



GLIMPSES OF SENTIMENTS

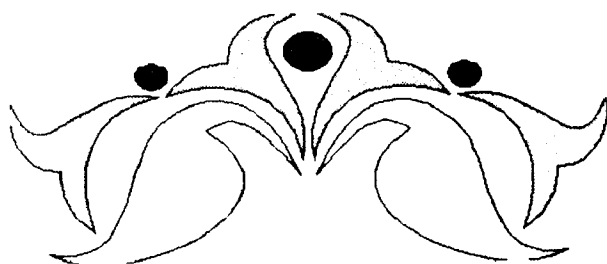
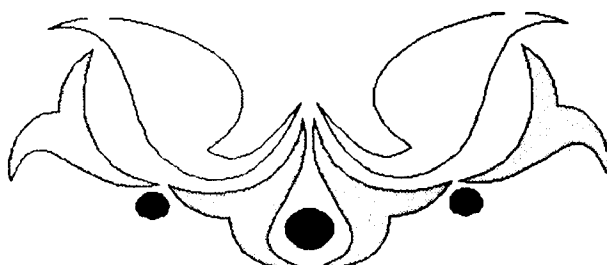
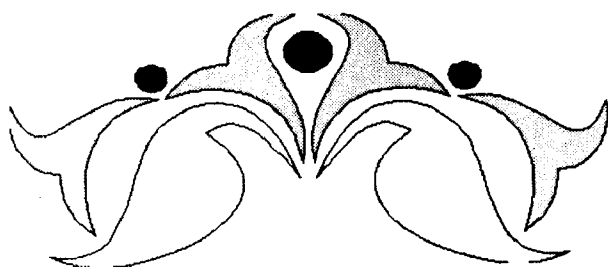
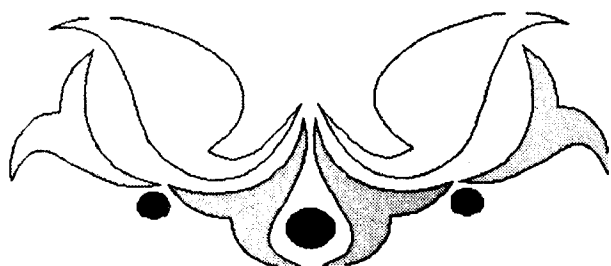
Muni Shri Yashovijayji

English Version: Malay Kantharia

Glimpses of Sentiments

Muni Shri Yashovijayi

English Version : Malay Kantheria



Dedicated to
Vardhman Taponidhi
Sanghhit chintak Gurudev
Late Gachchhadhipati
Pujoyapad Acharya
Bhagwant Shrimad Vijay
BHUVANBHANU
SURISHWARJI MAHARAJA
To Whom I have
surrendered my entire
Life. - Muni Yashovijay

In the fond memory of
Shri Rajendrabhai Bhagubhai Shah
&
Shri Chetanbhai Surendrabhai Shah

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Preface

Since ages of civilizations, written works have played very significant role in shaping thoughts, values, goals and human behaviour. These have played very crucial role in developing an individual's approach and attitude towards life.

Munishri Yashovijayji Maharaj Saheb, in his young age and a short writing span, has written many invaluable books. His writings are simple, lucid and easy to understand. His words come from inner recesses of his heart and touch the core of one's being. In fact, the writings of his three books – "FRAGRANCE OF SENTIMENTS", "GLIMPSES OF SENTIMENTS" and "ABUNDANT JOY OF SENTIMENTS" help devotees and real seekers in showing the golden, sunlit path of living. Words come from this great scholar, Munishri Yashovijayji in the form of devotional prayers. These words are precious as they come from his deep study, observation, self-introspection and profound mystic experiences. In a way, these writings explain very valuable Process of Purification, a revolutionary transformation of individuals. And that is the way to change the present society by establishing the Supreme Value System and living based thereupon. It is a method to melt, dissolve ego and merge oneself with the Supreme Soul.

Anyone reading these works with sincerity, purity and sensitivity, will surely experience the ultimate Bliss.

I am indeed grateful to Param Poojya Munishri Yashovijayji for giving me the opportunity to present this English Version.

In anyway if I have hurt feelings of anyone, I sincerely seek forgiveness.

2059, VAISHAKHI SUD TRIJ (AKHATRIJ)

4th April, 2003

INNER VOICE OF THE WRITER

Devotion has not much to do with net of words. Devotion has direct relation with feelings, emotions, good wishes and sentiments. Sometimes, for its expressions, words become medium or at times the silence. The devotion dependent on words can be helpful for the self as well as for others. Devotion made with the silence or thoughts without words mainly become helpful for the self.

I do not have capacity to give forms of words to my devotional feelings coming from the heart. Yet, with Supreme Soul's inimagined grace, after publication of my book 'Fragrance of Sentiments' last year whatever thoughts came while bathing in the devotion towards Supreme soul, whatever feelings got evoked, I tried as per my skills to put that on papers during the period of my 'VIHAR'. As a result thereof, today this book 'Glimpes of Sentiments' is being released.

In this book presented.

Somewhere there is a request to the Supreme soul.

Somewhere there is a reprimand to Prabhuji.

Somewhere there is a challenge to Bhagwan.

Somewhere one's own smallness is accepted.

Somewhere the glory of 'Devadhidev' is presented.

Somewhere the anxiety of the mind is presented.

Somewhere the tremendous faith towards devotion is expressed.

Somewhere the replies received from saviours, 'Tirthankars' are fixed.

Somewhere words get spontaneously arranged.

There are quarrels with the Supreme Power.

Somewhere instruments of logic or language of devotion are also used.

Somewhere toughness of the Ocean of Compassion is also indicated.

Somewhere the use of the philosophical words, words of renunciation and the words of authority are also used in the beginning of prayers.

In this present publication piercing the land of the language and digging an artesian well containing water of devotion and with a noble goal that the thirst of pious devotees get fulfilled. I thank all 'Shrutpremi Shravaks' for their financial help for this publication.

My good wishes to the knowledgable readers that with the support of this book like a boat of words and to gain spiritual treasure of the three 'Ratnas': 'Darshan', 'Gnyan' and 'Charitra' (Pure perception, knowledge and righteous conduct) from the depth of the ocean of sensitivities.

~Muni Yashovijay

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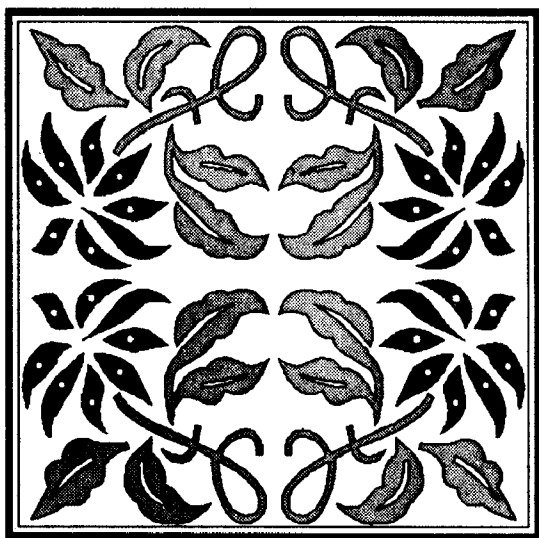
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DID YOU READ MY LETTER OF INVITATION ?

Oh Supreme Compassionate!

My pure devotion, selfless sentiments, a prayer without any hypocrisy, is an invitation letter sent to you.

Whether you read it or not, you listen lovingly or not, accept from your heart or not, all that you have to see.

That is only your right.

But it is only your responsibility to come here.

My work starts from sending you invitations with devotion, with sentiments.

And it ends there.

To invite you, what more can I do ?

It is beyond my capacity to make a lion-roar of 'SADHANA' to call you.

I do not have strength to work very diligently, by taking Bhishma's vow.'

In intensive penence or with concentrated mind I do not have preparedness to do 'JAPA', the repeated chanting of Mantras.'

I do not have preparedness to go deep into expanded knowlegde or deep meditation.

I am not small to call you by unconditional service.

I am handicapped to get you welcomed by permanent humility and courtesies.

I am unable to make repeated requests to you with any gloruiuos virtues.

I have only devotional heart, to call you.

I have heart full of feelings, to call you.

I have sentimental soul to extend an invitation to you.

I have my soul full of feelings, with fragrance of good wishes, full of devotional prayers and craving from the pain of your separation to extend to you a pressing invitation.

I feel that to invite you here this is adequate.

Inspite of that, to come or not to come depends on you.

If you want to come, do come.

If you want to come, I leave it to you.

I shall continue to send daily devotional invitation with auspicious marks of KUMKUM of sentiments.

Oh Ocean of Compassion!

Please do not make me to repeat this again and again.

TREKKING WITHOUT ANY CHARTS

Oh Lord of the world !

To gain you, to meet you, I continue to walk on the unknown path.

I do not get any company of any traveller; yet I continue to walk.

There is darkness on the road; there are a lot many thorns and small stones on the way; yet I continue to walk; there are many ditches and hills; there are rivers and streams; yet continuously I go on walking; as in my feet, the force is only yours.

On your path, without any help, I alone have come out; our meeting will be certainly take place somewhere, sometimes.

I have limitless faith, patience and diligence.

Without any chart, I am walking on your path, I am running on the path.

Leaving everything, I have come to your pious, righteous path.

But only if I forget my road, then only I can find your path.

You kindly give me an eternal boon that I forget my road and constantly remember your path.

Within myself there are intensive cravings to meet you; I have an intensive desire to tell you something.

There is an intensive, tremendous desire to embrace you.

I have a strong wish to talk to you.

To see you completely with my heart; that is my wish, which has arisen since long.

I have very sentimental wish to love you till I experience real fulfillment.

Yes, but Prabhu !

if on walking on your path a thorn of ego gives pain, you kindly remove it.

If there is heat of anger you kindly give me coolness.

When small stones like anguish become intolerable, you make my soles strong.

When I get lost in the darkness of ignorance, becoming the Sun of knowledge you kindly spread the light.

When ditches - hills of anomisity make me tired, you kindly give me power of Love.

You kindly see that I do not get drowned into a river of slandering or the mud of lust.

You kindly remind me, I do not increase burden of my sins.

If I get bored of loneliness you kindly talk to me.

If I fall, kindly hold my hand.

Kindly do this much for me.

Thereafter I shall stop only after getting you.

I have unbroken faith in you that you will certainly meet me.

I have utmost confidence in you.

Only on that basis leaving the world, breaking all relationships, I have alone, come out.

For you I am sacrificing all my ambitions, invaluable goals. Even thereafter if you do not meet me, how would it do ?

YOU ARE ADAMANT

Oh Supreme God !

How much should I wait for you ?

Although I waited for a long, you did not come !

I waited and waited and then got tired but you just did not come.

Inspite of my several requests you do not come.

You do not come, you do not even give any indication about your coming.

I did not know, you are so much adamant.

I did not have any idea that you would be so hard.

I did not know, the examination of waiting would be so much difficult.

I am melting in your memory.

In the pain of separation I am getting dissolved.

In the fire of tears I am getting burnt.

I am getting burnt to ashes in the pious flame of the prayers.

In a kiln of feelings I am getting baked on hot ashes.

In a furnace of sentiments I get roasted like a 'papad'.

By drinking the spirit of devotion I have become unconscious, detracted.

Every minute I get worried, I get withered.

In eyes there is blindness ~ darkness.

Oh Idol of Mystery ! Would you still not come ?

Examination of love to this extent ?

such limitless tests ?

your tyranny to this extent !

And that too on a small child !

Now it is the limit. Prabhu !

Now it is too much.

In any kind of relationship such tyranny can not be there.

Such cruelty ~ injustice would not have been there in any age.

I am given away to you in devotion and this is its response! Its reaction !

And that too from you ?

I never had dreamt that even you would take such advantage of my goodness.

Otherwise I would have thought before loving you.

But, now I have gone much ahead in loving you.

It is not possible to take a reverse turn from there.

You have hypnotized me in such a way that now forgetting you, is absolutely impossible.

Oh externally bewitching !

Either you take away your attraction or granting me realization of yourself; and assuring me of your love, you make room for me within yourself.

THE TIME IS UP

Oh Lord of the world !

To give you, I do not have anything except the emotional devotion.

I have very few warm tears of pain of your separation.

For your pious welcome there is an auspicious garland of green leaves of the faith.

There are colourful designs drawn with colour of love.

There are beautiful golden decoration of good wishes.

There are blossoming flower of affection.

There are 'Deep', lamps glowing with fragrance of culture.

The peacock of the mind with emptied desires is cooing for you.

My tongue which is constantly ready to talk with you, is waiting for you.

To see you eagerly my eyes and ears are craving.

To serve you, my hands and to reach you my both legs are very eager.

Since quite sometime constantly repetition of your name, only your 'JAPA' continues.

The heart is peacefull, in serenity, but not dull.

In the mind there is innocent gayness but there is no ego, craving for respect, any attachment.

I have an intense wish that even at the time of death I remember only yourself.

There is unity of heat of logic and moonlight of the faith.

Not of false pride but of the confidence of a devotee, I am ringing

a bell.

I am performing your 'ARTI', offering prayer with a sacred 'Deep', lamp of my permanent complete surrender to yourself.

I have kept ready 'a chamar', a fan-like thing to wave in air at the time of prayer.

If you need a fan of sentiments, then, it is also ready.

A bed of solitary and a pillow of silence are also ready.

And in your service, I am also present.

Oh Bhagwant !

I feel that now the time for your arrival has come.

I am not a person to give you a very lengthy invitation and close the doors, you see.

By this reverse walk from the time immemorial if I do such thing, even then, you have the key of the doors of my soul.

Isn't it ?

WHAT KIND OF RELATIONSHIP IT IS ?

Oh Supporter of the world !

When I am alone I talk to you. When I am in a mob, by avoiding you, I get bored.

Kindly give me a boon that even in a crowd of devotees, I remain conscious.

Kindly give me alertness that towards my duties I remain conscious.

You kindly shower such blessings that towards even myself remain conscious.

Oh Lord of Mercy !

There is joy in talking with you that you are not existing and yet you are there.

Otherwise with whom should I talk ?

If you also remain absent before whom should I express my sentiments ?

Before whom should I sing devotion from my heart ?

Before whom should I draw 'SWASTIKA', an auspicious sign of surrender ?

Therefore, I consider, you are always present.

But Oh Ocean of Grace !

In talking to you, there is one difficulty.

You remain silent and I go on talking.

What kind of relationship is it ?

I have been singing continuously your songs.

Even then you do not hear me !

I can not understand this relationship.
You have been always going away.
In spite of that I do not get bored in making a loud cry to you.
But now why do you not give me divine nectar for a drink?
You see ours is old relationship.
Here there are talks and talks only.
And I do not have any room within yourself ?
Why I am not getting understood by you ?
In the pain of separation I have passed many nights after nights.
Why then, are you cross with me ?
I have even got kicks of pain and unhappiness.
And yet you have not maintained our relationship.
What type of this relationships is continuing in birth after birth?
Even then you are not even slightest ashamed ? and remain
hiding, running from me forever.
You just do not know me.
That is why I continue to get withered.
And yet I never never get cross with you.
Because our relationship is from the time immemorial.
Whenever you go away from me I do get quite worried.
I just can not see you.
I just can not hear you.
And yet I continue to talk.
My lord !
Kindly sustain our relationship.

I GET OSCILLATED

Oh Graceful !

At times I feel if my tears have been showering in a desert!

Is it not turning a cry in the wilderness ?

Like 'ghee' poured in ashes my tears flowing after you would not go waste ?

Inspite of nurturing with my own tears, I hope, you would not be like a palm tree not giving its cool shadow to anyone. Isn't it ?

Sometimes a thought also comes.

Let there be a lake of my tears flown for you.

Do my tears go waste just without any reason ?

I get oscillated between faith and the state wherein there is absence of faith.

How helpless have I become ?

Being Supreme, at least hold my hand.

It is a small request Will you please not accept ?

Still would you not come ?

Then who will call you ?

Who would daily appeal to you, convince you ?

In this manner, who would pamper you daily ?

But who else is there to fill my begging bag ?

O Lord ! why are you giving me so much trouble?

I get feelings of being roasted; Why do you make me so tired?

Whether you come or not

why do you keep me waiting, waiting and only waiting ?

O Lord worth surrendering ! If you think, it is my mistake
then, you forgive me.

If I look in your eyes dirty then, you cleanse me.

If you find my vision weak then you fill therein nectar of
compassion.

If I look like a rusted vessel to you, cleanse me with loving
affection.

You do whatever you like.

You have all liberty.

But you will have, certainly to come here.

To me when, from where, how to come ?

For that I do not have any insistence.

I leave all that to you.

But you will have certainly to come.

Oh Lord of the world !

you come little early, you see !

Waiting for you my eyes - ears - hands - feet - all are tired.

WILL YOU LIKE A PALACE OR A HUT ?

Oh Ocean of Grace !

On the banks of the river of devotion flowing within myself to welcome your pious visitation a palace and besides it a hut are built.

There is palace of 'SADHANA' and a hut of sentiments.

If you prefer a palace, you are welcome there.

If you like a hut, you please come there.

In the palace of 'SADHANA' there is glittering decoration of lights of knowledge in each and every balcony.

In a hut of sentiments there is a small flame 'DEEP', a lamp of good wishes.

In the palace of 'SADHANA' there are big galleries of penance.

In the hut of sentiments there is a small window of sacrifice.

In the palace of 'SADHANA', the carpets of meditation are spread.

In the hut of sentiments there are colourful, beautiful designs of non-attachment of wordly things.

In the 'SADHANA PALACE' there are curtains of vows.

In the hut of sentiments there is swinging sweet breeze of feelings.

At the gate of 'Sadhana Palace' there are steps constructed of tremendous dilligence.

In the hut of sentiments the pious entry gate of love is always open.

In the foundation of 'SADHANA PALACE' there are resolve~meditation.

The hut of sentiments is built upon the solid ground of the faith,
In 'SADHANA PALACE' there are large halls for rules, rituals and

orders.

In the hut of sentiments a wall of prayers is all inclusive, everything.

My Lord !

I have built according to my understanding the palace and the hut.

Wherever you wish to come, you are welcome there.

But you have to come; that is certain.

Fór your visitation, I have sent to you an invitation letter of dedication at the address of surrendering.

Have you received it or not ?

Have you read it or not ? I do not know about it.

But you will certainly come ~ such is my firm faith in you.

In fact I live simply on the basis of that faith.

And only because of that confidence I am writing the letter of invitation to you.

To send you everyday my letter of invitation is my 'Dharma', my duty.

In doing that neither I feel shy nor I get ashamed.

In my devotion to you, I have become shameless.

The world may consider me a big, crazy guy.

That is only the world's great illusion.

I may either become hard or soft, as per my fortune.

You are always final and supreme.

Who will understand its moral, a subtle meaning ?

THE PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE OR THE PLACE OF TORCHURE !

Oh the king of kings !

"Your palace of friendship is on the banks of the river of compassion."

Such news I received only just now.

I have also received the messages from the staircase of charity and the gate of mercy .

By climbing up the staircase of charity by steps of generosity I have been knocking your doors with all my remembrances.

Yet you have not been opening the doors of delicacy.

Your talk with courtiers and sound of sentiments thereof I hear outside.

But my knocks of remembrances, it seems, do not reach your ears.

Otherwise you will not remain without opening the gate, as you are the Ocean of compassion; isn't it ?

Prabhu ! Till now I have kept a lot of patience, peace.

But after all it also has limits, isn't it ?

Fruits of patience may be sweet but now patience itself tastes bitter.

Your place of pilgrimage also now only seems to be place of torchure it is so experienced, in your separation.

Oh Affectionate towards the world !

You may not open the gate which is closed.

I have got the emotional strength to open the doors of your palace.

At your gate the lock of selfishness which I have chained, I shall open that with a key of feelings of surrender.

You will really melt seeing my devotion.

Listening my prayer you will surely embrace me.

You will cry aloud seeing my pain of separation.

You will get burnt touching my fiery sentiments.

The fall of hot tears of mine will really get you burnt.

You will get surprised to see my intensive eagerness to come to your court leaving my house and everything else.

The dress; very rough and tough one of my waiting; seeing it, you will wonder.

Thereafter, you will certainly take me inside your court and give me a seat beside you.

Only after meeting me, you will understand the meanings of offering and surrender; I am sure of that.

Prabhu ! please do not run away from the palace.

Atleast once you appear before me and give your 'DARSHAN.'

Drive away my frustrations and give me a hope.

Burn these troubles and give me peace.

Drive away all those sins and give me purity.

Remove this blackness of coals and give me glory of the lotus.

Remove dirt of this cloth and give me softness of butter.

Kindly remove evil ways of a crane from me and give me 'Darshan' of your majesty.

Although I have been telling all these to you why do you not listen to me ?

Telling all this to you repeatedly you do not even give any nod.

Why so ?

Is this your so called attractive fiery harrasment; or is it dangerous looking torchure ?

I do not get any idea.

You are not understood.

Who knows how are you ?

Oh Secretive, Mysterious !

If you give me any sign of hearing me then I am not going to talk to you to remove my pain and unhappiness.

I only have to make you one polite request that I get strength to bear with joy my pain and miseries joyfully and with equilibrium.

I do not want to make you unhappy by talking about and demanding benifits of the outer world.

I wish to make you happy by taking about the advantages of the inner world.

You may not reply but kindly hear my request.

"Let the pain come in body but in the mind, no pain should enter.

In the body there may be intense pain but in the heart there should not be any pain."

You kindly hear this request and if you find it proper, then accept it.

GIVE ME 'DARSHAN', Oh compassionate !

Oh Lord satisfying good wishes !

I remembered you very much.

I worshipped you many times.

I devoted myself to you.

I have not kept any weakness in meditating upon you.

I have also practiced your order with joy.

In my devotion to you I have shed tears continuously.

I have prayed to you for a long time with an absolute concentration.

I have offered prayers with a sacred 'Deep', a lamp to you, I have waved 'CHAMAR,' a fan-like thing, lighted incense sticks and 'Deep,' lamps also.

While chanting constantly your name and singing songs in your praise there is now pain in my throat.

While respectfully, bowing down to you, my head also gets tired very much.

By performing 'KESAR POOJA', my fingers have been completely reddened.

By performing devotional dance before you, my feet are tired very much.

While playing musical instruments in your devotion my hands and fingers both are painfully tired.

By keeping the neck high and with my thirsty eyes I am indeed very tired.

Yet neither you come nor you give any indication of your coming.

Were my worship, devotion, offering, prayers bogus, totally

meaningless ?

If you feel so, then I shall leave everything or what is the other way to call you ?

You kindly show it; then I shall adopt it.

But how long this can continue? there has to be limit about getting offended over trifles and persuasive reconciliation! why so much adamancy?

Atleast, once you give your reply to me.

Please!

Oh darling!

I neither have any demand nor desire to finish unhappiness or action which brings unhappiness.

I only want to ask you that let unhappiness come but why one feels unhappiness?

You finish my intellect which feels every adversity in the form of unhappiness.

I request you to keep the evil intellect away which is in the habit of getting reserved a seat in advance of new unhappiness.

Evil intellect drives me away from you.

Therefore, I request you to remove it.

I just do not approve of my remaining away from you.

"The burden of unhappiness is very heavy" such complaint or "reduce my burden of unhappiness; such demand I do not make. Unhappiness on myself may not get reduced but you kindly make my back very strong; I want to make such a prayer to you.

Now will you please give kind approval?

AND PRABHU SPOKE

Supreme power;___ Dear Disciple! you remembered me; you performed my worship, prayers~ devotion; that is true.

But at the centre of all these activities I was just not there; everything else was there.

You have not remembered me considering me worthy enough.

But you have tremendous torture of unhappiness.

And as I am the destroyer of unhappiness, therefore, You remembered me.

You did not worship me as I was worthy for worship but you considered the wealth worth worshipping.

I was giver of the wealth therefore, you worshipped me.

You have not adored me considering me worth adoring but I used to supplant happiness; therefore, you adored me.

You have not devoted yourself considering me worth- devoting.

You were not devoted to me; you were devoted to conveniences. I was capable of giving conveniences and therefore you were devoted to me.

You have not made prayer as I was worthy for it.

But the lover of the health, I being the giver of health. you made prayer to me.

You have not performed devotion to me as I was found worth-devoting.

But you loved apparent power; I was the creator of all the powers; therefore, you devoted to me.

You did not salute me considering me worth-saluting, you felt beauty worth-saluting, I was the Emperor of beauty.

Therefore, you saluted me.

You were not singing songs of my praise as you felt worth-praising.

Name and fame, you considered worth-praising.

I was the creator of name-fame, Therefore, you sung my praises.

Lightening of incences and 'Deep', lamps and waving a 'CHAMAR', a fan-like thing were considered by you.

As gaining some power.

I was the giver of power.

Therefore you lighted incences, 'Deep' lamps and waved a 'CHAMAR', a fan-like thing.

In your mind you thought, you had a family accomodative, flexible, adjustable to perform sacred ritual of 'ARATI' and considering myself making the family that flexible, you performed my 'ARATI'.

As per your mind, you had a loving wife.

You felt I was the giver of that loving wife and became my lover.

Disease ~ old age ~ insults, ~ poverty because of the torchure of all these you cried aloud before me.

But because of deficiencies of values and evil virtues there was not even a drop of tear in your eyes.

You practiced favourable orders.

You avoided unfavourable orders.

Devotion towards me, prayers, sentiments in the centre thereof you had arranged happiness, power, wealth, beauty, convenience.

Gold, women, body, fame, family.

Money, relatives, wife, son, position- prestige.

Freedom from unhappiness, freedom from pains, freedom from poverty.

Honours, Status, Ambition, Parties for entertainment.

Bubbling false pride, booming business and wealth.

When you felt like arranging myself also you placed me at the end of circumference.

Therefore, with my remembrance, devotion towards me, with rituals like 'ARATI' and total surrender for billions of years you got happiness; and unhappiness was avoided.

You got conveniences, inconveniences were avoided, you got favourable environment, adverse conditions could be avoided.

But I did not meet.

Because, in reality you did not want to gain me.

For happiness, conveniences, wealth also instead of going to worldly God- Goddesses you came to me.

This is also the first step of your progress.

At the centrepont myself, at the place of circumference gaining of happiness and freedom from unhappiness.

This is the second step of spiritual journey = the middle way.

At the centrepont I alone.

Even at the circumference none other than myself.

This is the third step of the spiritual progress = Excellent way.

After progressing from an ordinary stage to the middle way and keeping the goal of reaching the best, the Supreme State you devote yourself to me, you adore me, then certainly you will meet me, you will gain me.

At the end, you will merge, you will stabilize.

You will get melted.

Myself and you will get united.

Thereafter, there never will be separation between you and me.

But have you got courage to cross third step of progress ?

ORNAMENTAL MAKE-UP OF DEVOTION IN UNHAPPINESS

Oh my dear !

I am stunned to hear you.

I feel that I have ignored you by arranging and placing at the root of the complete surrender, happiness and conveniences instead of yourself as Love.

Instead of grain I fell in attachment with grass; that was my mistake.

When you spoke, I realised the truth.

When unhappiness gets very intensive then, surrender to you also becomes very intensive.

When unhappiness recedes then devotion also decreases.

When all around there is happiness to you also a salute from far away.

When there is a caravan of pain and miseries then only there is decorative devotion.

When I get surrounded by the clouds of adversities then only I shower my feelings of devotion.

Otherwise I remain thirsty; what a weak link I have !

I am such unworthy, disloyal, shameless!

Prabhu ! You pardon me -----

But my Prabhu !

May I ask you a question ?

Have I never followed your order at all ?

Have I not gone to the righteous 'GURU' ?

Have I not remained in company of 'SADHARMIK'S'?

Have I not got company in my 'SADHANA' ?

Have I not meditated with utmost concentration ?

Had I not procured all essential materials of 'SADHANA' ?

Did I not perform my religious practices regularly ?

Have I allowed any weakness in my study of the religious texts, 'Shastras' ?

Have I not received quality materials essential for 'SADHANA'?

Is my devotion 'SADHANA' are inadequate ?

Have I got any shortcomings in my service to humanity ?

Had I forgotten to make repentance for my sins ?

In performance of my penance have I not even progressed in the past ?

Then why have I yet not gained 'MOKSHA' ?

You reply to my question. Prabhu !

YOU PERFORMED 'SADHANA' BUT

Supreme Soul :- Child !

You have on many occasions observed my order. But you did not give attention to sentiments of surprise.

You also performed 'SADHANA' more or less. But you did not give weightage on feelings.

You did find 'SADGURU'. Yet in the feelings of submission many shortcomings remained.

For worship, you chose good fields, but remained careless regarding glowing faith.

You kept time for meditation precisely, but did not take care about good wishes.

You remained with 'SADHARMIKS' for quite sufficient time, but did not maintain regards for them in 'SADHANA'; you got many assistants but you did not appreciate them; you read many religious scriptures but you could not cultivate glowing non attachment to wordly things.

You gave prominence to outer power but missed discretion.

You concentrated upon all matters and materials but could not take proper care for their proper utilization.

You performed, got performed 'SADHANA', but in unselfish way, without any false pride you could not support it.

A religion started with inspiration, you could not transform it into love, intuition, a regular good habit.

You only looked at numbers of worships; you did not keep at the centre, the purity of worship, the purity of goals, the purity of the soul.

You remained succesful in worshipping with concentration.

But you forgot to worship with sentiments of wonder, praise and respectfully.

On occasions you did serve the great people, obliging people but by that instead of cultivating humility, you only nourished ego, false pride.

Many a times you repented for the sins but you did not leave partiality of the sins.

In a snake, you saw the death coming but in sins you just could not see death.

You performed intensive penance but you could not leave instinct of eating.

You worshipped several times; you could not cultivate worshipping feelings.

If you had to leave cruelty, you left but the feeling of cruelty, you could not leave.

At times, you started 'SADHANA' with a definite goal, you also took 'DIKSHA' but afterwards the goal got changed.

In this manner while marching forward you remained far, far behind.

YOU GET SO MUCH LIKED THAT THE WORLD IS NOT LIKED

Oh the crown of my heart ! To stick to an instrument and to disregard a goal; and their adverse impact you knew and understood.

You pardon me for this mischievous behaviour.

Will you do it ?

Then I want to talk to you about a thing.

Listen.

I like you really but I also like the world.

Now you get so much liked that I never like the world again.

Your beauty becomes so bewitching that I get bored seeing the beauty of the opposite sex.

Your virtues become so attractive that the instinct of seeing only evils in others dies down.

Your 'SADHANA' gets so much fixed in my heart that all other detractions of life proceed to a funeral place.

Your feelings of worshipping get so much liked that my feelings of detractions remaining since time immemorial, themselves accept their banishment.

There would be such joy in your penance that I get bored of 'PARANA'.

Your feelings of joy is liked so much that the slandering market of mine goes on strike.

Feelings of friendship with you gets liked so much that feelings of hatred, contempt never take birth.

Your compassion will be liked so much that hardness simply can

not touch me.

In your sacredness I become so much carefree and gay that I never desire to put my foot in the mud of lust.

I should like your sacrifice so much that in pleasure of consuming things, I experience only torture.

I like your non-attachment so much that I never like any kind of attachments.

Your path full of light, I find so much favourable that I do not like to roam in dark, dirty lanes of the world.

Your continuous noble deeds of others get so much internalized within myself that I do not like at all the smell of selfishness.

Your forgiveness, humility, simplicity, non-attachment, I like so much that my mind never gets stumbled in anger - respect - attachment - greed etc.

Your introvert nature and all activities only keeping the goal of 'MOKSHA' I like so much that the external nature and interest only in the worldly affairs just can not touch me.

Your equanimity is liked by me so much that I get an experience of tiredness in attachments.

Your state of absolute peace gets liked by me so much that cyclones of determination - options do not throw away.

Your freedom is liked so much by me that I do not like the world or worldly person.

Your devotion gets so much liked by me that in the world, I do not like any flattery of anyone.

Your worship should be so fixed in my heart that in surrendering to conveniences you really get bored.

Your feelings of carefulness should reside within myself so that I never surrender to laziness.

I may like your rule so much that I do not like at all the rule of attachment.

Your temple should be liked by me so much that no house, bungalow or scenery I like at all.

Your essence of saviour should reside in my heart so that I do not like any cruel element.

If really it happens so in true meaning, I shall consider that I have earned your compassion and that is also fulfilled.

Otherwise I like you as well as the world.

I like your beauty and also like that of opposite sex.

I like penance as well as eating.

I like sacrifice as well as happiness of consumption.

In this condition of an undecided hanging state I shall never attain 'MOKSHA'.

Oh Supreme merciful !

I just can not understand that

if I like you how may I like the world ?

If I like your beauty how then, may I like the beauty of opposite sex ?

If I like a garden, how may I like a gutter ?

Please !

You kindly give me resolution of this problem.

INTELLECT GETS DEFEATED, FAITH WINS

Supreme Soul :- Child !

You started liking me; that was due to your faith in myself.

You like the world because of your fickle, faithless intellect.

You are swinging between faith and intellect.

Therefore, you are confused in attraction towards the world and myself.

When the borders of intellect will be crossed then only your entry into the main limits of the pious faith will take place.

Then, wonderful, limitless attraction towards the wordly life will die down. But to get released from the pythonlike grip of the intellect, you understand its terrifying internal form.

I explain to you dividing line between the intellect and the faith. Listen.

- (1) Intellect impresses others.
Faith itself gets filled, and satisfies.
- (2) Intellect desires to make outward transformation.
Faith wishes transformation within.
- (3) Intellect is interested only in transformation of the world.
Faith is interested in only self - improvement.
- (4) Intellect breaking other lives create obstacles in gaining myself.
Faith by joining lives helps in reaching me.
- (5) Intellect comes out from the brain.
Faith takes birth from the heart.

- (6) Intellect gives birth to cruelty, harshness, roughness.
Faith's creations are delicacy, softness, nobility.
- (7) Intellect is a reformed (!) abnormality.
Faith is the civilization of the soul, it is its nature.
- (8) Intellect is a tarred road. The seeds of preachings spread there just can not grow.
Faith is the field of fertile black soil. The seeds sown therein can not remain without growing.
- (9) Intellect has very intensive interest in attacking other lives.
Faith is purely interested in repenting for evil.
- (10) Intellect gets blame of others' lives.
Faith offers a kind of relief to other lives.
- (11) Intellect believes in medicines given by a doctor.
Faith has confidence in good wishes of others.
- (12) Anyone surrendering to intellect becomes someone's sinful friend.
Anyone surrendering to faith becomes someone's well - wisher.
- (13) Intellect tries to make favourable outside circumstances.
Faith is determined in transforming condition of its own mind.
- (14) Intellect holds easy work and leaves hard work.
Faith holds good work and leaves wicked, evil work.
- (15) Intellect sees outward benefit.
Faith looks for internal, steady benefits.
- (16) Intellect expresses its own unhappiness, because it craves for sympathy from others.
Faith expresses unhappiness of others because it likes to

give sympathy to others.

- (17) Intellect hides unhappiness of others, suppresses unhappiness of others, because it does not like to extend sympathy to others.

Faith hides its own unhappiness, because it does not like to have any sympathy from others.

- (18) Intellect hides its own happiness because the intellect is always dissatisfied.

Faith exhibits its own happiness because faith is always supremely satisfied.

- (19) Intellect burns itself seeing happiness of others.

Faith becomes joyful seeing happiness of others.

- (20) Intellect diligently work not to lengthen its own line but it diligently works to shorten someone's line.

Faith does not try to shorten anyone's line but diligently tries to lengthen its own line.

- (21) Intellect suppressing its own evils exhibits only its virtues, because intellect is troubled by false pride.

Faith suppressing evils of others exhibits its own evils; because faith is a friend of humility - simplicity.

- (22) Intellect, suppressing virtues of others make public evils of others. Because the intellect, in ransacking the garbage of evils is a competitor of a she - pig exhibits virtues of others.

Because praising virtues, and practicing virtues are the routine good habits of the faith.

- (23) Intellect is happy in scrubbing others, is unhappy in getting suffered for others.

Faith likes to suffer itself and does not like scrubbing others.

- (24) Intellect is interested in making others cry.
Faith is interested in wiping out tears of others.
- (25) Intellect is always enthusiastic in keeping company for pleasures because it likes to share happiness of others.
Faith is always enthusiastic to show its sympathy for others because it likes to unburden someone of heavy load of unhappiness.
- (26) Intellect is interested in gaining.
Faith is interested in offering.
- (27) If the truth is on its side, intellect is interested in justice. Because intellect is interested in extinguishing a 'Deep', lamp of someone else and keep his 'Deep', lamp glowing with light.
Faith is interested in compromise.
Faith intensely wishes that in both the houses the lamps remain glowing with light.
- (28) Intellect is a friend of crookedness.
Faith's friend is simplicity.
- (29) Intellect surrenders to dissatisfied thirst.
Faith accepts surrender of supreme satisfaction.
- (30) Intellect is prepared to fight with unhappiness.
Faith is ready to accept unhappiness gladly.
- (31) Intellect leaving the wrong claims to have held the truth. Leaving unbenifical, the faith accepts the element of welfare for others from heart.
- (32) Intellect is like a kite. While flying high, its sight is towards the earth.
Faith is like a 'Bulbul', a 'chatak.' While sitting near the earth they look towards the sky.

- (33) Intellect attaches itself with self-centred abnormal thoughts processes.

Faith adopts the approach of pure thought process keeping welfare of others at the centre.

- (34) Intellect is motivated to snatch from others without doing any work, without any rights, owned by others, without paying anything, taking absolutely free.

Faith is ready even to leave rightful thing.

- (35) Intellect is interested in narrow vision.

Faith is interested in generous approach.

- (36) Face of intellect is towards demands.

Face of faith is towards feelings.

- (37) Intellect is ready to break, not to bend, unbreakable

Faith is pleased to bow down.

- (38) Intellect's approach is of exercising its right.

Faith is always duty-bound.

- (39) Intellect comes from removal of ignorance.

Faith is derived from destruction of bewitching actions.

- (40) Intellect can become a thing of exhibition.

Faith could only be experienced.

- (41) Intellect although intensely desires to gain permanent happiness but it gets that only temporarily.

Although faith has approach to get satisfied with a temporary thing, gets permanent happiness.

- (42) Intellect considering a milestone as a destination stops there.

Faith crosses a boundary of a milestone and gets on a journey towards 'MOKSHA.'

- (43) Anyone going ahead according to a chart of intellect does not get me.

Anyone going on the path of the faith does not remain without gaining me.

- (44) Intellect has always doubts.

Faith gives birth to a loud and deep sound of self-confidence.

- (45) Intellect creates a laboratory; because it likes to play with experiments and dangers.

Faith creates a temple, because it wants to play with me.

- (46) An individual surrendering to the intellect may become a scientist, not religious.

An individual surrendering to the faith becomes himself the Supreme soul.

- (47) Intellect in a temple, have my 'DARSHAN.'

Faith in a temple have 'DARSHAN.' of mine directly in reality.

- (48) Intellect is like a beautiful prostitute who holds power, wealth, beauty, happiness, conveniences all these things.

Faith is like very noble, highly cultured, pure, with good fortune of her husband living- a wife of the king of kings.

Faith just does not like to surrender to anyone's feet except myself.

- (49) Intellect is of independent nature without any kind of restraint; it is dictatorial.

Faith does follow good advice.

- (50) Intellect makes efforts to transform actions.

Faith makes efforts to transform the instincts.

- (51) While seeing, the intellect is unconscious, it is blind.

Although appearing blind, the faith is conscious, absolutely aware.

- (52) Ego, impatience, excitement, restlessness ~ all are married to the intellect.

Faith is married to the wisdom with full understanding and maturity.

- (53) Intellect though looking reformed, is mad.

Faith though apparently looking crazy, is matured, with understanding.

- (54) Intellect even in its own mistake holds others responsible.

Faith even in case of mistakes by others, considers himself responsible.

- (55) Intellect searches its selfish interest in even welfare of others.

Faith even in its own selfish matters looks forward to do welfare of others.

- (56) Intellect, perhaps, increases. But there is no progress; it runs on the way of destruction.

Faith though not expanding outwardly definitely, makes tremendous progress.

- (57) Intellect by breaking atom can produce electricity.

Faith creates warmth full of consciousness and perform the noble work of joining the life of the world with 'NIRVANA'.

- (58) The foundation - stone of the intellect is the nature of constant changes.

The solid foundation of the faith is steady state, patience and wisdom.

- (59) Intellect without faith, though seeing everything, takes downwards.

Faith looked as if it does not have intellect even if it is blind,
it leads to a good path.

- (60) Inspite of tremendous movement, Intellect is without any
real progress, like a top.

Faith internalizes a progressive, upward speed to achieve
noble goals.

- (61) Intellect is one kind of mental load, burdensome.

Faith is like a flowing Ganges, very pious.

- (62) Intellect is like smelling, dirty poodle.

Faith is like a flowing Ganges, very pious.

- (63) Intellect is a sister of disloyalty.

Faith is a sister of loyalty.

- (64) Intellect is hard, heartless and shameless.

Faith is sensitive and delicate.

- (65) During my talk, intellect asks me, 'How' and 'why'.

Faith says, 'o.k.' 'All right'. 'Don't worry'. 'Thanks'.

- (66) Intellect by punishing someone for a mistake makes itself
polluted.

Faith by pardoning someone's mistake cleanse itself.

- (67) Intellect though tremendous, is inferior and terrifying.

Faith though small, is beautiful, well - adorned.

- (68) Intellect has gross power.

Faith has subtle power.

- (69) Intellect has a limited border.

Faith is unbound, unlimited.

- (70) Intellect is a run towards bondage.

Faith is a tremendous flight towards a state of total freedom, 'MOKSHA'.

- (71) Inspite of having two very large wings of a doubt and constant activity, the intellect like an ostrich is not capable of flying in the unseen world.

Faith like a swan with two wings of knowledge and character can fly very eassily, spontaneously in unseen, unknown world.

- (72) Intellect is destructible.

Unbroken faith is born to be eternal.

- (73) Intellect has suicidal tendency.

Faith looks towards eternal life.

- (74) Intellect is a prisoner in the jail of actions.

Faith is a tremendous traveller to do pilgrimage of the palace of freedom, 'MOKSHA'.

- (75) Intellect is like a kind of worm.

Faith is a beautiful rose of a garden with fragrance spread all over of the noble virtues.

- (76) Intellect believes itself perfect in outward matters and materials.

Faith makes itself perfect by internal, pure, approach.

- (77) Intellect makes efforts to perfect matters.

Faith takes care of its pure and pious approach.

- (78) Intellect places its happiness at the centre - point.

Faith keeps happiness of others at the centre point.

- (79) Intellect creates wounds and spread salt into them.

Faith does not remain without applying soothing cream.

- (80) Intellect is interested in knowledge and information.

Faith is interested in understanding and wisdom.

- (81) Intellect becomes glad to get knowledge about food and the wealth.

Faith gets satisfied only after getting knowledge about other than this world and also about the Supreme Soul.

- (82) Intellect is strongly attached in making searches.

Faith is interested in noble preachings.

- (83) Intellect welcomes pomps.

Faith likes its own beauty of simplicity.

- (84) Intellect leaving unhappiness, holds on happiness.

Faith, leaving sins, holds on noble deeds.

Going further, leaving evils, it searches for virtues.

- (85) Even if one has to perform religious duty, the intellect searches for conveniences.

Faith even by suffering any inconveniences sustains its religious approach.

- (86) Intellect forced to perform any religious practice does it at the level of its conduct and commits sins within its soul.

Intellect forced to commit any sin, places it in the state of conduct. It establishes forever the religion within its soul.

- (87) Intellect quarrels with unhappiness.

Faith quarrels with evils.

- (88) Intellect demands money.

Faith is interested in life without money.

- (89) Blindness of eyes troubles the intellect.

Evils in the eyes give pain to the faith.

- (90) Intellect's efforts continue to remove heat of fever.

Faith is active to remove heat of the brain.

- (91) Intellect, even with big causes hardly gets cautious.

Faith does not remain without being cautious even with a small cause.

- (92) Intellect considers Holi as Diwali.

Faith transforms Holi into Diwali.

- (93) Intellect is glad to cleanse itself outside.

Faith is glad to pardon one from its heart.

- (94) Intellect says, "Tomorrow you will get happiness".

Even in adverse circumstances the faith says, "At present only, happiness is existing".

- (95) Intellect gets satisfied by transformation of speech and conduct.

Faith does not get satisfied without transforming itself.

- (96) Intellect gets fulfilled by outward worship.

Faith creates internal feelings of worshipping.

- (97) Intellect sees death in a snake.

- Faith sees death in sins.

- (98) The driving force of Intellect is apparent benefit.

The driving force of faith is gaining virtues internally.

- (99) Intellect gets perturbed with inadequacy of happiness.

Faith gets perturbed with small number of virtues.

- (100) "Mine is good" this equation is of the intellect.

"Good is mine" this equation is of matured faith.

- (101) Intellect is interested in improving the world.

Faith is interested in leaving worldly life.

- (102) Intellect always desires rising of fortune.

In the begining, faith does aspire for bandage of fortune because of noble deeds.

Going much further it simply wishes total release from actions.

- (103) Even while performing religious rituals, the intellect tries to find a weak cause, even while committing sins, the faith tries to find a noble cause.

- (104) Even under adverse circumstances, the intellect is not ready to leave the world.

Even under favourable circumstances, the faith is ready to leave the world.

- (105) Intellect at the most likes idol and decorative dress of Prabhu.

Faith likes even Prabhu's orders.

- (106) Intellect breakes speed breaker of sins.

Faith breaks speed breaker of religion.

- (107) Even after getting a kick of a bitter experience, the intellect does not get improved.

With only a suggestion from a knowledgeable, experienced person, the faith is ready to get improved.

- (108) Intellect is interesed in removing its obstacles.

Faith is interested in removing obstacles on the path of others.

- (109) Intellect by observing evils of others creates evil feelings towards others.

Faith after seeing virtues in others it lightens feelings of appreciation towards others.

- (110) Intellect, after observing its own virtues, creates ego.

Faith after having a look at its own evils, internalizes humility.

(111) In the field of religion, the intellect looks towards activities.
In the field of religion, the faith is result - oriented.

(112) Intellect is interested in 'PARANA'
Faith is interested in penance and 'SADHANA'.

(113) Intellect measures my compassion on the basis of happiness- unhappiness.
Faith measures my compassion on the basis of virtues - evils.

(114) Intellect has love of ego.
Faith has love of Arihant Bhagwan.

(115) Hearing some exception intellect stirs.
Ordinarily faith has special interest in practice of renunciation.

(116) Intellect talking only about a goal remains lazy in 'SADHANA'.
Faith cultivating an aim in 'SADHANA' shows special enthusiasm.

(117) In speech and thoughts intellect has got a lot of difference.
Faith only dissolves any difference between speech and thoughts.

(118) Intellect keeping a religion for tomorrow happily commits sins today.

Faith even if sin is required to be committed under force, postpones it for tomorrow and performs its religious practices with carefree and gay approach.

(119) With mean intellect there may be full fortune. But there may not be any virtue.

With utmost faith it may happen that there may not be fortune. But virtues are in plenty.

- (120) Intellect at the time of 'SADHANA', in surrendering it totally fails.

Faith does not allow any shortcomings in bodily 'SADHANA' and feelings of mental surrender.

- (121) Intellect may not get satisfied in activities pertaining to removal of sins; it is interested in religious activities.

Faith may not get satisfied only with religious activities. It is satisfied in removing away sins.

- (122) Intellect searches for evils within myself.

Faith even in a wicked person tries to find virtues.

- (123) Intellect keeps harted towards unfortunate.

Faith even towards virtuleless people shows compassion.

- (124) Without any kind of 'SADHANA', the intellect demands fulfillment of a goal.

By doing ardous 'SADHANA', the faith prays for achieving a goal.

- (125) Intellect remains cautious to ensure that there is no rise of sins.

Faith remains cautious to ensure that there is no bondage of sins.

- (126) At the most, the intellect keeps interest only in religious activities.

Faith does not remain without internalizing subtle, pure religious approach.

- (127) Intellect, even by spoiling its results desires success of its activities.

Faith under no circumstances allows its result to get spoilt.

- (128) Intellect desires examination of body.

Faith has intensive desire to research of the soul.

- (129) In the field of religion, intellect only makes one to work diligently.

Success of diligent work, over all beauty depends upon the faith.

- (130) Intellect follows orders of power of actions.

Faith follows orders of Supreme Power of religion.

- (131) Intellect considers any help only additional.

Faith continues its efforts in converting even additional assistance into help.

- (132) Intellect at the most, is interested in decoration of articles and instruments for their usage.

Faith has very intensive desire for purity of the soul.

- (133) Intellect is attached to sinful activities of body, praise of sins in speech, partiality of the mind for sins.

Religious activities by body, praise of religion in speech, partiality of the mind towards religion are wedded to the faith.

- (134) To protect matters, intellect remains awake.

To protect result, faith keeps its soul awake.

- (135) By running around of the intellect there is prosperity of sins and the ruin of fortune.

With efforts of faith there is prosperity of fortune and the ruin of the sins.

- (136) Even crossing the power, intellect runs on a sinful path.

Even crossing the power, faith is enthusiastic to march ahead on the religious path.

- (137) Intellect, not in accordance with power but in accordance with its interest performs religious activities.

Faith, not in accordance with its interest but without having any interest, has to commit sins.

- (138) Intellect says, "Power has within it a seed to be emperor".

Faith says, "In devotion there is a seed to become Bhagawan".

- (139) By hating an evil person, intellect in its own life, happily welcomes an evil.

By keeping compassion towards an evil person, faith looks at an evil with red eyes.

- (140) Intellect is brave in binding sins. But it is coward in suffering their results.

Faith is coward in binding sins. But it is brave in suffering their results.

- (141) In adverse circumstances, the intellect, perhaps breaks down.

In adverse circumstances, the faith shines very brightly.

- (142) In giving preachings to others, the intellect is interested.

In practicing precepts of Saints, the faith is interested.

- (143) Intellect observes evils even within myself.

Faith even in a person making pretence of being Guru visualises myself.

- (144) Intellect has interest in 'what is spoken ?'

Faith is concerned with only 'who says it ?'

- (145) Intellect doubts in good news of others; unreliable news, he accepts gladly.

Faith doubts unreliable talks of others; good news, it accepts gladly.

- (146) Intellect opens a cover of a gutter of evils of others.

Faith puts a cover on a gutter of evils of others.

- (147) Intellect makes very weak presentation of good things of others.

Faith makes very impressive presentation of good things of others.

- (148) Intellect makes very strong presentation of evil things of others.

Faith has no interest whatsoever in presentation of weak things of others.

- (149) Intense intellect is like a coal wrapped in the golden foil; as soon as one comes to know it intimately, the dark black colour does not remain without appearing outside.

Glowing, shining faith is like a gold biscuit; very bright, solid and the virtuous.

- (150) Intellect is interested in amassing of materialistic things.

Faith is interested in proper utilisation of materials in the journey of life.

- (151) Intellect complains about body.

Faith complains about soul.

- (152) Intellect in its numerous efforts to protect matters, worldly things take life into painful, excited state of mind.

Faith saving its pure, pious approach and making the mind engrossed in religious meditation takes life into pure concentration and towards tremendous spiritual progress.

- (153) Intellect believes in religion due to fear of pain.

Faith enjoys religion due to immense love towards Prabhu.

- (154) Intellect losing what is within gains from outside.

Faith leaves everything outside and gains the treasure within.

- (155) Intellect knows about outside journey.

Faith has intense interest in journey within.

- (156) Intellect examines conduct outside.

Faith makes reserach of the soul.

(157) Intellect considering virtues belonging to others shows affection towards evils.

Faith considering evils belonging to others shows affection towards noble, righteous things.

After understanding the distance remaining between the sky and a very deep stratum of the earth, accepting faith, removing away the intellect whosoever tries to meet me, gain me, he could never be pulled by any force in the world.

He just can not become of others ceasing to be mine.

With an intense cravings for my virtuous form, righteous form he does not desire even in a dream for this world.

Leaving me he can not become a lover of any beauty.

Without getting tempted and getting confused seeing various kinds of forms of the world, he only is uniting with myself ~ altogether in a different form at the end finds eternal restfulness, gets totally satisfied, fulfilled. He gets unbounded freedom.

But child !

Would you like absolute deduction of intellect, total destruction of any logic, permanent exit of arguments, a funeral procession of doubts ?

Then only in real meaning, festivals- new and novel you will be able to enjoy daily.

In experiencing emotional sentimental devotion the intellect is a tremendous obstacle, it is an iron wall.

QUESTION AFTER REPENTANCE

Oh knower of spiritual knowledge !

I am absolutely stunned after hearing you.

I feel boundless repentance for my hollow, baseless argument to believe your faithful realisation as a rational thing.

I roamed here of a doubt extinguishing glowing light of faith.

Leaving the summit of total surrender in on my own, I fell into a ditch of arguments.

Instead of fragrant garden of total surrender I wandered in a rotten, dirty, garbage with unbearable foul smell.

Even after wearing reddish grey clothes of devotion I could not do soul - searching, examining myself from within.

Even after lightening pious fire of prayers I proved quite inadequate, weak in sacrificing all desires.

Even after taking a dip in the ocean of sentiments he could not sacrifice his very costly high ambitions.

Even after putting my entire body in your pious service, I just could not sacrifice my evil mind.

Even after joining my tongue in a song of your praise, I just could not put any precept of yours into practice.

I have lost many, many things, I have missed many many things in drunkenness of the intellect and in intoxication of logic being totally dependant upon them.

Really, it is my mistake.

I admit it.

But, my Lord !

Should I ask you a question ?

My intense fondness of your name attached to my tongue, your loving figure residing in my eyes, your beautiful body liked by both hands, your virtuous righteous form loved by my heart, very grand royal court of yours; I immensely like these.

But, are all these things not hollow ?

Is my intensive interest in your name, form, fame not duplicate one ? Isn't it ?

I feel my intensive interest in yourself is very genuine.

Is my belief not bogus ? Is it ?

Oh Prabhu !

Kindly show your grace in replying to my this question.

----- THEN REPETITION OF NAME REAL.

Supreme Soul:- Child !

I knew your question.

The reply is very easy.

As far as one likes a garbage, liking of a garden could not be termed as real.

As far as one likes darkness, love for light could be called fake one.

Whosoever maintains friendship with a pig, can not develop friendship with a swan. Isn't it ?

Now do you understand ?

As far as you like your name, your ears get alert as soon as you hear your name, you intend to have your name written, printed everywhere in a leaflet, newspapers, stone inscription, a book, etc. etc. and you like seeing your name even in a leaflet!

You get interested in finding out your name from amongst many other such names.

You make efforts to ensure that your name appears in scrolls of honour, in slogans, in banners, posters etc. and you get tremendous joy seeing that with adjectives before your name. You get fulfilled.

In correspondence from anyone you try to find your name, In a notebook, on a letterpad only decoration in of your name. Your name even on stickers !

Everywhere duplicate of your name.

Really if it is so, you tell me frankly.

Whether you like my name or yours ?

The rule is of mine and the name you attach everywhere is yours!

Just for oath somewhere, in small types you write my name, and your name in attractive, bold types !

Then how could be considered real all these ~ repetition of my name, constant feelings and thoughts concerning only myself, 'JAPA' of my name, a loud cry for myself, writings in my name etc. etc. ?

You are capable to understand this matter clearly.

Similarly you think about your love towards my form.

You love to see your face in a mirror, you become glad seeing your photographs in an album, a leaflet, a poster, a booklet, your eyes are hungry to find your photographs among many others.

Everywhere your photographs.

Even for a homeless, decoration of photographs ! ?

Even in photographs all fake smiles, laughs, crying weeping and loving.

Spectacles attractive, denture also shining, hairstyles galore, face glowing ____

In this manner till you like dancing vibrations of your photography and you enjoy sexy photographs of opposite sex till then you bring my beauty, my form, my nature how could it be considered logical?

As far as you like bodily treatment, you like enjoyment of body, you like pampering your physique, you like decorative ornaments; your attachment to that increases, you love bodily attachments till then consider that your love towards me is hollow.

Abnormal with lust, egoist, dirty with absolute attachments~ if your attachment with your such form does not get severed, till then my pious, pure, delicate, soft form can not become the subject of your devotion; your worship can not become the cause

of welfare of others.

If you do not release attachment to even human life, till then you can not have any experience of the other world; you can not reach the state of freedom from the known.

It is just not possible without your active efforts.

In short, the conclusion is that till your attachment with your name~ establishment~ possessive feelings for matters~ materialistic wealth~ to this life gets released till when your love towards my name- establishment- matters- materialistic wealth, the love for the freedom beyond this life, this world -gaining myself will be, essentially, remaining away from you.

Child!

Once showing your courage, glowing your faith, strengthening your essence, you break the iron-like chain of your attachment to name-form instantly.

Therefore, you will have very divine experience.

This pure bliss you can realise with only real experience.

NOT IN SUICIDE; I HAVE INTEREST IN LIFE.

Oh Supreme Soul !

After hearing your talk I feel how small am I and how supreme are you ?

Yet, I established relationship with you.

I am telling you on the basis of this eternal relationship that you take away my ignorance.

You give me your divine knowledge.

You take away my miseries.

You give me your perfect joy, bliss.

You take away my illness.

You give me timeless health.

You take away my abnormalities.

You give me your pious nature - culture.

My terrifying fire of excitement, you take away.

You give me your noble forgiveness.

You take away my dirty attachments.

You give me your golden equanimity.

You take away my rough and rude meanness.

You give me your terrific, grand expansion.

You take away my evil instinct of hatred.

Everywhere you give me balanced perception.

You take away my evil instinct of aggressiveness.

You give me tolerance ~ a state of 'SAMADHI'.

You take away my greed - lust.

You give me supremely satisfied state of the soul.

You take away my instinct of being extrovert.

You give me your endless approach of an introvert.

You take away my false pride.

You give me pure humility.

You take away all my instincts.

You give me pious wisdom.

You take away my deadly cruelty.

You give me spontaneous simplicity, sobriety.

You take away my evil wickedness.

You give me beautiful virtues of gentlemanliness, you give me greatness.

You take away my jealousy, envy.

You give me feelings of affection.

You take away my selfish instincts.

You give me perfect sense of helping others.

You take away my helplessness.

You give me courageous bravery.

Oh generous soul !

You have two options before you.

Either you remove all my evils and give me all your virtues.

or you give me the tremendous strength to sublime my evils upto the highest possible state.

You may select whatever option you like.

But you have to select one option.

Because your this devotee intensely desires to live life full of freshness.

I have only interest in living; not in any kind of death; and never, never in any type of suicide.

Your devotee will have only such intense wish. Isn't it ?

But it is only your personal responsibility to fulfill it.

Do not forget this thing. O.K ?

YOU GET THIS RECONCILED

Oh Wellwisher of the world !

I, alone get engaged in talk with you.

Only before you, with words and silence I am on fire.

In duality of logic and faith I am hanging in between.

In between haste and patience I am made an item of a salad.

In between waiting and examination I get crushed.

In between religion and illusion I get lost.

In the hide and seek game of darkness and light I get confused.

In the race between penance and sentiments I get confused.

In the rapid race between 'SAMADHI' and sacrifice I get tired.

In leaps of knowledge and mediation I get fatigue.

In a competition between 'JAPA' and devotion I become anxious.

In the valley of love and recognition I get stuck.

In the imaginary land of meeting and separation. I am wandering.

I get beaten in understanding the difference and the distance between peace and miseries.

In the terrifying fight between affliction and sentiments I become very weak or incapable.

In fight between fasting and understanding I get confused.

I get hit by society and loneliness.

I get entrapped in options of interest of the self and welfare of others.

In the equations of and these things I get absolved confused.

Oh Knower of everything !

By reconciling all these contradictions and dualities, you create such a fragrance full of beauty of a fine harmony that I without stopping anywhere, without getting entrapped in solitary path, without getting stuck in a whirlpool, very speedily, directly reach your eternal palace of peace, to serve you.

But till then keep my 'Deep', lamp of understanding with a flame of total surrender glowing, Prabhu !

TEARS ARE EVERYTHING

Oh Supreme Graceful !

With your sentimental devotion what happens to you ? You may know it.

But I do get some force, some warmth due to that.

I derive tremendous courage from your devotion and therefore I realise its value.

Otherwise what is a concern between me and you.

Because you are all powerful, the king of kings.

I am a beggar roaming in the lanes of desires.

My begging bowl is destined to remain empty.

Even if you allow me to sit in your golden chariot I just can not leave my begging bowl.

I am from such a mean class - lowly strata.

Yet with devotion to you there is somewhat transformation.

From the time immemorial only sublimation is of wrong kind of instincts.

By the touch of which iron can turn into gold; similar kind of transformation takes place within myself.

You adopt imperfect person like myself; that itself is the sign of your complete perfection.

Your magnificent greatness and pious, highest position and being experienced by me.

In your pious company I receive unprecedented peace, wonderful equanimity, unprecedented joy.

Your nearness joins me with progress with a zero speed.

In describing your tremendous impact, words are inadequate ~ they get paralysed.

I am getting melt in you, I am getting dissolved.

This is the transaction of love with mutual consent.

There can not be in weighing machine to measure giving, taking and its quantity.

I merge my individuality into yourself.

That is only my devotion and prayer to you.

I get lost in your remembrance.

That is your worship.

I shed tears in separation from you.

That is ceremonious sprinkling of water.

My tears are everything for me; that is all for me.

Oh Compassionate for the poor !

Our relationship is created to remain intact, unbroken.

Because desires have been put into fire; all expectations are also put into fire; they are destroyed.

In the pious flames of devotion, with overflowing tears, my heart is made like a clean mirror.

In that there is very clear reflection of yours.

That indicates your eternal, pious, arrival.

You are close to me. Then the world is nothing before it.

But Prabhu !

Do not go away from backdoor; Prabhu!

In that case it would not be removal of my existence as a devotee but it would put even your existence in danger.

Who, leaving a devotee behind runs away? How could he be considered 'Bhagwan' ?

IT IS SUSTAINED ONLY DUE TO YOUR GENEROSITY

Oh Leader of the world!

By repeatedly complaining to you, nothing works.

I also know that just with nothing, nothing can be received from you.

Where one remains inactive, no result comes.

But what can I do ? Without you, the mind does not get mixed with anyone.

I just can not remain free from worries without complaining to you.

For roaming in a lane of desires and losing your royal path, the mind does not get convinced.

In a needle of happiness given by you by passing a thread of unhappiness through very small hole I like nothing.

Life which is received as a gift, there is no joy in living as if it is a guilty world.

This blank life paper received to write 'STUTI'; by destroying it my mind does not get fixed to anything.

By breaking intact sound life with a chisel of doubt, the heart remains unsettled.

Because of offering of positive heart to negative intellect, the soul is not happy.

Getting separated from you and by getting perplexed in a mob my soul is not sound, healthy.

My mind is not in joy because I am getting very small every moment.

It is mysterious how there could be any relationship between a

small one and a Supreme One?

Oh you! With noble character !

This is sustained only due to your generosity.

I commit mistake every moment and you have been pardoning that.

You spread a carpet of compassion, I discard it.

Frequently I become doubtful and without faith in various talks.

And yet, you accept me. That indicates that you are Supreme.

At every moment I reach the summit of false pride and fall from there severely.

Yet you continue to do dressings. That is your greatness.

My temperament changes like clouds.

Even then, you take my care, this is indicative of your ownership.

There are all possibilities of getting everything scattered when I get up early in the morning from sleep and yet you take my care.

This is your pure compassion.

Oh inconceivable diamond of the learned !

I now do not want to make any demand from you.

I only wish to offer my feelings, sentiments at your pious feet.

How much and how should I express my thanks to you ?

What you have given me is not only adequate; I feel it is much more than I deserve and more than my eligibility.

Because of your excessive generosity, perhaps, I do not lose my discretion; you do take care of that.

But will this my low, intense voice reach you ?

EVEN IN DEFEAT, THERE IS MY VICTORY

Oh all Powerful !

From the time immemorial, against you, I have always shown my adamancy.

All the pious things to be made polluted; that is my adamancy.

You gave me eyes, ears, hands, legs, heart ~ all these were cultured.

But by putting here and there in evil circle my leg I made all of them spoiled with an aim to defeat you; at no time, at nowhere I left this adamancy.

Your never ending shower of compassion also I avoided.

But now I want to change my this reverse walk continued since time immemorial.

I want to give a final farewell to my undue insistence on obstinacy.

Now you have to win and I have to get defeated.

In real terms I have been already defeated.

But now I want to get defeated in a different manner.

Now I have realised that real joy is in getting defeated.

I want to win by getting defeated by you.

I do want to get drowned in intoxication of winning against yourself.

Even after getting defeated by you I wish to swim across.

A defeat of mine against you is only my freedom.

A win against you is nothing but hell for me.

Only if I get defeated against you, this life of mine which has

remained salty will become sweet ocean of delicate feelings, emotions and sentiments.

Thereafter I shall have your company forever.

But this talk who will understand ?

Oh Ocean of excessive !

In your company even meaning of all words also get changed.

This thing is known only by rare people.

Whosoever knows, he only can enjoy that.

For me it is enough if you know me forever, you recognise me forever.

Thereafter no one will pull me knowingly, unknowingly, on some occasions, or not in such occasions.

In my defeat against you, you are happy, I am also happy.

In both the houses there will be 'Deep', lamps shining brightly.

In one place 'Deep', lamp and in another absolute darkness-
I just do not like this.

If I tell you really the glowing, shining light of a 'Deep', lamp of your house only evidently arrives in my house.

Where is any 'Deep', lamp in my house ?

After getting a defeat against you absolutely against your 'Deep' lamp I place my pure mirror of mind.

With that a courtyard soul is shining very brightly.

But the purity of my mirror of the mind is only received by me from my defeat against you.

Now with winning against you I do not want to pollute my mirror of the mind.

NOT ON A COMA, INTEREST IS IN A FULL- STOP

Oh Supremely kind !

My devotion is a narrow path to reach you.

No intensive interest is created within myself; to walk on your national highway, of pure, pious intensive, very big 'SADHANA'.

A narrow path of devotion, full of sentiments is just enough for me.

I feel, every day I should make one narrow path to reach you.

I have throbbing heart and alert brain.

That is indeed a big thing.

Silence of the heart throbbing with feelings and words coming out of an alert brain will create one divine, super- natural narrow path of devotion.

Thereafter, I shall meet you, gain you and embrace you.

Thereafter your wish and my desire will not be different.

But wherever in your narrow path, my feet stop, there you just become a narrow path.

Because I do not want to gain you with crutches of words of others or by walking on the path of someone.

My eternal journey, you kindly do not end at a coma or a semi-colon.

Gaining you eternally is the only full - stop of my journey.

In the coma of hapiness or in the semi colon of the heaven have not much interest.

You and you only are my place of permanent attraction, a place of pilgrimage.

Everywhere I hear you and your message.

I have become yours, yours only.

Without any motive I am woven in your remembrance.

Oh the head of saviours !

Now you give me realisation of your soft feelings.

You give me experience of your sweet affection.

You introduce me to your pious love.

You kindly pardon me with your generous heart for my converting the ocean of happiness given by you to me into the sea of unhappiness, Prabhu !

I shall never repeat such blunder.

I assure you.

Oh Lord of Yogis !

Whatever best I have is yours.

And whatever is lowly, mean, is mine only.

For the best I have pride but for the mean I do not have any shame.

Becoming shameless, rude, immodest I do not want to roam.

This is my request to you, this is my prayer.

In happiness I forgot you and in unhappiness the first mercy petition in your royal court.

My these mischievous ways you kindly forget.

Because whatever we are, at the end we are yours.

Please do not forget it.

Although I am not any kind of animal even then we nourished an animal instinct.

Although being a human since birth, I did not nourish humanity.

Removing my this weak link, you lighten such supreme divinity within myself that never, never again even a single evil can dare to touch me.

And not a single virtue remains without touching me.

Without any actions I am waiting for your compassionate activities.

Oh king of Gracefuls !

"Your grace ~ your noble doings are already working upon me". I shall accept this only if chronologically I can climb five steps of the self - development.

First of all, I should get disinterested in violence, lies, theft etc.

At the second stage, disinterest arises in evils within myself e.g. lust, anger, false pride, envy etc.

You kindly shower such compassion upon me that more than the sins at the physical level the sins attached at the level of the soul appear more terrifying.

Then only at the third stage charity, mercy, welfare of others etc. will arise.

At the fourth stage absence of desires, forgiveness, humility, simplicity, purity - all will attract serious attention.

Then at the fifth stage I will be gaining of such virtues.

If I can climb up these five steps, then only my entry in your royal court will become possible.

You shower upon me such compassionate grace and instill within me your tremendous creativity that climbing at a stretch all these five steps in no time I reach you for serving you.

A LAKE OF SENTIMENTS CAN NOT BECOME AN OCEAN.

Oh respectable one !

How long you will keep us miserable ?

How long should I wait for you ?

Now even eyes and feet have got tired.

Not only body; even the mind is tired.

Now do not make me to crave more, struggle more.

Oh Merciful ! You make me free from the torchure of separation.

Oh ocean of affection !

I seek only your company.

In your presence let there be no- moon day.

Even then it would do. Because you are a pile of light.

In your absence even at absolute noon I experience of the black night.

Because you are my Sun, happiness may get ready to become absolute afternoon.

I do not feel any torchure of the night of unhappiness; I also do not feel any relief in days of happiness.

I only have unsatisfied thirst and eternal hope to gain you.

I allow even tears to flow as they wish.

Without any worries or hesitancy, struggle I get carried away in sentiments.

In the flood of the prayer without any intentional arrangements of words I definitely get carried away.

A lake of overflowing sentiments is now becoming like an ocean.

Oh ocean of mercy !

What ? Do you wish to meet me only after I become an ocean of sentiments from a drop of sentiments ?

Instead of a drop - an ocean do you like only meeting of an ocean with an ocean ?

Even then it would do, I would like it because journey of progress is fast.

First of all, an imaginative dew- drop.

Thereafter, a drop of tear full of warmth.

Thereafter a lake of sentiments full with total surrender.

And suddenly ~ an ocean of sentiments.

Now I am anxiously waiting for that sudden happening.

Because at that golden time, - at a silvery moment, at auspicious time there will be perfect realisation of yours.

Then getting free from illusory speed in a steady, stable state, pious condition of establishing himself will get manifested.

By making efforts outside, to perfect and the very old instinct of bankruptcy by getting totally empty within will fall down to the ground.

By getting empty, nonattached of worldly matters becoming absolutely perfect within, will spontaneously take birth with supreme fortune.

After a birth given by the mother the occasion of the second birth with same body ~ such joyful, auspicious occasion, you kindly grant me at the earliest.

WANT YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

Oh Magician !

You may remain unseen to whatever extent, once you will have to give 'DARSHAN'.

It is decided to have your realisation.

How much will you be able to avoid by running here and there ?

I am after at the speed of a deer, wind.

Once I shall definitely catch you, catch you, catch you.

Then I shall keep you to my heart so that you just cannot escape.

After I catch you, bind you in my bondage, I shall do whatever you tell me.

I am ready to accept whatever you have done; to believe and to do whatever you have either done or told.

I have tremendous, limitless, unsuppressible attraction towards you.

Only for that reason, I am determined to have your realisation.

I do not want to get attached to any texts or any sect and have limited vision.

By dry knowledge of religious text books and adamancy in activities of any sect I have never gained you.

I do not wish to get confused in any rounds of horoscopes and unbelievable things.

I even do not want to step on the borrowed path of any 'Yoga Sadhana'.

I do not want to be dependant even upon collected-borrowed-antiqued stutis.

I do not depend upon acquired things, powers in any exchange.

I even do not wish to get praises and prestige in doing welfare of others.

I do not wish to come to you with a mob of devotees or flatterers.

I do not wish to meet you with ornamental materials outside.

I never wish to meet you becoming a worm of desires; being a worm, I do not wish to embrace.

I do not want to hold you with a pair of pincers of the intellect or tongs of logic.

I do not want to talk to you with noise of arguments and crude, harsh, false pride.

I want to leave my crude, hot, evil nature and reach you with great speed.

I want to catch you by running with my feet full of devotion.

Oh, I forgot.

A devotee full of devotion and a devotee's devotion with emotional feelings; this is the hypnotism to embrace 'Bhagwan'.

Without 'Mantra,' Tantra' and 'Yantra,' I want to embrace you with my both hands having tremendous loving strength of emotional feelings, sentiments.

With my tongue full with prayers, I want to talk with you heartily.

I wish that my hungry eyes because of eagerness due to separation have 'PARANU' of your 'Darshan.'

I want to hear you with my ears full of sentiments.

You do postmortem of each part and each layer of my body.

In the stone inscription in the land of my heart your name carved there will be seen.

On the wall of my heart I want to see your photograph

Your photograph only is my fortune.

But you are formless. How to take your photograph ?

I am in sweet dilemma.

I am not a painter, that I can paint your photo.

Oh Giver of all !

Will you please not give me your one photograph giving a beautiful smile ? Will you ?

My this demand will test your generosity.

But I have firm faith in you that passing all kinds of tests you will be able to maintain your titles e.g. 'Giver of desired things,' 'donor of the entire things' etc. Because you are all powerful.

And alongwith that are you not ocean of compassion ? Isn't it ?

INTOXICATED ILLUSION MAY GET BROKEN, ILLUSIONARY LIFE MAY GET BROKEN

Oh Divine Father !

I offer to you daily devotional homage.

In my heart always I perform ceremonial offerings of water to gods and forefathers.

Howsoever I speak since long.

I write whatever I understand.

Which word will come after one word ?

I do not have any idea about it or neither I have any predetermined assumptions-thoughts.

What kind of an understanding should be required in the arrangement of words in a talking with the soul ? Is it necessary at all ?

Yes, I continue to write-to crave -make vain efforts in confusion.

Like a stream of water just to flow and run further. That is only my work.

When the strength of words decline then I go into a cave of silence. When zeal comes then sitting in a palanquin of words I start to go on pilgrimage of sentiments.

Deep silence inspite of having many words and the treasure of tremendous number of numerous words.

Let people call my writings on paper, mere illusions.

But intoxication of so called illusions only is capable to break this illusory journey of one birth after another.

Where is any such knowledge to the people remaining only in illusions ?

And really, for educated people such thing is difficult to get! It is indeed a rare thing !

But the supreme taste of nectar is a rare experience.

I just do not want to come out of this state.

I wish, myself gets burnt like camphor in this fortunate illusion.

This journey of continuous writing I feel very joyous, pleasant and supremely fulfilling.

This pen and this paper are offering me an opportunity to gain your company and also giving a rich experience which appears to me quite divine.

When I get inspired, when I get an intuition, then I just go on to continue my writings.

In this writing, there are only transparently flowing of my hearty feelings.

On the paper made of tears, I write with an ink of feelings.

I do not have any bondage of any dictionary, thesaurus.

Is it the capacity of any dictionary to express my emotional feelings, sentiments ?

My sentiments have direct relationship with my heart full with pure feelings, sentiments, emotions etc.

In my sentiments, when I get separated from the world, at that time I am more near to you.

Therefore I do not find anything difficult.

I have my favourite bondage of my sentiments with yourself.

And this is the only my permanent freedom from the world, I am in the world and yet I am not within this world.

Because I neither have any interest in the world nor I find a true essence in these worldly affairs.

When I talk to you, I forget the entire world.

Oh Lord of the world !

Losing you, missing you, I do not want to meet the world. I do not want to gain, when I meet you, I feel like meeting myself.

Because, in the end we both are united in One !

By removing the wall of the world, Oh Lord of the world, and in your mirror to have your 'Darshan' - 'I do not find any superior action than this one.

This is the only my 'SADHANA,' sentiments, fulfillment pious feelings, noble emotions, happy success, sanctity, purity.

FRAGRANCE EVEN IN TEARS

Oh decoration of the heart !

You do not reside in any temple, masjid, any sect, any palace.

I came to know about it.

Thinking that you have been residing in a temple, on many occasions I went there. But before I reached there, keeping there some sign of yours, you had already left it.

Even after roaming, wandering, running here and there I just could not find you anywhere.

I got very tired.

And at the end I looked within my heart and what a great surprise !

I indeed saw you there but absolutely silent.

You are there but you do not speak.

As if speaking is not there in your nature.

'I am present'- even telling this, you do not like it.

And without calling you. I also do not get mental peace. I do experience your company and yet my meeting is just like not meeting you; Isn't it ?

Because inspite of shaking you heavily with a view to awakening from sleep, shouting your name loudly I just do not get any kind of response from you.

Love with you is just one-sided; to accept is indeed very difficult.

Whatever plans, strategies questions I had prepared for our meeting all those have failed.

I am standing on the banks of a constantly running river

flowing with repetition of your name.

And now I am sitting to make a fine garland.

Only you decide whether the garland is of flowers or tears?

Even tears have their original fragrance.

You must be knowing this . Is it ?

I shall decide about it only after knowing your judgement.

I am coming to you very frequently.

Therefore you do not get bored.

Then only my sentiments get inspired.

With rubbing shoulders with any other one gets only miseries.

I only intensely wish to rub my shoulders only with yours.

Now I just can not bear this torchure of terrifying external instincts.

YOU TRANSFORM ME

Oh darling !

Just now our relationship of talks has got scattered.

As if fresh, new festival celebration got forgotten.

I got swayed away far far from you.

When continuance of our talks get declined, in getting its beats and pace takes long time.

Even my devotion is not real; it is weak.

I remember you as per my convenience.

Sometimes in the morning, then at other times at night.

Then sometimes on strike for many days.

There is no disturbance on your side.

All faults, mistakes are mine.

Although I know, I show my helplessness.

My courage is extinguished.

How will this do ?

You remove off my laziness.

You remove my careless approach.

You drive away my unpunctuality.

You give me my eternal harmony.

You are, really speaking an ocean of compassion.

Only because of your limitless compassion I am maintained.

Hearing the name 'Ocean of compassion', there is an experience of the thirst and its fulfillment.

Thirst and fulfillment; silence and talk, non-duality of soul and God from the above duality looks sweet.

Now not ego but Arihant Bhagwan.

Not the voice of a word but the sound of heart.

The subject of fear, not a snake but a sin.

Not any show of lust but redness of your name repetition.

Not repetition of the things continuing from the time immemorial but pious, pure transformation.

Not creation of evils but speedy dissolution.

Not further fall of the instincts but their sublimation.

Not production of words; but spiritual creation.

Not a jail of such life but palace of freedom.

Oh Divine Being !

All that what were said to be of mine have been changed in your company.

Now you transform me also.

From my small being you make me Supreme.

From being very mean one you make me great.

From greedy of worldly attachments you make me detached one.

Otherwise attachments of all my old things will join me.

DEATH WITHOUT REMEMBRANCE OF NAME

Oh Doer of good auspicious things !
You have a lot of simple- heartedness, frankness.
Even within me there is childishness.
And with it somewhat madness.
For that reason a fraud was committed with you.
And yet our relationship-yours with mine is quite old.
And you have put a lot of sweetness.
Yet I do create problems for you.
I do not possess any matured understanding.
Yet with love, I surrender everything to you.
The thing I have offered is the mirror of my soul.
This is our eternal thing.
With it there are some worries and knots of confusion in the mind.
This is only my abnormal, mean attitude.
And yet your name is only my currency.
Therefore I do repetition of your name.
Because without it, there is my death.
Only this much is my understanding.
For that only I do repetition of your name.
Because of that my roaming- wandering could be avoided.
Even while sleeping I keep surrender to you.
While in sleep under my head remain your pious feet.
Then, I do not have any worries or miseries.

There is no confusion, there is no harrasment.

My sentiments ~ that is only my courtyard.

If there is your arrival with your silent steps then only there would be abduction of my abnormal lust.

For that there is nothing wrong if you have to become 'RAVAN.'

You are already beyond crossing of a line, the drawer of which is Laxman.

This thing will be understood only by an individual who has even a little salt.

All others will simply go on discussing this matter.

You give them very quickly divine wisdom.

You have already given me a bright rays of the knowledge.

Therefore I can understand little about it.

And for that reason, I always remain attracted towards yourself.

Let people may not understand or see any reason for that.

Always there is overfolw of tears in my eyes like that in your 'Shravan.'

At the end, you are only my saviour, yes; only you.

And kindly remember my this last request- May always remain within myself a grand awakening towards you, especially in my soul.

DELIGHTFUL SPLENDOUR OF YOUR ROYAL COURT

Oh·Giver of divine light !

I do not want to wander becoming a traveller of the darkness.
For that I want to complain to you about darkness of my ignorance.

And as soon as I come near you, the darkness runs away.

And as soon as I get separated from you that immediately gets stuck to me.

To get released from the tight grip of darkness, there is only one permanent remedy.

To always remain in your golden company- and to follow your teachings.

Around you, is the world without any reactions, any strokes.

Only pure vision without any discrimination of 'my- yours.'

Non- duality, unity of spontaneity, composure, impartiality is glowing there with shining brightness.

Tranquil peace and innocent joy get spread on all four directions.

Pious, shining bright light gets spread boundlessly.

There is very fine and attractive fragrance spread in your royal court.

Over your royal court, boundless sky of freedom is spread.

Outside your royal court; under it there is salty, disturbed sea of this world.

I have left to reach you since long.

I have only a small boat of sentimental devotion.

My boat is swimming, it is moving silently.

I do not see any shore and yet I go on sailing my small boat.

Oh Ocean of compassion !

I have started quite late. But with patience, at a slow speed I continue my diligent work.

You kindly shower your compassion that I reach you quite in time.

Oh Giver of knowledge !

"Getting impatient I do not jump from this small boat mid-way in the ocean".

Such understanding full of wisdom you give me timely.

Because I am ignorant and you are very knowledgeable.

I do not understand much about my advantage or my disadvantage.

Oh One with generous character !

Lastly hear my one request - Accept this.

Till date who has remained quite far from you and who has now started on a pilgrimage of your royal court ~ to a person like myself - kindly do not forget to give your warmth and consolation when you find that essential.

Because I am your smallest child; I am sick and also somewhat mad.

I do need, very essentially your feelings, - affection - encouragement.

What more should I tell you ?

NOT ILLUMINATION OF INTELLECT, A LAMP OF FAITH

Oh Supreme worthy- one !

Illumination of intellect is spread so much on all four sides that darkness of lack of faith is there but yet not seen.

Even around my words that illumination is spread.

I feel only because of that you also are not seen there.

Now I am just not interested in silky illumination.

I want to lighten a small but eternal 'Deep', lamp of faith.

I shall daily pour ghee of devotion.

I want to produce only your light in my lamp of faith.

I want to see you in that divine light.

Your 'DARSHAN' is just not possible in any other kind of light.

More than your divine light and pious, pure joy I do not consider anything superior.

No devotion is more superior than your devotion.

There is no more divine power superior to you.

The speed towards you is the most noble than any other speed.

There is nothing more superior to gaining you.

There is no other progress more superior to the heart filled with sentiments for you.

Tears pouring down in your devotion is like cermonious sprinkling of water; there is nothing more superior to it.

More than the land of feelings there is no other superior place of pilgrimage.

There is not any temple with delicate carvings superior to my

prayer to you.

There is no idol superior to waiting with patience for you.

There is no tinkling of a bell superior to realisation of your existence.

There is no sound is superior to your emotional 'STUTI'.

There is no mirror superior to submission of pure soul.

There is no incense superior to blossoming with fragrance of sentiments.

There is no garland like fragrant good wishes.

To establish you there is no throne like emotional remembrance.

Oh Supremely adorable !

I have collected all materials for your worship, as per my understanding.

You accept my adoration, worship.

Oh king among adorables !

Whether you accept my adoration or not I do not keep any insistence for it whatsoever.

Because by putting a stamp of ownership I do not want to break down our relationship since time immemorial.

Even in our relationship also I do not wish to miss an opportunity to earn fortune of noble deeds by offering you the divine experience of freedom.

GIVE ME A BOON OF CONVERSATION

Oh Supreme friend !

To repeat your name constantly is my auspicious work.

I just do not wait for words of sentiments.

In your company, things come out spontaneously.

Whatever comes to my mind I tell you frankly.

I do not make any conscious attempts to give words.

As ascent or a descent notes to make that well-sounding, sweet.

Without any arrangements I continue to receive my pure sentiments.

I just stir the conversations we had, in my mind and in my heart.

To these things of heart, rhythm, harmony and words reach on their own spontaneously.

And yet I do not have any aim towards it or I am not partial to it.

I just want to be competent for conversation with you.

You kindly grant me a pure boon for this conversations.

Thereafter I shall never get detracted from you.

But even in this I do not want to pressure you in any manner.

Because by putting a stamp of ownership on our relationship I just cannot afford to lose the supreme friend like you.

Oh crown of the heart!

You are completely woven in my breathing, you are in my every drop of blood.

You are everywhere in my body.

Even in my heart, you are overflowing.

In mind also you are overflowing.

You have got spread in my heart; you are fixed within my soul.

You are everywhere within myself.

Oh Supreme Lord !

Now only you are my breath, my soul, and you only my saviour.

Only you are my intellect and progressive speed.

Only you are my protection, my surrender and my remembrance.

Only you are my love and light.

Only you are my volume of a book worthy of pride and you are my sect.

You are my Saint and you are my 'ARIHANT'.

You are my company and only you are my companion.

You are only my valuable friend and also my valuable owner.

Only you are my devotion and freedom.

Only you are my auspicious 'deep', a lamp and you are flame of wisdom.

Only you are my good happening and you are my welfare.

Only you are my garden and blossoming fertile land.

Oh skillfull Sailor !

I have given in your safe hands, my small boat of life.

You take me to other shore.

I do not have any capacity to cross this ocean of life.

I do not have that courage in my heart.

KINDLY SHOW YOUR IMPACT

Oh Supreme Power !

You are talking about coming from far away.

You are since long only tempting me.

Being Bhagwan yourself you are acting like a human being!

When I come to you, you are running away.

How long to continue this game of hide and seek ?

To pacify this heart of running around and escaping atleast, you come.

If not you, who will remove miseries of my mind ?

If you do not extinguish fire of my lust who else would be able to do it ?

If volcano of anger is not extinguished by you, who else should be able to do it ?

I burn in anger, I go deep in the mud of lust.

And yet you only continue to observe !

Why have you become inactive to this extent ?

You are really very harsh. You remove your inactivity.

Be very active and come here.

Atleast see feelings of my heart.

How much good I wish for you !

And now let me have your realisation.

You show me your impact.

You introduce me to your golden nature.

Whatever I am now you have to do with me.

I do not want to have any negative, evil feelings.

You allow to overflow your ocean of compassion.

Thereafter you see my divine from.

Please ! Now do not make me cry more.

Quickly you call me to you.

You do not make me more perplexed, you let my bag overflow.

I am completely merged with you.

Oh Supreme Graceful !

At least you do this much.

You give me all strength to reflect, to produce, to make live in life, whatever I have been writing.

Then, my entire life will become my worship to you,

my service to you, my devotion to you.

And that will my full freedom.

Elephants have two different kinds of teeth- one to chew food and others for a show-, by keeping similarly my writing different and my living different -, I do not want to become guilty of creating such pomp and contradictions in my life.

This is my desire, this is my wish, this is my care.

MORE THAN BHAGWAN A DEVOTEE IS MORE FORTUNATE

Oh One having all kinds of wealth !

Words - spoken and written in my sentiments, continuous flowing of pure distinct thoughts, quite often flowing away warm tears, over all these ownership becomes yours.

In your increasing affluence of wealth, there is my sacrifice, there is my part.

But where do you know that I have treasure of abundant words unwritten, unspoken.

There are many thoughts which have yet not arisen in my heart.

There is an ocean of unflowed, unshed tears.

You do not have even a single drop of tear of your own.

And whatever you have, all those things have been gifts from me.

"More than Bhagwan, a devotee is more fortunate".

I had heard such thing somewhere, would this not be an extract of that !

When you are established at the centrepiece of my heart then, I become emperor.

But when you go outside, I become a beggar.

Before you, I become completely empty and yet it is surprising that in your company I experience perfection.

Before you, arithmetic of the world gets changed.

All equations remaining outside get reversed.

In your pious company the power gets manifested even from

silence.

In your presence, words appear inferior, blunt, without edge.

Even the utmost summertime becomes pure, cool spring.

The extreme heat of ego, false pride also gets cooled down.

Even the ditch of greed becomes the pious peak of satisfaction.

Even lust gets transformed into devotion.

This is the wonder of your presence.

Your appearance means your remembrance.

Therefore I do not have any intensive desire for other than your company.

Let the death arrive, your name repetition will continue.

Then my cycle of births will stop.

This is my last, final request.

Should I keep confidence that you will accept my request !

My lord !

No one at anytime should feel that confidence placed in you proved to be deceitful.

This is the question of your prestige.

I might become disgraceful but you never become so.

You ensure that your fame - prestige do not get any stroke, any push.

You always nurture, nourish and flourish them.

Never neglect them at all. Never, Never.

YOU JUST TEAR OFF A CURTAIN OF EYES AND TEARS

Oh the best of all Male human beings !

In your royal court before you I want to come, and yet I am unable to come.

In worshipping I wish to cry loudly with free mind, and yet I am unable to cry.

Although crying and yet very dry eyes.

I just cannot keep my eyes carefully.

The burden of unshed tears now I am really unable to bear.

Suffocation of my throat caused by sobbing and accute worries of my heart I am unable to leave.

I am just unable to tear- off a curtain between my eyes and my tears.

To remove this curtain, you take any price, whatsoever.

But to remove this mysterious curtain, you try your tremendous courage and bravery.

See thereafter how much force is there in the fall of tears.

Then you will learn the moral of my affliction.

I shall stop thereafter your eternal search.

Because thereafter, you will come on your own, you stay with me.

Then there will be exchange between the souls.

The speed will be worth observing.

Oh Ocean of affection !

If you come to me in solitary condition, then only you will be able to appreciate all these things.

For only that reason within myself I nurture, nourish, helping to grow solitude.

To cross the forbidden line of my solitude barring yourself no one has the strength or capacity.

Because although I have relationship with others but that is very weak.

Only with you, I have cultivated strong bondage of relationship. Now you make it really real.

I have not kept even a slightest hole for any other to enter within me.

I have altogether given a different shape to my mind.

My lord, coming here with immense joy, you dance here, merrily you dance here.

You atleast read my request, my letter with alterness.

You remove all types of confusions, illusions, misunderstandings of my mind.

Otherwise action will slap me.

People will see real fiasco.

Whose fault will it be ?

Fault mine or yours ?

Only you think over it.

Oh my lord within !

It is much better to tell you whatever is there in mind instead of keeping that hidden in the mind; even silence is felt perfectly sweet, after everything is told to you.

Otherwise even my silence also is bad- astringent- inadequate.

IF TO DEMAND, THAT ONLY BEFORE YOU

Oh divine donor !

What do I want ? To tell that and make demand for that before you, is my right.

As divine donor like yourself I have installed on a throne of my heart forever.

By demanding I do not become small, because not anywhere in the neighbourhood but before you I seek help.

Without my right, you do not give me anything.

But you give me my right.

Do not be a miser in giving me as per my eligibility.

Do not show any laziness in fulfilling my proper demand.

If my hunger for virtues does not get satisfied, how it could be said that you are provider of food etc. to all ?

If you can not overflow my heart with devotion how could you be called an ocean never having any decline ?

If you do not give me joy of the soul how could you be called a great donor ?

What is the purpose in giving only after making other to struggle ?

If after hunger is fulfilled and a stomach is full what is the meaning of giving anything ?

After getting full free freedom. gaining 'MOKSHA' if you give treasure of virtues what is the meaning thereof ?

You do not give at appropriate occasion and give when there is no need. Why such policy ?

The time is now ripe for you to give me force to walk on your

path.

If you do not give to proper person at appropriate time then what will happen to me ?

Either you give me whatever I like or you give away the title of the highest donor.

A compromise with matured understanding; with that you give me joyful satisfaction.

Otherwise, I shall continue to demand.

Demanding is my old religion.

Giving is your act.

Firstly what should I ask ?

You kindly give your subtle preaching for that.

Why should you feel shy of it ?

Oh favourite of mind !

Before you preach me about demanding, whatever is called belonging to me, with folded hands, with humility, with purity I completely surrender everything to you- kindly do not forget to remind me about it.

And kindly grant me wisdom to place all of them at your pious feet Kans, Ravan, Duryodhan, Manthara, Shakuni, Durvasa, etc. etc.

A WONDER OF THE NAME OF THE NAMELESS

Oh without any name !

With what name should I call you ?

I just cannot understand that.

In separate sects and religions, on different paths you have various, numerous separate names.

With what name I should work ?

Since you are pure soul, some people call you 'BRAHMA'.

Though there is nothing black in your actions, many people call you 'KRISHNA'.

You have got tremendous treasure of wonderful affluence; that of pure joyful soul; that is why 'yogis' call you 'MAHESHWAR'.

Since you have arrived to convey divine message some people also call you 'Paygambar'.

Because you keep all within your compassionate vision, people also call you 'RAHIM'.

Since your preachings have been spontaneous you are also well known as 'Buddha'.

Since you give peace and happiness to all people also call you 'SHANKAR'.

As the great fire of knowledge is glowing gloriously within yourself people also devote to you as 'MAHANAL'.

Since you have been playing with pure innocence in the soul only, many people pray to you calling 'RAM'.

Having reached much higher stage than that of a human beings, oh Lord ! many people request you calling 'NARAYANA'.

An individual being free of greed- envy, many people recognise

you as 'VITARAG'.

Having been the real owner of all the lives, on the earth, people know you by the word 'SAI'.

Because of leaving the wordly life like a battlefied of binding sins people adore you as 'RANCHHODJI'.

Being mysteriously fortunate and wonderfully auspicious you are also called 'Bhagwan'.

Being the birth place of impact on other people you are also requested as 'Prabhu'.

Since your existence is without any action, and your existence, your personality is only because of yourself you are praised as 'KHUDA'.

Being the owner of mobs of all animals you are called by the name 'GANESH'.

You being the loving mother of the entire world you are believed to be 'JAGDAMBA'.

Giver of pure perception, proper knowledge and the righteous conduct you are also called by the name 'DATTATREYA'.

Having been 'ISH' - master of the world you are also praised with the name 'ISHU' you being the lord of the world is also called by the name 'JAGATPATI'.

Since Ganges of knowledge is merged within you, you are also called with the name, 'GANGESH'; you are adored first.

Oh omniscient perfect !

All are calling you with different names.

Of all the names you are the pious, pure, place.

Let there may be whatever number and whatever names you may be having.

But what name do you like ?

I just do not know anything about it.

I like immensely your names e.g. An ocean of compassion, 'Supreme merciful', 'darling', 'decoration of the heart', etc.

There is no bondage of any religion or sect.

In calling you with those names there is only oozing of pure feelings of the heart.

Whether you like it or not I shall make requests to you, harras you only by calling such names.

Kindly believe my requests and pardon my harrasment to you.

And also cleanse me.

Because from within am I also not liked by you?

From outside the blackness of evil actions may get stuck up.

Just like myself are you worshipper of the apparent beauty of outside ?

Certainly not.

LANGUAGE OF EVEN SILENCE

Oh Loving mother of the world !

How long will you remain displeased ?

How long have I to make persuasions, reconciliations ?

In the worldly life a child gets displeased, and a mother makes reconciliation.

Here, between us the case is just reverse.

Often you get displeased.

And I make persuasion to you.

Yet you never get convinced.

This seems to be your old habit.

Now I want to stop all such meaningless requests and appeals.

Do not keep me hanging for a long. Do not tempt me.

I have always kept open the doors of my heart.

There is no requirement of fixed timing for you.

You come as per your wish.

But do come without fail.

I have been sitting here calmly.

But do you know one thing ?

Even peace- calmness - cool consideration - patience- silence
- all of them have one language.

You can hear that only with your eyes open.

Your ears are, if deaf then also it would do.

But at least once you look here.

Though you may be wearing a mask or a complete veil.

I may, perhaps, not be able to see your face but if you can see me, that would do.

Even only your look will make me pure.

You will not have to look far away.

I am quite near to you.

Oh ! I forgot.

You only have come to me.

I do not know where you are standing.

But I trust you are somewhere very near to me.

On the basis of this faith only I am talking to you; when you are near me. I tell you one thing.

When I am on verge of falling, please hold my hand.

Hear my straight- simple voice.

Then our conversation will be successful.

Therefore I remember you daily.

I feel taste of sweetness therein.

There is only your sound in my soul.

Yet you have not been giving me any response.

What more should I tell You ?

Oh Respected one !

Certainly you will be pleased; but only after my transformation.

THERE IS NOT HARMONY BETWEEN THE LORD OF THE WORLD AND THE WORLD

Oh dear !

With you even words of conversation appear very' light and soft like flowers; words of conversation with others appear rough like thorns and stones.

Even well arranged words in conversation with other meaningless and uninteresting words without any arrangements or placed without any understanding become quite meaningful, and beautiful.

Your company has really tremendous impact.

Outside, the speed without any real progress makes me tired.

But progress towards you without any speed gives me freshness, enthusiasm and joy.

My running outside is a disaster of my life.

When I take a turn towards you, that is
the only supreme happening of my life.

When I observe outside, I hear, I take care then I become poorer.

Only in seeing you, hearing you, taking your care I become perfect emperor.

Outside there is a serpent of only demands.

Within you there pours soft, silky feelings.

Within you there is overflowing juice, extract of compassion.

In no way there is any possibility of having harmony between you and the world.

There is no chance of meeting of two minds.

Even then, you are called "lord of the world!" "God of the world," "Jagdamba."

You are indeed peculiarly wonderful.

Your mysteries are totally different.

The world is absolutely reverse of what you are.

And yet you are the lord of the world.

As if, over the fire, the ownership of water !

Over the earth, the control, possession of the sky !

Over the hell, authority of the heaven !

Superiority of supreme over insignificant, small one !

Over the blackness, superiority of pure white !

Over, the foul smell, superiority of fragrance !

Over 'Kauravas,' force of 'Pandavas,' !

Over 'Ravana', the right of 'Ram' !

Over 'Kans' the control of 'Krishan' !

Oh the source of power !

When you have such tremendous strength, then do atleast one thing !

To a person like myself with all evils attached, without any virtues you kindly transform into a person free from all kinds of evils and full of all the virtues.

On the temple of your glory there will be thing like 'KALASH' a gloden pot put on the top of the 'SHIKHAR' of your temple. Your prestige, glory will get spread all over the world.

If you have power, do not hide your power.

You are certainly not a lazy one like myself ?!

NOT TAKING CARE IS ITS QUARREL

Oh Ocean of wonders !

I often come to your temple, but you do not meet me.

At times, I meet you outside this temple, with love.

There are no limits of space or time in our meeting.

Your remembrance overflowing with sentiments is a meeting with you.

Your meeting dependant on me ! Surprising !

Full of heart !

I have tremendous love for you.

I only intensely desire sweet welcome.

I am loudly calling your name.

You accept me who has totally surrendered to you.

Then I shall believe that your compassion is boundless.

You at least see, my intensive desire and hear its tinkling sweet sound.

In separation with you, there is wailing cry in my hearty soul.

Daily I welcome you in golden manner, with respect.

Now you take out, save me from this sea of the life.

You pacify, and extinguish the fire which is more than that of 'Durvasa.'

Your, power, strength, capacity has always been without any bounds.

Therefore, I tell you to forbid the enemies within.

Who will save me from this other than yourself ?

You take my request to your heart.

There is no other person more generous than yourself.

All these things are coming from my heart.

Drive away all the evils from within myself.

They are really very burdensome.

They have beaten me too much, too long.

Why you make me to speak more and more ? Friend !

I accept my defeat.

Do not keep any more animosity with me.

Show me your treasure of affection for only that, I have come to your royal court.

I have been waiting since long at your doors.

I have only a few, three-four words to use in making request to you.

You have more than twelve thousand hands to give.

You look at the bazaar of your devotees here.

Yet you just do not take care of anyone.

And therefore, here arises quarrel between us.

Now you sign the agreement with me.

You will never, never say 'NO' to me.

You will never say 'Go away' to me.

This is my last loud shout, a cry for you.

You do ensure that it is realised.

Then, my heart will take absolutely, perfectly beautiful form.

And then I shall be crossing this ocean of my life.

FAITH IS DESTINED TO REMAIN BLIND

Oh supremely worthy of faith placed in you by others !

In absolute- unbroken- limitless- boundless faith in yourself
I wish to become blind.

I never wish to have the vision of false pride of the intellect.

I have heard about accidents of the people who can see
but not a single one of any blind person.

By getting vision of the intellect I do not want to sacrifice
my entire life.

I want only my faith.

Faith may be interested in remaining blind.

"Only if it could be seen, then only to accept"

That is called only intellect.

In acceptance of only seen, the faith loses its own identity.

I do not want to break my faith towards you, I do not want to
leave it and I do not want it to get shattered.

Although the faith being blind, that could be experienced, if all
senses are in their proper, pure state.

My existence, my continuous breathing are very strong evidences
of my being alive, my survival.

Though I just do not have any interest in such evidences, proofs,
witnesses, documents any signs, any indications.

The entire interest of my heart flowing, jumping, running, dancing,
enjoying, enriching I have continuously poured into yourself.

This is soft care and delicate nourishment of the fine interest of
my heart.

Everything at your feet, in my total surrender is very safe and

secured.

This is really upon me, your continuous showering of compassion.

I consider only this as my invisible vision.

Only with that I can see your treasure of virtues.

I have tremendous attraction towards you.

And also your pull.

This is my good fortune.

In my faith in you, let people believe me unconscious.

One who believes so, just does not know that I am absolutely conscious. I know everything.

I have knowledge about you, I do not want to see any processions.

I enjoy only remembering you.

This is my everything food and drinks.

Then I sing only your song with fine rhythm.

With that your ears become alert.

Give me such pure boon.

There is no better charity than this.

I do not want any kind of honour.

Oh Invisible !

Kindly you remove off, drive away my old evil habits of seeing from a limited window of the mind, to see you with the eyes of the intellect, to measure you from a tap of the brain.

GET RELEASED THE SECURITY MORTGAGED

Oh dear !

A deep, long, penance of your sentiments has been started.

To have your realisation, I have started this penance.

This is a very hard penance to get separated from this world.

The words of my sentiments themselves are repetitions of your name.

Even in my sentiments I am slipping from words to the state of absence of words, thereby towards total silence.

And in this manner very slowly continue to swim across the dangerous, turbulent sea of this life.

For all time, everywhere I perform your devotional worship.

I am falling down from outer world.

I am getting totally withdrawn from this worldly life.

I have been opening the limitless treasure of knowledge belonging to you.

I have been vacating the godown of the words of intellect.

The knowledge of scriptures I place before your pure, pious feet.

I have been trying to understand, interpret the script of your valuable script of silence, forever.

And I am trying to gain you in my net of pure awareness.

I do not want to get anything else from you.

Only give me a small boon.

"I do not like anything, anywhere, which will take me away from you."

Thereafter, sound of clapping of hands will not be able to touch me.

Only words of praise will never be able to crush me.

Even severe heat of the ego will not be able to fire me.

I shall be getting melted, dissolved within yourself, making a stream of remembrance, repetition of your name from the summit of the silence, and falling down this worldly life in your sweet, silent memory.

I shall sow the seed of your name in the land of my heart.

I shall always remain remembering you, taking your loving care.

In the pond of tears I shall grow lotus.

It will also make you laugh and blossom.

I shall offer you the experience of hearty love.

Oh my favourite owner !

For doing all these, there is one purpose.

I want to hand over to you, your property, your assets.

You are my owner. I am your capital- asset.

From the time immemorial I have been mortgaged to the power of actions.

At his place, I got quite beaten, crushed, pressed there.

Do you not have forgotten your ownership upon me ? Isn't it ?

You are quite competent. You are credit-worthy, to get me released from the mortgage.

What difficulty the powerful has in gaining his own thing ?

From getting free of the power of action I have tremendous joy.

To get me released therefrom you will not have any difficulty whatsoever.

Then why do you not get me released from there ?

TAKE ME ON YOUR SIDE

Oh Competent !

On one side, there is fire of the lust.

On the other side, there is pious Himalayas.

On one side, there is a poisonous black cobra.

On the other side, there is your humble, bewitching peacock.

On one side; there is a ditch of my unhappiness.

On the other side, there is your valley of happiness.

On one side, there is a garbage of evils.

On the other side, there is your garden of virtues.

On one side, there is a ditch of cruelty.

On the other side, there is a peak of your compassion.

On one side, there is darkness of my ignorance.

On the other side, there is bright light of your divine knowledge.

I have strong poison of slandering.

You have very sweet, joyful nectar.

To me attached is, stuck is greed like a witch.

To you, very cultured princess like pure simplicity is embraced.

I have been drowning in a salty sea of insult.

You are enjoying swimming in detached, ocean of pride, prestige and fame.

I eat very hot, strong chillies of troubles.

You have been relishing 'Rasgoollas' of 'SAMADHI.'

I am drinking bitter juice of Neem fruits.

You are enjoying, cool mangoe- pulp with a fine taste.

Oh the best among the people !

There is a lot of distance between us just like between the sky and the earth.

There are many obstacles also.

If you have capacity then "You come here to me.;" I do not tell you like that but I humbly request you that "You kindly call me near you."

"You take me lovingly on your side".

That is my aspiration.

I have eagerness and craving to stay with you.

Since long I have been anxious.

At least now, you understand me.

I may be having lack of understanding.

I am totally irresponsible.

Atleast you be responsible and an understanding one.

You with an understanding do not become responsible then a person like myself, without any understanding how can I perform my responsibility ?

Do you not think that such expectation from an ignorant one is much more excessive ?

You are without any expectations, you are totally blank of any expectation.

Then in saving me why you expect me to transform myself?

I have become your lover- is this change not adequate ?

THOUGH THERE IS A REMEDY - WITHOUT ANY REMEDY

Oh supremely obliging !

Only within myself I continuously go on burning.

To forget world, I get engaged in conversation with you.

Till I speak to you, I do not get any mental peace.

Remaining absolutely silent, keeping total mum I remain extremely disturbed.

Anxiety of silence does not allow me to sit peacefully.

At other places there are lot many pulls for me.

Even then I do not stop anywhere.

This is the real misery for me.

I just do not get your address.

Oh Graceful Doctor !

A thorn of false pride has entered into my foot.

On your path, many times I was beaten.

Yet, I have not stopped anywhere else.

I joined in your journey without feet.

Even then I am not even slightest understood by you.

Oh Lover of Justice !

Because of our very old relationship, whatever I feel, I tell you very frankly, how you account for that very much depends upon your understanding.

But you kindly bring a permanent solution to ensure that this daily harrasment about daily requests. ends.

In my view, your etenal loving company with me itself is

invaluable, sure remedy.

I hope, you are not helpless in applying this remedy !

Your positioning before me, your appearance before me,
that only is my life.

Your moving away from me here is my permanent death.

Conversations with you are only my places of rest.

If you, then, become 'Krishna,' I shall become 'SUDAMA.'

But presently in waiting for you, my strings have become very
tight.

It seems the circle of my love seems to be small.

And you are quite larger than a circle of love.

Now you have only two options before you.

Either you give me strength to expand my circle of love.

Or you become small.

So that you could be accomodated in my circle of love, a circle
of devotion.

Oh Crown of the world !

I do not wish to make you small.

You give me strength to expand towards you, my circle of love.

Then as you got encircled in the circle of devotion of
'Chandanbala,' similarly you will get encircled in my circle of
devotion.

THERE IS STRENGTH EVEN IN A LOOK

Oh saviour of the fallen !

I just do not insist that you meet me in temple only.

Even if you meet me elsewhere that will do; that will be o.k. with me.

Wherever you meet me, that place itself will become a temple.

Wherever you put your step that place will become a place of pilgrimage.

Not only in a touch of your lotus feet but also even in a look there is strength, to produce qualities e.g. that of saviour and of purity.

Now, forgetting you, and then roaming around; that mistake again I do not want to commit.

But at least once you will have to give a look here.

You will find behind a curtain of all my activities your remembrance flowing.

I string myself at every moment into your heart with flowers.

What more should I tell you than this ?

To welcome you, I have mind without desires.

Oh Bhagwan in the form of a child !

You atleast come here.

I want to play Holi of actions and Diwali of prayers simultaneously with you.

I wish to merge my flame of faith with your flame of knowledge.

Amidst the wind of Prayers and the cyclone of separation, I have been wandering here and there since long.

For you I experience unity of a doubt and love.

I have started sacred fire, a ceremonial performance of a sacrifice of pious waiting for you since long; without any coma or semi-colon.

Only after your arrival there will be a full-stop to it.

Uptil then my each act will become only waiting eagerly for you.

In whatever, whichever act of mine, you mix with me, all that work become prayer - Sentiments and Devotion.

Oh the king of deatached great people !

Forgetting a person who has invited you, without any invitation, reaching somewhere, like 'JIRAW SHETH' do not leave me struggling with miseries.

Wherever you arrive on your own there in their courtyard there will be only fountains of 'kesar', 'kanku' - 'gulal'!

You made that Chandanbala fortunate !

You made that Shreyanskumar pious !

You went to that horse on your own.

Either you call me there or you kindly accept my loving letter of invitation.

I do not want to tell anything more than this.

UNHAPPINESS AND IN EDIBLE ROOT OF HAPPINESS

Oh Joy of the world !

In your company even unhappiness seems to be like an edible root of happiness.

Even in affliction I sing your songs and rhythmic poem.

Its voice is also deep and loud.

Even in pain I enjoy honeylike sentiments.

"My old sins are terrifying."

In miseries I make my faith very strong.

Therefore, there is unbound joy in that.

My sins have become weak.

Even in the sky I see only your face.

I am only an off-spring of yours.

Oh 'Nand of Trishala' !

Do you like this rhythmic poem ?

Then come to meet me once.

I have waited for a long time, I shall still wait, I shall wait till the late evening of my life.

If you feel like coming, you come.

Otherwise we shall meet on the other side of this world, if you remain there.

Do not consider my this talk as disappointment or frustration.

This is only meaningful seriousness and patience full of warmth.

Although you do not meet me I experience your company forever.

Intensity of my sentiments full of feelings; that is my real experience.

It is simply an happening.

Because of your company, every moment there is some mysterious creation within myself.

In the mind, there is your remembrance only.

And in the heart, there is only your reflection.

When you are in my heart, everything seems to be green.

When you leave I only see 'babool' trees.

In your presence, everywhere one experiences purity.

In your absence, everywhere dirty things and heaps of garbage with foul smell are seen.

When I am in separation with you everything appears like a funeral place full of dead bodies; everything seems like overflowing sea by salty water.

I am getting baked roasted and fried when I am in separation from you.

When you leave, happiness becomes an edible root.

DO NOT DRIVE AWAY CONTEMPTUOUSLY FROM YOUR ROYAL COURT

Oh doctor!

Once I was admitted in a hospital.

There was a flood of pain and troubles.

And that also reached in a short time.

In that many things were dragged away.

False pride, lust and envy were dragged away.

Only thing which was not dragged; that were only my sentiments.

On the contrary my sentiments increased in abundance.

I became quite prosperous as regards my invaluable treasure of sentiments.

Here, there, everywhere I only saw your compassion.

I experienced cool, composed, caring harmony.

In intensive attachment towards you and in your remembrance there were sudden jumps.

I am on the path which is trodden only by the people who have left everything, so that I can get your company and you as my companion.

I am burnt quite heavily with the volcano of this life.

Now only your remembrance is the tap which can bring healing.

This is the only my identification tap.

To recognise, you use this measure - tap.

Then only my roaming and wandering will stop.

Oh the Lord of all three worlds !

One request - you do not drive away me contemptuously from your royal court. Even from your compassion, you kindly do not omit me. For my any mistakes till date I hold my ears as a gesture to seek your forgiveness.

KINDLY TEACH ME UTILIZATION OF REMEMBRANCE AND FORGETTING

Oh Lord of my mind !

I close my eyes and I see you.

Seeing your smiling face, I really blossom.

As the sun- flower blooms seeing the Sun.

In darkness with closed eyes, I can see you, I can talk with you,
this is our relationship.

With all these I have full satisfaction.

When my eyes get opened where do you get mysteriously lost
?

That has always remained a mystery for me.

Oh Ocean of forgiveness !

With open eyes I did much slandering against you.

Now that I have got an opportunity to do your 'STUTI', to praise
you I have real joy in my heart.

At the time when I had tears of pain and miseries in my eyes,
whatever reprimand I had given to you, now you kindly forgive
me for that.

I had forgotten that only you had given me spread of sweet
fragrance of a perfume of laughter.

You also forget this mistake of mine.

You must have power of forgetting as equal as your power of
remembrance.

Kindly also give me some power to forget; bitter insults by others,
very heated words spoken by others.

Kindly grant me some power to remember your obligations;
kindly take care that I do not make reverse of that.

Oh Maha Veer !

A last prayer.

Kindly shower upon me such compassion that after getting a
garden under your rule by nurturing thorns of evils I do not crush
flowers- like virtues; I should never be allowed to commit such
sin.

Since the time immemorial because of my reverse walk how
much unhappy you would have become ?

Now I can understand that well, with your Grace.

DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE AGENCY ?

Oh divine lord of yogis !

You kindly take me to a place without any noise.

You put me in the state of a 'zero options'.

Then only I shall get settled in the state full with sentiments.

Otherwise I shall roam from here to there.

Without even the knowledge of the scriptures also appear alien.

Words also appear to be borrowed ones.

Thoughts - options also appear as if they have been begged for.

In your absence what kind of person I become ?

I have quite good idea about that.

Though the world may consider a good person, but how mean, how wicked, how heartless, how injurious am I that is known only to me.

The world only sees my speech and conduct.

Whirlpools within myself are known only to you and to me.

But, may I make one request to you ?

Just like my speech and conduct, you kindly make my thoughts also absolutely clean and pure.

Agency of lustrous, shining brightly things is only with you? Isn't it ?

No, No. I also have such agency but there is a vast difference between the two.

Your lustrous, shining brightness is like that of a swan; my shining brightness is like that of a crane.

I want to sell my agency and in exchange, I want to buy your agency of swanlike shining brightness.

If you have any thought about it you inform me; but quite quickly.
You know !

You may be serious like an ocean, but an agency of saltiness is with me.

You may be brave like a lion, but an agency of cruelty is with me.

You may be sobre like the moon, but an agency of blemishes is with me.

You may be glorious like the sun but an agency of excitement is with me.

You may be fragrant like roses, but an agency of thorns is with me.

You are like a lotus totally detached, but an agency of a companionship with mud is with me.

You like 'Meru Mountain' unmoved, but the monopoly of crudeness rudeness, hardness is mine.

You are cool-like sandalwood paste but an agency of burning is with me.

If you want to complete your similies then you accept agencies which I have.

Give me your agencies.

Then only your treasure of similies will get completed.

Otherwise I shall consider the treasure of your similies inadequate, insufficient, incomplete.

DEVOTION TO YOU, MY FUTURE

Oh Creator of the Future !

After seeing you, I do not get confused in predictions according to horoscopes and effects of placements of nine planets.

Only you are the creator of my future.

I have understood this thing well.

Those nine planets are servants at your lotus feet; they are your devotees.

To your devotee, no planet can become adversary.

To your enemy, these planets just can not be favourable.

No planet will remain without being his adversary.

Now instead of planets, I wish to worship you.

On whomsoever the owner is happy, how against him anyone should remain displeased ?

Now only you and you only is my future; my transaction with you alone is my future.

Only your worship I have found of good taste and that is why now it is only my future.

Now I see my future is very bright.

By talking of peace, I do not want to be amidst disturbance; and in confusion.

All the complains which are on my lips I do not wish to remember again.

You have arrived at my doors and that is great respect to me.

Now there is only one repetition in my heart.

Whether I get happiness or not.

Whether unhappiness could be avoided or not.

I must gain you.

I have only intensive desire to meet you only.

I want to see you completely with full satisfaction.

I want to enjoy you from deep recesses of my heart.

I want to know you completely.

This is the only my goal.

I have only partiality for it.

Now you grant me only one boon.

I become detached from the world.

I am determined to accept it.

You are the greastest treasurer of the wealth.

I become competent in your service.

You now protect me from the enemies within.

My Lord !

With your arrival, I am extremely happy.

"I was yours and I am yours". But I realised today that 'you are mine'.

Today from a zero there was great creation for me.

I had 'DARSHAN' of pure form of the soul in you.

After having relationship with you, how there can be a curtain between us ?

Now I want to destroy everything being considered mine.

But oh Lord !

I do not want to displease you.

MY PAST IS SEEN

Oh worth Surrendering Affectionate one !

In your pure knowledge I see my past, absolutely terrifying and full of miseries.

How much torchure and affliction ?

Absolutely repulsive past.

Like a football, the past without any direction.

Like fire-coals reddish past.

Like a chilly very hot in taste, such past.

More cruel than even wild animals; such past.

Like animals without any control; the past roaming here and there.

Like handicapped animals, very pitiable my past.

Although very pitiable and worthy to receive compassion, my past which just could not become pure and empty vessel to receive your grace.

Even more black than a coal and with haphazard colours- bad-wicked- evil - broken- shattered; such was my past.

Without any essence- without- wisdom-, without purity without-virtues- such a dangerous past.

Full of cruelty, full of pouring poisonlike evil~ such was my past.

Becoming like a deer, on many occasion I have been chewed, I have been eaten in the mouth of a lion in the past.

Becoming a goat I was pressed in the mouth of a tiger in the past.

Becoming grass I have been also eaten by cows.

Becoming a frog I have been gulped by a snake in the past.

Becoming a worm I have been eaten by a hen in the past.

Becoming a human being, I have been gulped by a phython in the past.

Becoming vegetable I entered a stomach of human being in the past.

Being a cow I have been slaughtered in the past.

Being a goat I have been sacrificed many a time in the past.

Being a child I got crushed in an accident in the past.

Just like forest fire my past used to burn, was creating fear like 'Yamraj', God of the death, like a butcher my past was terrifying, this is my terrifying past.

This is the result only because of remaining separate from you.

NOT ACTION, LEAVE CAUSE

Supreme Soul ~ Child !

In my pure mirror of knowledge you have seen your troublesome, miserable past but, if you look at it with concentration, then you will be able to see at its roots overflowing with your evils, faults, your terrifying ruthless past.

Cruelty like that of a butcher and terrific violence and hard-heartedness that of Lion- tigers- wolves.

A fox- like cunningness, hypocritical mental attitude that of a crane.

Misery that of Mamman sheth, disloyalty that of the queen Suryakanta.

Very meaningless, black, very dangerous, difficult instinct like that of a beggar.

Attachment of lust grown abnormally more than even that of a pig or dove.

Mental attitude worst than a coal, mental attitude worst than cleansing cloth.

An imagination dirtier than even a gutter; a foul smell worse than a heap of garbage.

Considering others insignificant, meanness entire mentality surrounded by rudeness, fire of fascination, burning pain due to fire of envy, temptation of greed, poison of slandering, the severe heat of hatred, avoidance, an instinct to throw with a view to strike someone, longing for alien things, attachment to beautiful wordly matters, the past of self- praising, laziness, anguish, result of giving pain to others, curiosity, impatience, pessimistic attitude, intense interest, longing for conveniences all these are members of the family considered by you since long.

Only because of this, there is a formation of your miserable past;

it is indeed pitiable.

If you want to have bright future there is an urgent need for dispersal of this old family.

Anyone who is afraid of any action, for him, it becomes absolutely essential to leave a cause.

By leaving the garden, the fragrance also goes away.

By leaving a heap of garbage, foul smell also gets vanished.

By leaving sins, the unhappiness exits.

By leaving laziness, detractions go away.

By leaving evils, pain also gets released.

Not only evils- sins- laziness should get released, but even soft feelings for such things also should get released.

Then only, in real sense, you will be considered as one who has totally surrendered.

Even after coming upto my feet, there are many who have not surrendered to me.

To be away from unhappiness, many, many people hold my feet.

But to be free from evils, only very rare persons surrender to me.

Those who hold my feet reach upto 'DEVLOK'.

Those who accept surrendering to me becomes free from evils, free from sins, free from unhappiness and virtually very quickly reach 'MOKSHA'.

Very short and clear like a 'deep', a lamp, the talk I am telling you.

Several times you went on the path of righteousness.

But you did not stick to the cause of the righteousness.

You could get released from evil detractions but you just did not leave their causes; you did not leave your evil mental approach.

You talked much about the path of virtues, the righteous path, But you never made any efforts to love their causes; you just did not internalize them.

Even after talks about 'Moksha', you could not bear unhappiness, you did not feel happiness, salty.

How then, there could be 'MOKSHA'?

And without any proper path how one can reach his destination ?

I AM AFRAID IN DEVOTING

O Ornament of the Mind!

What you say is true.

There is not adequate enthusiasm in very intensive 'SADHANA' which is the cause of attaining Supreme Consciousness.

But I perform my devotion to you with complete concentration.

I forget the world while devoting to you.

And I experience profound peace which I have never experienced before.

I feel that even heaven is dry before devotion to you.

Many negative traits have been relieved from myself.

This soul has become quite feartherlike, flowerlike light and pure.

Your devotion continues not only in temple, but also outside. It flows on.

There have been constant feelings of joy and sacrifice in my conscience, for your sake.

My devotion towards you, feelings, fine sentiments and fervour to sacrifice will uproot my worldly attachments.

My intensive attraction towards your virtues will burn all my evil instincts and wicked attachments.

My prayer to you will destroy my abnormal lust prevailing since time immemorial.

I am sure my irrepressible, intensive desire to gain your pure, pious form shall materialise.

My sentiments have strength to remove all false coverings.

I shall certainly get merged with your incomparable, unique, pure and pious form.

I shall meet you for eternal time by gaining your form only.

Thereafter, there shall never be separation between you and me.

You and I shall become one entity. And there shall remain only

pure knowledge, joy, glowing purity of crystal, immense power and treasure of virtues and profound peace.

And that is freedom from the known.

But I have one worry.

I shall not like 'Moksha', freedom as I may not get a chance of devotion to you in it.

I shall lose an opportunity of making prayers to you. Joy of obeying your order also will go away. How shall I be able to keep sentiments of sacrifice in 'Moksha'?

I shall not be able to perform your 'abhishek' (constant flow of water ceremoniously) with tears of my sentiments.

How this void could be filled in 'Moksha'?

In freedom gained by devoting to you, I shall not feel at ease without devotional feelings.

In devoting to you, this dangerous situation constantly harass me. In gaining freedom from pain, unhappiness, death, disease, physical body, actions, evils, the freedom from devotion coming naturally, I just cannot afford.

There is no more severe punishment is there for me than this one, O Prabhu!

EVEN IN FREEDOM, THE DEVOTION SUPREME

Soul:- child!

I knew about your demand for the devotion full of feelings.

I have recognised your sentiments- prayers feelings.

I have understood your intensive eagerness, cravings for devotion to me.

Your devotion to me will prove fatal for your pain-evils-actions.

With devotion, your freedom is certain. But you need not worry at all.

At present state of your consciousness is very much devotional.

Because at present you are only a life, 'JIVA.'

In freedom you will become 'SHIVA'

A powerful form of Consciousness.

In freedom, devotion will not get released forever.

Devotion will be transformed into Power, into force, in absolute, purity.

A life will be transformed into 'SHIVA.'

As milk gets converted into curd and then into ghee.

Even in the form of obedience to orders; devotion of feelings is existing in freedom.

You take rest in your eternal pure form; this is my supreme order.

In freedom there is devotion with discipline of following the orders of pure nature in its steady state.

Even in the form of a resting place for the soul in its eternal steady state, the following of the orders will remain.

Perfect following of orders is indeed the best devotional worship

to me.

Devotee!

There no inadequacy of devotion in freedom; there is no shortage at all.

As the final-supreme fruit of devotion is freedom; then even of philosophical, spiritual cause will take a form of action.

Because of that it is not at all necessary to keep any fear whatsoever.

MY BAG IS EMPTY

Oh Purely Powerful Supreme Consciousness !

By hearing your speech I experienced pious fulfillment.

The fear in worshipping - rather such illusion got broken.

Now giving my heart fully, I shall devote myself quite satisfactorily.

Now I want to shower like 'Pushkaravart Megh' on all sides with full force.

You also have showered upon me quite freely, heavily.

Then why should I allow any shortcoming in my devotion ?

But my lord !

I tell you one thing.

With thousand of hands you have given me in full abundance.

Yet my bag is empty.

You gave me very bright eyes but in my bag I could not bring your pious, noble things.

You gave me ears but I did not listen righteous, noble words and could not gather that treasure.

Though you gave me two strong feet, I could not take any credit for a pilgrimage.

You gave me two long hands but I could not internalize intensive desire to donate.

You showered upon me all things of liking but I could not cultivate supreme satisfaction.

You gave me two strong shoulders but I did not give support to anyone.

You gave me a fine health but I did not do intensive penance.

Sometimes I got weak body yet I did not observe celibacy.

You gave me a very fine creativity but I did not cultivate it with pious feelings.

In getting old while committing sins, the old age came but I continued to commit sins.

You gave me obliging, religious mother- father but I did not become cultured one because of that.

You sent to me well- wishing friends but I just could not turn on the pious path of self- realisation.

You gave me eloquent speech but I could not praise virtues or noble deeds; I could not enter into religious ~ spiritual discussions or dialogues.

Although you gave me power, I could not do anything for others and just could not gain goodwishes of others.

You did give me true knowledge; but I did not give any good advice to anyone.

Although I had a house, I did not give shelter to anyone.

Though I was having adequate food, I did not give even a dry roti to anyone.

Although I had warmth of the family, I never gave any affection or consolation to anyone.

Despite company of 'SADHARIK' I did not perform 'SADHANA'; I did not give any kind of support.

Despite affluence of wealth I did not help suffering 'SADHARIK', diseased one, hungry animals. I did not take their care.

Although I had ten times more clothes than required by me, I did not give any clothes even to a single naked person.

In my garden under the well-spread Banyan tree, I did not allow anyone to take rest.

I did not allow anyone to ride on my vehicle.

Although I had many milch animals, I did not offer to anyone milk or buttermilk.

Although having a well and a step well I did not give freely even the cold water.

Although I had in dozens pens, chappals, shoes etc.

I did not give anything from that to a needy one.

Although you gave me several opportunities, I could not internalize purity of mind.

More than I deserved, you gave me with thousands of hands, the tremendous affluence of the wealth.

But because of my evil intellect, instead of utilizing that for noble purpose I never allowed that to overflow.

You gave me much more than needed; what was essential.

Yet I, because of my meanness could not utilise money for doing good for others; and this way I just did not allow any accumulation of fortune; my bag remained empty.

Despite many bright opportunities, since I did not have subtle, pure vision, I lost everything.

I made myself more dirty. What a tragedy ! How unfortunate!

What poverty !

IN YOUR JOY, MY JOY

Oh Ocean of SAMADHI !

In your presence, I get unprecedented mysterious experience of 'SAMADHI'.

Therefore I always remain ready, I remain near you.

Even if my physical presence is elsewhere, my psychic being always remains near you.

I only like your company; I like your companionship.

I do not trust in any other company.

You are the only my lover.

You are my permanent resthouse.

Even on the way, I talk with you.

With others I keep only necessary contact.

That also without forgetting you at all.

On occasions I do give company- companionship to others; that also only to gain your company, companionship.

As per my capacity and interest whatever worship-'SADHANA' I perform that also to please you, to make you happy.

I approve of penance, repetition of name, sacrifice, study of scriptures, if you become happy.

For your happiness I am prepared to do everything; forever I am ready, intensely eager.

To my mind when you are in joy, I am also in joy and when you are in joy, the world is also in joy.

Because you are the lord of the world.

you are the ruler of all the three worlds.

On whom there is shower of the blessing of the lord of the world,
no one of the world would remain unhappy.

If anyone perhaps remains unhappy, how the world would
be under his rule ?

The so called your world which is disloyal to you, I do not want
to make it happy.

I only wish to please you.

Your joy is my capital, my asset.

In your joy, there is my joy.

If you are pleased with me, I am also pleased with you.

Your kind look is my life.

The aim of all my activities is your compassion.

I want to be the subject of your acting as saviour.

That is the driving force of my 'SADHANA.'

My aim is to gain your vision of nectar.

The source of my inspiration for prayer is feeling of your sweet
look.

Because of that I come to you on two feet - of 'SADHANA' and
'PRAYER.'

EVEN PEACE HAS A SMILE AND BEAUTY

Oh Palace of Peace !

You show me abundance of your treasure of peace.

I have heard the meaning of peace but I have not seen it.

I want to get introduced to your eternal peace.

I just not only want to see your peace; I wish to experience it.

At all other places many other things I have seen.

I have never seen the perfect peace.

There is no meaning in the peace of a funeral place.

I am not interested in materialistic peace, dry peace, peace without any stirring within.

I want only your peace, because in that there is beauty of smile and fragrance of equanimity.

There is warmth of affection and glowing brightness of 'SAMADHI.'

There is illumination of loving nature and glory of compassion full of super consciousness.

After receiving that peace there will not be any itch of getting anything.

Supremely fulfilled, very deep, pious, complete peace- peace, peace, peace;

pouring with patience, overflowing with joy, Supreme Peace.

Overflow of serious nature, spreading good, auspicious feelings- such peace.

Peace of courage, bravery; spiritual peace, peace with true essence.

Peace for welfare of others ~ philosophical peace.

Very mysterious, wonderful peace.

Supreme peace. Only peace.

After achieving that; never any disturbance will come.

Impatience- excitement- reaction will not take birth.

Meanness, smallness, cowardice, dissatisfaction will not arise.

Evil intellect, wicked feelings, evil conduct can never even touch.

Hatred, abnormalities, matter- like hardness of feelings, adversities, dryness, grief, troubles, difficulties just can not come.

Darkness of excitement and quarrels just cannot touch it.

Oh Ocean of peace !

Atleast grant me an opportunity of an experience even of one breeze of absolute peace.

EXPERIENCE OF NON-DUALITY

Oh Idol of inspiration!

I see you and instantly there arises a pious inspiration to make prayers to you.

I feel like chewing your preachings.

From stirring that one can get pure, spiritual, philosophical butter of true essence.

Getting warmth of your devotion comes out fragrant ghee of virtues.

And from there is creation of pure, sweet nectar offering peace.

Then I get joy-enthusiasm-freshness.

And there remains continuous pouring of joy.

Joy overflowing, overspreading, ever expanding.

Then the world is absolutely forgotten.

Only you get flowing in the heart.

Not only in my heart but everywhere you get spread; only you are seen manifested everywhere.

Your 'DARSHAN,' remembrance, sentiments have really mysterious terrific strength.

All kinds of attachments ~ physical,- social - materialistic ~ toward matters die down.

Even attachment toward an atom does not remain with me.

Beyond the body, eternal, solid, shining with brightness ~ then, I know only true, pure consciousness.

There you only shine brightly.

Only this is my personal world.

There, except yourself-myself nothing-matters or anything conscious- can enter.

I get joy in creation of non-duality with you.

When I talk with you, I also experience non-duality, unity of words.

When I observe your form with knowlegde and its shining brightness I recognise there non-duality of knowlegde, the unity of knowlegde.

When I see your pure, only consciousness then I see non-duality of 'BRAHMA'.

When I accept unconditional surrender to you, then I see unity of devotion.

When I get concentrated upon your joy, without any attachments then unity of 'ANANDA', bliss is created.

When you show to me heaps of your invaluable magnificent virtues then there is created unity of virtues.

In your sweet, joyful company many, many, unities are created.

Whatever kinds of various non-dualities of yorus I know, among all these, you are only at the centre point; there just can not be comparison wtih you.

Others may believe whatever they like.

Only because of such non-dualities, other visionaries, philosophers consider them as path for 'MOKSHA'.

Because of your being at the cnetre-point, these non-dualiites have become attractive and interesting.

I only like this kind of non-duality which is quite sweet and is without any wrong kind of insistence.

YOUR JOY ALSO IS UNIQUE

Oh the pilgrimage place of joy !

Atleast show me your treasure of joy.

At other places, in the name of joy, there are storms of lust.

In the name of joy, it is the evil of physical pleasures.

Under the impressions of joy, miseries of troubles of intensive greed.

It is a shouting aloud of joy, sitting over the volcano of selfishness full of lava of sins !

A label of joy on a thing snatched away from others bringing tears in their eyes and tragic sigh.

From the time immemorial I also ran behind only such joy.

I entered in the race like a deer running behind a mirage.

I only remained in the journey of beautiful dreams.

But when I saw you, my eyes were opened.

Seeing your joyful form I felt shy.

What beautiful is your pious joy !

There is neither any lust nor abnormalities.

There is neither any attachment nor any adversity.

There is neither any cruelty nor any fatal thing.

There is neither any instinct nor any lust.

There is neither any instrument nor any bondage.

There is neither any illusion nor any trickery.

There is neither any dissatisfaction nor any fire.

There is neither any selfishness nor any sin.

There is neither any greed nor any envy.

There is neither any quarrel nor any trouble.

There is neither any heat nor any misery.

There is neither any tension nor any pull.

How wonderful joy !

Always, endless, innocent joy.

Frank and healthy joy.

Pious and perfect, manifested Supreme Joy.

Perfect, formless, unbounded, without any cover.- such pure joy.

Joy in the state of 'SAMADHI', with equanimity, quite cool and composed, spontaneous, sobre joy.

Limitless, unbroken, endless, constant, indestructible, incomparable, permanent, long lived joy.

Oh Donor of Joy !

Before giving me this unique joy, to see one dream of a rose, my evil habit of walking on hundreds of thorns you just finish it, you destroy it completely.

Otherwise even the invaluable joy you have given to me will get shattered in my this world.

84 LACS SPECIES OF BIRTH ALSO PLACES OF PILGRIMAGE

Oh dear !

For whom are you not loved one ?

That is a big question.

Because of your presence this terrifying life also appears beautiful.

Only because of your hearty presence, other lives collecting their fortune gain peace- 'SAMADHI'- righteous path - happiness- - conveniences etc.

In your presence even a disturbance gets converted into quietude.

Adversities also turn into favourable things.

Even evil direction becomes proper direction.

Even instincts get converted into praiseworthy things.

Even evils get converted into virtues.

Therefore I do not pray to you for happiness- peace- righteous path.

Everywhere you remain near me- that is my hearty request to you.

If because of rising of my sins I go to the hell; even then you just do not leave my soul.

Only because of your presence, for Shrenik even the hell has not become evil direction.

Where evil intellect does not come how could it be called evil direction ?

Because of your absence for 'Goshala', even the heaven has not become proper direction.

Where righteous intellect does not come, who would call it

virtuous direction ?

As there is intellect, so will be the direction. Isn't it ?

If your continuous presence at the doors of my soul then I even approve of the hell.

Even for a moment the heaven is with your absence then I will not like it, I will not approve it.

If, perhaps, I go to 'Devlok' then also you make such arrangements that all well wisher friends are around me who inspire me to celebrate all the five 'KALYANAK'.

Instead of remaining in embrace of the beauties of 'Devlok' if you give me righteous intellect to make me concentrate in listening to your sweet, inspiring speech then only I can accept 'Devlok'.

Otherwise to lose my sense because of touches by beauties of 'Devlok' I am not ready to go to 'Devlok'.

If you are near me, in my mind, the hell is not full of troubles but it is a place of pilgrimage.

Otherwise even heaven is a place full of troubles.

If every day I can get an opportunity of your 'PRADAKSHINA'; if I am getting an opportunity to make a shadow over your head by spreading two larger wings in 'SAMVASARAN' I get favourable opportunity to listen your pious speech, then I am prepared to become a peacock.

If I get an opportunity of filling pure water in my trunk and perform ceremonious sprinkling of water upon your idol and by holding in my trunk I can offer constantly a line of lotuses upon your idol, then I am also ready to take for me a form of an elephant.

If by taking birth in a lap of 'SHRAVIKA MOTHER' and by listening your preachings, taking 'DIKSHA' only at your pious hands, and by removing actions if I can get freedom it is the best.

But despite getting human life, I am not that fortunate and then,

perhaps, if I become a gardener, then you make me a gardener of only your garden.

If I become a sculptor, then you make me a sculptor of only your temple.

And my Lord ! if I become a priest, than that also only in your royal court.

If I have to become a servant, then that also of your firm- your temple.

If I become and kind of worker, then that also of your firm- your temple.

If I become any kind of worker, then that also of only your royal court.

Even I do not have that much fortune, then you make a servant of any house where there are only your praises, 'stutis', 'stavan'.

At least by the mediam of ears I can enjoy your company.

I am prepared to become anyone if I can get an opportunity of your company, companionship.

Even my going from one specie to another I call journey.

I am not concerned with any specific specie or speed of any force.

I am only concerned with you.

Whatever relationship- love- feelings I have that are only with you.

Always everywhere I remain near you.

I wish so from my soul.

Kindly accept my prayer.

LET THERE BE CONSTANT FLOW OF 'STUTI'

Oh Supreme man !

Whosoever established you lovingly, his heart is pure, pious;
Whosoever sung you, with praise, his tongue is pure, pious;
Whosoever listened you, anytime, his ears are pure, pious;
Whosoever meditated upon you, his body is pure, pious;

(1) Whosoever worshipped your feet, his hands are pure, pious;
Whosoever bowed down to your feet, his head is pure, pious;
Whosoever came to you, his feet are pure, pious; Whosoever
waited for you, his soul is pure, pious;

(2) Whosoever saw you with eyes, his eyes are pure, pious;
Whosoever remembered, his heart is pure, pious; Whosoever
created your 'STAVAN' his intellect is pure, pious; Whosoever
performed self- sacrifice, his faith is pure, pious;

(3) Whosoever is devoted to you, his soul is pure, pious;
Whosoever has worshipped you, his essence is pure, pious;
Whosoever in pilgrimage came to you, his labour is pure, pious;
Whosoever has you playing in his heart, his birth is pure, pious;

(4) Rising in the morning whosoever worships you, his that
day is pure, pious; In whosoever's house you reside, his house
is pure, pious; in every part of whose body, you reside, his fortune
is pure, pious;

(5) If you arrive in my heart, then it will be pure, pious; If you
remain in my soul, then it will be pure, pious; If you play within
myself, the entire self will be pure, pious; If you merge into my
breath, then I shall become pure, pious;

(6) In your remembrance, if tears flow then they will be pure,
pious; In your 'DARSHAN' if 'STUTI' comes out, then that will be
pure, pious; While taking if 'STAVAN' is created then that also will
be pure, pious; Whosoever remains at your feet, his

feelings will be pure, pious;

(7) My Lord ! I have only one intense desire that in your pure, pious company a stream of 'STUTI' remains flowing continuously foreverer, everywhere, anytime.

AT YOUR FEET TO TAKE REST

Oh place for the rest !

I am really tired of roaming, wandering.

Because of my running with jumps I am really very tired.

I am indeed very much tired of my external roaming, wandering around.

There is a lot of labour spent in being extrovert.

I am quite boiled in instincts.

I wandered and got beaten in lust.

I was thrown down in expectations of praise of the people.

In conveniences giving happiness I stumbled.

In selfish motives I got stuck up quite deeply.

I got drowned in slandering others.

I was known to be caring much for insignificant matters of others.

I was roasted in fire of envy.

I got attached to temptations.

I stumbled in my greed.

I got lost in my eating.

I was pulled in treacheries.

I was attracted to illusory material things.

I got swayed in my thirst for wrong kind of things.

I got mad in my false pride.

In misunderstanding I got drowned.

I was thrown away into a deep ditch of fear.

I was thrown away in a valley of grief.

I was stirred in affliction.

I was flowing in a dream of happiness.

I jumped with laughter.

In harrasment I got pulled in.

I became blind in cruelty.

At that time I had a lot of pleasure.

But after roaming in the world of evils, becoming to bear heavy load of sins, this tiredness is indeed unbearable.

To get rid of that tiredness, to take rest I have totally surrendered to you.

Oh Donor of giving rest !

Kindly give me a shetter for rest.

Now after getting freshness, enthusiasm I wish to take a journey on the pure, pious rightous path of noble virtues.

This is my firm determination. It is 'BHISHMA's resolve.

But it will remain your personal responsibility to ensure that due to my wrong kind of evil study, since time immemorial never again arises evil intellect of once again running on the way of evils, faults.

THERE IS NO END TO THE TALK

Oh Light house of the path of 'MOKSHA' !

At times I call 'you' and on some occasions I call with respect 'you'.

But there is nothing there to worry about.

When I tell with respect I call 'you'.

When the fall of feelings becomes uncontrolled, then call you like my equal 'you'.

One who spreads his light on all things everywhere, everytime before him I do not have to spread any light in this matter.

But because of our personal, intimate relationship to drive satisfaction of making a clarification I have told you about it.

I have also maintained to tell you whatever comes to my mind very frankly.

I do not know if my telling to you makes any clarification to you. You know better.

But before you, I become totally open.

I become light like a flower.

By telling you everything clearly I come near you.

Because of telling you everything clearly I do not feel guilty of not telling you anything.

When I engage myself in conversation with you then gradually our intimacy becomes more and more profound.

The distance between you and me, because of our intimate conversation, gets reduced.

In telling you my personal things from my pure heart, there is joy.

Depite talking more and more talks never decline.

Inspite of writing daily, my pen does not get tired.

My pen gets more and more freshness, enthusiam to go on writing.

Heavy fatigue of wandering from one birth to another gets over.

I get introduced to your pure, piousness; because all these-speaking and writing - only you have been getting done by me.

I did not know that appearing so inactive from outside you must be so pro- active.

When you are an individual to make me speak and write, how can I experience fatigue ?

I may be absolutely powerless but are you not with unlimited, unbound power ? Isn't it ?

It just does not come to my mind from where to begin and where to end.

But with your own understanding and practical common sense my talks go on.

Even if the time is eternal my talks with you will never be inadequate.

Such is my permanent firm faith.

Because I have tremendous- unbroken- unlimited confidence, trust and faith in you.

Do not betvay me, you see !

DID YOU FORGET ME ?

Oh Supreme Soul !

You have wonderful vision to see to understand- to recognise.

Your microscope to observe eligibility of other lives.

Therefore you saved 'Arjun Mali' who used to kill seven persons daily.

You also saved 'DYADHPRAHARI' who had killed a woman- a brahmin- a cow, and a child.

You also saved an expert thief 'ROHINIA'.

The king who had cruelly killed 'ZANZARIA RISHI' to 'MOKSHA'.

You got released from actions 'BHARAT CHAKRAVARTI' who had thrown a 'CHAKRA' on his own brother.

Even Bahubali who had tremendous false pride you got him freedom from the evil instincts.

What kind of your noble compassion !

In the war of 'Mahabharat' five " PANDAVS who had killed crores of soldiers you got them freedom from evils.

'Ram and Hanuman' who made salad of vegetables like 'Ravan Senas' you took them of the path of 'MOKSHA'.

You made 'CHANDKAUSHIK SERPENT' with poisonous vision, the Lord of 'Devlok'.

You also sent 'GOSHALA', who threw 'TEJOLASHYA' on you to burn, to heaven.

Exercising powers with false pride ~ such person like 'GAUTAM SWAMI', you sent him to 'MOKSHA' by making him 'GANDHAR'.

One who was stooped very low into mud of lust, ~ such person 'STHOOL BHADRA'; you made him pious and immortal.

Coloured with 32 wives' love and attachment one like of 'SHALIBHADRA'; for him also you got 'MOKSHA' reserved by speed post.

You even made prosperous 'CHILATIPUTRA' who was a thief and had killed his fiancée.

In 'NATADI' to mad 'ELACHIKUMAR' you gave supreme position. You gave new look to sinful 'ARDRAKUMAR', 'NANDISHENA', 'ASHADHBHUTI' etc.

You gave knowledge that the soul is one and non- dual to 'MASHATUSH'.

'Chandrashekher king' who became blind of lust, you made him free from sins.

Even to 'Shrenik' who was non- vegetarian and a hunter you gave him position of 'TIRTHANKAR'.

What a great your generosity ! To save that horse you travelled sixty 'YOJANS' in one night what a vision ? like a binocular! You made cruel atheist king of a small place a believer in God and religion and made him a resident of the heaven.

Ignorant 1500 'TAPAS' also you got established in 'SIDDHSHEELA'.

In the heaps of evils also your vision remained so fine to find only a small virtue and only keeping that as your goal you transformed one having life full of evils to one absolutely free from life of evils.

Your compassion just can not be compared with anything, any time.

But my lord ! May I ask you one question ?

What ? Could you think I did not deserve anything ? Even in smallest degree do I not have any virtues to deserve going to 'MOKSHA' ?

Do you not see any grand thing within myself ?

Or because of saving lacs of rouges and dishonest people your capacity to save has undergone a drastic decline ?

If it was not so why till date you forgot to save me ? Even being 'Bhagwan' you also committed a mistake ?

Now atleast you correct your mistake.

You save me. You call me near you.

If there is any lack of courtesy in telling you, you kindly forgive me, pardon me.

You are an Ocean of forgiveness ?

You are an Ocean of compassion ? Isn't it ?

DO NOT REMOVE YOUR ATTENTION

Oh with a generous character !

Whenever I come to you, then you are always smiling.

Eternal compassion and with overflowing affection you observe me daily.

You are just like an ocean of love, friendship feelings.

Although heaps of evils have been residing within myself, you always look at me with softness and sweetness.

Never, never you look at me with strict or hard way.

Even if I crush your order, I hurt your heart, you look at me with smiling face.

Your eyes always, forever flowing your affection everywhere impartially are extremely bewitching.

Behind you shining pupils of your eyes I can hear roaring of Great Ocean of compassion.

Although I commit many sins; I continue to commit sins, even then your eyes give me warmth and consolation !

Only for that reason as soon as I look to you, I feel deep sense of repentance for my innumerable sins.

When I see your eyes, I get wings, to fly very high in the sky of 'SADHANA'.

Seeing your eyes like petals of a lotus every day I get new and novel inspirations.

Your eyes have such magic that I forget the entire world.

I forget even myself; rather it is forgotten.

My existence totally get dissolved, merged within yourself.

Your limitless treasure of virtues get overflowed in your eyes.

I can read feelings of your soul, in your eyes.

While I am reflecting upon you, one essay on your eyes get written spontaneously.

But by writing such an essay, I just do not have even the slightest desires to earn even degree like Ph.d. or any prestigious honours.

Seeing your joy giving eyes, I want to make to you an humble request.

"Never remove your kind attention, your kind pious look from me".

Otherwise this mean soul shall never achieve salvation anytime, anywhere, in any manner.

In acceptance or otherwise there is very strict test of your generosity your seriousness.

SECRETS OF YOUR LIFE ARE QUITE ASTONISHING

Oh idol of Sobriety !

When I come to your royal court, one quote comes to my mind.
"Whosoever comes one step near you, to him you reach taking ninety nine steps".

I have been coming to you since many days, many months and many, many years.

By walking even my soles have been worn out.

At times even blood is oozing from my feet.

But, you did not come one step near me.

On the contrary, when I work diligently to come near you, more and more you go away from me.

I shout loudly but you do not even stop there.

You continue to run more speedily.

When I got entrapped in a whirlpool of lust, then how I had shouted!

When I fell in a gutter of guilts and evil virtues had I not cried loudly your name !

When 'chandal' anger was slaughtering me what kind of terrifying noise I had made.

When 'MAYA' serpent gave me a poisonous bite I had cried sobbing heavily.

And yet, you just did not come to help me.

Despite seeing that you even did not stop.

Despite hearing my shout, you ran away !

And yet you are being called an ocean of compassion ! an ocean

of mercy !

Please ensure that

I do not doubt adjectives attached to your name; your prestige does not get shattered; the trust put in you, does not get proved wrong.

Even for all these things you did not come to help ?

Inspite of being all powerful, rich this much neglect ? avoidance ?

Knower of everything and yet did not hear my shout ?!

Although you are the ocean of compassions you became so hard with me ?!

Really, secrets of your life are quite astonishing.

KEEP ATLEAST HALF OF DEMANDS OF MY MIND

Oh spontaneously joyful !

If you do not give your incomparable, unique unparalleled joy it is alright, but atleast give me unsuppresible attraction towards it.

If I do not get affluence of virtues, it is alright, but atleast give me intensive desire for it.

If you do not meet me personally, it is alright, but atleast you give me your permanent address.

If my anger does not get pacified, it is alright, but atleast reduce its partiality.

If my evils do not exit completely, it is alright but atleast break their attachments.

If you do not meet demands of my soul for virtues it is alright.

A demand of pleasant conveniences of the body, demands of facilities of the senses, demands of uncontrolled behaviour of the mind you may keep unsatisfied.

A righteous, virtuous path may remain closed for me, atleast open the path of righteous approach.

You may not reduce troubles of unhappiness, but remove that intensive attachment of remaining only in state of happiness.

You may not force me to sacrifice greed but let some interest arise for leaving the greed.

If my death does not stop it is alright but atleast improve my state in death, even if you do not improve me.

If you do not make me virtuous it is alright;
atleast you make me loving noble virtues.

If the entire 'SADHANA' does not come in my life it is alright.
but atleast give me such sense to support all kinds of 'SADHANA'
of all 'SADHAK'.

You may, perhaps, not give me righteous intellect for sacrificing
materialistic wealth, but atleast remove from me evil intellect of
amassing materialistic wealth.

In this life, the righterousness of the highest order, perhaps, might
not be achieved but kindly keep attention that no evil instincts,
meanness enter my life.

EVEN IN RAINS THAT GOT DRIED

Oh making possible the rain of compassion, dear !

Looking to continuous heavy rain of compassion, it reminds me of monsoon rains.

When there is rain of water and salt melts, sugar gets dissolved.

A cloth does not pour or melt, but does get wet.

A stone does not get melt, does not get dissolved, does not get wet, but it does get anyway a touch of water.

In the rains, a waterproof watch, a leaf of lotus does not get dissolved, melted, wet or even a touch of water, but they certainly do not become dry.

A thorny herbal plant 'JAWASO' goes further than that.

It does not get melted, dissolved, wet or even a touch of water but when the rain increases that gets dried up more and more.

Prubhu ! you like 'PUSHKARAVART' rain fell abundantly heavily.

In your loving, very compassionate words; in its heavy abundant continuous rain I did not melt, dissolved, wet, or had any touch of water; I remained totally dry.

I went on becoming more and more dry.

Just like a thorny herbal plant, 'JAWASO'.

Despite reading scriptures, my heart did not get wet, soft.

With more study, I became very hard, rough, rude and full of false pride.

To make me wet, soft, drenched, delicate you showered upon me pious, pure preachings of the scriptures.

But I had a cover of an umbrella of the logic.

I had cover of a raincoat of overwise intellect.

In rising of sins I only became unhappy.

But even when there was a decline in rising of fortunes

I became very unhappy.

Oh ! even there was an increase in rising of fortunes, I became sinful.

I just could not digest even your showering of fortunes upon me.

Even at that time, I sat with keeping my bucket in reverse position.

And I created holes of doubts in my bucket of intellect I could never fulfill my thirst of desires.

ALL SUPPORTS WITHOUT PROTECTION

Oh the Supporter of the World !

For getting happiness I believed others, the supports, but in reality none of them became my support.

All family members, servants and helpers I made supports for happiness.

Name, fame and prestige- I also made them my supports.

All achievements - power- wealth all of these I believed the supports of happiness.

Health, beauty, good shape also I considered causes of happiness.

Clothes- house - food- drinks, all I considered the instruments of happiness.

Medicines - doctor, I considered the goal of happiness.

I searched happiness at the feet of letter pad, penframe - fashions.

Considering sports and games also the supports, I ran after them.

I enquired about happiness in hill stations.

I also made searches about happiness in hotels- restaurant- clubs.

I considered computer- calculator the support of happiness.

To gain happiness I flew in aeroplane. I also travelled in a steamer.

For gaining happiness I ran around a lot by entering into competition.

Even I entered a race course to taste happiness.

In the pairs of suits- shoes- and matching I searched for happiness.

Phone, fax, freeze, flat, fan, fiat; I considered them as things of happiness.

Several times I reached at the feet of money, family, prestige, wife, son, fortune and position.

I considered these as roots of happiness: physique, fame gold, women, activities.

I believed these as things for happiness: my name, my photographs, my nature, my awe, my false pride.

I also went for happiness to the feet of trickeries, illusions, intensive desires, amassing materialistic wealth.

To gain happiness, I was corrupted in my virtues and got myself encircled by evils.

But all those supports, all those feet, in reality, themselves were without any support and they were quite shaky.

How could they become my supports or place of surrender?

I just could not get hold of anything after gaining which no unhappiness could come; such limitless, timeless happiness I just could not derive by holding many, many things.

Happiness ~ of false pride, illusory, only imaginative I tasted, like one tasting the sky.

No desire got fulfilled.

I was roasted in the fire of innumerable desires.

Oh Lord ! Now you, become my real support from your heart, forever.

Hold my hand.

Receive me falling down.

NOW I HAVE YOUR COMPANY

Oh Supreme Helper !

Oh ! Supreme Supporter !

I have indeed your wonderful, mysterious company. Since birth to 'NIRVANA' there is your company.

There is no one like yourself to give me company every moment; from one birth to another.

In the days of pain, miseries also you gave me constant support.

In the world of evil ways and guilts, I, on my own roamed around and yet with a noble intention to save me, you gave me company.

Just as in light, even in darkness you have given me company.

While I was awake I got your company; and even while in sleep also I got your company.

Even in nurturing and nourishing virtues also, I got your valuable company, your divine company.

Even of 'Shivnagar' and 'Kshayak shreni' also you are my company.

Everytime, everywhere, you have been giving me your company generously.

I have your company. That is why I am certain.

Since I have your company, your companionship; that is why I am very rich.

Once I have got your company, I have received everything.

Your company gives me warmth, consolations and happiness.

Your company gives me an unprecedented coolness.

In your company, even the night appears shining with light.

Even unhappiness looks like happiness.

Even pain is felt pleasant.

Even trouble turns into a blessing.

Even affliction brings out sentiments.

Even adversities give coolness.

The impact of your company is great, quite mysterious and incomparable.

But my lord ! You kindly give me such righteous intellect that I never, never neglect or avoid your company.

IMPACT OF DARSHAN

Oh Supreme Light !

I observe your shining bright Supreme Light and the darkness is forgotten.

I see your treasure of affluence of your virtues and the world of evils is forgotten.

As soon as I enjoy your divine knowledge, the ignorance is forgotten.

After having 'DARSHAN' of your terrific form I forget my meanness.

As soon as I see your pure, chaste beauty and my ugliness is forgotten.

As soon as I experience pure joy, the knowledge of my pain disappears.

After recognising your fearlessness, all my fears run away instantly.

In remembering your renunciation my greed is forgotten.

Your sentiment of non-attachment drives away my sense of attachment.

In remembering and thinking about your forgiveness my anger takes exit.

Taste of your sense and feeling of satisfaction makes my desires without any taste.

Seeing your eternity I hear the sound of a metal- bell of demise of the death.

Your sweet taste of softness, delicacy reprimands severely my false pride.

A beautiful touch of your simplicity finishes my all senses of attachments.

An introduction of your limitless power finishes completely my lack of true essence.

Your absolute purity crushes my impurities.

Your company in pure form merges even my abnormal form.

Whatever you have, is pure, pious, incomparable.

As much as I think, reflect about your beautiful treasure, that much my terrifying, very small form, dirty, poor form is getting melted, dissolved.

Seeing your internal world, without any diligent work on my part, everything weak belonging to me is removed.

In that I am happy from my heart, I am not unhappy.

When my evils are totally destroyed, how can I be unhappy in that?

DO YOU WANT TO TRADE ?

Oh Supreme Donor !

Today I want to demand something from you.

I do not want to demand anything free.

I want to demand after giving something to you.

I am not absolutely a beggar; you see.

I have many things worth giving to you; devotion, sentiments, prayers, feelings, love, tears, waiting -----

There are many such things with me.

I want to offer all these things at your feet.

All these things are invaluable.

Their market value may be nothing.

But their real value is very immeasurable.

It is not the slightest cheap.

Yet in exchange of all those things I want to do trading with you.
Do you agree ?

In the exchange of my tears you get me joy of worship.

You remove joy of all attachments.

In the exchange of pious, pure prayers you give me your joy of remaining virtuous, you put an absolute cut in my joy in evils.

In the exchange of my emotional devotion, you shower your soul's joy upon myself.

You immediately burn my joy in materialistic wealth.

In the exchange of sweet sentiments you give me joy of righteous feelings, emotions, You put an absolute cut upon joy of evil

feelings, and joy all imaginative.

In the exchange of innocent love, you hand over to me joy of 'SAMADHI', You cut-off joy in quarrels.

In the exchange of pious waiting for you, you give me joy of devotion, You burn out my joy in lust.

In the exchange of feelings without hypocrisy, you grant me joy of faith, You remove joy of intellect and joy of doubts.

In the exchange of letters of invitations to you not only joy in religious activities but you give me joy of religious approach and remove joy of sins and joy of sinful evil approach.

In the exchange of following your orders you give me joy in receiving your orders, and you crush joy of evil instincts.

For penance performed; in the exchange thereof you give me joy of position near you.

You remove joy of various tastes in food.

In the exchange of heaps of 'SAMAYIK' you give me taste of equanimity, drive away joy of all attachments.

In the exchange of a lot many 'SVADHYAY;' giving joy of the rule of Bhagwant- joy of scriptures remove my interest in useless, evil talks.

In the exchange of 'STUTIS' sung for you, give me joy of virtuous activities; and giving that joy of virtuous activities you burn joy of slandering.

In the exchange of your 'Darshan' give me joy of seeing virtues in others and remove joy of seeing evils in others.

In the exchange of your worship you gift me joy about the essence of the saviour.

You finish joy of cruelty towards others.

In exchange of joy of discipline and following the orders kindly grant me joy of renunciation of worldly things and completely extinguish my joy of getting things as per my expectations.

In the exchange of created 'SADHANA PALACE' giving me joy of freedom, 'MOKSHA' these joy of worldly life- joy of worldly person you remove at earliest.



Please Write Your Own Sentiments Here

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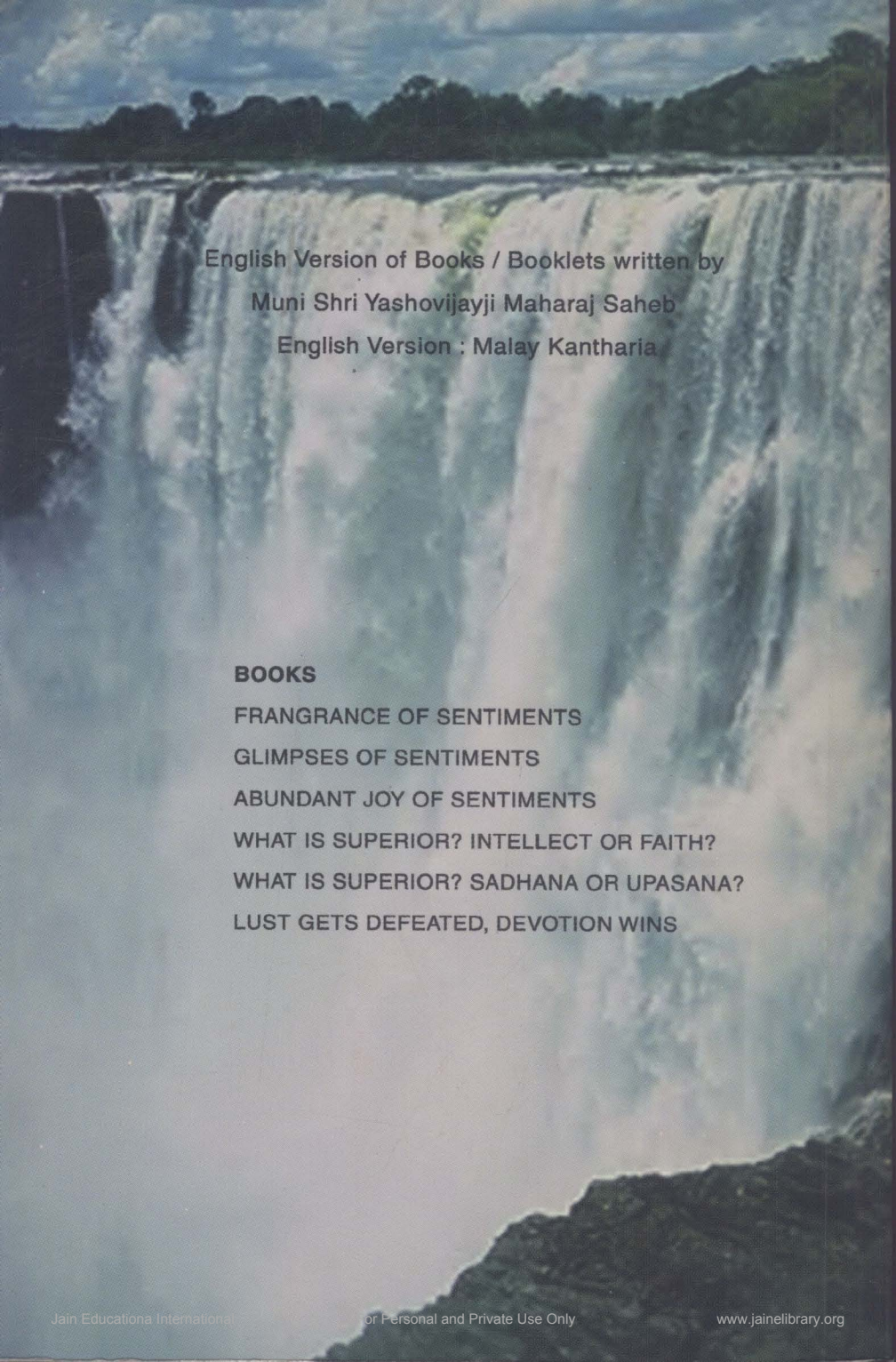
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English Version of Books / Booklets written by
Muni Shri Yashovijayji Maharaj Saheb
English Version : Malay Kantharia

BOOKS

FRAGRANCE OF SENTIMENTS

GLIMPSES OF SENTIMENTS

ABUNDANT JOY OF SENTIMENTS

WHAT IS SUPERIOR? INTELLECT OR FAITH?

WHAT IS SUPERIOR? SADHANA OR UPASANA?

LUST GETS DEFEATED, DEVOTION WINS