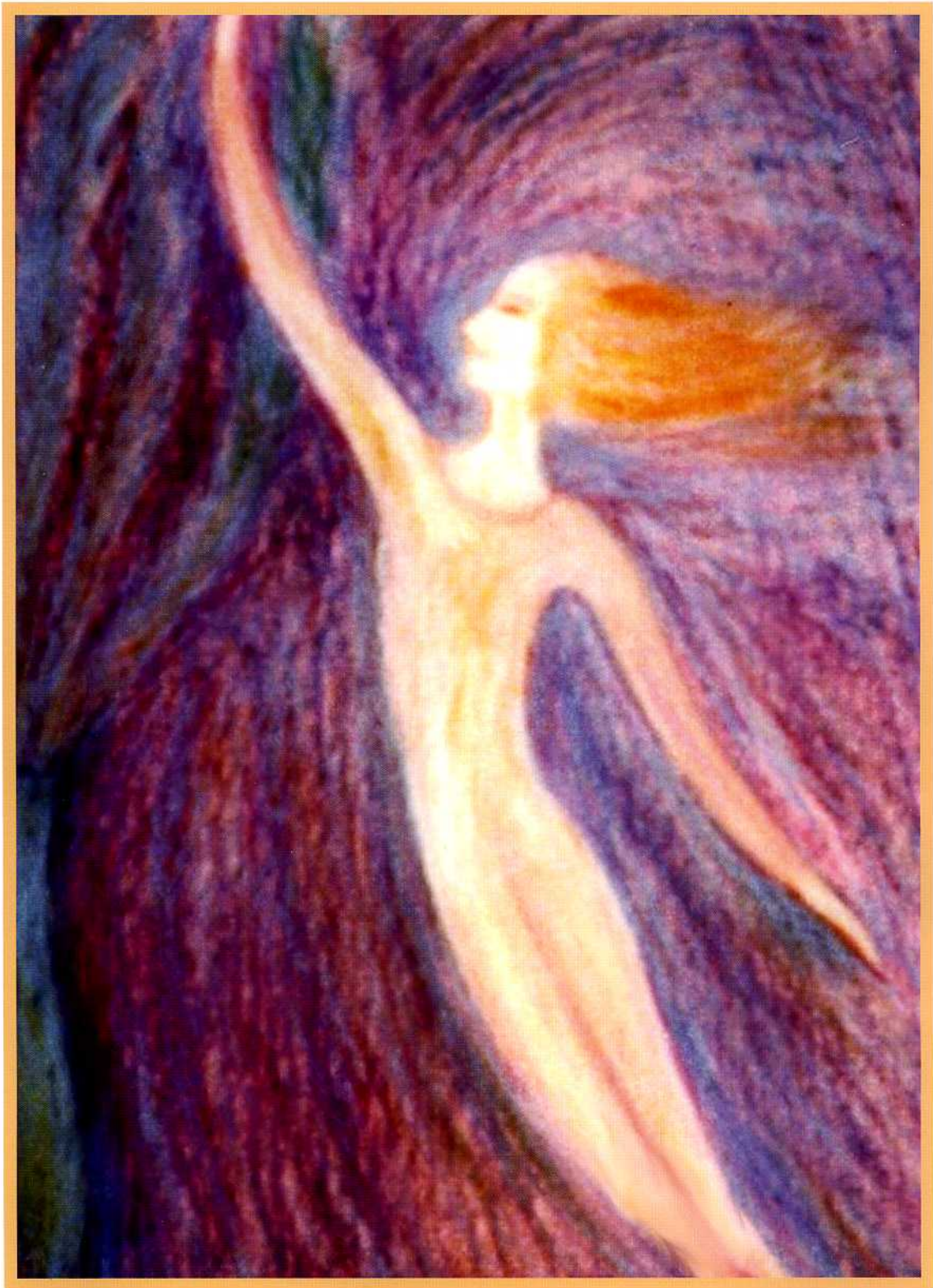
The Spirit of Music

The Saving Grace

On the swift wings of
Imagination my
Dream bird forever explores
The summits and the
Abyss of the creation.
There is no rest but
Constant
Excitement,
Surprise
And
Ravishment.



The Saving Grace

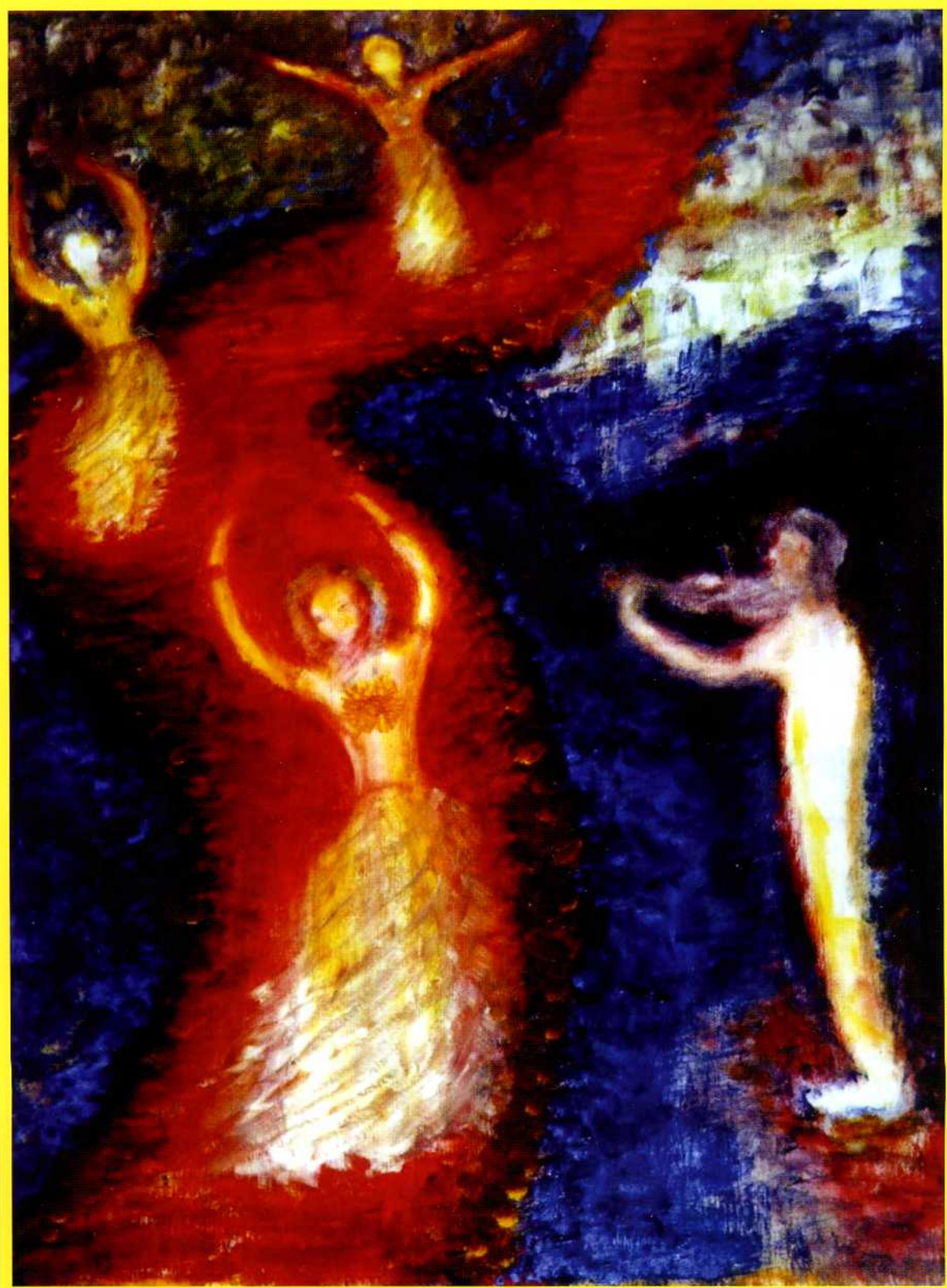


Elan

Elan

I ride the wild winds and enjoy
Flying over the green hills and dales,
I rise like a rocket in the sky,
Then dive into perilous seas for fun.
All earth is my home, all people my own.
In a flash I am where my hands are needed.
I obey the command of my Sovereign, Mother Divine.
I am Her faithful, fearless soldier on duty.
Her Light gives a shine to my thoughts and emotions.
Her Force makes me do what my soul most desires.
Her Love gives me all I need in life and more.
By Her Grace, a tiny spark becomes a giant Star.





The Divine Love to the Musician

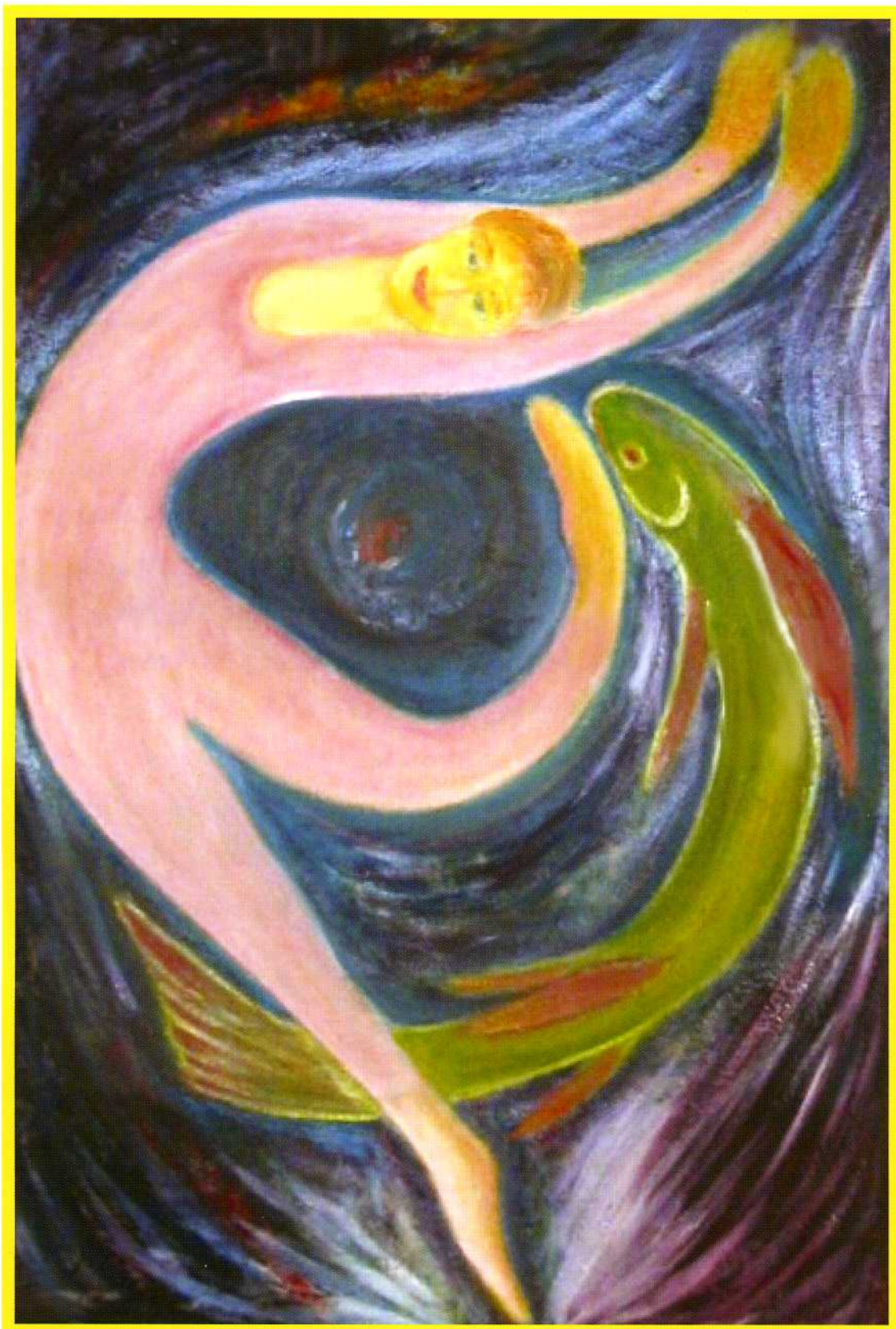
A musician, self-taught, who never went to a school of music,
Once upon a time, found himself in a community of gentle folks.
But nobody liked his violin music, too erratic for their cultured ears.
One day from nowhere appeared a dancer who found his music exalting.
To the amazement of the musician, she decided to stay and dance to his music.
By some twist of an unpredictable Fate, they had to leave their cherished land,
And go to a foreign country among complete strangers who spoke another tongue.
To forget their whirlwind change, he played music and she danced.
Music brought peace in their soul, erased the past, revealed a world of harmony.
People of the region were kind to them; they loved their music and dance.
Some parents wanted them to teach their children how to sing and dance.
Attracted by their unusual music, many villagers came to their home.
Depressed people who had nothing to hold on to life, beyond cure,
Slowly forgot their cruel agony, discovered within a hidden joy.
The Musician was grateful now with understanding to the Blissful Mother,
Who was the Sovereign Queen of his life, always present in his inmost soul.
One night while playing his violin, She spoke to him in a whisper.
I love to dance to your music, play for Me, in fact, I am your music.
I am in the heart of all living beings, I am everywhere in the universe.
I am the indivisible Whole, the One eternal,
Yet infinitely multiple, living in
Incalculable forms hidden
Or exposed according
To My fancy.

Lila

Waking from sleep,
Rushing of feet for birth, return to Earth,
Ever recurring joy of being.
One should not hurry but wait his turn.
All must go and no one remain for too long;
Like the waves of the Ocean that rise
And surprise one another for a moment
Then disappear to rise again under a new name.
The grains of sand pulsate like the Nova
Or the heart of Compassion animated by the same Force,
Too common, too little known.

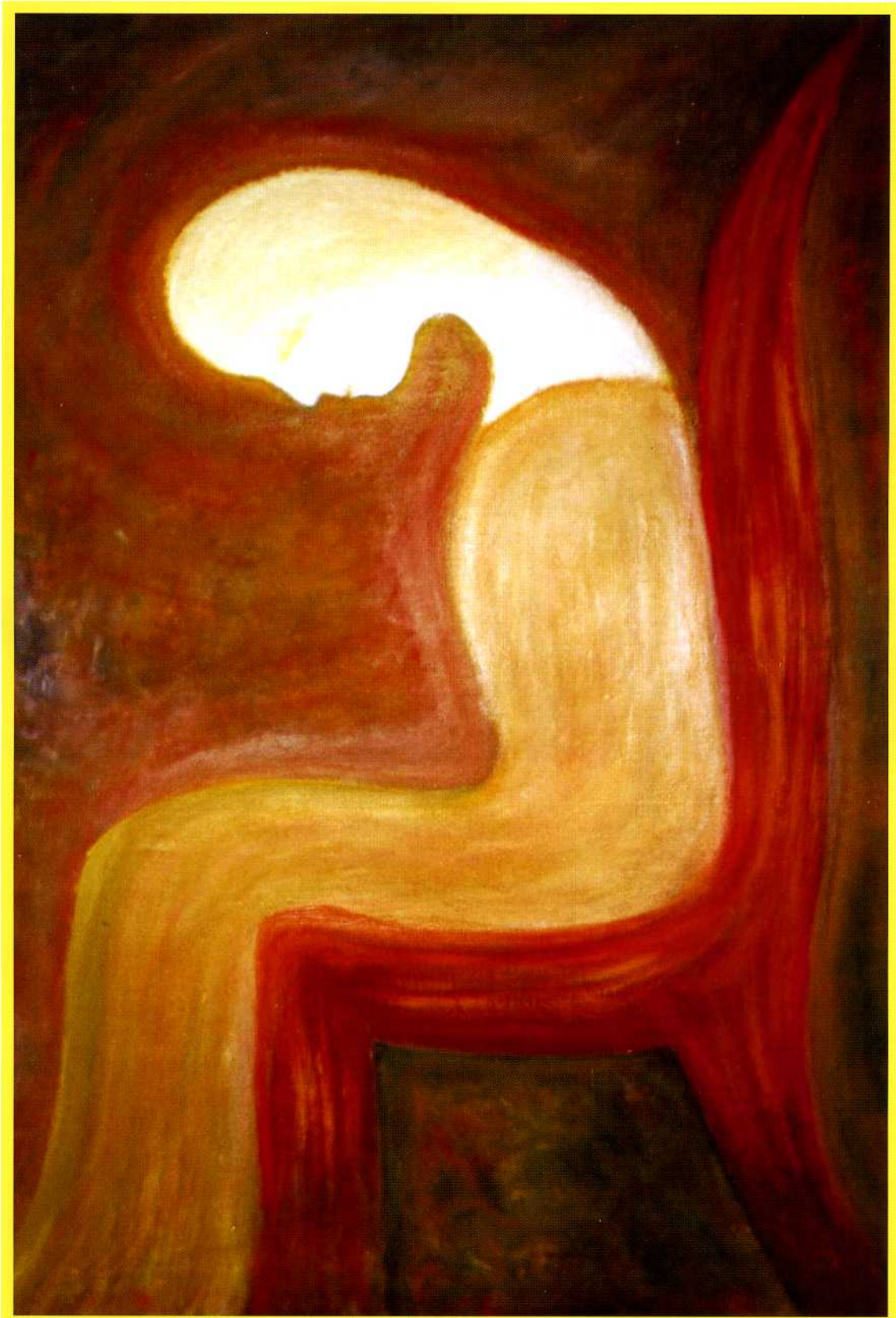
Why tears and weeping?
Where is death or parting?
Admire the tireless effort of a Power
Reaching out to Immortality from the tiny rings of plasma
Through bodies with secret doors
More and more open to a subtler light.

The changing colors, mobile bosom of the sea,
Ever the same, never the same, always young,
Mirror of the eternal becoming,
Seven bands and million shades,
Momentary oblivion and blissful change,
Life forges forward through death.



The Shrine

My soul, a white candle burns steadily day and night
In adoration on the altar where the Mother Divine
Is seated on a divan absorbed in timeless meditation.
The granite vault, the shrine built in the heart of Silence
Is safe from the assault of the wind and the waves.
Even the benign gods and angels who are ever awake
To respond to the call of distress from the agonized humanity,
Have no access to this crypt where cease the wheels of creation.
Titans and giants with their mad upheavals of violent passion,
Gracious little fairies bearing the tidings of the dear ones,
Shining gilded ideals running after chimeric eldorado,
Cannot penetrate that basalt peace of the blissful intimacy.
The walls of the Shrine no longer stand, dissolved in the wideness,
The Titans and the Gods and the fairies and the thousand woeful faces
Have disappeared into a mighty Single nameless Vibration.
The most powerful Presence of the indefinable One
Pervading all space, filling out all Time – indivisibly,
The most beloved Being, the body of the ever-veiled Mystery,
The compassionate Mother restores sight to my born-blind soul.
My soul, a white candle burns on the altar without walls,
Unafraid, needing no protection from the wind and the waves,
For all is changed. There is only the Great Mother, the Divine Soul,
Immeasurable pulsation of Love filling the earth and the sky.





The House of the Mother

O fortunate Pilgrim, voyager on the sacred highway,
You are welcome to the Temple dedicated to the Mother Divine.
Offer your fatigue and anxiety, your suffering, your sadness,
Your solitude, your struggles and torments and long lonely nights
On the altar of the Mother Divine, of the Eternal.
These are the most precious gifts that you can bring
To this Temple of Truth.

The House of the Mother

Other gifts are truly of no avail because the Earth
Remains as it is and the Heaven remains a promise, not a fulfillment.

O Pilgrim, O Soul on the great highway,
You are truly welcome in this Temple of Truth.

Rest awhile, commune with the Divine,
Lay before the Lord your precious gifts
Or remain for life in peace with the Blessings of the Mother Divine.

All will be well with you.

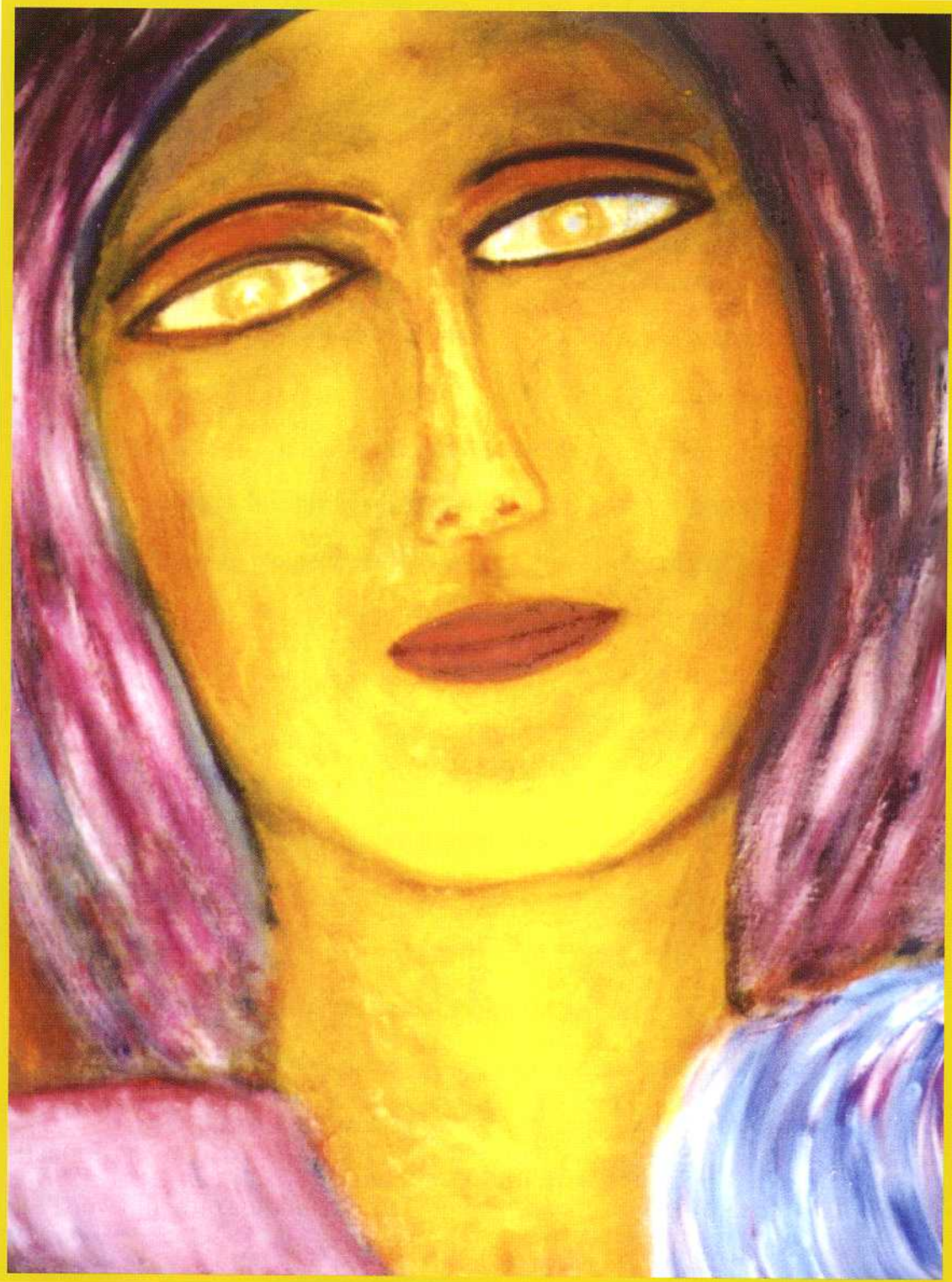
May the Light of Heaven, may the Peace of the Eternal,
May the Beauty and Harmony and Love and Joy of the Infinite Being,

May the closeness and security
In the embrace of the Mother Divine be with you.



Continuity

A Divine Ecstasy burns the stars in their ceaseless hurrying.
She flows in the sap of the flowering grapevines radiant in expectancy
And spurts out moaning from the gashes of an old giant mango tree.
She marks the beat in a hymn sung by the white-robed children aspiring,
Weeps in the helpless hind and devours exultingly before the victim is cold.
She joins the power-drunk lords in their sessions of garish revelry
And is trodden underfoot in a faded lotus offered with devotion to gods.
Silent, immanent, She creates Her gamut of gay and sombre hues ever new.
She is the ferment in a revolution, the vision of the architects and sculptors
Who carve out rock temples over generations, shape the future in stone structures.
The majesty of Her gait can be seen behind the bier of a proud queen.
Undercurrent of all laughter and tears, nourishment of dreams and nightmares,
Holding Her head high in a coquette pose, keeping everyone suspended in hope,
She ruins the harmony of wedded souls by slipping away through a loophole.
Haunting the deserts with the eerie disembodied glories of the past,
She mows down with nonchalance the strong cheerful stalks in their prime.
Scattering to the four winds the gains of millenniums treasured by ages,
She makes the forest flow with a sudden outburst of flamboyant rapture.
Immobile on the face of a sage unconscious in Her embrace,
She gambols among the golden curls of a little girl out in the fields.
Dancing with the foaming angry waves threatening the ship of Fate,
With a mad abandon She rushes into the welcome wide-open jaws of Death.
Without Thy sustaining Presence incognito, life could not prevail over Pain
Nor man be admitted to the secret councils where Thou presidest unveiled.



The Predestined Meeting

Was it an accident or a predestined meeting?
Someone magnificent, inconceivably pure and good,
An inner Splendor, a huge outburst of radiant Power,
Granite walls shattered by the onslaught of Light.
Mountains of filth and gloom heaped through ages
Washed away swiftly by the torrential rains of Grace.
Someone wonderful, unforgettable replaced all other idols.
A haunting Face, those uncommon diamond eyes,
Illumined the heavenward ascending track sharp as a razor.
An intolerable unfathomable sweet mystic Presence
Filled up all existence, past, present and distant future
With a blissful reposing fragrance of an undying flame.
Someone who came for a brief spell to walk on our soil
Has never left -- for Her, there is no coming or going.
There is none here or anywhere ever but the Supreme Shakti.
Mother Divine, accept our surrender unequivocal, total,
Uncompromising, full of love, devotion and trust unwavering,
May our whole being become an open unobstructive channel
For the action of Thy luminous all-realizing Divine Will.
Om Sri Aurobindo saranam mama
Om janani Meera, janani madhura saranam mama.





The Endless Quest

O Friend, intimate as Thou art, my constant companion,
I can neither give Thee a name nor paint Thy outline
Nor confine Thee in any manifestation.
Ages I have spent looking for Thee, a drop of water in the midst of Ocean,
While Thou wert all around, encircling me with Thy Love,
Pressing me from above, upholding me from below,
And forcing Thy way from within outwards,
Like the joy of a blossoming rosebud, which cannot be contained anymore.
O Spirit eternal, a million universes rise and dance and disappear
Without affecting the solitary Majesty of Thy timeless splendor.

Ideal beauty, love and loyalty, perfumes and jewelry
Displayed in the shop windows on the beach of time
Vanish like low-lying mud islands swept away by Thy tidal grandeur.
Thy existence is more real and concrete to my perception than my own being,
Than the woman I kiss or the child I hold in my arms.
The basalt and the granite appear thinner than the morning mist
In the massive all-pervading presence of Thy Reality.
These names and images shine for a moment on the firmament of Thy transcendence,
A cavalcade of ritual symbol-figures of Thy bodiless limitless wonder.
Who can tell me where the dream stops and the waking begins?
Who can separate the true from the false?



Heartbeat of my heartbeat, life of my life, body of my body,
Yet a greater stranger than Thee, I shall never meet.
Each time I try to pull Thee in, O Denizen of the deep, Thou remainest as ever unseen,
Tantalizing, beckoning the soul to an irresistible danger, pursuit and delight.

Each new probe, each new dive into the hidden reaches of the Infinite brings
Surprise conquest, a death and rebirth into a greater Adventure.

We proceed from one aim to a greater apocalypse,
From faint to a deeper hue, from a poor joy to a fuller bliss in an endless ascending series.

Constantly we wake up in a new dawn, a new revelation,
Only to find that the glorious Godhead of the day before
Was but the travesty of the imperishable, Invisible Sun.

There is always an unexplored panorama beyond the last transformation.

The highest Summit conquered reveals a yet undiscovered peak.

Thou hast revealed to my soul Thy seamless conscious immensities,
Dizzy heights packed with condensed Light, depths which refuse to give up their wealth,



Dangerous rushing seas where the being unaware slips into an abyss of ecstasy.

The visible and the subtle have become One in a Super-Mystery

Which none shall penetrate. Where is the Hell painted by the poets

And the dungeon shut out from Light and Compassion?

There are no walls, no closed cells, no fortress of hatred and violence,

Nothing that can offer resistance to the constant shower of Thy Grace.

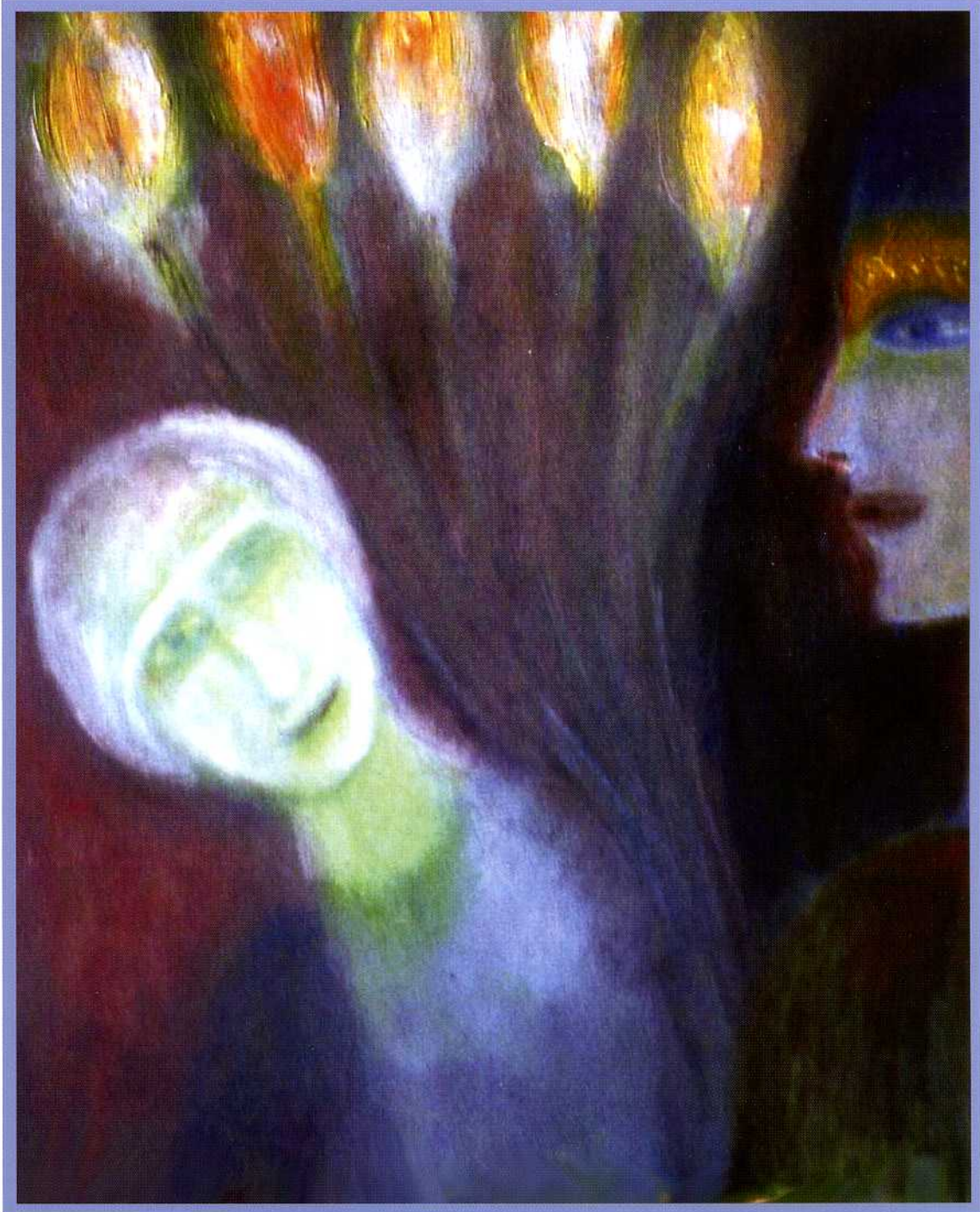
The ugly and the sordid have miraculously left the stage.

I have surprised the Hunchback of Notre Dame behind the curtain.

The marvelous Guest in each being cleaves forward through time and fate.

He will arrive at the banquet when the hour shines.





Mother Divine's Love

Gratitude

O Great Spirit, you have lifted the curse of the Evil Fate
Over my soul. My heart kneels down before You in gratitude.

Inside, outside, above and below,

In the East, in the West wherever I look, O Great Spirit,

I meet Your reassuring Eyes as real as my sister's,

Far more substantial than any rock-temple, the moon in the sky.

Peace has flowed into my body, life, mind and soul.

In all contacts, O Great Spirit, I feel Your gentle hands,

Everywhere I find my family, my clan, my own people,

The same familiar Person made up differently for the play.

There is no more need of a distant heaven or extinction,

A handful of common sand withholds in it unborn divinities.

O Great Spirit, my life is now an unbroken song of Glory.

Pulsating somewhere in the immeasurable Spirit-Space

Mystery beyond all existence, You are the resplendent Reality.

My heart kneels down before You in loving adoration.

All faces are Your reflections, countless rays of the Original Sun.

All sounds weave the universal symphony of delight

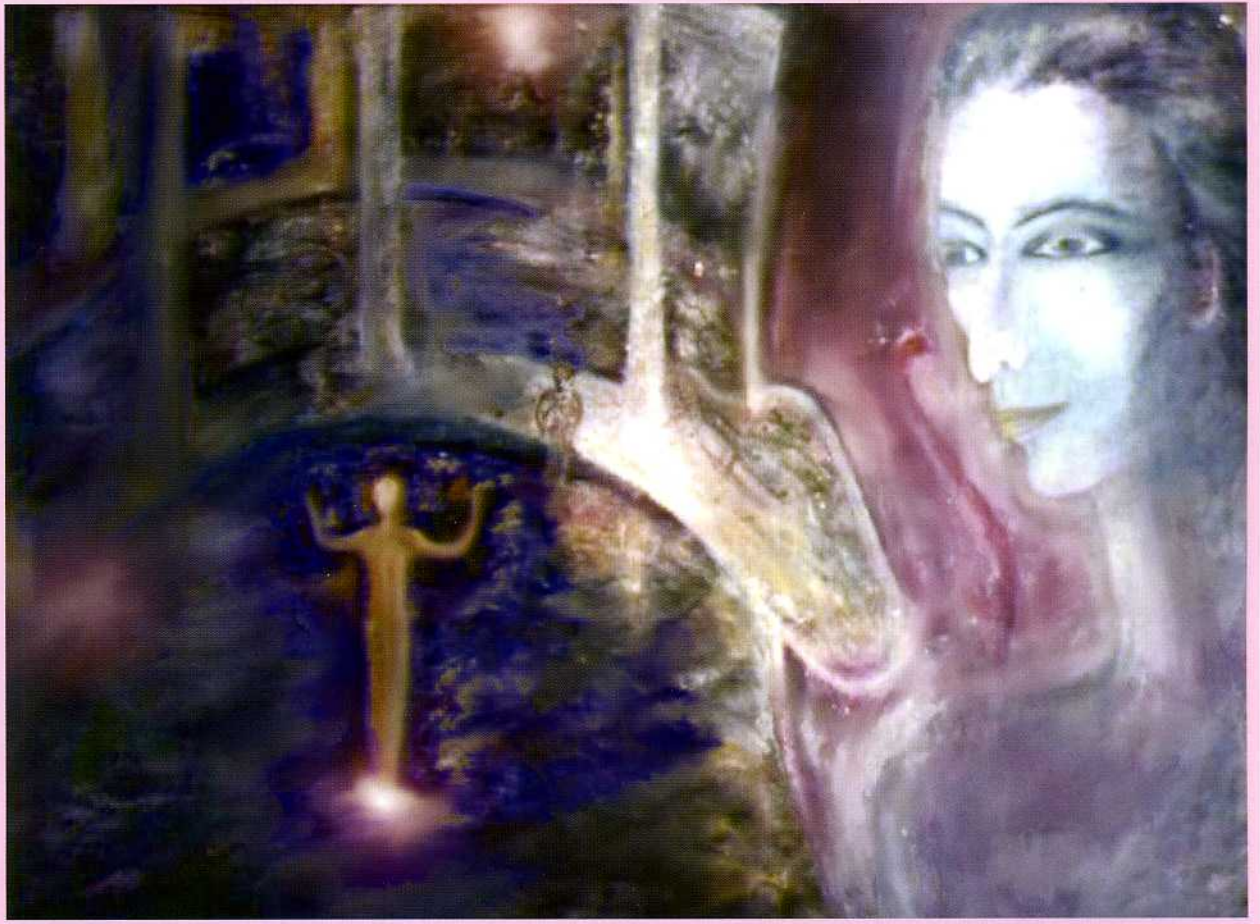
Under the ever shifting wizard fingers of the lone Organist.

You live in all forms, in all dimensions from Matter to the Absolute,

In all movements, changes, dissolution and transformation,

You are the Truth, the Stable, the Permanent, the Immortal One,

The constant Friend and Companion in life and death through Eternity.



Supreme Musician

I am the mystic golden cord of Divine Love and Ananda,
Uniting all creation in My embrace, holding all in My Ocean.
Become aware of Me alone, filling endless time, occupying empty space.
This apparent world with its fog, wind, rain and warm sunshine,
Its earthquakes, revolutions, volcanoes, typhoons and huge tidal waves,
Its ceaseless sombre dramas, moments of brittle glory, fugitive beauty,
Are only shifting colors of My fancy, constantly changing décor for My dance.
Those who truly love Me, serve Me will see through the veil My smiling Face.
I am always in you as you are in Me, there is none but Myself anywhere.

Supreme Musician

Play your music, let it flow through the golden cord of Love and Felicity
To million hearts in agony, men, women, children, victims of hunger and violence.

I will dance to your music with a garland of rose-petals on My breast,
Whirl around the world on invisible waves of Light across all borders,
Wake up gloomy souls from their obscure sleep, bring to all My snow white Peace,
Pour cascades of My radiant Joy on souls yearning for a lasting harmony.

I am the violin, the violinist, the music, I am the dancer and the dance.

I am the infallible Light, the most reliable Guide, I know the Highway.

Be My musician, play to the weary pilgrims healing harmonies of My Blessings.



The Timeless Sadhak

Sri Aurobindo,

Many are touched by Thy prophetic Vision,
Many are inspired by Thy passion for the Reality.

Blessed are they who worship Thee
As the Master, Friend and Guide,
Twice blessed the few who perceive
The Lord Incarnate in Thee.

But to me Thou art the timeless
Sadhak of the Eternal Shakti.

Her delight, the spontaneous law of Thy being,
Thy ceaseless self-creation is a flower offering at Her feet.
The summit of Thy patient slow tireless ascent is She.

Thou art one with Her like the crimson
Aspiration with the early morning.

Her child, companion and king, ever seated rapt at Her altar,
Thou livest to fulfill the opalescent winging of Her reveries.

May we become even as Thou art,
Timeless sadhaks of the Eternal Shakti.

O Friend, intimate as Thou art, my constant companion,
I can neither give Thee a name nor paint Thy outline
Nor confine Thee in any manifestation.

Ages I have spent looking for Thee, a drop of water in the midst of Ocean,

While Thou wert all around, encircling me with Thy Love,

Pressing me from above, upholding me from below,

And forcing Thy way from within outwards,

Like the joy of a blossoming rosebud, which cannot be contained anymore.



O Spirit eternal, a million universes rise and dance and disappear without affecting
The solitary Majesty of Thy timeless splendor. Ideal beauty, love and loyalty,
Perfumes and jewelry displayed in the shop windows on the beach of time
Vanish like low-lying mud islands swept away by Thy tidal grandeur.

The Game

O Pilgrim soul, carrying the blazing Fire as your sustenance on the Highway,
Accept all as companions, hate none, despise not the blind and the violent.
Do not condemn anyone nor turn away from the vilest demon and the beast.
Discover the wide universal Self forever containing all creation.
Deepen your look, what you find outside resides equally in you.
No one was there yesterday and no one can stay for too long in this game.
Every moment the familiar universe plunges into nothingness,
Revealing in its trail a new façade constantly renovated.
What is this comedy? Who is the author of this enigmatic drama?
Old worlds fade away, old songs and laughter, old battle cries,
Tales of love and horror, scenes of beauty and terror, man and demon,
Half-burnt corpses, flower-garlands and jubilant boats float down the Ganges -
Bitter, sweet, terrifying, devilish, fragrant nostalgic dreams.
Who are these evanescent players, animated clay models
Breathing a mighty passionate indestructible Fire?
Pale, fragile, living on the brink of utter disaster each moment,
Yet a fountainhead, messenger of some tantalizing Felicity,
A supremely blissful divine eternity where death is absent,
The invincible spirit of man reaches out frantically for an Immortal Sun.
The ever-changing flow of birth and sunrise and the inevitable decline and oblivion,
Could this be the ecstatic spiral dance, shifting images and rhythms
Of a supreme, immeasurable, mysterious, all-surpassing Goddess of Beauty?
Each pebble and grain, flower and insect, bird or animal, all mouths and eyes,
Are only so many million keyholes, windows and doors opening into the Real.
Each face and form is a cryptic symbol-image of a sublime eternal Being.
The masked Actor comes and leaves the stage when his part is done, ad infinitum.
The eternal blissful Self lives on through unending cycles of Exit and Dawn.



White Dreams, Blue Dreams

White dreams, blue dreams, my golden dreams ...

I see a magic city rise amidst barren cliffs, cathedrals replace the hills,
Children blossom in fields, perennial rivers flow through the hungry desert lips,

Little springs push aside giant boulders of granite.

I see priceless diamonds mingled

With broken glass and odd bits,

In possession of amateur thieves and treasure hunters.

As in a pantomime I see a pauper walk by in tatters and a heavenly escort

Carrying the royal robe and his scepter.

Behind your agonized face tortured with fury

I see the joy and thrill of an accidental encounter.

The swift point of your bayonet going deep into my heart

Is but love's tremendous search for a kindred sentiment.

Faded buds discarded on muddy roadsides

Gather on Beauty's brow as a laurel of evergreen life.

Funny masks, those faces that barely hide the actors,

Still funnier the roles played by those comedians.

To go ahead, they march backwards, to acquire love,

They turn away from the Beloved, to see and feel the joy of Oneness,
They walk blindfold and cut up their souls into unrecognizable twisted segments.

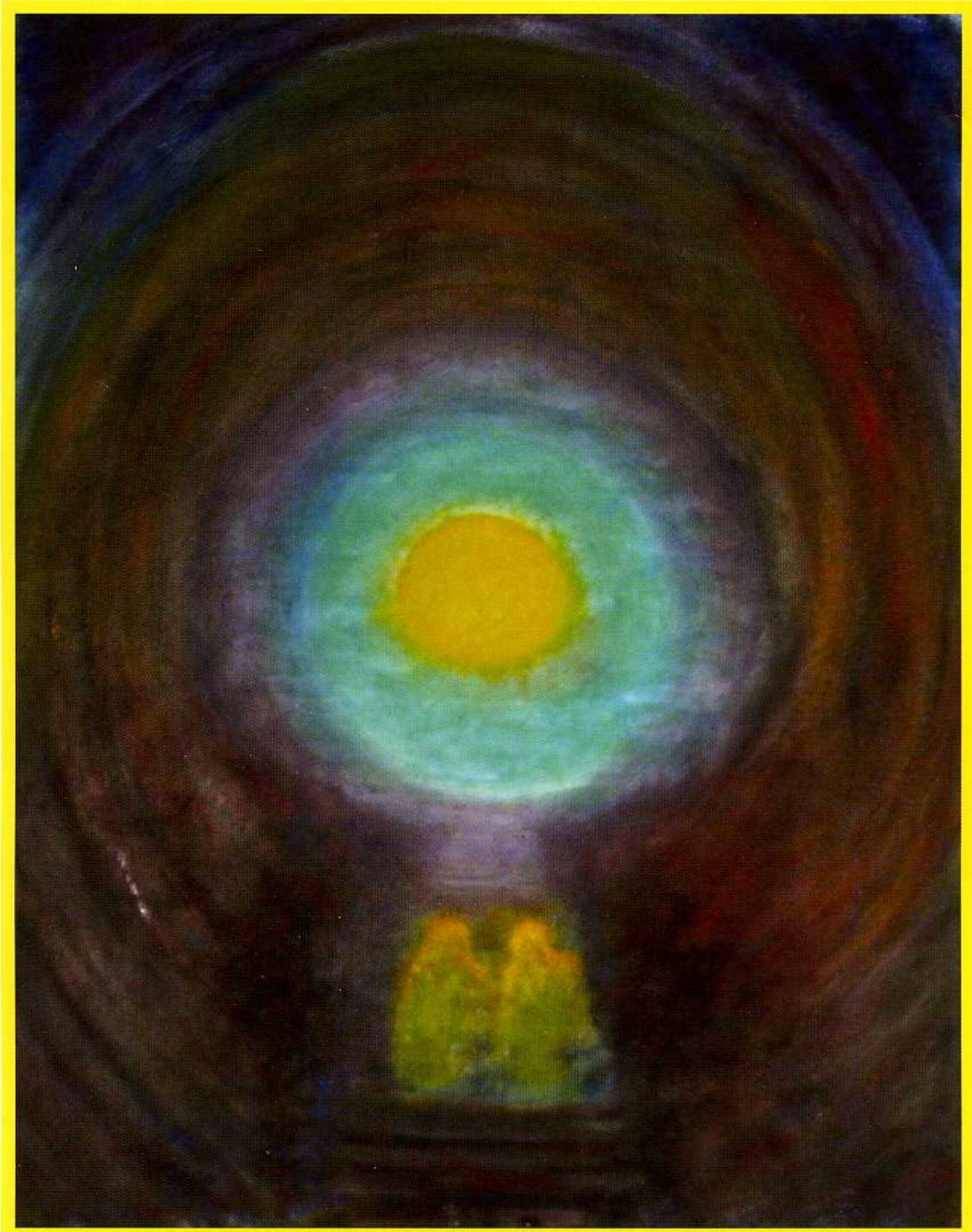
Adieu, black dreams, adieu sad and sombre dreams, come blue dreams,

White dreams, come happy golden dreams.

Inheritors of Bliss, we can toy with pain and death, born out of Love,

We must savor its poignant shades assured of our single Origin,

We sever the roots from the Tree.



The real becomes an illusion with each new awakening,
Each grain of sand in a galaxy contains another star city.
The night conceals in her robes an ever-new unborn sun.

Each waking is a deeper dream,
A blue dream, a white dream and a golden dream.



Festival of the Birth of the Eternal Light

OM Anandamayi, Chaitanyamayi, Satyamayi, Parame'

OM Mother of Delight, Mother of Consciousness,

Mother of Truth, O Supreme

Jayastute' namastute'

Victory to Thee, Salutations to Thee

Sarvam Khalhidam, Brahman:

All is verily divine; the Divine is truly all;

Rises a rich-textured chorus of adoration from a dedicated crowd of pilgrim souls.

In the solemn night streaked with beams of Light
A hundred lovely bodies full of grace and strong
Dance across the field of an incredulous vision,
Like a stream of ecstasy undulating through pillars of sapphire,
And carved statues of godheads frozen in bronze and granite.

Buddham saranam gatcchami, Dammam saranam gatcchami
Take refuge in Buddha; take refuge in the Word of the Lord,
Echo and reecho the distant hills in meditation,
Disciples of the desireless, egoless, equal souled compassion.

Vedic mantras float and reverberate in the sacred air.

Satyam, Ritam, Yyotih, Brihat

The Truth, the Law, the Light, the Infinity

Are now sovereign Lords. The Long night is at last over,

The Sun of Truth illumines and guides our steps.

Praying hands and bodies burning with aspiration offer sacrifice in the mounting Fire.
Words old and new in many tongues and voices mingle in a glorious riot of tone colors.

Bodies radiate in rhythmic movements the vast organ swell of an unalloyed delight,
A scattered rainbow broken into a hundred scintillating shifting fragments.

Woodwinds, drums and trumpets, harp, cymbals and bells,
Passionate violins, grave cellos and mixed choir of chanting voices,

Urge the impetuous dancers to dare the impossible,
To renounce the animal and discover our identity with God and Soul.

Bodies caught in a whirlpool of celestial rapture,
Sway and swing, run and rush, turn and swirl, solo or in groups
Amidst a sweeping gale of maddening high-paced music, tearing us away with an
Irresistible might from the ancient moorings of our unbearable night and agony.

Bismilla, Bismilla, Allah O Akbar, RaRamatullah

In the name of God, in the name of God, O God the Great, O God the Merciful.

The hero worshippers dance and slash and hew a straight path

Through the demon hordes which deny the Will of the One.

Ave Maria sends the soul soaring to the embrace of the Mother Divine.

Bodies possessed by the divinities of beauty and harmony and the Soma wine

Dance intoxicated as in a trance and oblige the psychic buds to blossom by their charm.

The soul repeats the mantra; May I be Thy slave, May I be Thy slave:

Yogis and saints, sculptors, poets, musicians and painters

Followers of the Truth, lovers of the Supreme and His Avatars,

Bring their bountiful generous gift of melodies interwoven and

Harmonies piled higher and higher to the skies,

And drive the dancers in the effort to seize and

To embody a transmutative ray of the never setting Sun of Truth.

The audience surrenders in joy to the magic of the ceremony,

The soul-filling panorama of sound, form, color and light.

A grandiose pyramidal aspiration rises and rises to the Heavens,

To the immaculate crystal throne, where the Mother receives the prayers

Offered by the reverent assembly of souls.

Benediction, love and light, Benediction, Benediction.

The fortunate multitude, aspiring pilgrim souls in deep concord

Converging on Her from all dim corners of the Earth,

Seated in silence and wonder under the starlit open sky

On terraced tiers upon tiers carved in the mountain side,

Watch the glorious dionysiac dance ritual of gratitude,

Hypnotized by Her tangible delight and the sweetness of Her Presence,

Celebrate the Festival of the birth of the Eternal Light.

Showers of blessings, showers of love, showers of peace, sprinkle the air, purify
The Earth and Soul. Fountains of aspiration, fountains of heavenly dreams
Shoot upwards a myriad sparks in the boundless space of the hushed soul.

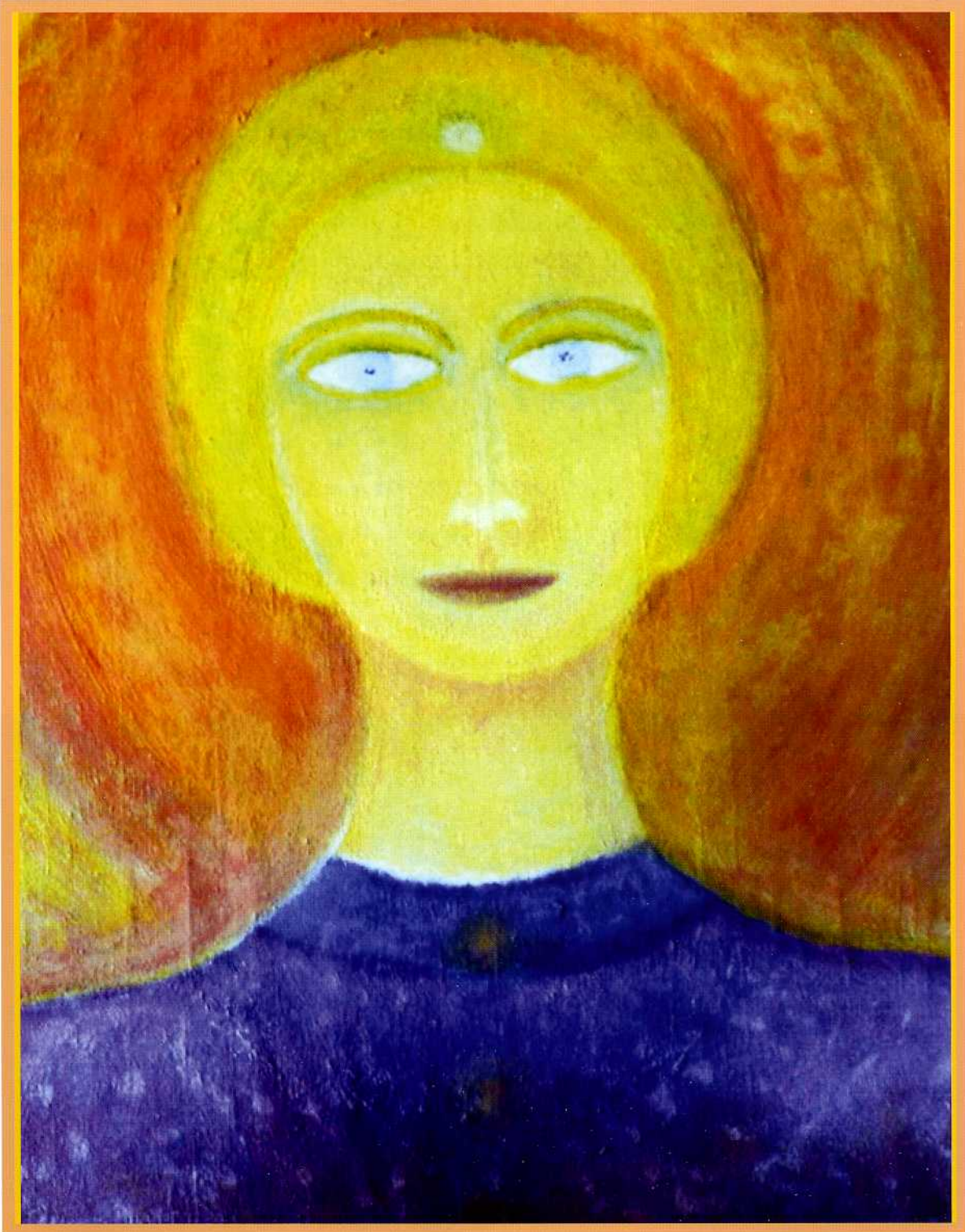
Thy Will be done, Thy Will be done, Thy Will be done,
Whispers the ravished Earth faint and vibrating under the exquisite touch of footsteps
Compelled by a felicitous rhythm. A powerful interchange of currents between
Matter and Spirit forces open the sealed passages for a dynamic transformation.

Ekaibaham jagattatra, Kadrvitia mama para.

I alone am in this universe; who else is there apart from me?
The triumphant proclamation of the Mother Divine assures the suppliant soul.

Sri Aurobindo Saranam mama
Sri Aurobindo is my refuge.
Om Anandamayi, Chaitanyamayi,
Satyamayi, Parame'
Jayastute,' namastute.'





A Delegate

Bring me the opal cups of the bloom of Morning Glory,
Fill them with the wine brewed from the Divine Ecstasy,
I have been named a delegate to the Festival of Light.

Bring me the crown of fire,
Sprinkle silvery dust of the stars in my hair,
The spring tide has verily flooded my soul.

Bring me a psyche-rose, love-fed source of perennial delight,
Make up my lips with the yearning of the pomegranate seeds,
Glad hymns of a realized dream haunt my ears.

Bring me the sandals that tread the path of the tenderest love,
And the mystic flag, blue and gold of undying hope;
Summon the crescent-moon to take me to the Carnival.

O Vibration Supreme

Far beyond all conceived universes

Far beyond the Supreme Person

Unsiezable, unknowable

O Supreme Vibration

Intimate, immovable, peace and silence absolute Consciousness,

Substance, inalterable Presence in all manifestation

O Thou, Supreme Vibration

Beyond evil and goodness Thou, indivisible,

Who supports and fulfills all forces, all forms.

O Thou, untouchable

O Supreme Vibration

Thou who alone exists, beyond all existence, Soul of all existence,

Thou, unconditionally, inexhaustible source, unknown origin

Undiscoverable, Thou, forever unknown intimate living being, the One

O Supreme Vibration

May You remain always perceptible to our consciousness, in all things,

In all beings and everywhere, beyond everything.

O Supreme Vibration

We no longer have any will neither separate from

Nor united to Yours, Thou alone exists.

Our gratitude, our salutations

O Supreme Vibration

Blessings, Blessings

Love and Gratitude

Salutation, Silent Contemplation

Blessings, Blessings.



O Climber

Om Douce Mere

Why do you climb those terrible mountains?

You suffer cold, hunger, blizzard,

You risk a fall every moment.

What if the rope snaps or the nail comes out?

What if the snow beneath your feet breaks

And you are sucked in?

What if your axe starts a landslide?

Are you not afraid of the roaring advance of the avalanche?

I feel so giddy and shiver lying in my cozy bed

When I see you tumbling down and down into the abyss

With no one to count your bones.

O Climber of mountains

What thrill,

What joy do you get from this drama

Of self-invited danger, death and destruction?

Can't you remain quietly in your room

Savoring coffee, watching TV or enjoying pleasant company?

What makes you throw away all the pleasures

Of life and make this dive into a world

Of unknown danger and fright?

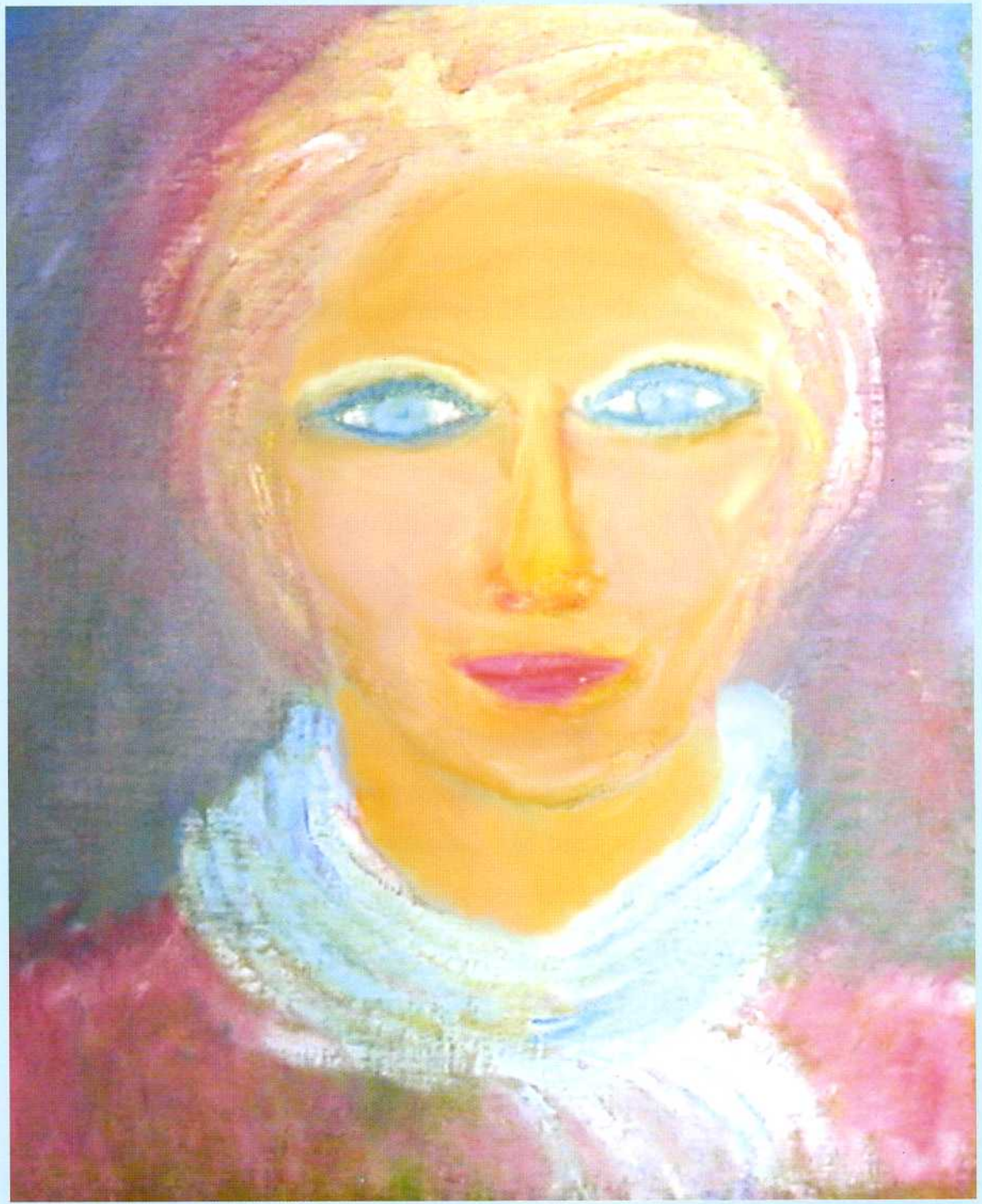
All the same, God bless you O Climber.

But for you we would not have known

The mountains, the deserts, depths of oceans,

Hidden continents and submerged gold bars.

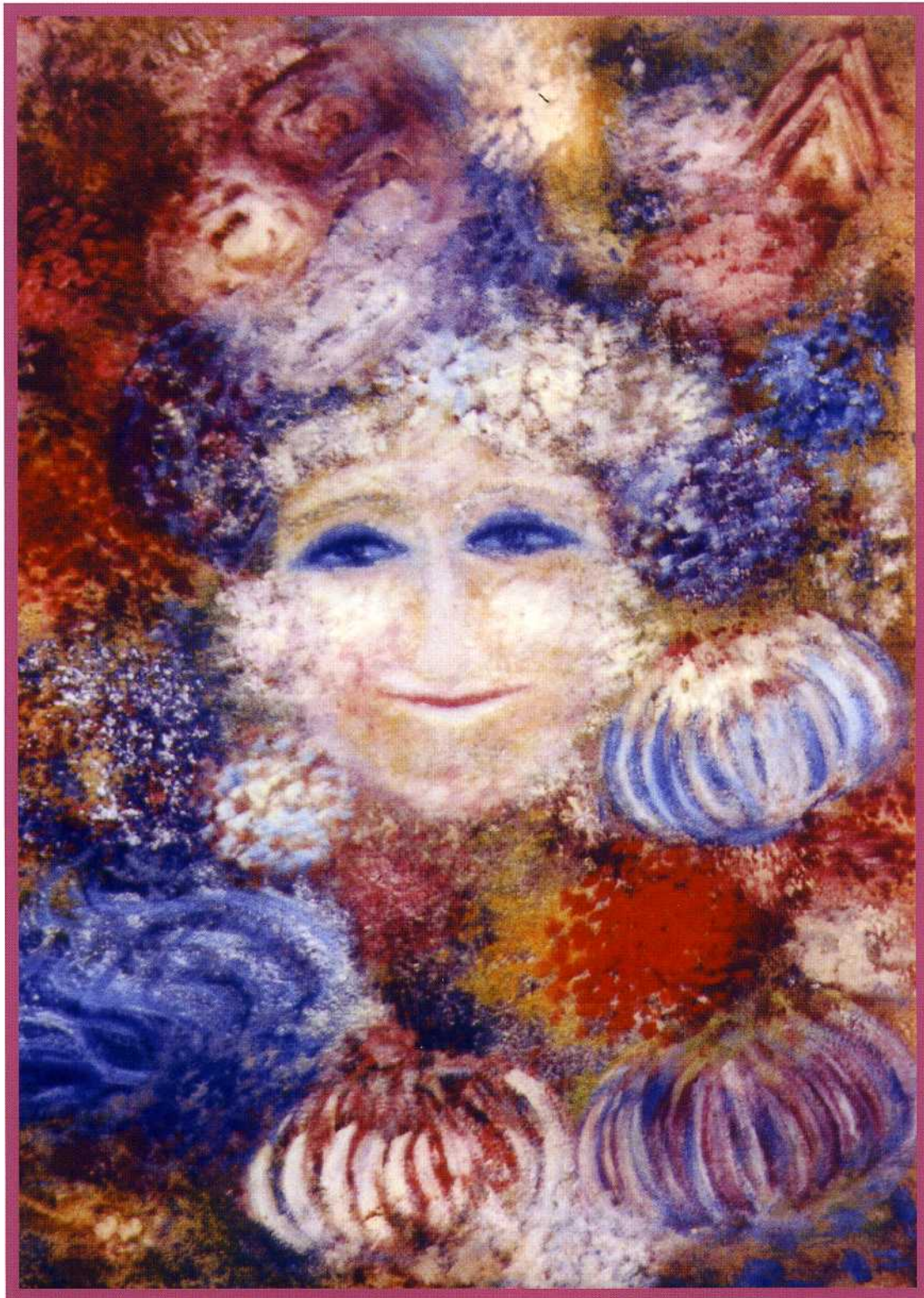
God bless you, O Climber.



Supreme Benevolence

O Mother Divine, O Great Mother
You are so utterly simple, humble
And so easily accessible, so incredibly good.
You are all the time wherever You are,
Giving blessings to anyone and everyone,
Pouring in each individual
Your transmuting Love and Compassion
Without considering whether they are
For You or against You and the Divine,
Whether they deserve the Grace,
Because they are all Your children
And You forever carry them on Your bosom.
No power on earth or elsewhere
Can hamper and even less stop
Your constant work of transformation
Of this world of misery, suffering and violence
Into a divine world of peace, harmony and unity,
A world of love and beauty, a world where
The awakened souls are ever engaged in adoration
Of the Divine in all their acts, thoughts and emotions.
May we live always in You, by You and only for You.





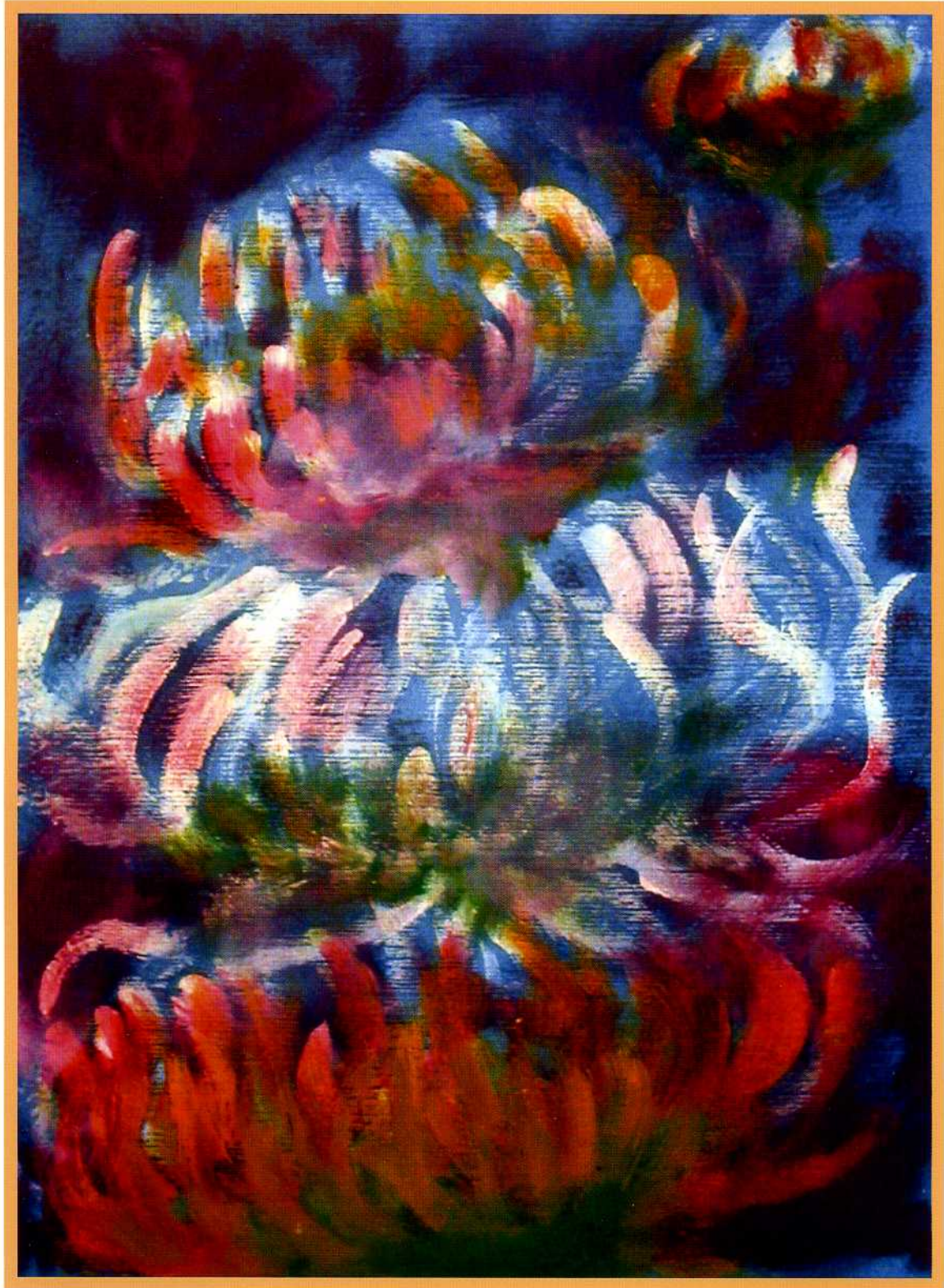
The Happiness

Divine Mother,

Nameless Eternal Being, Creatrix Supreme,
Grace Incarnate in a fragile body
Who art beyond the Form and the Formless,
Beyond the zenith of our climbing,
Beyond the widest waking and the deepest sleep,
Only one boon we ask Thee to hasten Thy manifestation:
Transmute these earthen vessels into immaculate receptacles
And fill them with Thy transcendent Love,
Delight-content in the lotus-core of the Reality.
No Light can persuade the Night to mend her ways.
No power can bend the self-will of wind-blown thistle-down.
No beauty can break through the armor of gloom and selfishness.
But Love conquers by surrendering Her omnipotence
To division, derision, violence and death.
All opposition succumbs to Her, worn out in the end
Like a sword that yields to water finding no resistance.
Only Love can reveal the Beloved in a speck of dust caught in a sunbeam.
Only Love can prepare the destined hour for the birth of the unborn Spirit.
Thy Love self-fulfilled gives and gives and wants nothing in exchange,
Sustains the humble violets and the majestic chrysanthemums with equal grace,
Leads the unwilling blindness to illumination through tenderness,
Nurses with compassion the wounds of the victor and the pride of the vanquished,
And sees the promise of God in each closed bud sleeping in the glow of the Dawn.
Love lies bleeding in the sand pierced through the heart by a jeering rabble
And transforms each particle into a crimson epiphany of sacrifice.
Power can obliterate a vast empire with a mere glance,

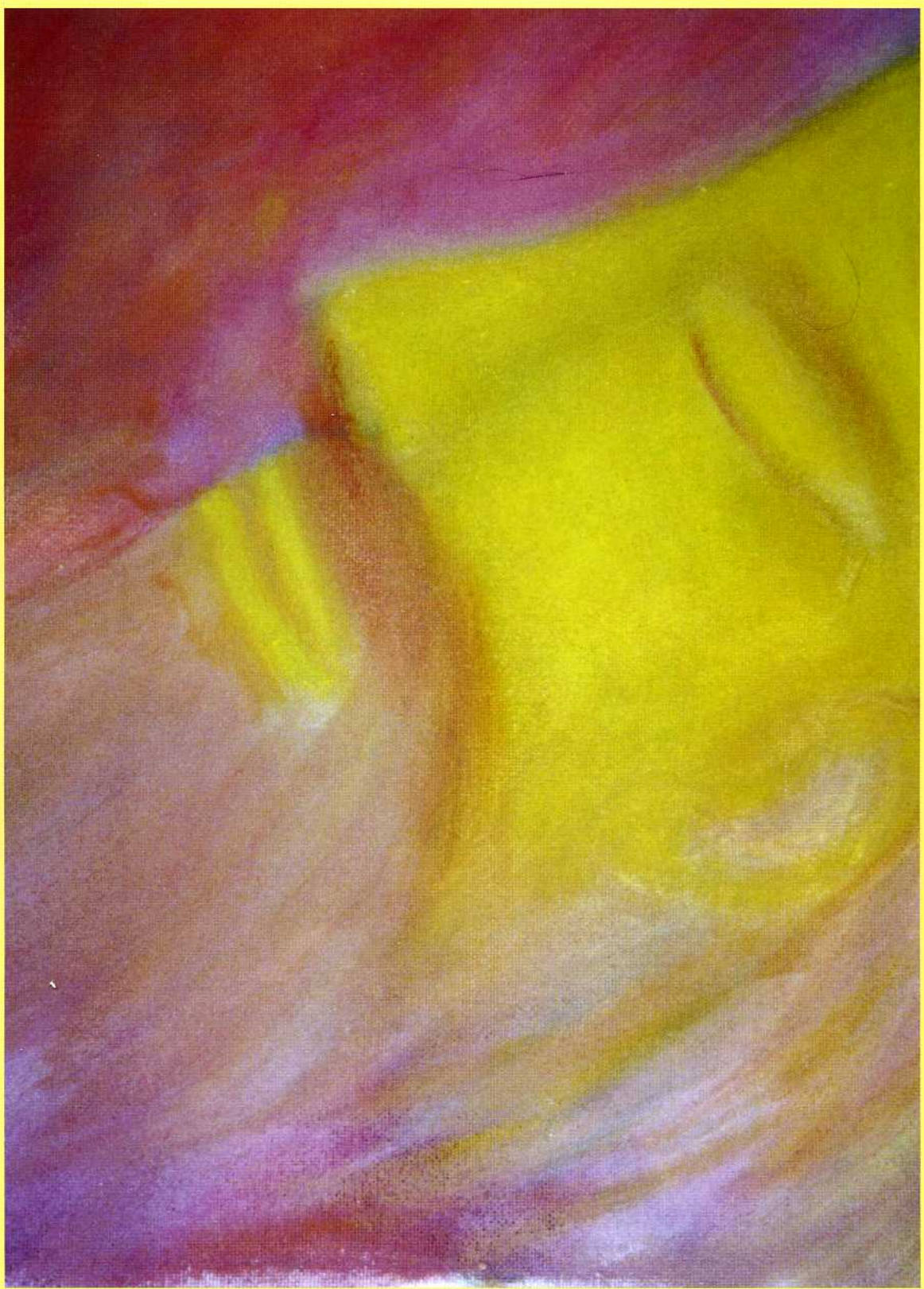
Break the frail bodies but cannot tame the indomitable spirit of man.
Knowledge can dazzle the mind with its prismatic splendor
Yet cannot change a sun-bleached mountain into a forest of orchids and ferns.
When Love smiles and rains down its sweetness
Buried hope is resurrected, rocks melt into fountains and cascades,
Deserts stop their march towards barrenness,
Worms and caterpillars are exalted to a nobler sphere,
The Daemon locked in the mute heart of the atom is delivered.
Love finds the psychic lines of rapture,
Gathers the consecrated petals yearning
And unites them into a mystic gesture, a symbol of close-linked harmony,
Pink meditation of a dedicated Rose.
Occult powers, riches and artistic faculties,
Though precious gifts, we lay them at Thy feet.
Only one boon we ask Thee to hasten Thy manifestation:
Transmute these earthen vessels into immaculate receptacles
And fill them with Thy transcendent Love,
Delight-content in the lotus-core of the Reality.
Love is the recondite name of the One,
The insoluble bond holding together the Mansion of the manifold creation,
The ever-new Mystery which knowledge cannot fathom.
Love is the foundation, Love the stair of our ascension,
The ring of fire which keeps the wolves at bay when falls the darkness,
The miracle tonic that prevents fatigue on the way,
The crown that awaits the seeker at the summit of aspiration.
Mother Divine, only Love can realize on Earth Thy purple design.

The Happiness



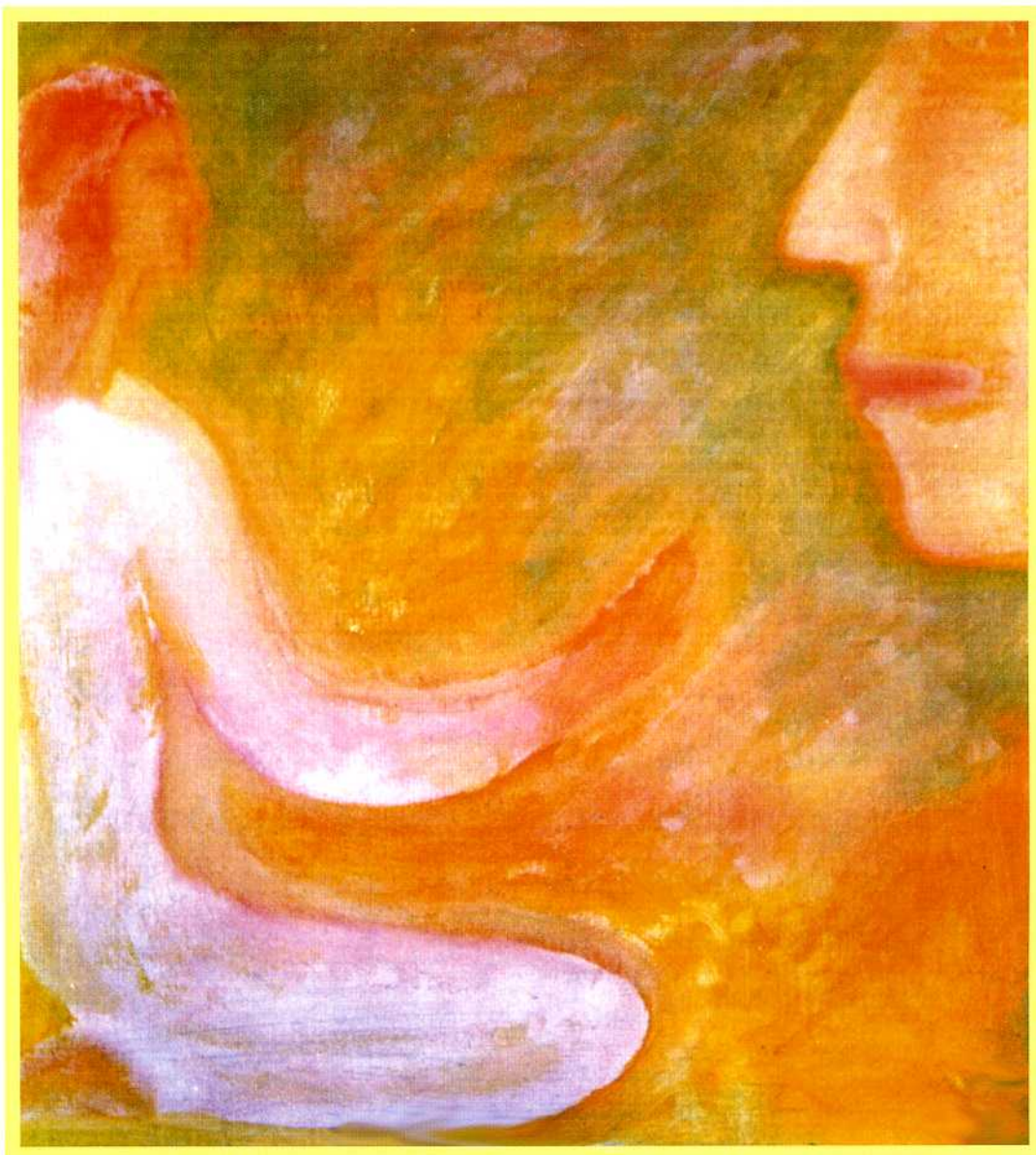
The Dreamer

Dreams, unending garland of many colored beads,
White dreams, crimson dreams, blue dreams, green dreams,
Golden beads, rubies, sapphires, pearls, jades and diamonds.
Open dreams, violet dreams, nightmares, embrace and tears,
Cool dreams, ravishing dreams, hopeless dreams, suicide,
Battles and struggles, wild blind passions, momentary
Exultation, sinking dreams, rising tides, snatches of light,
This happy touch, that burn, the sting and the dagger,
Endless encounters, throngs of faces, bodies and whirling crowds,
Water on parched lips, eye finding a diamond shaft
In another look, locked enchantment, shiver and disaster.
Excruciating pain followed by a glad laughter,
A child is born, an unseen stray bullet hits the balloon filled with mirth,
Endless encounters, a strange powerful magnet
Holds all creation together enthralled,
Chained to one another, each life a foul and sweet stream of dreams,
Dreams, gone, gone forever at each second in the oblivion.
A flash, an epiphany, a cloudburst, a heaven come down,
A rattle of thunder, the magic lost in the dust storm.
Thin air within grasp, the giant bird flies through
Close-knit strong net with ease.
Many colored beads, light and heavy, big and small,
Sharp and smooth, hot and cold, sweet and shocking
Red, green, yellow, white, clear and opaque, shining blue,
Quiver of hope, dull shattered dreams all held together





By a magic thread of gold, memory running through
The many colored beads, paintings succeeding paintings,
The real dissolving into dreams, the dreams becoming real,
Where is the borderline, an instant a dream, a real one.
A confusion, a breakdown, blank dreams, nightmares,
Gossamer dreams, the solid reality melts into nothingness.
God is dreaming, playing His fanciful game, all is fun.
Join His hilarious sham tragic plays, happy dreams,
Golden dreams, purple dreams, violent dreams, sweet dreams, sad dreams.
All shades of an absolute Beatitude divine untarnished as the Fire,
Invulnerable as water which no sword can pierce, free as the Wind
Which cannot be chained, as full as the zero whose contents
No one can fathom, eternal unbound by time, infinite,
Free from the conventions of space and dimensions.
No one is lost, nothing is diminished, an endless dream,
Perpetual recurring dreams, same tale told all over again,
The same song with a million variations, a string
Of shifting notes, the same adorable Face of our Friend
Behind a million ever-changing masks, laughing, teasing,
Dreams, marvelous unsubstantial events, sets and plays,
Oh, my Beloved always escaping my prison-embrace.
Love, love, lovely dreams hide and seek of love with love.
I can never lose You anymore; my life is as real, as intense
As a log of wood burning in the sacrificial fire, Oh Dreamer
Let me enjoy Your plays even if I survive only as fragrance.
Oh Dreamer, all that I touch and feel shall only be Thy Presence.



Prayer

This marvelous, beautiful, terrible, cruel and violent world
Is my creation out of my own being, my immortal substance.
I am the prostrate Godhead slowly waking up from my fathomless trance,
Rising gradually by tremendous steps towards my absolute Light.
All matter is my own consciousness, first iceberg, floating cathedrals on the illimitable
Immobility of Consciousness, Power, inconceivable Bliss of Existence.

I have transformed the fiery ball of gas and matter in fusion into a cool peaceful
Globe, all fire melted into water. I have showered the unveiled rays of my
Immortal Sun on the lifeless deserts of huge submerged continents to create
The first pulsations of life in a colony of enzymes. Through a long zigzag series
Of ups and downs and mutations, ever approaching the vision, I gradually
Evolved a being ready to receive some light, my faint reflections in a form.

From the monkey emerged man, the animal endowed with a mind.

Man is half-awakened Godhead blindly groping for his way.

He is My half-finished image, half-baked vessel for my descent,
I am inside him, his spring of life, his strength, his light, his soul.

I am above him, his angel, his kind friend, infallible Guide.

Man is doomed, his end is near, nothing can save him.

Rejoice, O soul of Man, unless you die, God cannot be born.

Allow Me to descend unhindered with my conscious Power in your mind, life,
Body and soul, in the darkest dungeons, in every nook and corner and abysmal
Depths closed to Light. I shall illumine your consciousness with my liquid golden
Force, fill with the Bliss of the Brahman, all your thoughts, dreams and emotions.

Man, you are only my opaque mask, my poor shabby disguise,
Surrender to My love and wisdom, I am the fragrant rose in your soul.

Die to your half-lit life of agony, doubt, and paralyzing fear.

Emerge through the death of ego into an immortal life of splendor.

I shall serve through You my Lord residing in all beings and forms,

Become a giant tree offering shade to the harassed pilgrims

On the rough burning road, sanctuary for the homeless souls

Suffocating in the maze of agonizing ignorance.

The ancient prophecy has come true – man dies and God is born.

O hero-souls, come join my expedition to a majestic plateau beyond mind.



The Visionary

The Visionary

At last the Spirit in me looks at the Eternal Spirit, relieved.
The veil is cut to ribbons, transparent, as if it never existed.
The huge restless noisy machine driven by an unquiet Will
Has fallen asleep apparently, --- is now only a silent energy,
A smooth flowing current in harmony with million other forces,
All moving willingly, unwillingly, some happy, others struggling,
Driven by a Conscious Power to work out even without knowing
The Divine Plan, eternally unfolding for the sheer pleasure
Of Some Wonderful Moviemaker in search of novelties.
All is quiet within amidst the roar of thunder and ruin,
The deafening crash of falling ancient strong headed citadels
Of the mighty lords of the earth, desperately setting up a barrage
Against the swallowing tidal wave, mountain high Grace.
The unusually kind Moviemaker has taken me in his team.
In between shooting an episode on the location selected,
He is busy in planning, explaining to us all his next adventure.
Our heart, mind, body and soul must be thoroughly trained,
Only then, we would function well, satisfy our Director.

The Cosmic Opera

The peace of Eternity has filled my soul.
Wherever I look, a marvelous unfathomable Mystery,
Something, Someone infinite, faceless, nameless smiles at me.
Ceaseless flow of shapes and forms, colors and sounds,
Epic dramas, shifting panorama like the stormy sky,
Fleet across the too small ridiculous screen of my soul.
A shoreless, boundless Ocean, now calm, now furious,
Boiling, battling, sleeping like a sheet mirror,
Heaving bosoms of countless titans, gods, monsters and angels,
Piled at times with snow cathedrals, covered with white purity,
An eruption of luminous colors reflecting the changing moods of the One,
A million broken suns dancing on its roaring waves,
A dreamland of floating lamps launched by a pale blue moon,
A liquid immensity holding terror and beauty, laughter and slaughter,
Love and vengeance, sweetness and monstrous violence,
Yet this magnificent spectacle is only a tiny facet,
Mobile face of Something, Someone immobile, absolute.
Death has no meaning for me, birth ceases in a conscious Eternity,
A stupendous nonstop perpetual whirlpool,
The One indivisible, unalterable, inscrutable, close,
Locked in an embrace the ruthless Killer and the tenderest Lover,
Intimate, inseparable, inaccessible, impenetrable, infinite.
Sipping a glass of heady Soma offered by my dangerous Friend,
Struck dumb in amazement, I watch His vast Cosmic Opera.





Supreme Benediction

Remember, my child, I am always with you, deep in your soul,
At all hours, Remember, I watch over your life and progress,
 With love and care and guide your uncertain steps.
 Remember me wherever you may be in the world.
Repeat my name whenever you have a little time to spare.
I am present everywhere. To see and feel my Presence
 My child, you have only to switch on the inner Light.

Supreme Benediction

I am inside you, outside you, above and below.

You can feel my Love with only a little warmth on your side.

Remember, I never abandon you even when you go out of the happy sunlit path.

Remember my Love always, I never scold or punish, that is not my way.

I am pouring my love in your heart day and night.

Remember, I am your Mother, Father, Counselor and Queen.

Remember me always for I am your closest, faithful and dearest Friend.

Hide nothing from me. Depend on me for all your needs.

Remember you are My child, I can never be ashamed of you, whatever you do,

Remember me, I shall give you sunshine, laughter and joy in life,

Which no one can take away from you.

In spite of your thousand mistakes, hold on to me,

Remember, my child can never fail.

Tell me all your plans and dreams. I am always with you.

Remember, I love and protect you.

Remember me when afraid, no one can do any harm to you.

I want you to be really good, always happy, my child.

Remember, I live in the heart

Of all living beings, human and animal.

When you are kind to anyone, Remember, you are kind to me.

Be generous as the ocean, fill the world with good thoughts and feelings.

Be straight and simple, Remember me always without fail.

Enter your heart to know what I like, Remember, never to tell a lie.

I shall put within your reach all that is noble and beautiful.

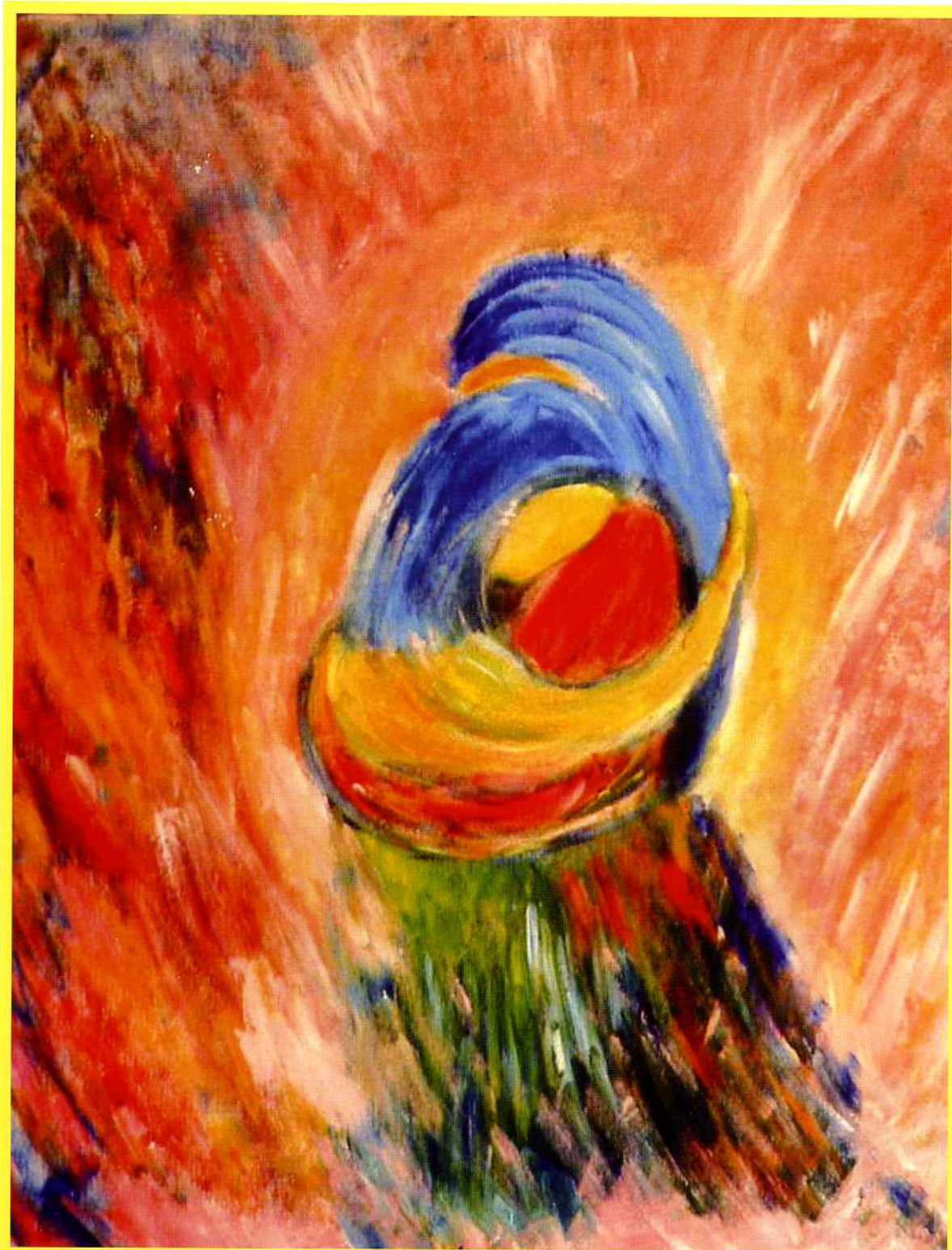
Have the utmost goodwill for all, Remember, all are my Children.

Remember me for any help for I am always with you day and night.

Remember, my child, your life is worth living only in the service divine.

The Inseparables

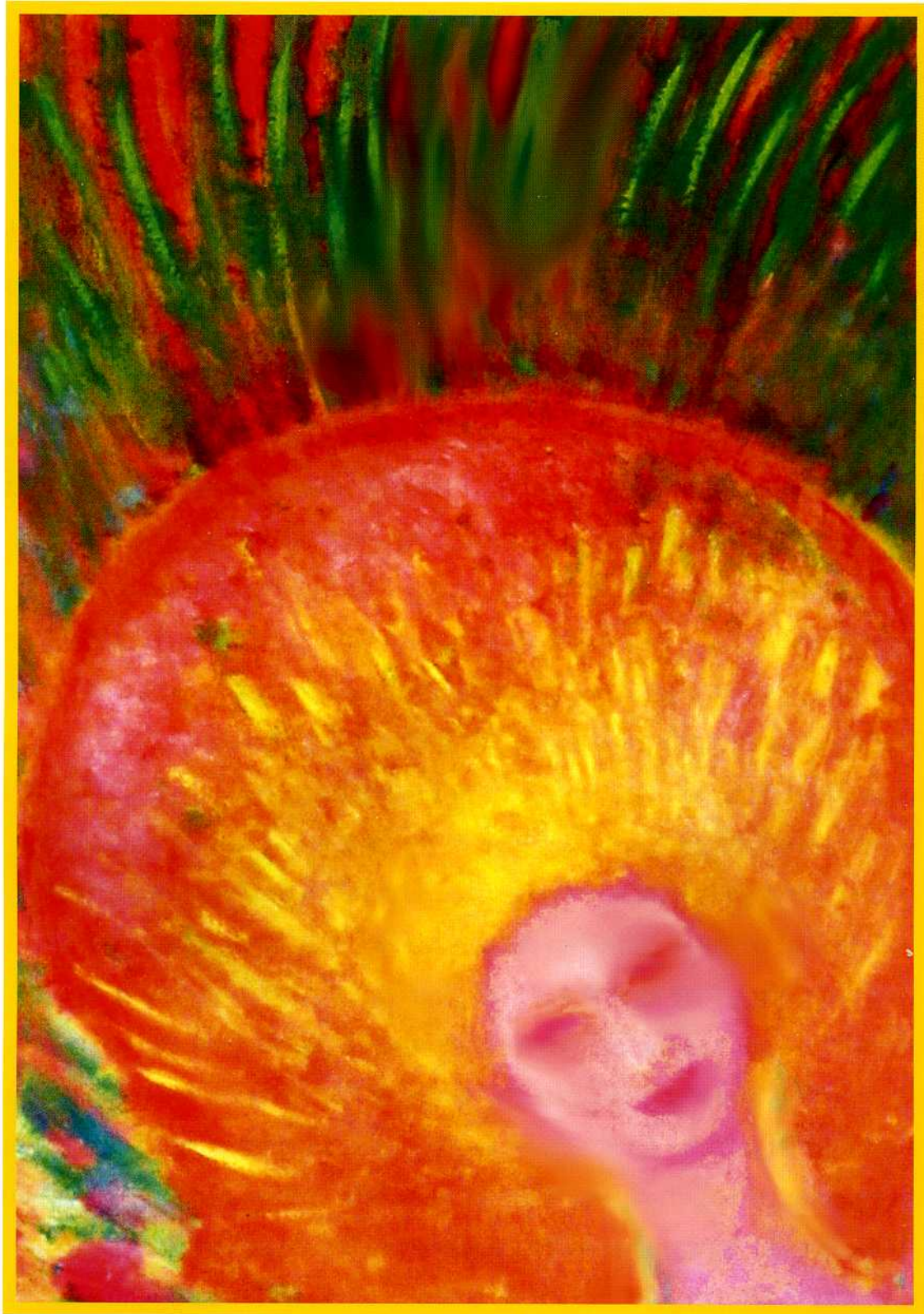
Life is so dull, so boring,
Mediocre without any pomp or ceremony,
Give me a moment of respite
When I can feel the Eternal, as I am
Holding for a brief moment a stranger
In my arms,
See in his body, the luminous substance
Of which the stars are made.
Million, trillion years have gone by,
I see dancers on the stage,
Nameless godheads in ecstasy for a fraction of a second,
Never, never in time, it shall be the same,
A face, a name, a souvenir, a mystic presence,
The precious moment, when all is Infinity and fathomless;
The death of a duck laid out in the sun
Evokes the passage of the Lord in a feathery body.
For an utter joy through the jungles and marches of time,
Give me an instant when eyes pierce through the guise,
When signs and symbols fall silent
Before the ineffable grandeur of a mystic Existence.



Fiery Rings of Grace

A Whirlwind, a volcanic eruption, an earthquake,
Mighty Kali passed, challenging our right to live and breathe,
Defiant, vigilant eagles lightning-swift came tearing down,
Roaring young lions answered forth with their talons and fangs.
Somnolent serpent-powers raised their hoods, hissed and struck.
Complacent souls bogged in trivialities shook off their fatal indolence.
Arrogant tin gods shut up in their bloated castles of vanity
Came out into a nobler dimension and tasted the impact of oneness.
Galvanized into a giant unity, parts forced open the gates of bliss.
Love and power poured down in grateful hearts in a thousand cascades.
Dynamic, imperative, brooking no insolence, falsehood or delay,
A supernal rhythm has come to stay, a decisive battle been won.
The World-Mother pressed Her children through the fiery rings of Grace,
Proud, She entrusts Heaven's work to their hands. They have justified Her faith.
We are irrevocably one, now and forever, in and around the Mother,
One tree and its million yearning branches,
One Sun and its numberless darkness-destroying rays,
One oceanic impulse and its eternal passionate waves.
O Kali, we welcome Thy fury, keep us awake.
Shatter the mortal hold of the old deities unwilling to admit the new.
Thyself withdraw and leave the future to the power of Love, Harmony and Truth.





The Force Divine

Hail to Thee, benevolent Force Divine, auspicious rain,
Thy fountain of radiant joy, Thy cloudbursts of luminous energy
Fall on the praying meadows, on the shriveled up vines and tendrils,
On the burnt-out shrubs and trees, temples in ruin, on the pebbles and shingles,
On the bare rocky slopes, on the faint etiolating hopes, on the quivering silver-streak
Of a dried up stream, on the drooping sunflowers tired of a long penance of standing.
Hail to Thee, river of Peace, cascade of Silence. Migrating tribes crossing the desert,
Birds in flight, cornfield in torment drink with a million lips Thy purifying torrent
Of limpid delight. Smothered with Thy kisses the leaves tremble in mute ecstasy.

The wild roses run amuck and cover the fields faster than the weeds.

The green moss fondles the stones with velvety tenderness.

The wilderness turns into a fervent viridian prayer with a drop of Thy Grace.

The lotus raises its head through mud-cakes changed into a turquoise pool.

Blessing of the unseen gods, honey from the emerald island of the Blue Seas,
Maddened drops heavy and fine, fiery sparkling wine, scorpion stings of liquid flame.

Vehemence of the Spirit, delegate of the Infinite, keen shafts of Light,

Relentless greyhounds seeking out the brutal instincts in order to kill,

Celestial perfume filling up the inner aisles with frankincense purity,

O Force, bring Thy swift and violent current of merciless rapture divine,

Blinding showers, roaring hurricanes, mountain-high waves, immense lightning
Strokes cleaving the towers of darkness. Blow up the armored shell of our ignorance
Into a myriad fragments, shatter the vainglory of an illusory independent existence.

O passionate Lover, crush Thy beloved in an iron embrace sweeter than death,

Take her for honeymoon to bright dimensions packed with dense Light.

Come down, O foaming torrents, blue, green, orange, shimmering pink and violet.





Receding Horizons

Receding Horizons

Recede and widen into the vibrant unity of God,
O ancient frontiers of limited purity and saintliness, feel the immense current
Of life, the riotous passion that flows jubilant through the unbroken veins.

Break the adamantine barriers of flimsy convention and emerge
Into the stupendous solidarity of one ecstasy.

Be one flesh, one body, one single being with all.

Drink from hidden fountains the creative energy that dissolves
Huge walls of taboo, fear and nightmare.

Give up the cherished limited territory, sanctuary of precarious security,
Illusory haven of safety, sail through the dangerous frothy, lofty waves,
Passionate heaving bosoms demanding your joy into a million fragments,
Body of god shredded into torments.

O nameless Spirit, daring and disdainful of life's circumscribing placidity,
Spiteful immobility, dangerous self-satisfied morality, light up the body
With God's reckless love for his own selves.

Recede, further and further into the vastness of a strong embrace,
Ever widening horizons of love's progress triumphant, rapture dance
Of incandescent waves, white and iridescent with purity of God's flesh.

Come murderers, debauchers and libertines, come you gangsters, thieves,
Hangmen and prostitutes, traffickers in opium and women, ruffians, apache and Mafia,
All who defy Nature's laws, live in dreadful suspense, all who delight in garish
Adventure across sealed frontiers, come, become one flesh with the saintly rest.

You too are a burning core of God's impatient desire to find a short cut
To His eternal home of rapture. Recede and disappear into Love's
Widening arcs, my prison walls that suffocate the soul in a tiny luminous hole.
Burn, O my spirit, with Infinite's passion for the unsavored Bliss.



Sweet Mother

Thou art the link in my memory from life to life
Through interminable Time manifesting Thy ceaseless creation.
As I am waking up from a long forgetfulness

I am recovering my lost memory, the sealed secret
Of the inexhaustible most wonderful treasury.
Up and down I run through the corridors of Time.
Nothing is same even for a fraction of a second.
An endless movement containing infinite restless whirls,
Pictures, visions, hallucinations, dreams and fancies
Incessant dramas visible, invisible, minute and gigantic
Day and night without respite, terror and splendor,
A free for all, inconceivable liberty, holiday for imagination,
Every fancy becomes real, a wish instantly materializes.
What tremendous Power moves all the actors on the chessboard?
Is there any sense in this uncontrolled runaway madness?
What keeps all the actors hypnotized in this fantastic dance?
These clay models evanescent like the morning mist in the Sun
Glow with some ineffable magnificence, fragile grandeur.
All the million variations from darkness to utter Effulgence
Are constantly combined in a bewildering carelessness.
O Master Magician, no artist can paint Thy elusive Face,
No sculptor can carve Thy silhouette, no one can bind Thee
In a Name, Thou, O ever unknown Stranger, my soul,
My love, this magic of unfolding creation is only Thyself.
My life is a passing note, O Supreme Musician in Thy Symphony.
One, indivisible, inalterable, Absolute, immobile, Silence,
Infinite rays, mobile fragments, perpetual motion, Delight.
Thy stupendous Presence pervades immeasurably all Existence.
O Mother Divine, in Thy Eternity, I discover my continuity.

Hope

My child, thy castle of sand
On the banks of immensity,
Can it forever withstand
The onslaught of the waves of Eternity?

Thy shield of clear reasoning,
Is it really so cold and strong
That it must always resist the song
Of the Light that is swelling?

The school of early training,
The shallow pool for paddling,
Can it for long retain thee, o mariner,
From the alluring call of the far?



Hope, Courage & Daring

Dream Jars

I listened through the ages, mute millenniums,
Far, far beyond the corridors of myths and legends.

I felt the heart of the burdened time.

I heard only soul-searing cries and lamentations
Of cruel separation, pillage, murder, broken hopes,
Ruin, starvation, revenge, betrayal and hatred.

Gleams of moon rays and ringing laughter

And silver jingling bells so rarely

Accompanied the carmine fierce drama,

That the Seers of old gave up hope in their blindness
And left the poor Earth to her seemingly uncompromising fate.

We love to weep and treasure our tragedies,

Gloat over the misery of our own kind,

And triumphantly celebrate slaughter and disaster.

Happiness is cloying, peace is monotonous;

Mirth of the youth and the frolic of the flowers

Are pastimes for the poets, artists and lunatics,

But the clay hides unshaped unseen dream jars.

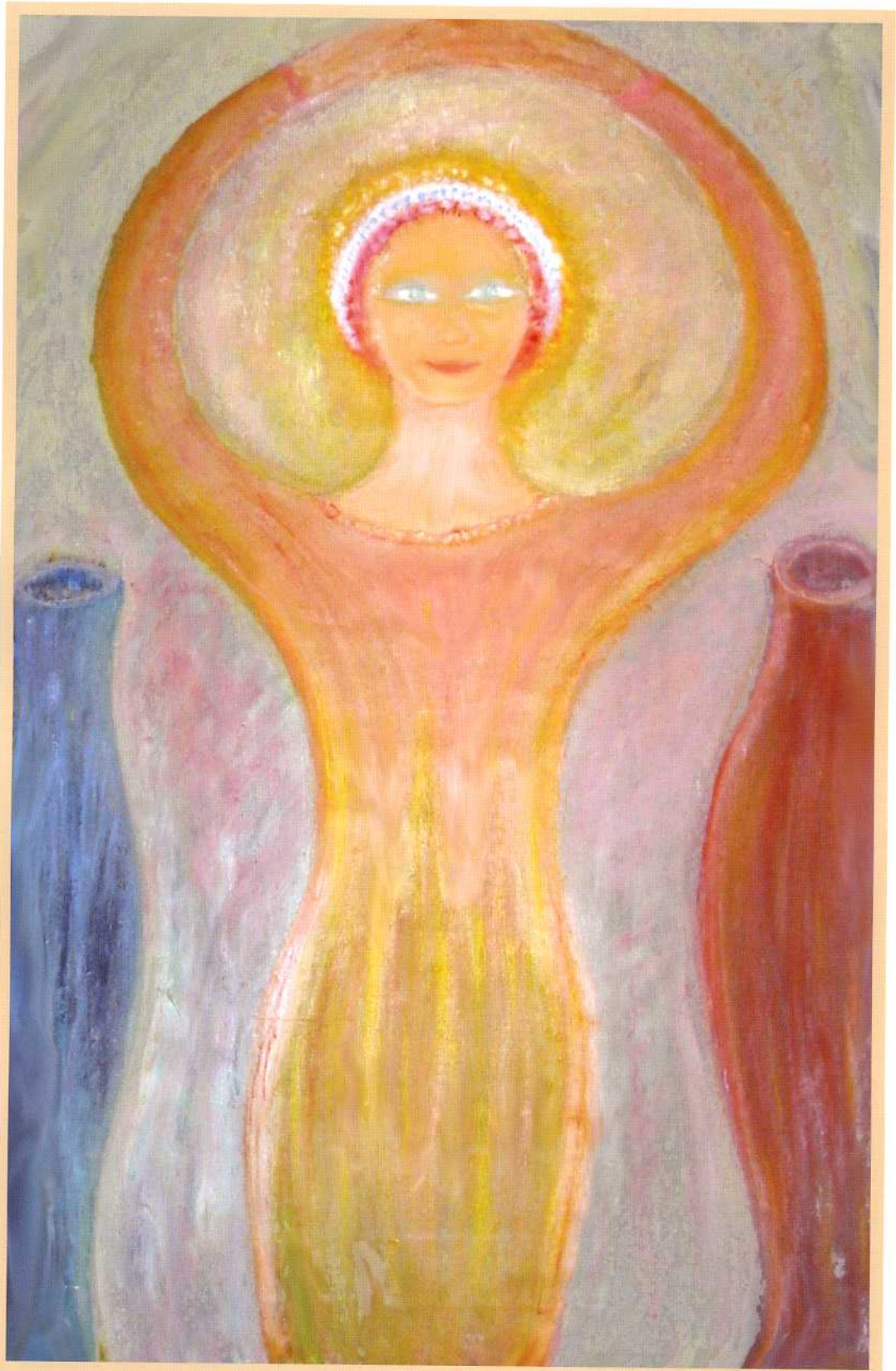
Sorrow and suffering are the outer coatings of a deep joy,

Ever new and more intoxicating than blood and tears.

The bud of sorrow blossoms on walls,

Partitions and division,

Dies in the wide openness of God's Oneness.



The Lord

Let us meditate on
The Lord.
There is only the One,
Eternal, infinite, indivisible,
A single Being,
A single Existence,
The Brahman,
The supreme Felicity.

O Lord, our guide
Infallible
All-powerful,
Give us courage
To follow You
To the end,
To Victory.

