

# Silent Soil

मूक माटी

Acharya Vidyasagar





## Silent Soil

An incomparable work giving new dimension to the poetical exercise incorporating the essence of religion, philosophy and spiritualism in the modern language and the beautiful mode of free verse. This is the miracle of the poetical brilliance of Acharya Shri Vidyasagarji that he made an innocent, down-trodden and miserable a thing like the soil the object of the epic and gave voice to its silent pain and wish for liberation. The craftsman potter realising the permanent and promising existence of the soil gave it the benefit of caste of clean softness by powdering and sieving it and thus removing the hybrid stones. Then putting on the disc, heating in the kiln he has taken it to such a stage where becoming an auspicious pitcher of worship it obtains the meaning fulness of life. This epic is an allegory of the progressing stages of a bound soul on the journey of liberation.

The beauty of figures of speech, story like pleasantness, dramatic mode of living and penetrating dialogue of the characters taken as lifeless and the establishment of the spiritual sense piercing the layers of the words—this all has merged in this work where we get a new vision to understand our own and mankind's future and a new insight to ponder over/assimilate the read and the heard.

Present here is an English translation of the unique work of modern Hindi poetical literature.

# SILENT SOIL

(Mūka Mātī)





# SILENT SOIL

(Mūka Mātī)

Author  
**Acharya Vidyasagar**

**Bhagwan Rishabhdev Granthmala**

Shri Digambar Jain Atishaya Kshetra

Mandir Sanghiji, Sanganer

JAIPUR (Raj.)

## **SILENT SOIL**

First Edition (English) : 1,100 copies  
(27th November, 2005, Jaipur)

Written by

**ACHARYA SHRI VIDYASAGARJI MAHARAJ**

© All rights are reserved

Translated by

**GYAN CHAND BILTIWALA**

Biltiwala House, Behind Rajasthan School of Arts  
Kishanpole Bazar, Jaipur-302 003 (Raj.)  
Phone : 0141-2313970

Published by

**BHAGWAN RISHABHDEV GRANTHMALA**

Shri Digambar Jain Atishaya Kshetra  
Mandir Sanghiji, Sanganer  
JAIPUR (Raj.)  
Phone : 0141-2730390  
Fax : 0141-2731952  
Website : [www.jaininfo.org](http://www.jaininfo.org)

ISBN : 81-7772-011-2

Price : 150/- (Contribution for Reprinting of Next Edition)

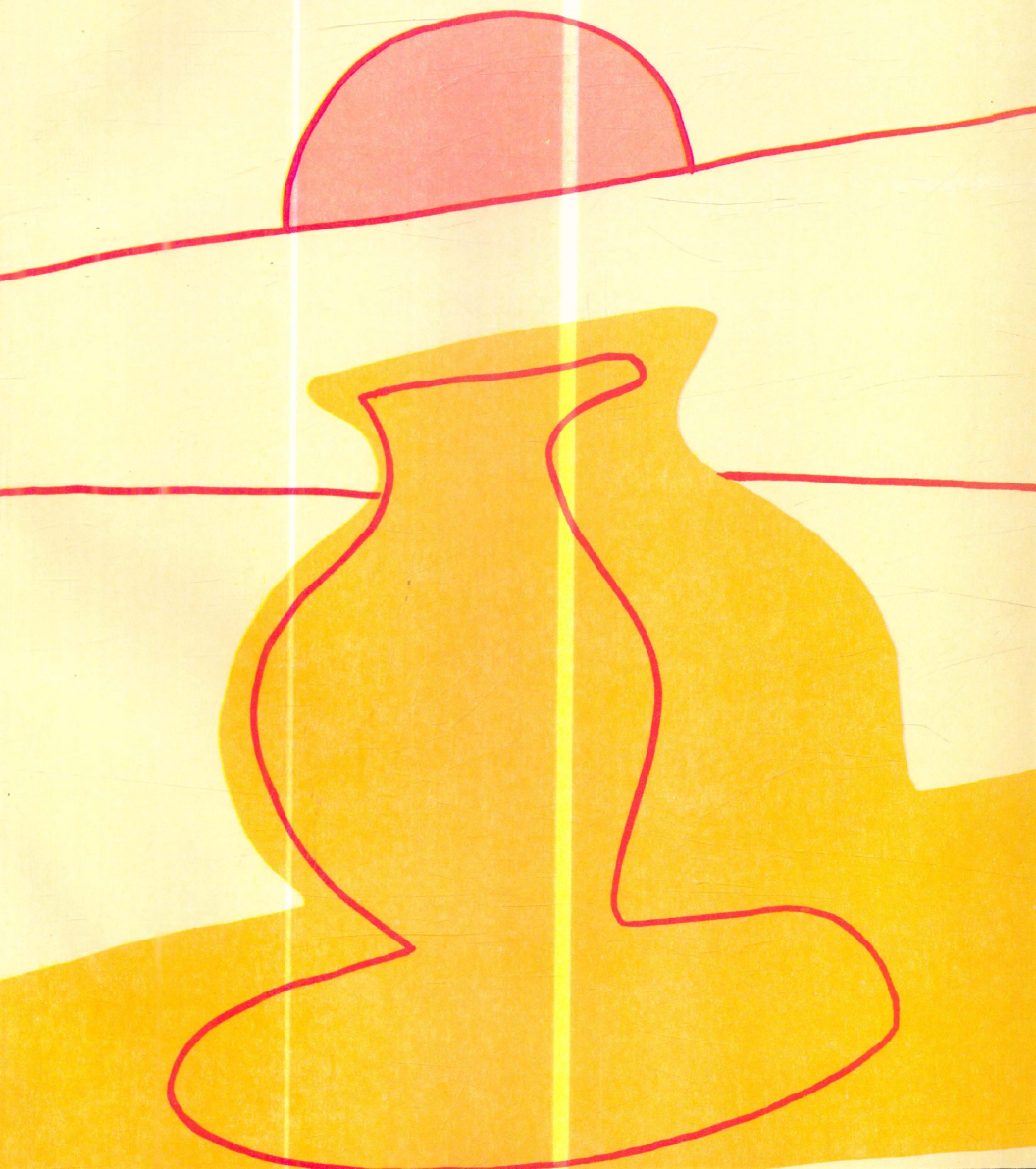
Printed at

**JAIPUR PRINTERS P. LTD.**

M. I. Road, Jaipur-1

Tel. : 2373822

# Silent Soil







## Prelusive

The creation of the epic Mukamati (Silent Soil) has been done in free verse. It is a unique work giving new dimension to poetry in the beautiful free verse style. It is a miracle of the poetical genius of the peak saint Acharya Vidya Sagar ji Maharaj that he has illustrated through the transformation journey of the soil as a pitcher enduring many hardships, the process of becoming accomplished Hira (diamond) of the Rahi (traveller, spiritual endeavourer). According to the saint poet it is not bad to get eliminated, to be beaten. When the drop gets eliminated it becomes the ocean, when the soil is beaten it becomes the pitcher.

The great poet has shown the world the path of eternal bliss by putting his experiences of life through the medium of poetry:

This is the significance of the company of saints  
that the end of samsara becomes visible,  
the person may or may not become  
saint, restraint at once-  
there is no rule in that,  
but he does become a man of contentment.

Pt. Gyan Chand Biltiwala has translated such interesting and beneficial an epic Mukamati in easy, impressive free verse style and language.

Pt. Gyan Chand Biltiwala is a well known scholar. He has read his research papers on Jain philosophy and religion in many seminars. His way of life, simplicity and daily shastra svadhyaya (study of scriptures) at

digambar Jain temple Sanghiji, near Mahavir park, Jaipur-03 is inspiring to us all.

Living a householder life, he passes his time in reading and understanding scriptures and in other religious practices. We expect that he will further do the service of Jina-vani and obtain the blessings of Gururajas.

I myself and the executive committee of Bhagwan Rishabh Dev Granthmala, Sanganer express hearty gratitude for this industrious, scholarly translation work of Shri Biltiwala. Without him this publication would have been very difficult for us. The executive Committee of the Digambar Jain Atishaya Kshetra Mandir Sanghi ji, Sanganer, too, expresses its hearty gratitude.

We express our thanks to Smt.Sushila Devi Biltiwala and her daughter and sons Dr. Raj Kumari Jain, Dr. Rajkumar Chhabra, Jinendra Kumar CFA, CAIIB, Tej Kumar (CA, CS) Enginner Navin Kumar, Harish Jain for bearing the full printing cost of the work 'Silent Soil.'

Nirmal Kasliwal,  
Honorary Seceretary,  
Shri Dig. Jain Atishaya  
Kshetra Mandir Sanghi ji,  
Sanganer, Jaipur (Rajasthan)



## Preface

Many years ago Shri Shanti Lal Gangwal, Arihant, F-23 Mangal Marg, Bapu Nagar, Jaipur inspired me to translate the epic Mukamati of Acharya Shri Vidyasagarji Maharaj in English. I am very much obliged to him for this inspiration. It is such an epic reading which one feels very enlightened and never gets tired reading it again and again. During the whole course of translation and publication of the work, indeed, I never felt it tiresome going through it again and again. It was, rather, a new joy every time I read it.

The beauty of the work- its spiritual significance, the arduous journey of the soil in taking the pitcher shape, the modern problem of terrorism, result of the capitalist greed and sensual over-gratification, and other important features introduced in the Prastavana by Shri Laxmi chand jain of Bhartiya Gyanpeeth nicely, I need not repeat them. I want to draw the attention of the reader to the friendship relation between the upadana (material cause) and the nimitta (efficient cause) as Acharya Shri has pointed out in 'Mental wave'. The help of the potter, disc, stick etc., to the soil is necessary in getting the shape of the pitcher capable to hold water and be used in the consecration of the feet of saints, in quenching the thirst of the thirsty ones. The soil without the help of these nimittas could not get moulded in the form of the pitcher by itself. Acharya Shri admits that definitely it is the upadana that gets moulded into the desired shape and not the

nimittas, whether they are active or passive. This necessary relation of upadana and nimitta makes the collective presence of six dravyas (substances) a universe. In its absence it will be merely a meaningless jumble of unrelated entities. The upadana's ability to get transformed in the definite shape is basic. In its absence the nimitta is in itself helpless. This the potter in the epic shows us by sieving the soil and remove out the stone pieces. The stones pieces are hybrid and can not be given the pitcher shape.

This has been apparently a talk of the non-conscious material world. Soil is an uncounscious being. How does it apply to man, a conscious being ? Putting the clay lump on the disc, giving it the pitcher shape, heating it in the Kiln etc., will definitely turn it into a pitcher in the absence of adverse conditions like the falling of rains, hailstones etc. But in case of man, over and above all the external phenomena, his interest ,faith, mental absorpton is a 'must'. In its absence one may return empty handed as did Marici from the Samavasarana of Lord Rishabh Dev. And, in the presence of interest, mental absorption the same Jiva in the paryaya of lion got enlightened by the preachings of carana munis and left hunting, meet eating and took fast unto death. The answer to the above question of applicabilty of the relation of upadana and nimitta causes to man gives this story of Marichi. As Marichi he was over mixed with hybrid element of dense Mithyatva (false faith) so he did not tread the right path. As Lion, he had got much rid of it and become 'soil' proper for the preaching of munis.

In the case of man, it is his internal world, his faith, interest etc., which make him 'soil' or 'stone'. And, infact, it is his internal world of conscious attributes which is to be transformed from the present dwarf state to the colossus of the omniscient state. As 'soil' proper he has to reach the feet of true Deva , Shastra and Guru, instal them on the simhasana of his heart, listen to their preachings there and get absorbed in his pure soul as they themselves are absorbed.

The absorption in sva (self) is the summum bonum, which the moneyed eyes can not see, one concerned with inanimate things (jada) like pitcher, clothes etc. and does not welcome, worship the conscious can not apprehend (pg 192). Acharya Shri emphatically lays stress on the discrimination between the self and the non-self, when asked by the people to give them a sutra that they may recognise their Being:

Whatever is being seen outside

that..... I.....am.....not

and that is not mine too.

These eyes cannot see me,

I have the power to see,

I was.... is ..... and will be

its creator.

I was.... is ..... and will be

the seer of all.

Whatever is being seen outside

that.... I.... am.... not." (pg 347)

Again, it is fascinating to note how he resolves the confusing opposition between niyati (destiny) and purusartha (effort).

'Ni' means nija (one self)



‘yati’ means yatana, steadiness,  
to get absorbed in oneself is ‘niyati,  
certainly that is yati (rest),  
‘artha means worth achieving purpose,  
forgetting everything except the soul  
is the right purusartha’ (page 351)

Thus, in man’s case the journey to the destination of liberation of the soul is admittedly in a major part internal, yet, all the stages the soil crossed in becoming a pitcher, allegorically, are true in his case too. He will also have to pass through those stages. He will have to seive himself, leave the company of unrestrained people, leave unrestrained modes of life as non-vegeterian diet, eating at night, and vomit mithyatva (false faith), sensual inclinations etc., the hybrid elements; and then, purify himself in the heat of penance, meditation heartly, caring not for the troubles in the beginning remembering the words of the pitcher- ‘the burning of faults in oneself and others the saints have taken as the highest religion’(pg-277) . He must welcome with joyful heart the auspicious darasana of the true Deva and Guru, as the soil did of the craftsman when he came to the bank of the river to take it up (pg. 25-26), and become their devout follower.

The words of scriptures, of gurus are in the begining important as help for the aspirant though they are perishable (pg 143), imperishable for himself is his own soul only. Acharya Shri admits the compassion, vatsalya of the elder desciple towards the younger one as things of the dualist world (pg- 159-60). Beyond them is the santa rasa (sentiment of peace), which

turns the self controlled wise one into 'Om' (pg-160). This absorption in the supreme self is the aim of all ascetic practices, understanding which the silent soil says in the end of the epic 'bravo'!

In the end I express my hearty gratitude to Shri Nirmal ji Kasliwal, Rishabh ji Jain and other members of the Rishabh Deva Granthmala commiltee and executive committee of the Dig. Jain Atishaya Kshetra Mandir Sanghiji, Sanganer, Jaipur for publishing the epic Silent Soil. I offer my heart felt thanks to Dr. Kamal Chand Sogani, convener, Jain Vidya Samsthan, Dig. Jain Atishaya Kshetra Shri Mahavir ji, Bhattaraka ji ki Nasiya, Narayana Singh Circle, Jaipur for the help he gave me as and when I needed. For the good and in time printing of the work I express my thanks to M/s Jaipur Printers, M.I. Road, Jaipur and Vardhman Computers, Opp. Mahavir Park, Maniharon Ka Rasta, Jaipur-3.

I express my deep gratitude to Shri Ganesh ji Rana & Rajendra Kumar ji Godha of 'Samachar Jagat' daily for releasing the work in the presence of Aryika Ratna Poornamati Mataji and other Sadhvis, before the devout gathering on 27th November, 2005, the last day of Kalpdruma Vidhan in front of Rambagh Palace, Jaipur.

In the end, I bow reverently in the auspicious feet of Acharya Shri Vidya Sagar ji Maharaj with the wish to get rid of the hybrid element and be able to tread the path of purification.

Gyan Chand Biltiwala

Behind Raj. School of Arts, Kishanpole Bazar, Jaipur

## PRASTAVANA (EULOGY)

The creation of Silent Soil epic is an achievement worth mentioning. The first thing is to imagine making the poor, downtrodden and insignificant a thing like soil, the subject matter of the epic is queer. The second thing is seeing peak grandness in the insignificance of soil to put its stages of purification allegorically in the form of the auspicious journey of salvation is to take the poetry to inseparability with spiritualism. Therefore, the work 'Silent-soil' of Acharyashri Vidhya Sagar is not merely a poet's work, it is a song of the soul of a philosopher-saint who is a living model of *Sadhana*, the *Sadhana* which upholds *Loka mangala* (universal good) putting steps carefully on the stages of self-purification. This saint wants to resound in everyone's heart the earned life-philosophy from penance having absorbed in experience. The union of clear voice and meaningful transmission which erupts in his sermons, mixing in that the flow of free verse and internal rhythm of poetical experience, Acharyashri has given it the form of poetry.

It will not be irrelevant to raise the question that the 'Silent-soil' should be taken as an epic or a long episodic poem or a poem only. It is not possible to set it in the frame of the traditional definition of epic; but, if we ponder over the 500 pages it contains



divided in four parts, then from the point of view of its volume it touches the epic's boundary. Opening the first page the natural scene gets voiced like an epic:

In the limitless void blueness is spread  
and here below  
total silence prevails.

\*\*\*

The sleep of the Sun has broken indeed  
but he is still lying  
changing sides in his mother's smooth  
lap —

Sweet slight smile pervades  
on the lips of the east — (Page 1)

In this very context lily, small lotus, moon, stars,  
fragrant air, river bank — and  
the soil of the river bank  
before the Mother earth opens her heart!  
(Page 4)

Coming to this point the whole natural scene gets  
centered on a philosophical question:

When will this paryaya (mode of life) end?

Tell me Mother!

Strike some remedy, Mother!

Take away the calamity yourself, Mother!

And listen/don't delay

give position, give path

give provision for the path also, Mother!

(Page 5)

In the preceding 20-30 lines the pain/anguish of the  
soil has got expressed so acutely and touching that  
the compassion becomes concrete. The dialogue

between the mother and the daughter moment to moment suddenly takes a new turn like the current of a river and the philosophical thinking gets voiced. Every fact gets its meaningfulness in the idea of tattva-darsana (realization of supreme truth). The highest speciality of the 'Silent-soil' is that in this process life-philosophy goes on being defined. The second thing is that this philosophy does not seem posed, it gets uncovered by the context and circumstance.

Aspects other than the natural environment required in an epic have got incorporated in the creation of 'Silent-soil'. If we ponder in this context, then the question rises who is the hero and who the heroine of the 'Silent-soil'? It is a very interesting question because its answer is possible by the Anekanta (many sided) view. The soil is the heroine, the potter may be taken as the hero; but this view does not fit in the worldly meaning. Here if the romance is, it is of the spiritual type. How much the soil waited for the potter for the ages that he would release the auspicious idol of the pitcher from its imperceptible existence. The meaningfulness of the auspicious pitcher is in the washing of the feet of the Guru (preceptor) who is the basis of faith of the devotee Seth, the character of the poem.

'Oh compassionate Guru-raja!  
Your feet are our shelter,  
you are a ship  
take us across to the coast of the ocean of  
transmigration!' (Page 326)

The hero of the poem is this preceptor, but for the preceptor himself the ultimate hero is Arihanta Deva:

who lives redeemed from delusion,  
is devoid of attachment and aversion,  
whom birth-death-senility-decrepitude  
cannot touch now——  
who is the abode of fearlessness, free from  
seven types of fears,  
whom sleep-drowsiness never surround—  
is blank of sorrow, always devoid of grief.  
Who has no possession nor association,  
who is lonely——  
He is always absolutely carefree,  
away from the eighteen blemishes....!  
(Page 327-328)

From the point of view of poetry the splendour of the figures of speech based on words and meaning is fascinating. High attraction for the poet is that of the word using which in the current meaning he gives it novel edges, uncovers new layers putting it on the whetstone of the system of grammar. The etymology does give us the glimpse of the internal meaning of the word, through it we have the perception of queer and untouched dimensions. At least fifty such examples can be collected from the poem, if we pay attention to this miracle and not only to the exploring view of the poet, where in the sound of the word adopts different meanings in the echo of many similarities. For example:

In the beginning of the era  
he was named  
*Kumbhakara* (potter)!  
'ku' means earth  
and 'bha' means fate.  
The fortunate, maker of fortune  
is called *kumbhakara* here. (Page 28)

\*\*\*

The donkey prays the God wishing that:

My name may be connotative, Lord!  
'Gada' means disease,  
'ha' means remover/destroyer,  
I may be the destroyer of everyone's  
disease

———that's all (Page 41)

\*\*\*

becoming a wayfarer  
is becoming a diamond,  
the word '*rahi*' (wayfarer) is itself inversely  
saying-

*ra...hi...hi..ra*——

\*\*\*

the body and the *mana* (desires)  
will have to be turned into ashes  
heating them  
burning them  
into the fire of *tapa* (austerity).——  
then alone sometime  
the conscious soul will become pure.  
The word *khara* (pure) itself

is inversely saying-  
without becoming *rakha* (ashes)  
where is the pure-perception?  
*Ra...kha...kha...ra...* (Page 57-58)

With this type of *Sabda-sadhana* (word-exercise) the internal meanings have got uncovered of *nari* (woman), *suta* (daughter), *kumari* (girl), *stri* (woman), *abala* (woman) etc.

It can be pointed out here that the Acharya poet has expressed respect and faith for women. He has appreciated their peacefulness and restraint.

In Silent-soil is reflected the internal nature of poetry and it introduces the basic principles of literature. If we start giving examples there is no end, because most part of the poem is worth quoting which is a wonderful quality of the work.

The poet says-

The word '*sahitya*' as if getting moulded  
in the artistic mould of the craftsman!  
"That which is combined with, coordinated  
with the *hita* (good)  
is taken as '*sahita*'  
and, the sense of *sahita* is *sahitya*.  
It means that  
the true *sahitya* is that whose perusal  
generates and accomplishes joy;  
otherwise,  
it is like a flower without smell,  
devoid of joy it is  
merely a senseless jumble of words....!  
(Page 110)

The saint-poet has divided the Silent-soil in four sections:

- 1. No hybridism: obtainment of caste.**
- 2. Word is not understanding: understanding is not purification.**
- 3. Observance of merit: washing away the sin.**
- 4. Fire-test: silver like ashes.**

The first section expresses the process of the purification of the soil in its initial state mixed with the stone pieces. In the potter's imagination has descended the auspicious clay pitcher. For the meaningful shape of the auspicious clay pitcher, which the potter wants to give to the soil, it is necessary to dig, thrash and sieve it, and take out the stone pieces. The soil, which is presently hybrid as mixed with dissimilar stone pieces, will attain its original caste when it gets its pure state in the form of soft soil:

“The ‘*varna*’ in this context  
neither means colour nor body,  
rather it means conduct, mode.  
That is,  
he who has been accepted  
has to change  
his qualities, nature, mode, character  
according to him who has accepted,  
otherwise he will have to choose  
the fault of hybridism!——  
Milk of cow is white,



milk of *aka* (*catatropis gigantea*) is also  
white,  
in colour  
both are outwardly clean,  
but  
on mixing together  
defilement occurs-  
milk gets sour  
it becomes poison!  
Water becoming milk  
is a gain in *varna*,  
a blessing,  
and milk getting sour  
is hybridism,  
a curse. (Page 48-49)

## SECTION TWO

**Word is not knowledge : knowledge is not  
purification**

Lo, now the craftsman  
in the *kumkuma* (rouge) like soft soil  
proportionately mixing the filtered clean  
water  
is breathing new life in the soil,  
in the compassionate particles  
new vitality——  
Entering the vitality of the soil  
the water there  
has gained new vitality,  
reaching the feet of a knower  
the ignorant person there  
has gained new knowledge. (Page 89)

In the process of digging the pickaxe of the potter  
falls at the head of a thorn. His head cracks, and he  
thinks to take revenge. The potter feels remorse at  
his carelessness. He expresses it:

*"Khammami, Khamantu me...*

I forgive all

and ask forgiveness from all,

may my spontaneous friendship remain  
with all

forever!——

In this whole world here

no one is my enemy." (Page 105)

This sentiment had its effect:

The feeling of anger

is getting pacified.——

the feeling of revenge,

is being vomitted- - -

understanding,

representing the treasure of *punya* (merit)

is coming. (Page 105-106)

\*\*\*

"These word-plants never flourish

without being watered by understanding;—

—

on the word plants

flowers of understanding

never emit smell replete with fragrance and  
pollen——

The ripe fruit

in which the flower of understanding

gets moulded, gets changed,

is called purification.

Perturbation gets reared in understanding,  
purification is unperturbed.

Satisfaction is experienced  
not from the flower,

but, from the fruit. (Page 106-107)

In this second section the saint-poet has inscribed the understanding of literature in many dimensions. Here he has defined the nine *rasas* (sentiments). The internal nature of music is expressed. The interpretation of sentiment of Sringara (love, ornamentation) is absolutely original. In the description of seasons the magic of poetry is charming. *Tattva-darsana* (realization of supreme truth), as I have said, emerges at every step spontaneously.

The aphorism 'Utpada-Vyaya-Dhrovya-Yuktam Sat' (Existent is harnessed/equipped with creation destruction-permanence) has been marvelously translated in practical language:

'coming and going is continuing'-  
coming i.e., generation, creation,  
going i.e., death, consumption/destruction  
continuing i.e., steady, permanent  
and is i.e., ever existent.

This is the truth, this is the fact....! (Page 185-186)

The gist is that mere speaking is 'word', knowing its complete meaning is 'understanding', and to put this understanding in experience, in conduct is 'purification'.

## SECTION THIRD

### Observance of the merit: washing away sin

The merit gets earned by the mental-vocal-bodily piety, performance of auspicious deeds and having the sentiment of *loka-kalyana* (happiness to all). The sin results by anger, pride, deceit and greed.

It is different that  
the sea is the abode of the original pearls  
as  
the material cause of the pearls is water;  
i.e., the water takes the shape of pearl,  
still,  
on thinking it becomes known that  
the earth has a prominent role in their  
formation.

It is the shell  
that shapes the water into a pearl  
and,  
the shell is a part of the earth.  
Having trained  
the earth herself has sent the shell to the  
sea.

Freeing the water from idiocy,  
making a pearl of it  
is the aim of the patient earth.  
This is the religion of kindness,  
this is the job of jiva. (Page 192-193)

In this third section the potter has picturised through the evolution story of the soil the salutary achievement born of the performance of meritorious

deeds. The descent of cloud-pearls from the cloud, rain of pearls in the compound of the potter on unbaked pitchers. The news of the rain of pearls reached the king. The king's team got the hint to fill the hoard of pearls in the bags. As the team bowed low to fill the hoard, a serious thunder in the sky-grievous wrong, grievous wrong, grievous wrong! sin—sin—sin!

The king experienced that he has been nailed by some *mantra* (incantation) power. In the end the potter submits the hoard of pearls to the king, thinking that he is really the owner of the hoard.

The perturbation of the sea seeing the glory of the earth/the sub-marine fire rival of the perturbation of the sea/the surge of three dense clouds-symbol of *krishna* (black), *nila* (blue) and *kapota* (grey) *lesyas* (thought paint)/summon of Rahu by the sea/eclipse/attack of *Vajra* (thunder bolt) by Indra on the clouds, rain of hail-stones, annihilation scene-

Upside, there the energy of atom works,  
and here... below  
Manu's power is present. —  
One is destroyer,  
the other is liberator;  
one is science which lives by reasoning,  
the other is faith.  
cares not for livelihood. (Page 249)

\*\*\*

In water and burning fire  
remains no difference  
in the inner sight of the *sadhaka*.

The journey of *sadhana* (ascetic practices)  
from difference to unity,  
from sex to sexlessness  
proceeds continuously, must proceed.  
(Page 267)

## SECTION FOUR

### Fire test: silver like ashes

The potter has given shape to the pitcher. Now there is readiness to heat it in the kiln. The whole process is poetic. In the middle of many types of processes, the acacia stick tells its pain. Sticks burn, get extinguished in the kiln, the potter ignites them constantly. The unbaked pitcher says to the fire:

Burning my faults  
is restoring me to life;  
burning the faults in oneself and others,  
the saints have accepted as the highest religion.

The faults are inanimate,  
are *naimittika* (caused efficiently),  
in a way they have come from outside;  
virtues belong to the jiva,  
they are welcome.

By this act you will get the highest good,  
this life will gain meaning from you.

I have the power to hold water  
which is waiting for you,  
for its full effectiveness  
your help is necessary. (Page 277)

The canvas of the fourth section is too wide and the story contexts are so many that giving their summary is difficult. The pitcher has been heated in the kiln for many days. The potter comes near the kiln:

‘The *kusalata* (well-being) of the pitcher  
is my *kusalata* (proficiency),  
saying thus the potter  
welcomes the kiln joyfully,  
and taking a spade in hand removes  
the sandy ashes lying on the chest of the  
kiln,  
as the ashes get removed  
so does the curiosity of the potter  
increases as to  
when does the safe pot becomes visible  
(298)

And, takes out the baked, heated pitcher, joyfully.  
The potter has given this pitcher in the hands of the  
servant of the Seth having faith that the feet of the  
Guru (preacher) may be washed by the water filled  
in it, thirst may be quenched. Before taking away  
the servant examines it again and again and raises  
sound from it whose meaning resounds in the poet’s  
mind like this: -

*sa.. re.. ga.. ma..* that is *sare gama* (all sorts of  
sorrows)

*pa... dha..* that is *pada* (position, nature)

and *ni* that is not,

sorrow cannot be the nature of the soul,

it is only an indisposed, contrary mode



of the soul under the influence of the deluding karma.  
(Page 305)

In this context the notes of mrdanga (musical instrument) buzzes:

*dha.. dhin... dhin.. dha*

*dha... dhin.... dhin... dha..*

*vetana-bhinna cetan-bhinna* (pay is different and conscious is different)

*ta... tina... tina... ta...*

*ta... tina... tina... ta...*

*ka tana.. cinta, ka tana... cinta?* (what to worry for the body, what....) (Page 306)

In this section the process of food giving to ascetics has been manifested descriptively. The wish of devotees, joy or sorrow on giving or on unable to give, the view of the ascetic, the gist of the preaching and the return of the Seth indisposed after food-giving, probably because the Seth has had the sight of the destination of life, but he cannot get free at present-

“This is the significance of the company of saints that the end of the *samsara* becomes visible.

The person may or may not become saint, restraint at once-

there is no rule in that

but he does become a man of contentment.

The blessing of the right direction

is the palace of the right condition/state. (Page 355)

This fourth section is a queer photo house of contexts, of the rise of subtle inferences one after

the other, of seeing and hearing the high edges of metaphysical thinking and of the mundane and super mundane inquisitiveness and exploration. Here the appliances of veneration and adoration get merged in living dialogue. Human feelings, virtues and defects get expressed through them. This wonderful dramatic element, excessiveness and scatter of the relation of preceding and following contexts may be an inconvenience to a reviewer, but from the point of view of making the poem relevant their fabrication is courageous, meaningful and befitting to the modern panorama. This section in itself is an episodic poem. This is worth quoting in full. The difficulty is that to quote a little is not a justice to the work, that which is left is comparatively big, important. Hence, we see the narrative side.

The golden urn is restless and distressed that why the hero has given respect to the clay pitcher ignoring him. To revenge this disrespect the golden urn invokes a terrorist team which becoming active lets loose disastrous chaos on the family. What are its mischiefs, through what calamities the Seth becomes able to save his family himself and with the help of natural forces and beings other than man-elephant team and serpent-she serpents-, how all get saved from the sinking boat in the midstream, how the forgiveness on the part of the Seth changes the hearts of the terrorists- the narration of all these is not less interesting than a novel. The poetry is fully tasteful. If we accept we can, that the golden urn and the terrorism are fresh contexts of modern

organization of society. The solution has been presented by analyzing the modern social set-up as per the modern context, not plainly, but through the figurative and suggestive ways of poetry.

Queer it is that we get the understanding of social duty through a bed-bug:

Alas, the greedy, sinful men  
make *prana-grahana* (killing) of the *pani*  
*grahana* (marriage).

They unjustly take service from the servants  
and disburse the pay also improperly.

They call themselves  
the sons of Manu!

Liberal man!

Hearing the name 'give'  
symptoms of paralysis begin to be seen  
in their generous hands,  
yet, whatever is given or has to be given  
in the form of one or half drop,  
they give with ill-will.

The receiver cannot properly digest that,  
otherwise,

why is our blood so foul-smelling  
even being red?" (Page 389)

And the bed-bug says to the Seth:

"Do not give dry temptation,

live a self-reliant life,

give up deceitful cleverness!

Pay homage to humility, the mother of  
greatness!

May the sky be contained in the vastness  
of modesty  
and  
the life be an example of magnanimity!  
Let other's misery be removed causelessly  
always! (Page 389-390)

And in the end after the worship of the detached  
ascetic seated on a stone-plank the terrorism itself  
says:

Oh Lord!  
The whole world  
is full of misery,  
there is pleasure here, but sensual  
and that too momentary!  
This we have experienced,  
but  
are not getting confident  
of imperishable bliss.  
Yes ! yes!! If  
after obtaining the imperishable bliss  
you yourself  
might show us that bliss, or,  
tell your experience  
in that respect, then  
possibly  
getting assured  
we may adopt in life  
the sadhana of your type.  
Give us the word-  
'may your wish be fulfilled',  
it will be a great grace on us.' (Page 485)

The Guru can preach only, not give word. The soul's deliverance can be obtained by its own efforts and the indestructible bliss cannot be told in words. That is a self-realization obtained through *sadhana*. The ascetic preaches:

The annihilation from the roots,  
of the body, *mana* (mind) and speech  
binding one,  
is *moksa* (liberation).  
The imperishable bliss  
occurs in its pure form in *moksa*,  
after attaining which  
how is it possible to come in samsara  
here?

You tell!—

x x x

The faith will obtain experience  
will definitely obtain,  
but not in the way, at the destination!  
And,  
the saint gets absorbed  
in the great silence...  
and like beholding unblinkingly the  
atmosphere  
... the silent soil. (Page 486-488)

These are some hints of the narrative, its poetical gravity, its spiritual dimensions of subject matter and of the inspiring spurts of philosophy and reflection.

Apart from all this there is much other contextual and accidental in this epic. For example, the idioms

prevalent/digested in worldly life, the magic of seed words, the basis of mantra-vidya (the science of spell/incantation), the application of Ayurveda, magic of numbers, and some new concepts in modern life born of science which reach upto 'star-war'. This work is more a poetry or spiritualism is difficult to say. But definitely, it is a new scripture of modern life. And, as the scripture is to be read having faith, the resolution of inquiries is to be obtained from the Guru, in the same way its study and pondering will give wonderful happiness and satisfaction, I believe.

This is not an introduction, a preamble, a fore-word, it is a *prastavana* (eulogy), *samstavana* (worship) of ascetic saint poet Acharya Vidyasagar from whose prudence and poetic brilliance has born this *Kalpa-vrksa*.

Delhi  
Paryusana Parva  
December 1988

- **Laxmichand Jain**  
Bhartiya Gyanpith



## OBEISENCE TO GYAN GURU

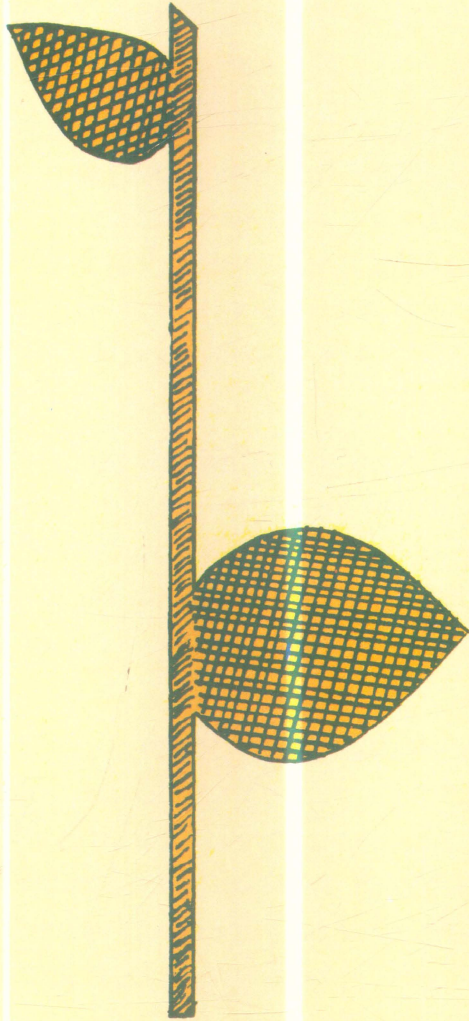
The spirtual-seer from whom got  
philosophy,  
the creator of spell from whom  
got the spell,  
who gave the position,  
the path,  
the provision for the Journey too,  
from whose tender hand petals  
this life got nourished,  
overwhelming influence of delusion soaked-  
in the blissful hand lotuses of  
that Guruvar Shri Gyan Sagar ji  
devoid of pride  
abode of virtues,  
I submit  
the creation of the Silent soil  
Invisibly.

– A buzzing bee at the feet of the Guru





# Silent Soil





## MENTAL-WAVE

Ordinarily, that which is, cannot be absent, and that which is not at all, cannot be created. Not only philosophy welcomes this fact, modern materialist age too welcomes it.

Though the three times - life of every entity gets proved by its natural creativity and changeability, yet the creator of this infinite world is some extraordinary powerful *Purusa*, and who can be that leaving the God? Almost all the philosophers support this view. They are unaware of the system of cause and effect.

‘Who is the doer and the cause of any deed?’ Until its secrete gets disclosed, the mundane Jiva remains deluded absorbed day and night in the obtainment and safeguard of the favourable things and removal of adversities separate to his own being.

Yes then, the *karya* (effect) may be with respect to conscious being or unconscious being, without some cause its creation is not possible. And this too is also an incontrovertible rule that the effect is according to the cause; as is the seed sown, so is the fruit obtained, not otherwise.

That way, principally the cause is of two types- one is *upadana* (material), the other *nimitta* (efficient), (we can say *upadana* as internal cause and *nimitta*

as external cause). That which is moulded as effect is upadana and that which is helping in its moulding is nimitta; as the lump of soil changes in the form of pitcher with the help of the potter.

Seeing the above example subtly, the fundamental qualities not only that of the upadana, but also of the nimitta come forward. There are many other nimittas other than the potter-light, disc, proper stick for the movement of the disc, thread, axle fixed unmovingly in the earth etc.

Of these nimittas some are indifferent and some are motivating. In such a case this pen asks those having disbelief in *nimitta* that: -

- Can even a skilled potter make a pitcher in the absence of light?
- Can the lump of clay get moulded in the form of pitcher without a disc?
- Is the going round of the disc possible without a stick?
- Is the going round of the disc possible without the support of axle?
- Can all this happen without the earth supporting all?
- Is the potter also indifferent like the axle and the light?
- Can the lump of clay take pitcher shape with the potter's touch only, without his hands taking the pitcher shape?

- Can the potter's hand take pitcher shape without the pitcher shape having come in the upayoga (attention) of the potter?
- Can the potter give his *upayoga* pitcher shape without desiring?
- Is the desire to make pitcher aimless?

Which else except the word 'no' answers all these questions?

Seeing this inevitability of *nimitta*, maintaining the God the creator of the world too is to negate the independent ability of the substance and puts a question mark on the venerability of Godhood.

Not only in the class exploring and absorbed in *tattva* (truth), even in the right worshipper of the God this doubt gets born that where was the God's abode before the creation of the world? Was he without body or with body? Without body the creation of the boundless world is a distant thing, even the small worldly actions cannot be done. Yes! the God leaving the liberated state and having the body again does the worldly works is not also proper to say, because having the body depends on karmas, and bondage of karmas depends on auspicious- inauspicious thoughts/feelings. That the God is above all these is accepted by all.

He who has done *atma-sadhana* (spiritual performance/endeavour) with full faith, winning senses, passions and mind, leaving sense objects and has obtained indestructible bliss within himself uncovering the hidden Godly powers within himself,

that God cannot descend in the world now. Can the ghee after getting out of the milk returns ever to the form of milk?

The other alternative of taking the God in bodily state is also not proper, because the body is a bondage in itself, it is the basis of all the bondages. If the body is, the *samsara* (world) is. What is there in the *samsara* except misery? Therefore, Godhood cannot accept, bear any miserable bondage. That way, the achievement of Godhood is not possible in worldly state. Yes, the worldly one can become God on the basis of *sadhana* breaking the worldly bonds.

This too cannot be said that when the beautiful cities can be created by the Vidyadharas and gods on the strength of *Vidyas* (goddesses) and *Vikriyas* (divine powers), then what is the objection in the creation of the world by the embodied God? Because the cities etc., made by *devas* (gods) is for the time being, not for the three times (past, present and future). These too are limited, not all pervading, pervading the whole universe. And here is not the purpose of benevolence but a satisfaction of the mind thirsty of sensual pleasures. The truth is that *Vidyas*, *Vikriyas* work according to the rise of auspicious karmas earned earlier, not otherwise.

In Jain philosophy the bodily God, destroyer of *karma* mountains, knower of universal truths and leader of the path of liberation is embodied. As he does good to the worldly Jivas by religious

preaching, so does the God do us all good by creating the world, is not proper to say. Because firstly, Jain philosophy has accepted the bodily God as God formally. In fact he has been termed as *Snataka* muni, and like detached, naked munis (ascetics) preaches unselfishly.

To accept the God as creator of the world, taking the religious preaching of *Jina-sasana* (Jain tradition) as support is to prove the God as an idol of partiality, attached and averse, because why of his works, of his created worldly beings some are poor, some rich, some virtuelss, some virtuous, some humble worthless-pitiable-subordinate, some free-independent-prosperous, some men, some monkeys-animals-birds, some cheat-fraudulent-knave-heartless, some meritorious-pious, some having good features beautiful, some having bad features ugly etc. Why does that God not make them similar, or, make all good like himself? The personality of the *dinadayala* (kind and considerate to the poor), *dayanidhana* (abode of compassion) cannot be such a one. To save the God from this defect, if it is said that the God sends the wordly beings to heaven-hell etc., to get pleasure and pain as per their good and bad actions, is also improper, because when all the diversities-dissimilarities are the results of auspicious-inauspicious karmas then what is there the purpose of the God! The thief gets into the jail because of the theft, not because of the police, Sita's fame has spread because of her chastity, not because of gods.



One thing is more to be said in this context that “some philosophies presume Jain philosophy as *nastika* (atheist), and propagate that those are atheists who do not accept the God”. This presumption shows their deficient knowledge of philosophy. Let it be known that, Jain culture, the fosterer of Sramana culture, has accepted the God as supremely venerable-adorable with great faith, not as the creator of the world. Therefore Jain philosophy is a true *astika* (believer) philosophy showing the right direction to *nastika* (non-believer) philosophies. In fact, to accept the God as the creator of the world is to negate him, and this is *nastikata*, a falsity. This contextual topic gets confirmation also from the 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> verses of the 5<sup>th</sup> chapter of Gita, the heart of Mahabharat:

‘Na kartvram na karmani lokasya srjati prabhu.  
Na karmaphala samyogam svabhavastu pravartate.  
Na adatte kasyacit papam na caiva sukratam vibhu  
ajnanenavrtam jnanam tena muhyanti jantavah.’

The Lord, God doesn’t perform the authorship of the world (do not make himself the world), of the *karmas* and the composition of their fruits, but the nature of the world is so working. That Lord also does not accept anyone’s auspicious and inauspicious deeds. The living beings are getting deluded in the world due to the cognition covered by ignorance. The same is the thought in Tejobindu Upanishad clear in the following *karika* (versified interpretation):

“Raksko visnurityadi Brahma sristestu karanam!”<sup>1</sup>.  
“samhare Rudra ityevam sarvam mithyeti  
niscinu!”<sup>2</sup>

To maintain Brahma as the maker of the world, Visnu as its saviour and Mahesh as its annihilator is false. To leave this assumption is *astikata* (right fatih). Astu (hence).

The creation of this work has taken place to uncover some such fundamental principles, and it is that creation getting whose nearness detachment emerges in the life of the sentiment of *Srangara* full of the excess of attachment, in which the worldly ornaments have been decorated with above-worldly ornaments, the ornament is now experiencing *alam* (enough), in which the word has received meaning and the meaning has received supreme truth, in which the new system of research has been given sight by way of criticism; which has influenced the Hindi world with its lustre before its creation like the sun hidden in the lap of east at dawn; on whose perusal even the poets expert in the art of poetry will find themselves away from the creation of spiritual poetry; whose adored-God is pure consciousness. From its every context, line the purusa (man) gets inspiration to arouse the sleeping conscious force; it has not negated the system, set-up of caste, family etc., but has accepted the change of nobleness-meanness as per the conduct after birth. That is why is maintained the *varna-labha*

---

<sup>1</sup> Tejobindu Upnishad 5/51

<sup>2</sup> Tejobindu Upnishad 5/52

(benefit of caste) as the magnanimity and success of human life along with keeping away from the defect of hybridism. It has declared the pure, good feelings/sentiments as religion; its purpose is to uproot the evil practices that have entered the social, educational, political and religious fields and refining the age with auspicious *samskaras* (mental impressions), turning it towards Yoga (spiritualism) from *Bhoga* (sensuality), keep alive the *Sramana* culture of detachment... and it is nomenclatured as 'Silent-soil':

The time was of the second reading  
at Madiyaji (Jabalpur)  
the creation started and  
at beautiful Nayanagiri  
the path was covered when  
Samavasarana Temple was constructed  
and elephant-chariot drawn.

– A buzzing bee at the lotus feet of the Guru.

## CONTENTS

S.No.		Page No.
1.	Prelusive Nirmal Jain	Three
2.	Preface Gyan Chand Biltiwala	Five
3.	Prastavana Laxmi Chand Jain	Ten
4.	Obeisance to Acharya Shri Gyan Guru	Thirtyone
5.	Mental Wave Achrya Shri	Thirtythree
6.	Chapter 1 No Hybridism : Obtainment of Caste	1
7.	Chapter 2 Words are not understanding : Understanding is not purification	89
8.	Chapter 3 Nurturing the good : Washing away the evil	189
9.	Chapter 4 Fire Test : Silver Like Ashes	269
10.	Glossary of the Hindi words and there meanings	489





**Acharaya Vidyasagar**

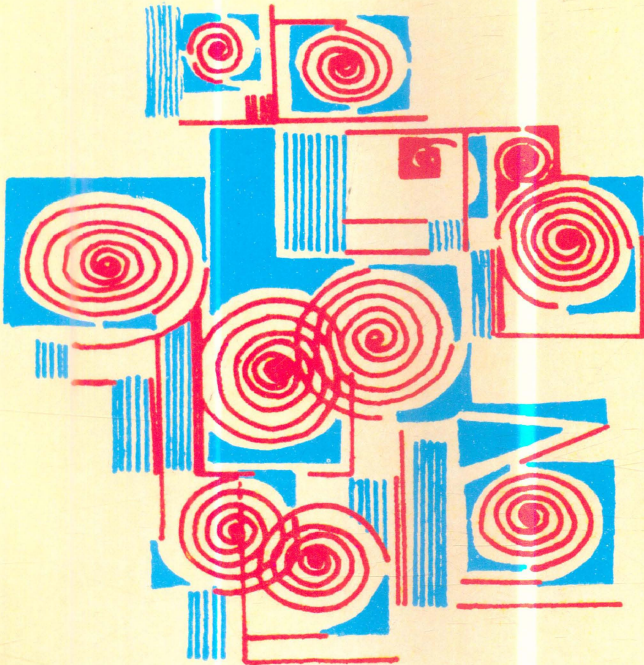
**Author : Silant Soil**





## Chapter-1

# No Hybridism, Obtainment of Caste







## **SILENT SOIL**

In the limit-less void  
blueness is spread....  
and here.... below...  
total silence prevails.

The night is passing away  
and the dawn is coming on..

The sleep of the Sun has broken indeed  
but he is still lying  
changing sides in his mother's smooth lap  
her skirt on his face.

Sweet slight smile pervades  
on the lips of the east,  
with no cover on the head  
and with  
flowing lustrous colourful red sand  
it looks fair, fair....!

Sinking in her veil of bashful modesty  
the lily,  
desiring to save herself from the touch  
of the hands of the sun,  
gives cover to her pollen,  
to her face full of attachment  
with her petals.

Lo! on this side ... !  
The half blooming small lotus  
(*kamalanī*)  
doesn't see even  
the shine of the sinking moon  
opening her eyes.  
Conquering envy  
is not in the power of everyone  
and.... that too  
in the female *paryaya* (state) -  
improbable!

Unsteady stars,  
the weak damsels,  
are now setting  
behind the moon, their lord,  
like shadows  
somewhere .... far away....  
in the corners of the sky  
fearing the sun may not see them.  
Mild fragrant air is blowing;

blowing is life,  
while blowing  
is saying:

‘Lo! It is the time of conjunction,  
isn’t it ?

Fragrance is spreading  
upto the ends around.

For me which conjunction can be  
more auspicious than this!

There is neither the moon nor the night  
neither the sun nor the day,  
presently the quarters of the sky are blind.

The smell of this secret  
to another’s nose  
cannot go !

In such a situation  
how can rise  
in their minds

..... that conspiracy!’

And...on this side... in front  
a river...

which is fast gliding  
towards the limitless sea  
cannot hear this talk.

The reason!

The pilgrim treading his path

does not see turning,  
physically as well as mentally.

And, the shy-natured,  
bashful, beautiful-  
the soil of the river bank  
before the mother earth opens her heart!

"I am fallen myself  
and made to fall by others,  
... am by the mean sinners, down-  
trodden, Mother !

I am relinquished by joys,  
joined with miseries,,  
disrespected and abandoned, Mother!

Unexpressed is this pain,  
before whom should I express!

I am irregular,  
devoid of bravery,  
perverse is my fate line.

These torments, pains!  
How many types of agonies,  
how many more... yet  
till when.... not know  
whether they have an end or not!

I have been drinking the draught  
mixed with pain  
closing the eyes  
in every breath,  
that's all, and  
that others may not become unhappy  
with this happening,  
putting a curtain over my face  
and hiding suffocation  
I go on drinking the draught;  
to say only  
am going on living.

When will this *paryaya* (mode of  
life)  
end?  
When will this body  
depart?  
Tell me Mother!

Whether my life  
will elevate or not,  
getting innumerable virtues  
will bend or not;  
strike some remedy, Mother!  
Take away the calamity yourself, Mother!

And listen,  
don't delay,

give position, give path,  
give provision also for the path,  
Mother!"

Then,  
for some moments  
silence prevails-  
both unblinkingly  
stare at each other,  
far away.. inside.. going  
the earth's sight in the soil  
and the soil's in the earth...  
merge.

Now,  
by and by,  
the silence breaks,  
from the side of the mother -

whose eyes are getting more plain,  
more moist,  
in whom  
hearty consciousness.  
Is being seen,

on whose wide forehead  
devoid of wrinkles and guile  
high seriousness  
is rising,

on both of whose cheeks  
eye-drops  
with the glitter of roses  
are trickling constantly  
with growing joy,

the emptiness due to separation,  
privation,  
also the feeling of non-belonging  
by and by  
is decreasing,

tell it *niyoga* (duty) or *prayoga* (voluntary action),  
unique intimacy is being felt  
automatically, without effort.

And,  
the steady earth  
gets tempted to say something,  
there being the attraction of the  
soil in front.

Lo!  
drenched with feelings  
the address begins:

“Existence is eternal, son!  
In every existent  
there are innumerable possibilities



of rise and fall;  
the seed of banyan tree is very  
small  
like a poppy seed!

On being sown in right ground,  
getting timely fertiliser, air, water  
sprouts and bearing huge features  
in some days becomes banyan incarnate.

This is its importance.  
The existence is eternal,  
the existence is luminous, son!

You will have to inhale  
this smell  
lying in mystry  
through the nose of faith first;  
understood...!

And see this too!  
How open it is that  
the clean current of water falling  
from clouds  
getting dirty in the soily ground  
turns into a marsh.

If the same current  
reaches the roots of a neem  
it gets moulded into bitterness.

On falling in the sea  
the same current  
is called the sea, son!

Going into the mouth of a serpent  
it gets turned into a deadly poison.

The same watery being, son,  
glitters becoming a pearl  
if it falls into a pearl oyster in the  
sea  
during the time of aracturus ....!

As one gets company  
so becomes the mind,  
as is the mind  
so is had...is had...  
the next mode of existence,  
and this has been happening  
through ages,  
through births!

Therefore, when the life  
gets joined with faith  
the path itself becoming a teacher  
addresses the *sadhaka* (one  
striving for self-realisation),  
gives company becoming a  
companion.

The sadhaka's fingers of *sadhana*  
(striving), then,  
work on the wires of faith,  
and in the meaningful life  
trickles down a *sargama* (music,  
gamut) beyond voice!  
Understood, son?

And, that thou hast taken thyself fallen,  
has accepted thyself the smallest,  
this unprecedented has so occurred  
because thou hast recognised the Lord,  
the highest!  
In thy foresight  
the sacred, the holy  
has certainly reflected!

Right cognition of the untrue  
is the attention towards the true,  
son!

Becoming aware of the lower regions of fall  
is doing *arti* (circular movement of lamps in  
adoration)  
before the rise to the heights!

But son!  
This much is not sufficient.  
If one wants to get identified

with the object of faith,  
wants to experience it,  
then,  
he must happily mould himself  
in the mould of *sadhana*!

We find the high peak seen  
from the foot of the hill,  
but  
without the exercise of the feet  
the touch of the peak is not possible!

Yes! Yes!!  
It is true that  
there is no way without faith,  
without root there is no crest,  
but  
have flowers ever blossomed  
in roots?  
Bunches of flowers swing  
at the crest ultimately !  
Yes! Yes!!... Don't  
take it as a fun,  
it is a result  
of a long-term industry, son!

The faith may well be permanent,  
firm, very firm,  
yet

there remains full possibility of a slip  
in the primary stage  
in the field of *sadhana*, son!  
One may be a healthy and grown up man,  
feet do slip  
on a stone with *kai* (a green file)!

Not only this,  
slipping is possible  
even after a continuous practice;  
for years even  
a degree-holder in cooking  
might have cooked and eaten  
bread,  
yet why his first bread bakes stiff,  
son!  
Therefore, listen!  
Fear not labour,  
become not lazy!

Sometimes  
during the *sadhana*  
such valleys may come that  
amidst a little adversity...  
the serpent of perturbation  
may sting even him  
whose equanimity kissed the sky;  
and, the wayfarer  
may go astray,

may lose his way,  
and may have to heave a miserable sigh.  
In such a state  
why will not the bird of wisdom  
fly away?  
Why will not the old woman of anger  
growl?  
What else than devastation will occur  
in the life slipped from *sadhana*?

Therefore  
food of retaliation  
will have to be abandoned, son!  
Mentality of aticara (transgression)  
will have to be broken, son!  
Otherwise,  
in course of time  
these both  
will certainly prove violation  
of the adoration of faith!

One thing more is to be said that  
while accomplishing a task  
to wait for favourableness  
is not a right sort of human effort.  
As then,  
it is all happening  
at an attachment level,  
and it slows down

the speed,  
In the same way  
to retaliate against the adverse too  
is to harbour malice  
in a different way,  
and this creates  
confusion in the mind.

Sometimes  
in the absence of momentum or  
progress  
the feet of hope get cold,  
steadiness, courage, zeal  
also heave,  
mind gets distressed;  
but  
this all is not a curse  
to a man with faith,  
rather  
prove a blessing to him  
who is having self-control, sense-  
control  
and is hard-working always.

And, listen!  
Not only from sweet curd,  
but from sour too  
on churning well  
one gets the benefit of butter definitely.

From this it gets inferred that  
the conclusion of a life of struggle  
is, as a rule, joyful, blessed!  
That is why  
I again and again remind that  
not in deferring  
but in following the dictates  
of pious ladies and saints  
the proverb/saying that  
'the coming events cast their  
shadows beforehand'  
gets vindicated, son!"  
And for some moments  
silence prevails



Now! The silence is broken  
from the soil's side-  
wet feelings get expression:  
"By this address  
getting instructed  
this life has been overwhelmed, Mother!  
I feel somewhat light,  
experience somewhat illumined, Mother!

I feel somewhat untouched by  
outwardliness  
and



the outer world,  
feel somewhat touching  
the inner world;  
this vital talk is  
novel and unheard of, Mother!

With the conjunction of  
*prakriti* (nature) and *purusa* (soul),  
with the assembly of the deformity and the  
impurity,  
the subtlest third thing  
that gets created  
within oneself  
is not visible by a microscope,  
it comes down in right foresight;  
it is *karmic* illness, Mother!

The union of *karmas* with the soul  
and then their separation  
due to oneself and others,  
are based  
on the soul's *parinati* (modes)  
of attachment and equanimity.  
This you told,  
I listened.  
This is a religious churning,  
Mother!

Who is aware of this creativity  
of the conscious?


Who knows this changeability  
of the conscious?  
Who talks about it with interest?  
Who listens with attention?  
And who has time for its worship?  
The life devoid of faith  
is the homeland of leather, Mother!"

"Bravo! Thanks, son!  
My sense, my feelings have gone  
inside... up to you.  
Now I am not worried!  
And  
tomorrow morning  
You have to start your journey!  
In the morning the potter will  
come,  
you have to bow in his pleasant  
feet  
with a sense of surrender  
to become pious from being  
corrupt;  
you have to start your journey!

In his auspices  
your future life becoming golden  
will shine,  
You have not to labour,  
he will labour;

in his *upashram* (asylum)  
you have to see with steady eyes  
his *seva-silpa-kala* (workmanship, art);  
you have to start your journey!

Day and night  
you have to know only  
the dormant powers,  
their wave-like expressions  
occurring as per their reasons;  
you have to start your journey!"



The day  
passed away in some way  
in thinking, in discussing,  
but!  
The night....  
is lengthening.  
The earth has been enveloped  
by the sleep,  
but  
sleep does not even touch  
the soil.

In the expectation of morning  
it is changing sides.  
Still,  
the night seems to the soil

like morning;  
'when the sensation of pain  
mitigates  
pain also seems like pleasure'.  
And this  
is the result of *bhavana* (feeling),  
a thing of *upayoga* (cognition)...!'

Ultimately, that *ghari* (duration of twenty four  
minutes) arrives  
on which the eyes were fixed  
unblinking...unwinking ...!  
And  
the soil, welcoming the occasion,  
at once speaks that:  
"Mornings I have seen many  
but,  
a morning like today's  
I never saw in the past.  
Today's morning  
with light red ink  
appears writing on the back  
of the dark night, that  
this is the last night  
and this is the first morning;  
this is the last body  
and  
this is the first colossus!"

And, out of extreme joy  
the morning gives the night  
by way of present  
a *sari* of green colour  
mixed with the light glitter  
of delicate tendrils.  
Putting this on  
as the night departs  
she honours the morning  
with a light smile  
as a sister honours her brother.



On this side  
by way of waves  
sent by the river are  
innumerable garlands of innumerable flowers  
conquering, ridiculing the glitter of silver,  
come swimming  
and reaching the bank  
are surrendering themselves  
at the feet of the soil.

This is also a rare  
worth-seeing sight that the river  
bank is standing  
bearing in hands  
a smiling-faced small urn,

begetter of *mangala*  
(auspiciousness),  
overflowing with curd  
by way of foams in the river....

And look!

Compassion by way of drops on the plants  
is swelling from the tender centres of the earth  
like a merry river, and her each organ is  
absorbed  
in a natural dance  
with an unprecedented horripilation!

Today!  
In the dew-drops  
exultation-zeal,  
laughter, brightness,  
understanding  
are seen.

Today!  
In the moments of enthusiasm  
light, non-possession,  
unbroken development,  
satisfaction are seen.

Today!  
In the minds filled with anger  
the sad cupid

having the colours of destruction  
is seen senseless.

Today!

In the particles of demerit  
terror, writhing, narrowness,  
occasion of fall  
and a treasure of virtues  
are seen!



Today is the beginning of the  
journey, isn't it...!  
The first foot of this traveller  
falls on the beginning of the path,  
and there occurs something like  
some sensation  
at the end of the path,  
commotion occurs there.

From the traveller's non-violent sole of the foot  
flows communication  
constantly like electricity  
and the graceful success itself,  
which having drunk disappointment  
was passing its time sleeping  
for ages... ages....  
stands at the end of the path  
humbly, respectfully,  
waiting for the traveller.

With the integrity of thoughts,  
with the harmony of conduct  
comes an elegance in the  
communication,  
otherwise  
deformation occurs!

The progress of the current of *upayoga* (mind)  
towards the aim  
like a flowing river  
restrained with strong banks  
without disruption,  
is the right form of communication.

Yes! Yes!!  
The particular point to note in this  
connection  
is that  
the rise of the feeling of ownership  
over the communicated one,  
even forgetfully,  
is the misuse of communication,  
and it does not succeed!  
And,  
the rise of the feeling of  
cooperation  
is a right use, meaningful.

Communication is that fertilizer  
with which the crop of good thoughts



gets nourished,  
flourish;  
communication is that taste  
with which the understanding of *tattvas* (basic  
truths),  
gets gratified, satisfied,  
gets enlightenment.

Yes! Yes!!

This too has to be accepted that  
in the primary stage  
the means of communication  
seem somewhat burdensome,  
somewhat unsubstantial,  
and  
there is some tension  
in the mind too,  
but,  
afterwards  
the situation becomes different.  
Writing with a new nib  
even an expert writer  
feels rough in the beginning,  
but,  
in the course of writing  
as the nib gets rubbed, gets worn,  
the writing becomes cleaner than  
before;  
then... the pen  
becoming ... becoming

the follower of thoughts  
becomes their companion;  
in the end....  
the pen feels like swimming in  
water.  
We should say, thus, that  
it is a natural process.



Lo!

What?

A sign of an auspicious happening....!

Waking from sleep  
a wide-eyed deer  
swiftly, knowingly  
galloping from field to field, from  
field to field '  
crosses the path,  
disappearing gets lost...  
in a distance.

'A deer goes  
from left to right-  
Ram comes home conquering Lanka',  
the memory of this saying  
becomes fresh in the mind  
and  
the soil sees at a distance-

who in the valley is seen?

Familiar or unfamiliar!

The labouring feet  
further and further  
are coming towards it.....!

And

the joy of the simple-minded soil  
knows no bounds,  
it goes on staring at the valley  
unblinkingly,  
her heart swells with joy  
at the dawn, and

now those feet have come  
near, very near!  
Expansion is mitigating,  
by and by the scene is getting  
denser  
getting narrowed  
and that is why  
the vast celestial panorama also  
is turning into a dot;  
everything does disappear  
when the eyes get fixed  
on a favourite nearby.

Lo! Blessed!

There a face completely appears  
filled with unique thoughts,

with indomitable interests,  
coming in front!

The forehead is not childish,  
is aged, is large,  
the store of fortune!  
Listen! In that  
the deformity due to  
the burden of tension  
never gets any place!

He is a man of strong determination,  
not shifting,  
meaningless sophistry  
never interests him  
even in the least!

He is a skilled craftsman!  
His craft gives varied shapes  
to the soil  
scattered in particles.

The government does not demand any tax  
because  
this craft makes him free always  
from the demerit of theft.

Wasteful expenditure is  
out of question,

this craft does not require even  
spending money,  
it makes the craftsman moneyed  
without money;  
it has not deformed its culture  
since the beginning of the era,  
this craft is spotless  
and this craftsman is skilled.

In the beginning of the era  
he was named  
*kumbhakara* (potter)!  
'*Kum*' means earth  
and '*bha*' means fate-  
the fortunate, maker of fortune  
is called *kumbhakara* here.  
Every substance even being  
in reality self- making,  
this is by *upacara* (complementarily) that  
the craftsman has been called potter.



Yes! The craftsman now bows to  
*Omkar*  
in the beginning of his work,  
having vomitted pride already.

He has turned away  
from the authorship mentality

has joined with  
duty mentality.

Yes! Yes!!

Oh *Arya*!

This act of turning away and joining with  
is necessary until  
the completion of the task....!



Oh! Oh! What is this!

What duty is this?

Who has ordered it?

With what intention is it being  
done?

In the very front

the soil is getting blows on its  
head,

with a heartless, hard pick-axe  
it is being dug.

The pick-axe is getting lost  
in the softness of the soil!

Has the kindness of the soil  
invited the unkindness of the pick  
axe?

Is there a fast friendliness  
between the kindness and the  
unkindness?

If not... then

why has the sound of weeping not

come  
out of the mouth of the soil?  
And  
why has the array of anger not  
spread  
on the face of the soil?  
Is it not the *raj* (secret)  
of *rajasata* (passion, arrogance)?  
It appears that  
the internal cannot be visualised  
rightly,  
leaving some exceptions,  
on the basis of outside actions.  
And  
one cannot live  
deciding wrongly.  
The life  
doubting- counter doubting  
answering as per its strength  
is itself moving onwards  
unstopped, un-tired  
.....that

on this side.....  
the simple-minded soil  
speaks nothing  
and  
is being filled in a bag...  
Both the ends of the bag are closed,

in the centre is the mouth  
and  
the simple-minded soil is again and again  
peeping out of the bag  
like a slender, veiled, ornamented, feeling shy  
newly wed one  
peeping out of her veil....!  
This ancient tradition is dear  
to pious ladies,  
to saints also.  
Against this  
the modern, novel,  
unbound-natured  
style of this age  
gets lower value.

That is why....  
the sensitive craftsman  
asks the soil -  
"somewhat like wounds, like  
pores, appear there  
on your *sattvika* (gentle,  
enlightened) cheeks  
away.... from *tamsikata*  
(ignorance),  
getting in a sort of doubt  
I want to know the secret,  
if... there... is ... no.... objection  
will you tell me, good natured!"



For some moments  
the past returns before the soil  
and  
nothing else in the answer-  
only...a long.. breath!

That long breath  
disembodies the craftsman's doubt  
and  
the faith gets a body,  
for breathing.  
Still  
there does not arise  
correct apprehension,  
proper satisfaction.  
The curiosity of the craftsman  
remains alive.  
Seeing this  
.....the soil  
taking recourse to words  
expresses the unexpressed  
feelings:

"Not of rich ones,  
it is a tale of poor people;  
not of a mansion,  
it is a tale of a cottage,

which in rainy season  
in a little rain

drips  
and  
by that dripping  
the earth gets pored,  
then...  
the whole life,  
these miserable eyes have passed  
weeping incessantly...  
the tear current  
has fallen on these cheeks,  
in such a condition  
the cheeks getting porous is  
natural,  
and  
there is a difference also  
in the wounds of love and pain,  
are the feelings of attachment and  
detachment similar?"

Hearing the past of the soil  
from the soil's mouth  
the craftsman spontaneously speaks:  
'Real life is this,  
*sattvika* (pious) life is this;  
bravo!'

And,  
this too is an inviolable law  
that

the *sakshatkar* (interview,  
perception) with the *iti* (end),  
is not possible without the *ati*  
(extremity)  
and  
the perception of the *ath*  
(beginning) is not possible  
without the *iti*!  
The meaning is that  
the extremity of pain  
is the end of pain  
and the end of pain  
is the beginning of bliss.

Some moments of the craftsman pass  
in giving solace to the soil  
in the posture assuring safety ;  
and,  
the honorary donkey,  
his companion, his helper  
who takes a little pay for his body, and  
who is roaming in the valley, free of all bonds,  
is called.  
He does not like any bondage,  
he is bound only with his master's orders.  
He is taking  
the humble soil  
to the master's *upasrama* (asylum)  
on his strong back.



In the middle of the way  
the sight of the soil  
falls on the back of the donkey.  
His back is getting scratched  
with the rub of the rough bag,  
and  
pain is getting inside the soil  
piercing.

The thin being of the soil  
is shuddering fearfully  
every moment with pity.  
Love is blooming  
outside and inside  
becoming a friend;  
not only spatial nearness,  
the nearness of feeling  
is also necessary  
for this experience.

Here  
not senseless,  
but an awakened process of consciousness  
is being found!

Here is being found  
the nearness of feelings  
completely erasing  
the distance of the bodies.

And,  
the soil every moment  
getting filtered  
through the bag,  
entering the scratches  
is becoming  
the softest ointment,  
is getting steeped more  
in the sentiment of compassion.  
Not only this much,  
the rough touch of the bag  
at that spot  
is getting merged  
in dense softness.

Still,  
the fairy from the world of sadness  
sitting on the face of the soil  
is refusing migration.

The reason for this state of the soil  
is that

the soil is just getting scorched  
in the fire of repentance  
thinking that  
"I am the efficient cause  
for this scratch,  
for this burning sensation".  
And

with that feeling,  
where is peace to the internal  
compassion  
brought up and lying there?  
The compassion is unable to bear  
it,  
unable to keep unmoved,  
coming out  
weeping and wailing  
by way of eye-drops,  
by way of sweat drops  
drenches, as if,  
the full bag.

There can be no doubt  
regarding the fact that a voluptuous one  
always makes the sensual objects and  
passions  
his objects of cognition.  
And  
in the hearty eyes  
it may be day or night,  
life of consciousness  
gets reflected,  
that life may well be kindly  
or unkindly.

And  
the presence of kindness

is the right introduction of the  
science of jiva.

But becoming kind to others  
often seems  
somewhat extrovert, something like delusion-  
foolishness...  
devoid of the introduction of one's self...  
away from spiritualism...

By such an absolute conviction  
spiritualism gets injured.

Because, listen!  
The other with the self  
and  
the self with the other  
does get known,  
primary or secondary it may well be.  
While seeing the halo of the moon  
firmament is seen too.  
Becoming kind to others  
one remembers oneself,  
and remembering oneself  
is self-kindness.  
Reversely also  
comes the meaning  
ya...da... da... ya.... (remembrance...  
kindness).

Along with this,  
this too should be known  
that  
the wantonness of sensuality  
is delusion,  
the development of kindness  
is liberation-  
one badly burns the life,  
is horrible, is an ember!  
The other enlivens the life fully...  
is auspicious, is an ornament.  
Yes! Yes!!  
Partial kindness-compassion  
is not a part of delusion,  
rather  
a partial demolition of delusion.

The life-periphery of sensuality  
is unconscious... is the body,  
kindness-compassion is limitless,  
the centre of compassion  
is the sensitive-natured conscious one,  
the abode of nectar.

From the *karnika* (stem) of  
compassion  
fragrance, sweet smell of  
equanimity  
gets emitted constantly.



In such a state  
who says  
that  
compassion has anything to do  
with sensuality?

He who says so  
must be blind,  
slave of sense-objects,  
servant of senses  
and  
serf of *mana* (desires),  
probably passion-blind!

Admitted  
every substance  
with respect to itself  
is *karaka* (doer),  
but  
with respect to others  
it may be *upakaraka* (beneficent);  
and  
with respect to itself,  
is *karana* (instrumental),  
but  
with respect to others  
it may be *upakarana* (appliance)  
too;  
that is why...

the donkey is not blind  
neither passion-blind,  
his inside is completely drenched.  
It spontaneously comes out  
wishing,  
prays to God :  
“My name may be connotative,  
Lord!  
‘Gada’ means disease,  
‘ha’ means remover/destroyer,  
I may be the destroyer of  
everyone’s disease  
.... that’s all,  
I desire nothing else  
*gad-ha.... gadha* (donkey)....!”

And what is this?

The soil’s wonder gets limitless  
experiencing something looking improbable.  
The gist of the extraordinary happening is this  
that  
the sentiment has flowered,  
the flowers have born fruits;  
the cheeks of the soil  
becoming woundless,  
becoming poreless  
.... have been washed clean!  
Today the name has become connotative  
*gad-ha...gadha....blessed!*

The compassion of them both  
is natural,  
they appear,  
like twin sisters.....,  
not like younger...elder.

The aphoristic saying,  
'*parasparopgraho jivanam*' (jivas are mutually  
beneficent),  
gets vindicated in them both.  
Everything is living here-  
Life! Long life!! Proper life!!!

Still  
the soil's compassion  
expresses its humbleness:  
"To travel  
making a conscious being  
with status or without status,  
one's conveyance  
is a state of incomplete kindness  
which this life does not like.  
And the soil  
controlling its breath  
as if lightening its weight....  
beholds at the upasrama  
in the pose of waiting,  
like a queen of a king in journey  
though sitting in her silver

palanquin  
but, somewhat bored...  
somewhat shy, bashful  
beholds the sèraglio.


Here we find  
the head of righteousness  
completely upheld.  
And,  
the soil has got  
the first opportunity!



This is the compound of the  
upasrama,  
here hard labour is done  
night and day!  
There is a yoga school here,  
an excellent laboratory also,  
where  
from moment to moment  
education, training  
is received from the craftsman,  
which influences directly  
the inner life!

Here the life is not sustained,  
it is formed-  
history testifies it.

The downward-looking life  
becoming upward-looking  
rises;  
the helpless, defeated life even  
becomes helping.  
The visitors  
get ideals here.  
Centuries old complicated  
historical problems  
get solved easily in a moment  
in this company.  
And,  
those desirous of simple, sweet  
culture  
get advice here  
without demanding.  
The 'sword' and the 'ink',  
the 'farming', and the 'asceticism'  
too,  
get some such aphorisms,  
that unselfish ones they  
get authoritative here!



Lo, the soil has been unloaded  
now in the *upāsrama*,  
soon a sieve of thin wires  
is brought  
and the soil is being filtered.

The craftsman himself  
is the operator of the sieve.

He sees filled with emotion,  
with his compassionate eyes  
the plain soil taken down.  
He touches  
the straight forward soil  
eagerly with auspicious hands.  
And  
becoming woundless  
is merry  
bodily as well as mentally.  
Then spontaneously  
words flow from his mouth:

"It is a peak state  
of uprightness  
and  
is a peak glory  
of softness  
..... blessed!"

The soil gets cleaned,  
the soil gets enlightened,  
but,  
the expelled stone-pieces,  
somewhat justly,  
feel anger.

Yet, in controlled language  
those stone pieces request the  
craftsman:  
“Why are we being separated  
from the Mother soil?  
For no reason!  
Is there any reason?”  
At this at once  
the craftsman says in soft words-

“This craft of mine  
gets brightened  
by soft soil,  
by small species,  
and  
quickly scatters  
by rough-hard things,  
by heavy species.

The other thing is this that  
I had to eliminate  
the flaw of hybridism  
so I have eliminated  
the fund of stone pieces.”  
Hearing this  
the stone pieces get somewhat  
hotter,  
there is a clear vibration  
in the lips of the stone pieces

and there is an expression of heat  
greater than before.

“The question may be  
that of the body or that of the species, caste,  
it is one and the same thing-  
we and the soil are similar,  
dissimilarity is not visible at all!  
Is it visible to you, o craftsman!  
Have your eyes been operated?

And,  
so far as the question of *varna*  
(colour) is concerned!  
What to describe by *varnas*  
(alphabets)?  
That too is similar in both of us  
which is apparent.  
The colour of Krishna is black,  
not a foul colour.  
Do you hear?  
Are your ears alright!  
Then who should talk of *varna-*  
*sankara* (cross-breed)?  
We silently worship Shankar  
having same *varna* (colour)!”  
And...  
the stone pieces become silent.



Even on this the temper of the craftsman  
does not get heated a bit.  
Spontaneous equanimity in him,  
like that of the earth,  
gets expressed:

“The ‘*varna*’ in this context  
neither means colour nor body,  
rather  
it means conduct, mode.  
That is!  
He who has been accepted  
has to change  
his qualities, nature, mode,  
character  
according to him who has  
accepted,  
otherwise he will have to choose  
the fault of hybridism!  
And  
it will happen necessarily.

In saying this  
the gain of *varna* has not been denied,  
Water is a different species  
milk is a different one,  
the touch, taste, colour of them both  
are mutually different too,  
and

this is well-known;  
yet,  
water added to milk  
properly, in right proportion  
turns in milk.

And listen!

Milk of cow is white,  
milk of aka (*catotropis gigantea*) is also white  
in colour,  
both are outwardly clean,  
but  
on mixing together  
defilement occurs-  
milk gets sour  
it becomes painful!

From it follows that  
water becoming milk  
is a gain in varna,  
a blessing,  
and milk getting sour  
is hybridism,  
a curse.  
Let it suffice!"



"O stone pieces!  
You got mixed with the soil,  
but,

didn't get compounded with it!  
Touch of the soil was there  
but you didn't get one with it!  
Not only this much,  
you do not forget your attributes, your nature  
even after powdering you  
in a grinding mill!  
Indeed  
you become powder, sandy,  
but you do not become soil!

On being watered  
you get wet also  
but, forgetfully even  
you do not swell!  
You do not get damp  
like soil,  
is it not your weakness?  
Tell, you mean!  
Where is that capacity  
of containing water in you?  
Living in a water pool even  
for ages  
you cannot become a water pool!  
I won't tell you heartless,  
but yours is a stony heart  
definitely;  
seeing other's pain even  
which never can perspire,

such is your  
... chest!

Still

we have this preaching, pious precept always  
from risis, from saints that  
hate

not the sinner  
but the sin,  
not the lotus  
but the mud.

Oh *arya*!

Being *nara* (man)  
become *Narayana* (God)  
performing timely actions."

Drinking thus  
some bitter draught  
from the craftsman  
the stone pieces stare  
at the soil now.  
And, the soil  
turning towards the stone pieces  
beholds them with eyes filled with  
freedom.

The greatness of the soil  
preaching something...!  
"You have necessarily to explore

the Mother-the great existence,  
to have proper desire,  
to purge out narrow being!  
The meaning is-  
disowning the lowliness,  
worshipping the loftiness  
is the creation of the auspicious..  
A boat crosses the limitless sea  
only if  
there is absence of a hole in it!

Yet  
that boat gets sometimes nervous.  
and that nervousness is neither  
because of the water  
nor because of the depth of the  
water,  
but  
it is because of a perversity  
of the liquid existence of water  
which  
leaving the depth,  
coming in the waves  
floats....!  
It is the half –sunk  
piece of snow,  
the measure of pride.

That is an obstruction to simplicity,  
a teacher of poisonousness;

not only this much  
is an extreme absorber of liquidity,  
and  
a nourisher of solidity!

It neither knows swimming  
nor wants to swim,  
sorrowful it is that  
it wants to drown  
the boat and the swimmer.  
It wants to live on the water  
but,  
not mixed with the water,  
sending the world  
to the bottom of the water  
wants to live  
on it,  
not mixed with the water....!  
O proud one, creature!  
Behold the *pani* (water)  
and now  
get *pani pani* (overwhelmed with  
shame)...!  
Oh lord Truth!  
When will the pride be devalued?"

And the soil's current of preaching  
did not break  
still!

Leaving the literal mode

it is moving towards the suggestive mode now:

“When seeds have been sown,  
water rains,  
seeds sprouts  
and in some days  
crop begins waving  
like a hairy...woman...!  
But,  
not only the snow,  
even a cold wave  
in some moments like fire  
burns that ripe crop.  
Water gives life  
snow takes life,  
this is the difference  
in *svabhava* (nature) and *vibhava*  
(perversity),  
this the saints say  
who are the knowers  
of the life of the world.  
From this follows that  
although the outward skin of the  
snow  
is cool-natured,  
but, inside  
it is no more cold now!  
There has certainly developed

burning nature!  
Otherwise,  
why when one is thirsty,  
his throat is getting dried up,  
and his eyes are burning,  
to get redeemed of these pains,  
in haste  
instead of water he eats a piece  
of snow  
does his thirst increase highly?  
Why does his nose flow?  
This is the success of perversity  
and restlessness of svabhava  
(nature).

Even being so much  
the watery being of the sea,  
Mother- the great existence,  
does not drown the piece of snow.  
What is its secret?

It seems  
it is the affection of the Mother  
towards its progeny,  
towards the part of the lineage,  
she cannot take such a step  
...even forgetfully ever,  
she takes all the burden of  
troubles



over herself  
and  
keeps silent inside.”

“...Admitted!  
the concoction of separatism  
is the result of pride,  
alongwith it  
this too cannot be denied that  
though the becoming very *bona* (dwarf) of the  
pride  
looks like the end of pride,  
but,  
it can be a *bona* i.e., *bapan* (sowing) also  
for the great pride in future!”

Thus came a sarcastic wave  
in the middle  
from the side of the stone pieces  
and  
not only touches the body of the  
soil  
untouched by possessive instinct,  
going straight it touches the  
inside!  
That  
instantly:  
“No...No! Innsolence it was,  
may the slip be pardoned, Mother!

This context does not fit in your case!"

And...

the group of stone pieces started weeping.

Then, in the form of prayer-

"Oh! beyond-pride, statue of softness,

Mother soil!

Give us a *mantra*

so that we become diamond

and become as genuine as gold!"

Hearing the prayer of the stone pieces  
the smile of the soil speaks:

"Tread the path of restraint,

becoming a wayfarer

is becoming a diamond,

the word '*rahi*' (wayfarer) is itself inversely saying-

*ra....hi... hi..ra*

and

one will have to become so hard  
that

the body and the *mana* (desires)

will have to be turned into ashes

heating them,

burning them

into the fire of *tapa* (austerity).

Great effort will have to be exercised  
then alone sometime  
the conscious soul will become pure.  
The word *khara* (pure) itself  
is inversely saying-  
without becoming ashes  
where is the pure-perception?  
*Ra...kha... kha...ra..."*

And  
the soil's pose-  
like raising the hand of blessing  
as generous as ocean.



Today the soil has to be puffed up only.  
It has to be liquefied  
mixing water proportionately  
from the pot.

Today the soil has to be puffed up  
only.

Gradually dwindling  
the obsolete,  
the past moments  
have to be forgotten, that's all,  
today the soil has to be puffed up only!

And in its every particle,  
in every moment  
new, novelty  
has to be called in, that's all,  
today the soil has to be puffed up  
only!

There is a well in the compound  
for this very purpose.  
Taking a bucket in hand  
the potter is standing at the well!  
Its bhawar (swirl) is having a joist,  
he puts that down,  
and  
is now disentangling  
the entangled rope.  
It is getting disentangled soon,  
but,  
while disentangling  
there happens to be a knot  
in the middle of the rope....  
it is a tight knot.

Untying it is necessary  
and  
the craftsman started his exercise.  
Bringing up his whole strength  
he concentrates it  
in both the thumbs of the hands ,

in both the forefingers;  
the breath stops  
the outsider outside  
and the insider inside!

Lo! There occurred the *kumbhaka pranayama*  
(stopping of breath)  
by itself.

Features chewing lips appear,  
in both the arms  
the network of nerves becomes tense,  
there is a puff in the skin,  
but,  
the knot is not getting untied.

The strength of the thumbs has decreased,  
both the fore fingers are about to get blank,  
and the nails have become bloody-  
but the knot is not getting untied!

In the meantime  
the group of teeth  
spoke to the craftsman thus:  
“Oblige the servant by bestowing  
the service, lord!  
And  
it is opportune, lord!  
We have heard the policy that  
when the force of speech dwindles  
the application of hands then

works,  
and when the application of hands  
gets weakened  
the gentleman uses weapon.  
Therefore  
give us the rope  
without any hitch, lord!"  
And  
the rope is consigned to the teeth  
that  
at once  
the sharp tooth  
spoke to all the teeth:  
"Oh brothers!  
You cannot find out  
the joint in this knot!"

And  
The lower sharp tooth  
of the right side  
observes the knot from all the sides,  
and losing no time inserts itself  
in the depth of the joint  
taking the help of the upper sharp tooth  
of the right side.  
The tops of both the sharp ones  
meet together  
and their strong roots  
get strengthened mutually.

Still! Even on this!!  
What to talk of untying the knot,  
it does not move even,  
instead,  
the roots of the sharp teeth  
are about to shake  
and the tops are about to crack.

Lo! The soft gums have been scratched  
in this struggle,  
flesh is about to peep from them.

Beholding this happening  
the tongue getting excited spoke:  
"O *rassi* (rope)!  
My and your names  
have the same zodiac,  
but today  
you are not *ras-si* (juicy),  
you are looking quite *nirasa*  
(sapless).  
Up till now  
you were simple,  
were taken as a grand mother,  
elder sister  
broad-minded and slender,  
now you are simple no more!  
You have become densely knotty  
and  
densely obstinate.

Leaving obstinacy  
loosen the knot!  
Otherwise,  
you will have to repent  
when in a few moments  
your undivided being  
will get divided into two...!"

And  
speaking *chhih...chhih...*  
*thu...thu...*  
at this ignoble act,  
damning it  
drops saliva on the joint of the  
knot.  
The result is  
the rope shivers  
at its dreadful future!  
And, in some moments  
the knot gets wet,  
slackens becoming soft.  
What to ask then!  
Seeing the success  
the teeth get warmed up!  
All the teeth,  
upper, lower and in-front,  
untie the knot at once.






Now the rope asks the tongue  
having curiosity-  
“What was the trouble your master had  
from this knot?”  
The tongue unveils the secret:  
“O rope listen!  
My master is a man of self-restraint,  
afraid of violence,  
and  
non-violence is his life.  
He says that  
without self-restraint  
there is no *adami* (man),  
i.e., *adami* is that  
who is properly a:*dami* (restrained).

Our revered deity is non-violence  
and  
where there is a knot, a complex  
definitely there deceives violence.  
The meaning is that  
the complex, the knot is a  
perpetrator of violence  
and

in a complex-free state (Digambar mode) only  
non-violence gets nurtured,  
every moment develops,  
....gets strong.

We are travellers of the complex-  
free *pantha* (sect),  
amongst us always  
this *pantha* is talked of,  
worshipped and praised.  
This life may keep on passing  
further  
like this, that's all!  
Nothing else is desired.  
And, you were keeping  
a hard, difficult knot  
without untying which  
the full bucket  
while being pulled out from the  
well  
that knot would fall off the pulley,  
and the bucket would lose the  
balance then  
as a rule.  
And  
the rope would get entangled in  
the pulley.  
As a result  
much of the water of the bucket  
jumping  
would fall back in the well,  
many aquatic jivas living in that  
water  
getting hurt

would die untimely;  
how can my master become  
the owner of this fault?  
Therefore untying the knot  
was not only necessary,  
it was essential.  
Understood!  
O rope!!  
Foolish one!  
My dear!"



What happens hither?  
The shadow of the soft, happy-minded body  
of the craftsman  
falls on a fish  
swimming freely in the clean water  
far away in the well.  
The head of the fish lifts up  
and  
her mental state also becomes upwardly,  
but,  
“how will my body  
be able to lift up to the body above?”  
This is the worry of the fish!  
The body is inanimate, isn't it!  
The inanimate requires support,  
and that too of the *jangama* (moving living  
being).

And listen!  
“The *maya* (deception) has got  
fostered  
because of the body,  
this my mind  
attracted,, influenced by *maya*....  
The mind can be saner  
if *maya* is ignored... then.....

Fallen in the blind well  
my state is like a frog in the well  
due to experiencing ugliness.  
*Gati* (mode), *mati* (mind) and *stithi* (state)  
have all got deformed,  
how can the *svarupa-svabhava* (self-character  
and self-nature)  
be known?  
Not a single ray sent from above  
comes to me.”  
And,  
from the mouth of the fish  
comes out  
a voice mixed with humility:  
“May someone take me out  
from this blind well,  
someone make me meet that swanhood.

No one listens to this wailing,  
O people with ears!  
Have you all gone deaf?”

Thinking that this wailing  
has been a wailing in a jungle,  
again the fish sinks in her thoughts  
and in that sinking  
she gets a ray  
that  
“the hope of life gets poison to eat  
from sapless thoughts,  
and,  
the long asleep fruitful capacity to work,  
patience, steadfastness  
open their eyes  
in the lap of strong determination.”  
That’s all!  
The fish becomes determined  
to come upon the earth.

The hope for ephemeral life  
runs away,  
the thirst for godly life  
awakens in the heart of the fish!

Then,  
then what?  
How long the love  
for the mindless water stay baselessly?  
That too disappears in a moment  
vanishes somewhere.  
The abode of fearlessness is found

fright disappears,  
from here begins the victory  
in the life of the fish,  
blessed!



Now!  
The work in context progresses  
further,  
every organ was cultured  
that—  
both the hands of the craftsman  
which had the impact  
of the education of self-restraint  
get at once restrained!  
Tying the bucket with the rope  
the craftsman  
leaves it in the well  
with a slow speed  
that any hurt to fish and other  
aquatic jivas  
may be avoided,  
and  
*karmas*, fruits of *karmas*  
here and there, now and then,  
may not play fraud  
with his soul's true state!  
Lo!  
hand to hand

to see the dream fulfilled,  
the determination succeed,  
the peaceful eyes of the fish  
look up hopefully.  
Something like a plane is seen  
descending  
with '*dhmmo daya visuddho*'  
(religion pure with kindness).  
and '*dhammam sarnam gachhami*'  
(I go to the shelter of religion)  
written on it.  
As the bucket  
gets on descending in the well  
frogs and innumerable aquatic  
creatures below  
quickly glide in the depth of water  
to save their lives.

But  
all those fish,  
motionless, unwinking,  
tongue-controlled, taste-enamoured,  
behold the bucket descending  
with the hope  
that they will get some food from it!

But what is this! Deception....!  
Seeing the bucket empty,  
taking it to be a novel trap

all the fish run afraid.  
Only that determined fish  
stands there with her friend  
and  
says to her something:  
“Come!  
We take its shelter.  
'*Dhammo daya visuddho*',  
this is the only shelter  
of the shelterless ones!  
It is a great abode,  
this is our safety,  
otherwise,  
definitely today or tomorrow  
we will be a morsel in the mouth  
of death!

Don't you know?  
Here the big fish devours  
the small fish fully,  
and

enmity, malice is seen  
mutually in persons of the same  
religion and the same caste!  
A dog seeing another dog  
digging the earth with nails  
growls badly”.  
At this her friend speaks:



“To some extent you are right,  
but,  
if by eating us  
our race gets strong, satisfied  
then...  
it is desirable because  
ultimately  
it is our own race that helps,  
all others remain perceivers  
becoming philosophers!  
And  
what is the belief of a different  
race?  
Today at every breath  
belief getting suffocated  
is seen.....directly!  
And listen!  
What to say if  
the inward writing,  
the commodity inside is found  
as per the outside writing!  
Here the hypocrisy,  
‘Ram in the mouth and a heron in  
the side’,  
deceives.

Statement of mercy is different  
and  
the homeland of mercy is different,

there is life in the one,  
there is drama of life in the other,  
Nowadays...

arms, weapons, clothes  
and daggers  
are found with  
'Mercy is the root of religion'  
written on them.

But,  
*krpana* (daggers) are not kind,  
they themselves say,  
'we are *krpana*  
in us *krpa na* (no kindness)!'

How far to say now!  
Even the flag of religion  
becomes a club,  
the scripture becomes a weapon  
getting occasion.  
And  
sweet sounding flute  
engaged in Lord's prayer  
becoming a bamboo  
can beat the treaders of the path  
of the Lord.  
It all the power of the time is!"

Hearing the talk of the friend  
the fish says again:  
"If you have not to come, don't come,

but,  
preaching uselessly  
don't eat time...!"

And, the fish sets off alone without her friend  
uttering opportune sayings.

Facing every hurdle cautiously  
is getting novel attentiveness  
or we should say,  
is getting final solution.

It is very necessary  
to have understanding of faults  
along with the virtues,  
but  
having malice towards the faults  
is the development of the faults  
and  
the destruction of the virtues;  
bearing malice towards the thorns,  
remaining deprived of the smell  
and the pollen of the flower  
is held ignorance,  
and  
enjoying sweet smell, sweet pollen  
saving oneself from the thorns  
is the sign of wisdom  
which - -  
is found in rare ones!



Hither... descended from the mid-air,  
the bucket in the water  
and the water in the bucket,  
both merge completely.  
The fish gets entrance in it,  
meditating upon the mantra  
'dhammam sarnam pavajjami',  
her faith is getting more assured,  
her soul is getting more healthy.  
Seeing this peak of fortitude,  
seeing this faith of the mind  
all the fish wonder  
and  
for some moments  
their fears are forgotten.

One has thought of doing a good action,  
determined firmly  
and all the rest supported it.  
One meditated  
the rest got influenced,  
one had the sight  
all got the direction.

They got the shelter of mercy,  
ray in their heart shone  
and  
all got  
enlightened with bright light,

got bathed  
from inside and outside both,  
at once!



On this occasion  
the whole family gathers  
with a happy face.  
Fluid waves are rising with the fish swimming  
and the fish are getting surrounded with them.  
It looks as if  
everyone has a flower garland in hand  
and the great fish  
is being honoured,  
slogans are being raised-  
"May the journey to salvation  
....be successful,  
may the dose of delusion  
be defeated,  
may the religion win,  
may *karma* disappear.  
Victory, victory  
victory, victory, may the victory be attained!"

Lo! The time has drawn near,  
the bucket like a plane  
is about to rise up  
and  
an auspicious wish gets expressed  
from the mouth of the fish:

"It is my *kamana* (wish) that  
in the limitless coming time  
there may remain no *kama* (lust)  
in this heart,  
that's all!

There is only one purpose  
of this auspicious journey  
that equanimity-equality may be my food,  
that ever rising, ever blooming may my feelings  
be,  
that the violence having the demon's body  
may not have influence on man's mind,

in the sky, on the earth,  
insides of the earth  
may the religion of jiva,  
the religion of kindness  
flourish....!"



The bucket overflowing with water  
now rises up from the well,  
from the bottom of the fall  
towards the heights of progress.  
The fish is only seeing,  
there is no dearth of water,  
there is no dearth of strength  
yet  
the fish is not swimming.

She has just forgotten swimming,  
has become steady-minded,  
as the self-nature has been perceived  
action seems getting absent now...!  
She is becoming brilliant!

The bucket came upon the earth  
uninterrupted,  
the fish's confinement in the well  
ended;  
there is the obeisance of the  
sunlight  
golden, joy-sprinkling....!  
Illumined with sunlight  
the Nandan forest of colour  
becomes a flood of bliss.  
The mass of dust  
becomes *sindura* (a red powder)  
for the face.  
The eyes of the fish  
now dart directly  
towards the *Upasrama*...!  
The sun has sent his mistress  
in the attendance of the *Upasrama*  
for the whole day,  
and that keenly attending sunlight  
is ,  
in a way, kissing the courtyard  
and every part of the *Upasrama*...!

It is a beautiful mass of colour, is gross  
yet it doesn't get caught.  
Except for the sun,  
whose features devoid of subtle touch  
are similar to the Lord?  
.....Of the sunlight.  
It must be admitted that  
this is the effect  
of the shade of *Upasrama*,  
and  
the slips of the fish  
get rectified...  
the sufferings get powdered.

A sight is beheld  
in the compound of the *Upasrama*-  
there is a big pot  
bound at the mouth with  
a double clean khadi cloth  
and the potter goes towards it  
with the bucket in hand.

He filters the water  
jetting with a great care,  
slowly the water is getting filtered.  
Meanwhile,  
the sight of the craftsman  
slips a bit elsewhere.



Getting excited for jumping  
the fish jumps out of the bucket  
and  
falls in the pious feet of the  
soil.....!

Then  
she weeps bitterly.  
Her eyes get filled  
with a sensitivity  
and  
gets shrouded with pain;  
they are at once athirst of novelty,  
like the slaves of the Lord  
they have become excellent.  
From those eyes  
bright tear drops dripping  
wash the feet of the soil.....!

These drops have gathered  
the piety of the milky ocean  
from the bottom,  
have showered off  
the waters of the ocean of pain from the head.



Here the pen asks this age  
whether humanity has died  
completely,  
whether demonicality  
has bulged out here?

It seems that humanity  
has lost bounteousness  
somewhere;  
and, then  
when was bounteousness nurtured  
in demonicality?

The sight of a personality  
imbibed with '*vasudhaiva kutumbakam*' (the  
earth is a family)  
its taste, its feeling  
is not available now  
to these eyes...!  
If it is available  
then not in *Bharat* (India),  
it should be seen in *Maha-bharat* (greater  
India)!  
In India the sight is that of selfishness.

Yes! Yes!  
So much change has definitely  
occurred that  
'*vasudhaiva kutumbakam*'  
has been modernised;  
'*vasu*' means money, wealth,  
'*dha*' means wear.  
Today  
the wealth has become the family,  
the wealth has become the crown  
of life.

Now the fish says to the soil-  
“You too tell something, Mother!  
Make this subject more explicit, Mother!”

At the request of the fish  
the soil says something in the  
form of essence-

“:Listen son!  
This is the true sign of *kaliyuga* (age of vice)  
that  
the *khara* (genuine) seems it *akhara*  
(unpleasant) always,  
and take that as *satyuga* (age of virtue)  
when even the *bura* (bad)  
seems like *bura* (powdered sugar) always.”

Again the fish submits in the  
middle that  
the subject is getting obscure,  
make it a bit simple.  
The Mother says:  
“Try to understand, son!  
Whether it is *satyuga* or *kaliyuga*,  
it is not an outside  
but an inside happening.  
The vision engaged in search of  
truth

is *satyuga*, son!  
And  
the vision sunk from throat to foot  
in false objects,  
taking true as false  
is itself *kaliyuga*, son!

Kali like death  
is the abode of unkindness,  
is very cruel,  
and sat like a bud, a creeper,  
is extremely kind,  
full of softness.  
In the eyes of kali  
there deepens always  
the darkness of delusion  
and  
in the eyes of sat  
there waves always  
the heart of peace.

One's vision is darting  
after the individuality,  
the other's vision  
is waking towards the collectivity;  
one's world is evanescent,  
the other's is art-permanent.

One's life looks like dead  
is a lustreless corpse,

the other's life  
looks like nectar,  
is lustrous liberation.  
We shall have to burn the corpse  
and  
shall have to awaken interest in liberation.  
Understood, son!"

"I was ignorant, I understood,  
Mother!  
I was confused, am now clear,  
Mother!  
Now for drinking  
water is not needed,  
now for living  
strength is not needed.  
This broken, torn life  
may get joined somehow  
with the eternally true,  
.....with the eternally  
conscious,  
become joint less, that's all!  
Now for sewing  
needle and thread are not needed.

Born in the water even  
this fish kept burning,  
where is the coolness from water,  
from aquatic creatures,

in the inanimate being,  
which in some moments  
I have got in these feet, Mother!

The sandal wood from *Malaya*  
mountain  
and  
enticing, shining moonlight also  
have jumped away somewhere  
from the mind,  
your coolness has rained  
happiness  
on my body today.  
Mother! You are a cool tendril!  
*Shivayani* (abode of liberation)  
incarnate!

In thy lap  
I will get more understanding, Mother!  
In thy lap  
further research will begin  
of the aggregate of innumerable virtues,  
Mother!  
And listen, Mother!  
I do not fear illness so much  
as I fear mental perturbation,  
and I do not fear mental perturbation so much  
as I fear upadhi (outside possessions).  
I need *upadhi*, not *upadhi*, Mother!  
I may get *samadhi-samadhi* (equanimity-trance),

not *avadhi* (idiocy), idleness,  
that's all!  
*Upadhi* i.e., *upakarana* (tool),  
it helps, isn't it!  
*Upādhi* i.e., outside possession,  
it harms , isn't it!"

And the fish says:  
"Therefore, give me *sallekhana*  
(fast unto death) Mother!  
Give me *ullekhana* (utterance)  
the seeds of understanding,  
Mother!  
Give me observation.....  
I may observe the *sama:dhi*, that's  
all!"

Smiling at this the soil says:  
"*Sallekhana* means  
thinning the body and the passions, son!  
Thinning the body suffocates the passions,  
——they should get suffocated.  
And  
the body is not to be finished,  
the true *sallekhana* is not to be sore-faced and  
happy-faced  
when one's body finishes,  
when one gets *maya* (money etc.),  
otherwise  
the riches of the soul gets plundered, son!"

Weather may be favourable or  
not,  
the talks around may be  
favourable or not,  
the good lies hidden  
in the gain of pleasure or pain,  
it is seen on seeing with the eyes  
of equanimity,  
The word *labha* (gain) itself  
is saying inversely  
*la...bha...bha...la...* (good)

In the last this is to say, son-  
that  
in your life-time do not become a cheat  
like cheat fish,  
do not become even forgetfully freakish  
in the waves of sensuality.  
And listen, son!  
Remain an innocent fish,  
this is the mother of *samadhi*.  
And  
the soil hints at the craftsman:


“Take this promising one  
to the well with safety without any  
delay!  
Otherwise  
she will die,  
you will earn demerit



which will fructify in intolerable  
misery!":

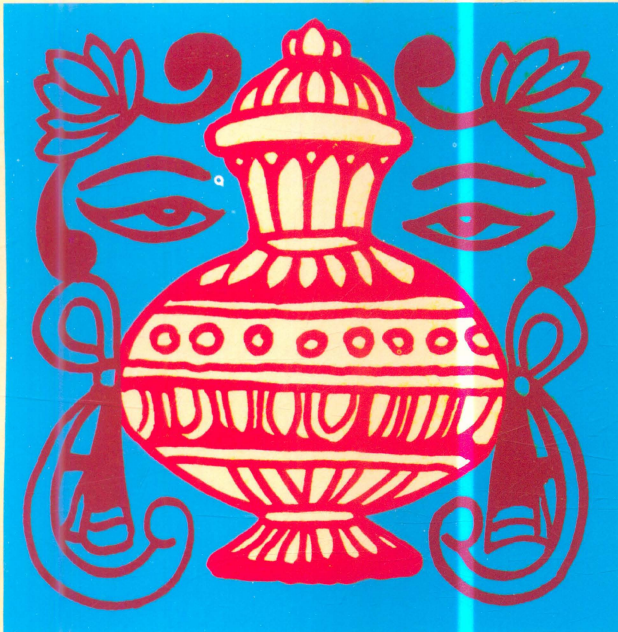
The water has been filtered  
and  
the remaining aquatic creatures in the cloth  
and the fish,  
the craftsman with full care,  
dropping pure water in the bucket,  
puts down in the well.

Again once more the sound of  
'*daya visuddho dhammo*' (religion  
pure with kindness)  
resounds,  
and  
the sound colliding with the sound,  
the echo coming up colliding with  
the walls  
merges in the *Upasrama* ...  
as if sinking there!



## Chapter-2

Words are not  
understanding  
Understanding is not  
purification





Lo, now the craftsman  
in the *kumkuma* (saffron) like soft soil  
proportionately mixing the filtered clean water  
is breathing new life in the soil,  
in the compassionate particles  
new vitality-

from dissociation to association  
emergence of unification,  
and  
the soil is swelling.  
The fluidity,  
the nature of the water element,  
is now experiencing stability.  
Entering the vitality of the soil  
the water there  
has gained new vitality,  
reaching the feet of a knower  
the ignorant person there  
has gained new knowledge.  
The unstable has gained stability,  
the transitory has gained  
permanence-  
new, novel change...!

Perpetual dance of the conscious in the body  
is this  
Which are those eyes,  
whose, where are they  
to whom the perception of this dance is possible?



Yes! Now starts  
the talk of winter season.  
Necessarily in it  
is the hand of the deformity-  
on every branch, every leaf  
of the plants  
there is snow-fall.  
And the wind chimes in,  
having an impure mind and dirty  
body,  
with the nature.  
Beautiful, soft-bodied these  
creepers  
getting pale with the touch of the  
winter  
are burning completely.

Everyone's body is familiar  
with the sensation of tremor,  
but,  
whose heart is filled with compassion?  
Who is he, where?  
When does he become kind?  
The shower of compassion

is a thing  
excellent on the earth.

When have the teeth been in the art  
of music  
got initiated, educated  
and trained too?  
Yet like skilled ones  
everyone's teeth are dancing.  
The days have shrunk,  
the brightness of the sun  
looks as if it is afraid, is diffusing,  
and, though the sun is high in the  
sky,  
is bowing-headed.

Wherever beheld  
the glamour of the snow is smelling  
over the earth.  
And today!  
Dense, defeating the attribute (blackness) of the  
beetle,  
like a mine of saturn,  
the mother of the fear, the pride, the sin-  
the night has got doubled.  
Eventually,  
everyone is feeling sore with the winter:  
but, but what?  
One exception is there, that  
it is an easily passing night  
for the craftsman!

Only a thin cotton sheet  
on the body is enough for him,  
and the thought of the winter is over.

Still, by way of worldly convention  
the soil says something to the  
craftsman  
from the compound outside-  
"The body is body,  
a shadow, a delusion of the  
inanimate,  
seems like a spouse...  
so...  
at least take one blanket  
over the body,  
that... more..."  
The soil becomes silent  
at once... then..  
listens to something from the  
craftsman.

"Those who are blank of strength  
are persons with blankets  
and, are slave to lust.  
We are strong  
are slave of Ram  
and, sleep beside Ram.  
The help of blanket  
is not necessary for us,  
we honour  
the cheap cotton sheet only!

The other thing is this  
that the hot skinned ones are afraid of  
cool temperature  
and  
are against moral actions.  
I am cool tempered  
and  
the nature of the season is also  
a lake of coolness;  
both have similarity,  
that is why  
the friendship is continuing uninterrupted.

We love *svabhava* (intrinsic nature)  
and we are safe in *svabhava*.  
If *purusa* (man) is away from *prakrti*  
(soul's nature),  
definitely he will be full of deformity.  
Absorption of *purusa* in *prakrti* is  
liberation,  
is substantial.  
And,  
getting absorbed elsewhere  
is wandering, is delusion,  
is *samsara*...!

And listen!  
From the pacifist saints  
we have obtained an aphorism that  
not only outward lethargy  
but,



the lustful mentality  
of the slave of *mana* (desires)  
is *tamasata* (obscurity), *kaya-rata* (absorption in the  
body);  
that is in true sense  
*kayarata* (cowardice) inwardly!

Listen, correctly listen  
with attention!  
Get absorbed in the bodiless!  
The body and the *kayarata*  
(absorption in the body, cowardice)  
may these both  
get merged in the lap of *anta-kala*  
(death)  
for the infinite future!



Like the petals of flowers  
the soil has puffed up fully.  
This puffing up of the soil  
is the original form of smoothness, of lovingness.  
And negatively,  
is the uprooting  
of roughness, of antipathy.

The momentum that has come in the  
soil  
is the result of the water  
the soil has drunk,  
but  
when will the capacity to retain the

water  
emerge in her?  
That will emerge  
when the smoothness increases in  
the soil  
and she drinks fire.  
To take the smoothness of the soil  
to the crest  
the craftsman is coming.

In the sacred hour of the morning  
the joy of the soil is boundless;  
and,  
lying there a thorn  
beholds this sight  
gaping through the *amcala* (extreme part of the  
sari)  
of the night  
like a wondering thief!

His head is half torn,  
hand is half cut,  
hurt by the stroke of the pick-axe  
at the time of digging the soil,  
he has thin, lean  
back and *kati* (waist)  
that is now further *kati* (cut),  
his eye has got lost  
of the side leg has broken,  
and  
his unsteady weak life-span also  
has got affected by beating,

to some extent got diminished.  
How far to say  
the thorny body of the thorn  
now looks somewhat odd.  
There is no doubt  
his prana (vitality) is just coming to the  
throat,  
and there is no *visvasa* (belief) of the  
*svasa* (breath) now,  
still,  
the hopeful relies on hope, isn't it?  
It is an incontrovertible rule  
that the body's strength is like an  
iota,  
that of the *mana* (mind, fancy) is like  
a maund.

Yes! This is what is happening here.  
The body of the thorn  
is completely infested with *jvara* (fever),  
still he is not getting finished,  
is living,  
and his *mana* is drinking juice  
filled with sweet *jvara* (tide).  
Whose mind will not get astonished at this?  
Listen to its reason also-  
the *mana* has the support of deception,  
by nature the *mana* is unsteady,  
but  
its deception is unmoving,  
it is a mine of *maya* (deception), isn't it?

It has determined  
to revenge upon the craftsman,  
giving him a thorny pain  
this *mana* will get peace;  
that way,  
the *mana* is the repository of animosity.

The pride develops  
in the shade of *mana*;  
the head of the *mana* never bows,  
*namana* (obeisance) to a *samana*  
(saint) is done only  
when there is a na-mana (no fancy).  
Therefore *mana* always says-  
*nama na! nama na!! nama na!!!*  
(bow not, bow not, bow not).

With the intention that  
somehow the 'clouds' may scatter  
and the thorn's mood for revenge change,  
the soil says something to him:

"Intention for revenge is that marsh  
in which not only big oxen  
but group of strong elephants even  
get bogged badly  
and sink into it  
up to the throat and the cheek.

The sentiment of revenge is that fire  
which burns the body  
as well as the conscious being through births.

The sentiment of revenge is that rahu  
in whose vast mouth  
even the conscious brilliant sun  
becoming a small morsal  
loses his being.

And, listen!

Dashanana determined  
to take revenge upon Bali;  
what did he get?  
His body's strength got crushed,  
his mind's strength got distressed,  
and  
fame's strength crumbled down.  
Didn't it happen?  
Crying  
'save me! save me!! save me!!!'  
he began to weep in the demon's voice  
and,  
he was called 'Rawan" thence".

"Yes! Yes! Enough! Enough!  
Put an end to further preaching,  
Mother!  
Do not extend the name only in sight,  
some dimension in the direction of  
the virtues too now, Mother!"

Here the attack is on,  
there nearby a rose plant is standing  
fragrant with sweet smell.

And,  
from the side of the thorns  
voice loudly resounds:

“We accept that  
we are efficient in causing others  
thorny pain,  
that is why we are thorns.  
Yet,  
it is a great lapse  
to see us as thorns only always,  
sometimes thorns also are more  
tender  
... than the flowers,  
and  
sometimes the flowers also are  
harder  
.... than even thorns.

When the blooming flowers  
touch us with their soft fleshy cheeks,  
every particle of their softness blooms  
with our hard pricking,  
a novel happiness and peace  
getting experienced play in them.

Then, tell us  
how do we remain thorns,  
how do they remain flowers?  
That lustful merry-making

has attacked us,  
has hurt our worship very much;  
yet  
aren't those flowers thorns?  
It appears that  
somewhere the sand has fallen in  
the eyes!

These beautiful creepers  
try to make us fall  
from our character, from our nature...  
they coil around us,  
embrace us freely,  
yet  
the glory of the character of we thorns  
doesn't melt, doesn't shake;

they sprinkle their pollen, their  
attachment  
on our pointed faces,  
still,  
are unable to make us attached,  
are unable to put a blot on us.

They send their sweet smell  
to the un-expecting nose,  
but, but what?  
When are they able  
to awaken any expectation  
in this nose!

These wondering-eyed,  
smiling-lipped ones  
slide quickly some intoxicating  
charm,  
some tastefulness  
up to these eyes,  
keep dancing amorously, frolicking  
before us always.

Often handsome persons are seen  
having perverted conduct,  
outside they are somewhat clean and soft haired,  
inside they are of somewhat filthy hard race.

It is well-known in the world  
that the flower is the weapon of cupid  
and the spear is that of Mahadev.  
In one there is pollen, dense  
attachment,  
whose fruit is transmigration,  
in the other there is detachment,  
sinless renunciation  
whose fruit is the other coast.

The one takes away others' *dama* (restraint)  
and in return fills with *mada* (pride),  
the other fills others with *dama*  
and makes them immediately *nirmada* (meek).

*Dama* is happiness, a source of  
happiness,



*mada* is misery, the death of  
happiness!

Still,

what an anomaly it is that  
every mouth praises flowers  
and 'kills' thorns!

Is it not an attack on truth?

The western civilization does not prohibit attack,  
rather,

is extremely offensive,  
in its eyes gloats always the ever rising,  
horrifying dance of destruction;

and,

the direction in which the wise ones  
went out,

went to the jungle leaving everything,  
naked, absorbed in the self,  
in that direction....

their's-index, preamble

is the Indian culture-

the introductory study of happiness  
and peace.

The spears are worshipped,  
therefore,

the flowers are talked about.

Certainly the flowers are the stuff for worship,  
they are offered at the feet of the Lord,  
but,

the Lord doesn't touch them

even being a spear-bearer.  
The Lord has burnt the cupid,  
that is why....  
becoming shelterless  
the flowers come to the feet of the Lord  
in the hope for shelter.

And Listen!

Getting the holy contact of the Lord  
the thorns have had a transformation  
opposite to flowers-  
from where to here,  
and  
from here to where?  
From when to now  
and  
from now to when?  
etc., etc.,....  
The subtlest facts of place and time  
get informed easily in thorns.  
Otherwise,  
why is there in the compasses  
and in the time-telling machines, the  
watches,  
the existence of needles?

We should not forget this also  
that  
to remove the haughtiness  
of the densely proud ones  
the penal code is formulated;

and,  
the ruler's rule should not be a bed of roses,  
rather, should be thorny,  
otherwise,  
the *rajasatta* (power of the state) will become  
the queen, the capital of *rajasata* (passion)!

That is why  
a change,..  
a movement in the right direction  
is desirable  
in the mental working of the  
craftsman..."

And the wounded thorn again says-  
"The craftsman should at least  
beg pardon of the thorn  
for this lapse, Mother!"



Now the soil's address:

"O listen!

Where do you know  
the nature, the character of the craftsman?  
He is the one  
who has attained the other coast of the limitless,  
boundless  
sea of forgiveness,  
he is the statue of forgiveness,  
forgiveness incarnate."

Just then,  
the voice that has consumed the fire

of anger  
having drunk it,  
filled with the nectar of compassion  
and seasoned with firm gravity also,  
comes out from the mouth of the  
craftsman-

*"Khammami, Khamantu me...*

I forgive all  
and ask forgiveness from all,  
may my spontaneous friendship remain with all  
forever!

Why, when and with whom  
should I have enmity?

In this whole world here  
no one is my enemy!"

This seasoning with modesty,  
like the mica seasoned crore times,  
affects the eternal consciousness of the thorn  
crossing the cover of his body.

The up-rushing feeling of anger  
rising to great heights like fire  
is descending backwards,  
becoming very indifferent in the  
absence of 'fuel'  
is getting pacified.

Every moment the feeling of  
revenge,  
representing the storehouse of sin,  
is being vomitted,

every moment understanding,  
representing the treasure of *punya*  
(merit),  
is coming,  
and, purification,  
representing the self-experience,  
is being paid obeisance  
spontaneously, with ease! Here!!

The pen strives  
to explain the present topic further:  
“The word-plants never flourish  
without being watered by understanding;  
true it is too that  
if on the word plants  
flowers of understanding  
never emit smell replete with fragrance and pollen,  
then!  
When and where will  
the fruit bunches of experience and taste  
swing...?”

Listen attentively!  
The pen tells, further:

“The ripe fruit  
in which the flower of understanding  
gets moulded, gets changed,  
is called purification.  
Perturbation gets reared in understanding,  
purification is unperturbed.

Satisfaction is experienced  
not from the flower,  
but, from the fruit.

The flower is to be saved  
and

the fruit is to be eaten.

Yes! Yes!!

The flower may have smell  
but, where is the juice in that!

The fruit is full of the juice  
and, is fragrant with sweet smell too ...!"

The heart of the wounded thorn  
moved,

its hardness melted

by this craft of the craftsman,  
by his never-before-heard words.

Repenting the thorn says;

"The welfare seemed to me as if  
contained in harm  
and harm in welfare;

I didn't grasp the root,

I didn't take the crest as attractive;  
a great lapse has been committed  
by me.

Reverse steps took me  
far away... backwards..

The right path got left;

the *gandha* (fragrance) I said *ganda* (dirty)  
and the moon blind;

the nectar seemed to me poison;  
my lapse may be pardoned, Lord!  
Give me a good *mantra* that  
my whole life may become peaceful,  
quiet,  
by and by, then,  
a time may come in my life  
that I become a shelter  
full of fearlessness  
to those seeking shelter,  
and that too, 'a most humble one.'

At this the craftsman says :

"*Mantra* is neither good nor bad,  
good and bad is one's mind.  
Only the steady mind is that great *mantra*,  
and  
the unsteady mind is a self-willed machine of sin-  
one is the stair of happiness  
and the other is the draught of misery."

Again the thorn expresses his  
curiosity:

"What calamity is *moha* (delusion)  
and what art is *moksh*?  
I may be told their implication, not  
explanation;  
by implication one is rewarded,  
by long sky-kissing explanations  
the value of the original gets  
lessened,  
right valuation gets lost.

One may mix the water proportionately in the milk,  
yet the sweetness of the milk gets necessarily  
lessened!

The skill of the water prevails upon the tongue!"

The curiosity of the thorn gets  
satisfied

at the address of the craftsman:

"To get affected by the thing other  
than oneself

is the result of *moha*,

and, getting absorbed in oneself  
leaving all

is the abode of *moksa*."

Hearing this

the thorn immediately speaks out -

"Bravo! Bravo!

Today I find myself

in the shade of genuine literature.

The lines of words coming out from  
your mouth

twinkle like pearls.

Extraordinary is this exercise of  
yours

in implication;

heard from many, but

this has been rarely heard.

And

your suggestiveness also appears faultless;



varied dainties get forgotten.  
Lord! if convenient,  
it will be a great kindness  
that becoming broad-minded  
you tell and I receive well the literal method.  
If you speak on the word '*sahitya*' (literature)  
then what to say,  
best and timely it would be!"

The word '*sahitya*' as if getting  
moulded  
in the artistic mould of the craftsman!  
"That which is combined with,  
coordinated with the *hita* (good)  
is taken as '*sahita*'  
and, the sense of *sahita* is *sahitya*.  
It means that  
the true *sahitya* is that whose  
perusal  
generates and accomplishes joy;  
otherwise,  
devoid of joy,  
it is like a flower without smell,  
merely a senseless jumble of  
words.....!

It may be so said also

that  
the meaningful life breathing peace  
is the generator of eternal literature.

The eyes may read, the ears may  
listen to this literature  
and the hands may serve this  
literature;  
this literature is living, isn't it!"

This time... the thorn feels joy  
many times more than is felt during  
the contact with one's spouse;  
even being torn-headed,  
churning the literature  
his head becomes the crusher of the cupid...!  
Sunk in the *rasa* (joy) of literature,  
though one-legged,  
the thorn gets absorbed in dancing.

Slightly smiling his soul  
makes the craftsman feel  
that  
eternally the soul lives devoid of  
faults;  
but everyone's body gives pain to  
everyone,  
that is why it seems  
the body is cremated in the end.  
Oh body!  
Burning in fire,  
becoming ashes, turning to dust  
many times,  
even then continues burning the soul  
taking birth again and again.



Hither, on the contextual topic of literature  
this pen too speaks out:

“The listener overwhelmed with faith  
assimilates the *rasa* (taste, joy) of  
literature  
many times more  
than the writer, the owner of the pen,  
than the one adept in the art of  
lecturing.  
One skilled in the art of listening to  
lectures  
is like a swan having the capacity  
to differentiate milk from water.  
Proper it is, that  
the tongue of the cook  
is able to taste less  
the tasteful food.  
Because both the lecturer while  
lecturing  
and the writer while writing  
return to the past.

At that time the thought of taste and distaste  
does not remain in mind,  
there is only a grappling  
with the unattached past, that’s all!”




The craftsman is coming towards the  
soil!  
He has to trample the swelled soil,

has to make a ball of it.  
The act of trampling is also  
not possible with the palms,  
as the smoothness has to be brought  
in the soil profusely, isn't it!  
A gum has to be made of it  
This is possible with the foot-soles  
only,  
because,  
in the field of action  
the hand often becomes cowardly,  
the *kara* (hand) demands the *kara*  
(hand, tax)  
and that openly too.  
Not only this much,  
it gets filled with *manavatta* (pride);  
falls from *manavata* (humanity).

The foot has opposite nature,  
is convinced of hard labour completely,  
it often gets wounded  
doing hard labour  
and,  
it accepts *pava-nata* (bending of foot),  
thereby blossoms with *pavanata* (piety).

Lo! Suddenly what is this to  
happen...!  
The sun of breathing  
as if is sliding towards the setting...,  
The craftsman's right foot is getting  
senseless,

in which blood was circulating,  
now the blood has frozen  
in that foot...  
And,  
the other foot says some couplets,  
at every step prays the Lord:  
"I may not trample others,  
becoming covetous of position  
not commit mischief,  
may not tread upon any life, oh Lord!  
And how can  
putting foot on the head of mother  
soil,  
the chaste authority of peace,  
be possible, oh Lord?  
It is the rain of annihilation  
on a happy region,  
it is a stroke of cruel thunderbolt  
on the hill of love, of affection.  
I may not take the age away from  
happiness and peace,  
and  
not crush it with unhappiness and  
misery."



A wave of impatience  
runs in the soil;  
even ..... the duration for an *avali* (a fraction of a  
moment)  
leaves poison behind;

hence forward  
what happens is not known!  
In what form  
that happening will emerge  
and how long will it stay in that form?  
What will be its result?  
All this is in the lap of future  
but,  
it constantly gleams in the divine intelligence  
of the knowers of past, present and future.

The understanding of the soil  
becoming dimmed merges in  
speechlessness!  
The mind of the craftsman becoming  
languid  
pays obeisance to speechlessness,  
is completely incapable of ordering  
the feet;  
and, without getting instructions from  
the mind  
what should the mouth speak?

At this the tongue speaks out:  
"Follower of improper instructions  
the tongue is the path  
to the bottom of the earth,  
that is,  
the jiva who conquers the tongue  
his miseries cease and life passes happily,  
long-living he becomes,

and  
his chain of words  
becomes a *sanjivani* tablet (a medicine),  
a remover of one's own and other's pains...!

Walking, improper walking and  
crushing,  
these are three things.  
The context is that of crushing-  
mother soil will be crushed...!  
Well then,  
what to say, why to say  
and how to say to the feet?"  
And, the tongue becomes serious.

The craftsman's nose too  
made this pungent ill-smell its food,  
that is why—  
it doesn't transmit the permission  
to crush the soil,  
it does speak ill of this action;  
and  
twisting itself a bit  
the swelling nose gives the feet full support that  
their staying away from the task  
is just as well as proper.

Seeing the golden brightness,  
like that of the rising sun,  
of the vast forehead  
getting dimmed and dissolved,

both the eyes of the craftsman  
send their light far away.... inside  
and shut the doors (lids).  
From this it gets deduced that  
the absence of the eyes on this  
occasion  
is the non-support of the coming  
calamity.  
These eyes are also  
very far sighted.  
To say in short-  
every limb, sub-limb,  
even the head of the craftsman  
is the traveller of the same path  
of which the feet are the travellers.

Both the soil and the craftsman are beholding  
the *mauna* (silence) standing between them.  
Who is greater than *mauna*?  
Greater than the *mauna* is he  
who makes that *mauna* put aside his quiescence,  
and hears what he murmurs.

The body of the speech has its limits,  
isn't it!  
The *maya* (ilusory creation) of the  
drum  
is secure within the boundary, isn't  
it!  
But listen!  
Where is the limit of the shadow of  
the hollowness?



That is the treasure of all treasures,  
like the spouse of knowledge  
is sacred for centuries, isn't it!  
First the *mauna* turns towards the soil;  
like wax the maun melts  
and his smiling mouth opens.  
Soft sweet like *modaka* (sweet balls)  
equanimous group of words  
come out from his mouth:

"Oh mother soil!  
Regarding the craftsman  
your faith also seems unsteady,  
this is definite that

which slides, that which slips away  
is called a river  
and is temporary.  
The ocean doesn't slide,  
so is permanent;  
but,  
the river slides towards the ocean,  
doesn't it!  
Otherwise,  
neither the river will remain nor the  
ocean.  
This sliding is the river's *samiti*  
(caution in one's actions),  
this glancing is the river's *pramiti*  
(cognising, knowing),  
this is what is called faith, that's all.  
The faith remains restless

until it gets feet (conduct) to walk,  
and ,  
in the conduct without faith,  
joy is not felt, cannot be felt.  
Again,  
active faith is called fidelity (*nistha*);  
this too should be kept in mind.

Out of the deep fidelity manifests  
that fruitful consecration of fidelity  
called vital consecration (*prana pratistha*),  
which like the pure smell of *nishigandha* (a flower)  
making the inner and outer atmosphere fragrant,  
tickles and pleases  
every one's, every promising one's mind.

By and by the container of the  
consecration  
enlarges  
and where the fidelity  
flowing towards extremity  
gets stationary,  
there it is called proper  
establishment (*samstha*)  
Thus by and by,  
by increasing order,  
that right faith, passing through  
fidelity,  
through consecration,  
forever, forever free from buying and  
selling,  
gets the unending state

of the establishment of  
*sachhidananda* (being-  
consciousness-bliss), Mother!"

And  
the *maun* sinks in himself.

"O *mauna*! Listen a bit,  
do not merely talk of faith,  
talk a bit with faith!"  
Thus the faith of the soil challenged  
the *maun* standing before.

"I keep mum with the sin  
you keep mum with the faith;  
you are devoid of everything except  
the sin.

The eyes can grasp the hope,  
but the perception of faith is possible  
by the faith only,  
neither by the eyes nor by the hope.

That foundation of the world (*srsti*)  
made of *punya* and *apunya* (auspicious and  
inauspicious),  
cannot come down in the skinny eyes,  
but,  
only in the religious eyes of faith."

Out comes the faith of the soil  
rolling in deep thought,  
turning beholds the *mauna*

and his eyes become somewhat red  
also.

At once on his red eyes  
frightening the *mauna*,  
the blue eyes of the craftsman  
for a moment sprinkle blueness.

Taking the body as opposite party  
the craftsman makes the conscious, the other  
party,  
alert by saying:

“The body, *mana* (mental organ) and speech  
have been obtained again and again many times,  
and completing the obtained duration  
have melted away becoming liquid;  
we may embrace them  
overpowered by infatuation and foolishness,  
but alas,  
staying with the *purusa* even  
they do not stand by him.

The prakrti has given the *purusa*  
nothing,  
till today.

If has given... then  
not the juicy part,  
it has given only the hollow one,  
mere deception.

“Has given *dhokha* (deception)! Alright *dhokha*”,  
saying it again and again

the *purusa dho* (washing) with the water of his eyes  
*kha diya* (ate it all),  
and today even  
the lowly *purusa* is looking forward to an occasion  
for getting something unprecedented from the  
*prakrti*...!"

The conscious now tells  
his intention to the craftsman:

"The payees are able to pay  
less attention to the country,  
and  
when are the conscious ones able to pay attention  
to the body?  
That is why...  
the *raja* (king) dies in the battlefield  
saving the public,  
and  
the *maharaja* (an ascetic) dies in the forest  
saving the flag under whose shade  
lives the whole earth  
happily inhaling blissful breath."



At once deformation appears  
in the features of the *prakrti*  
hearing her harsh criticism,  
and,  
her irony eyes become excited and  
red!

From them bright rows of rays break  
which enlighten her forehead  
on which some lines are written:

“Not prakrti, purusa is the mass of sin;  
prakrti’s cultural tradition  
has never been overpowered by others,  
rather,  
is devoted to her own selfhood.”

Some more lines preaching the  
*purusa*  
inspiring him for *purusartha*  
(endeavour)!  
“Never catch hold of the other  
stuffed with contraries with your own  
self,  
*parakho* (examine) that correctly, oh  
*purusa*!

Somehow, don’t have the sin in mind,  
but, losing it for a moment  
examine the sin also;  
then, whatever gets decided  
as your own, take, adopt that.

Again,  
understanding of the subtlest fault-  
the rolling down of *Jnana* (cognition)  
towards the object  
is the highest misery, direst pain;

and,  
the object getting reflected in *Jnana*  
is the supermundane game.  
One is dressed with humility,  
shy of defeat;  
the other is in a free country,  
adorned with substantiality.

The *prakrti* beat the *purusa*;  
differently,  
the conscious also came in her striking range.

On striking the substance  
the attributes do get affected.

When the root is struck  
the tree dries up,  
water the root  
it blooms fully.”

Thus! The conscious of the craftsman becoming  
alert  
reflects upon the duties of oneself and others-

‘May the control, the rule  
of the *purusa*  
not on the *prakrti*, but on the  
conscious;  
of the conscious  
not on the senses, but on the  
*antahkarana*, on the *mana* (mind);  
of the *mana*  
not on the body, but on the group of

senses,  
and  
of the group of senses  
not on others, but on the body  
prevail always.  
But,  
the body should be ruled only,  
not the ruler, controller of any one,  
being enjoyable!  
And,  
the *purusa* should be the wholesale  
ruler,  
being a substance possessing the  
aggregate of attributes,  
a sensitive being, an enjoyer!

The functional power of the conscious  
which is unpaid,  
becomes active.  
Transmitting corroboration  
to this state of the conscious  
smile appears on the lips of the craftsman.

The colourful mode of the inside of  
the *upayoga* (state of  
consciousness)  
brings about colour in *yogas* (mental,  
bodily and vocal actions).  
Every organ of the craftsman  
gets conducted  
like a machine operated by an  
operator,



and first of all  
craftsman's right foot  
does the auspicious beginning  
slowly rising upwards,  
then  
alights on the head of the soil.  
Like an intelligent female ruddy  
goose  
craving for the moonlight,  
the soil raises her head  
welcoming the formative foot.

The upper to the downside,  
the lower to the upside,  
quickly, quickly  
gets the soil turned!

The feet of the craftsman experience  
that they have made the impossible  
possible,  
feel that this touch of the softness  
is examining penetratingly at the  
other side  
the highest *purusa*  
who is beyond all touch;

here  
the pride of the soft velvet appears to have died.  
The beautiful cluster of mango flowers,  
the smoothness of the softest buds  
have forgotten their self-esteem here;  
unable to bear their insult

are hiding behind the veil of shyness,  
and  
have got somewhat angry,  
otherwise,  
why their outward thin skin  
slightly red, soaked in blood?

The softness of the soil, mother of  
wax,  
could not remain silent,  
the secret could not remain  
undisclosed,  
spoke out:  
"If you wish, listen, I tell  
some facts worth telling, worth  
hearing.  
Somehow I introduce you with that  
Existence,  
with its wonders!

The kindness  
black like collyrium  
that is overflowing in the eyes,  
is teaching something-  
recognise the conscious....!  
The clear redness, ruddiness of the dawn  
that is reflecting in the lips,  
is making us get something-  
equanimity  
to keep along with all our affairs always;  
the fleshy youth  
that has trickled down the cheeks

is telling-  
offer exercise  
appropriate strength....!

The crookedness in the hair  
stealing the attribute of the beetle  
is telling something-  
do not hold the body  
in esteem....!  
The mobility  
that is thrilling respectfully in the feet  
is murmuring-  
take rest having trod full.....!

Further listen !  
where is the beginning and the end of that  
existence ?  
Where is the bank of the greatness?  
Whatever is, is present,  
a particle in the limitless amount,  
a drop's *Jalanjali* (obeisance) to the ocean,  
that too living in the ocean."  
Saying this  
the softness of the soil  
takes the veil of silence over her face!



'Take rest having trod full,'  
this line awakened the conscious  
of the craftsman  
and churned his *mana* (mind);

the body became smart fully  
which had become dull, lazy.

The act of crushing gets more momentum,  
and the craftsman's legs sink knee-deep  
in the depth of the soil !

The *prakrti*, the soil  
coils round the strong calves of the legs  
of the *purusa*,  
as a female snake athirst of smell  
embraces a sandel wood tree...!

In this act of coiling  
is bursting the sentiment of bravery  
from the arms of the *maha-satta*  
(over-all-existence), the soil  
and is asking the craftsman:  
"Why have I been remembered,  
why have I been called outside?  
Present is the sentiment of bravery  
adored by brave ones,  
for centuries I have given  
strength to the age!

Take! Again and again fill the cup and drink,  
may your desire for victory be fulfilled!  
Be Yugvira! Be Mahavira`!  
Be unimpaired virility!"

Now the vigour of the craftsman  
speaks...  
to the sentiment of bravery:  
"You are speaking under

intoxication!  
In this respect  
our belief has become more firm that  
to get to the bank  
through the sentiment of bravery  
is not possible,  
and  
the cessation of pain through  
sentiment of bravery  
impossible in all the three times!

Getting the conjunction of fire  
the cold water too  
by and by burning  
may boil;

even then , listen!  
Controlling the blazing fire  
it can put it out.

But,  
entertaining the sentiment of bravery  
makes the human blood at once simmering,  
it doesn't come under control,  
no question to pacify others  
even the peaceful atmosphere begins to boil  
like a volcano.

And,  
on entertaining him  
excessive rashness bursts out in life,  
the hunger to rule others  
is its result.

The root of the pride is stiff  
like the stump of an acacia tree;  
it stands negating the other  
trampling other's value under its feet.  
As the pride gets shoked,  
the sentiment of bravery cries,  
forgetting himself becomes red hot  
and kicks at the tradition of *pauranika* (pre-  
historical) personages.

Man inherited Manu's ethics,  
has it been forgotten or died?  
Let the first step be  
the rumination over the pride,  
let the next step be correct-  
the ruination of the pride,  
and that too from the roots! No slip  
be made!"

Seeing the sentiment of bravery declared useless  
and thus disrespected,  
the sentiment of laughter slipping from the lips  
of the great existence of the soil  
bursts out at the craftsman:

"The sentiment of bravery has his  
own history  
the brave ones are aware of that;  
do not try to upbraid him!  
Those who are not vira (brave) are  
*avira* (not-brave);  
what on them, even on their pictures

*abira* (red powder) is not sprinkled.  
Yes, it is different that  
on passing away laid on the bier  
it may be sprinkled..  
On their history  
neither becomes weeping nor  
laughing!"  
So saying the sentiment of laughter  
speaks out a proverb with a burst:  
'Take the food half, drink the water  
double,  
labour three times, laugh four times,  
and live for hundred and twenty five  
years!'

Happiness is a friend of the near promising ones,  
happiness is an asylum,  
a divine branch on which...  
bunches of flowers and fruits of virtues  
ever, ever swing."

"O laughing one!  
Don't discuss laughingly,  
don't give so much value to the  
sentiment of laughter!  
We do not agree with your opinion,  
we cannot accept a laughing matter  
on any cost like a truth-fact."  
The craftsman says again thus-

"Even though  
for destroying sorrow

the attachment of laughter may be necessary,  
but for the development of the knowing power  
the renunciation of the laughter is a 'must',  
as laughing is also a *kasaya* (passion), isn't it!

The laughing-natured  
is often rash,  
where is in him  
the distinction in worth-doing and  
not-worth-doing,  
where is in him  
the gravity, the patience?  
He is ignorant like a child,

that is why...!

Where do the *Sthitaprajna* (equanimous ones)  
laugh?

Where do the self-knowers get entangled  
in the net of delusion, of deception?"

Seeing his manoeuvre not  
succeeding,  
judging his trick not working,  
the laughter adopted another  
course.

And,  
he remembers his companion  
far away inside the great existence,  
the soil,  
boiling in secret nether world.  
The sentiment of wrath,  
fiercely black, combustible, heartless,



of unkind values  
gets awakened.

As he comes to know the incident  
his heart gets disturbed, gets bilious,  
brows become crooked and tense,  
the corneas in the eyes become red, acidic.

In a little while  
his fluttering long nose  
puffs up like a balloon.

*Agar bati* (if the wick) doesn't get the conjunction  
of *agarbati* (incense stick) then...  
it is a different thing... is incomplete,  
but as it is complete,  
and inside  
the gunpowder is stuffed,  
then what to ask!  
From the nose  
red flames of anger mixed with dense smoke  
begins to flow repeatedly,  
and the nose begins to look dangerous.  
So it seems that  
the nose is the treasury of anger;  
no one doubts the phrase '*naka me dama kara  
rakha hai*', (i.e., has plagued).

'There appeared the end  
of *satoguna* (sublime virtues) here,  
there spoke the extremity here  
of *rajasa* and *tamasa* (passion and  
ignorance)'.

'Introduce no more',  
fearlessly the craftsman says to the wrath  
in moon like amiable mien:

"The wrathfulness is deformation, is  
defilement,  
is decadent in nature;  
the gentleness is a mode of nature,  
is indestructible in character.

And listen!  
Haven't you heard this epigram?  
'Less income and expenditure more  
is a sign of getting ruined,  
less strength and anger more  
is a sign of getting beaten.'

In the meantime  
the situation grows perverse,  
the *mati* (sensibility) of the craftsman  
gets defiled-

"From inside out, from outside in  
at a time, seven elephants  
of seven hands height  
can come and go,  
so big mouth of the Existence,  
most fearful,  
is open;  
through whose jaws the red-eyed fear  
from whose mouth bloody tongue

is hanging half out  
and from which saliva is dripping  
like red drops of blood,  
is again and again staring outside.

In that mouth unfathomable and  
bottomless  
like the nether world  
has disappeared my sight slipping,  
my feet stand ..... slipping at the  
bank,  
and  
my *prana* (vitality) just going away  
stays at the pain,  
my eyes whirl.  
He saw me,  
somewhat dimly came in my sight  
too  
that fear! Yes fear!! The great fear!!!”

Thus crying, “*chirr chirr*  
“save... save... save... !  
Save me, what.. not?  
Tell Lord!”  
And,  
the *mati* of the craftsman shuddering with fear  
clings to his chest.  
At once  
the craftsman's hand of fearlessness  
moves on the head of the *mati*,  
and that is sufficient!

Slight consciousness comes  
in *mati's* eyelids,  
and  
slight quickness appears  
in *mati's* hair reclining on her  
forehead.

On one side stands fearlessness  
on the other the fear unmoved,  
and,  
in the middle stands the *mati*  
fearing and fearless both-  
see... which side does she incline  
whether falls in the claws of the fear,  
or,  
goes and resides in the auspicious world of  
fearlessness.  
Some moments pass  
and the *mati* becomes fearless,  
the influence of the purusa has worked  
abundantly...!  
The influence of the prakrti by itself gets subdued  
thoroughly!



Lo! Flying from the battlefield,  
the bravery is being found as a not-  
brave one,  
the wrath as a diseased and tortured  
one,  
and,  
the fear as an afraid one!

This wonderful incident  
makes the wonder much wondering.  
On his large forehead  
wavy lines of astonishment appear  
rising upwards;  
for some moments his eyelids  
remain motionless!  
His voice becomes dumb  
and the hunger dwindles.

Seeing this state of the wonder  
the water of the mouth of the *srangara* (sentiment  
of sensual enjoyment)  
is about to dry,  
and  
the relishable narrative of the sensuous ones  
becomes ray-blind!

‘Oh Lord! When will the blind, the  
sensuously blind ones  
get the smell of light?’  
Thus the craftsman draws a deep  
breath.

Then express the words of address:

“How will he get taste in the taste  
who has been enamoured of the  
tasteless?

Will he desire to touch the touch  
who touches the touchless?

And he who has remained away  
from the fragrant and the foul smell,  
which fragrance will his nose  
worship?

The other thing is this that  
the bodied one gets a body  
beautiful or ugly;  
the beautiful one tries  
to make the features more bright,  
and the ugly one to improve them  
with the decorations of the dress and ornaments.  
But,  
one who is not thirsty of the features,  
rather, is hopeful of the featureless,  
what has he to do with the inanimate decorations!

Whence is continuing  
this desiring and tasting  
the juices and the sweets,  
this examining and observing  
others and the otherliness-  
this worship of the lust?  
This consciousness of mine  
wants to bring about a change in the  
sight-  
not cupid,  
may meet Ram!

How much hot it is!  
These volcanic airs  
outside and inside!

My almost burnt body  
wants a change in touch-  
now not *ghama* (heat)  
.... but may get *dhama* (home)!  
These days the internal dimension  
has also moved much farther,

the vigour of the cupid  
has definitely decreased,  
the contemplation, the churning of  
the *tattvas* (basic truths)  
has been much done, is continuing  
also.

Now,  
the mind feels somewhat tired,  
the body feels somewhat static-  
not *jhaga* (foams) now...  
but may get *paga* (sweets)!  
Admitted that  
there are innumerable possibilities  
in this 'bud',  
but how long this 'bud'  
will remain a 'bud'?  
When will that fragrance burst  
from its inner joint?  
This *ghumghata* (veil) is a  
hinderance  
in the appearance of that ghata  
(one's heart)-  
not *raga* (attachment) now...  
but may get *paraga* (pollen, state  
beyond attachment)!".

Lo! The srangara gets further  
the wealth of address from the craftsman-  
"Oh srangara!  
Accept or not  
but this is a fact that every living being is athirst  
of happiness,  
but  
money has been the aim of the attached one,  
and  
the highest good that of the unattached recluse.  
This subtle unpierceable line of distinction  
is not based on the outside give and take,  
the inside happening is self-dependant,  
it is the gift of one's own being!

Right ornament, right decoration-  
peep inside and evaluate that,  
oh srangara!"

He asks the tenderness of srangara:  
"*Kisaliye* (why) these *kisalayas* (seed-buds, tender  
leaves)  
sing in *kisa* (which) *laya* (tune)?  
Coming from which *valaya* (fold)  
they get bought away to which *valaya*?  
And  
in the end their breaths  
get consumed in *kisa laya* (which tune)?  
*Kisaliye* these *kislayas*  
sing in *kisa laya* ...?"  
The subtleness of the money and the highest good  
is brought out in some more light:



“The balance in which the last part is weighed,  
the weight of a hair even is taken  
is not an ordinary coal-balance,  
it is uncommon, called a gold-balance!  
The gold gets weighed  
so... is not inweighable,  
and  
the balance never gets weighed  
so... is inweighable;  
the highest good never gets weighed  
in the balance of money,  
to make money the balance  
is not to know the very meaning of  
the economics,  
and  
is to shove the age  
in the pit of all calamities.  
Does the economist have any sense  
of this?”

The voice has been taken similar to  
the brilliant God,  
and on this occasion ‘this voice’  
has not been remembered even;  
hence, some words come out  
from the hushed mouth of the *srangara*, thus:  
“The God even adopted the voice,  
how is the welcome of the eternally brilliant  
happiness

possible without the voice!

The voice is the life of music,  
the music is the backbone of  
happiness  
and,  
getting happiness is everybody's  
aim-  
where is there room for any doubt in  
this connection?  
Undoubtedly we can say-  
if one wants to become bodiless...  
then  
the body of the voice shall have to  
be accepted,  
o embodied! O craftsman!"

At this the craftsman's clean tidy turban  
of the hand-woven cloth  
says plainly-  
"On the friction of the *purusa* and the *prakrti*  
emerges the voice  
from the rough and perishable *prakrti*!  
But, not from the highest *purusa*.

Melodious or otherwise,  
all voices are perishable.

The Gods, the highest Lords  
may well be imperishable,  
but,  
their voices are indeed perishable!

The pleasure of hearing  
may be contained there in the voice  
to some extent,  
in the preliminary stage  
the voice might have been the  
external means  
of the imperishable happiness,  
yet,  
the voice is neither the object of  
meditation  
nor desirable,  
the voice is neither immeasurable  
nor an elixir drink,  
the *sadhaka* should know it well!"  
And,  
the craftsman sinks in the mien of  
pondering-

"Oh hearing!  
How many times you have heard the voice,  
Oh pretty!  
How many times  
you have remembered the voice;  
from when is continuing  
this music, this singing?  
How much time in the past has passed  
if you know, then tell...!  
The internal parts have not got wet yet,  
both the organs have remained deaf,  
where have they prospered?  
Oh unattached Lord!

Not words now, but may get the *mahola*  
(environment/atmosphere).

O *srangara*!

Telling music the backbone of  
happiness  
don't praise yourself,  
don't kill the right music.

I accept that as music  
which is beyond possession  
and accept that as love  
which is beyond the body-  
my companion the music,  
is beyond the seven notes...!

These limbs of *srangara* are  
characteristically  
the sword's edge  
and the times are getting deceived;  
again,  
the colours of *srangara* are  
characteristically  
ember like,  
and the times are getting burnt;  
I have obtained the remedy of this  
harm today  
in the form of an unique beverage!

On drinking it  
the body's fatigue gets powdered

in a moment  
and the mind's secret gets washed away  
in a moment.

My companion the music,  
is equanimity orange-cold.

Bound to some age  
I cannot possibly live, and attuned to some tune  
I cannot possibly speak!

My companion, the music,  
is free, naked in manner.

If the sight turns towards the ocean,  
the ocean seems heavy, huge extended to *kalpas*  
(innumerable years);  
if the sight turns towards the wave,  
the ocean seems of a small duration.  
One and the same thing  
is divided in many aspects,  
coloured in many colours,  
is waving.

My companion, the music,  
is sevenfold in manner.

With the drop of pleasure  
I got bored,  
in the ocean of misery  
sank,  
sometimes with garland

was honoured,  
sometimes with defeat  
was insulted.  
Somewhere getting something was allured  
somewhere getting annuled  
got perturbed,  
somewhere got kin, somewhere deceit,  
unfortunate I went on wandering!  
But today  
all these oddities have got somewhat effaced  
from the time... got.. this.

My companion, the music,  
is a healthy martial victory.”



Listening to the perishability of the voice  
and its saplessness,  
the *Prakrti*'s nose which drifted about in the flow  
of *srangara*  
begins to run-  
partly thick, partly thin,  
partly green mixed with yellow,  
filth comes out hateful to see!

At that the flies,  
the breeders of attachment,  
amorous of sensuality,  
begin to buzz...;  
so it seems that  
the sentiment of disgust  
has also negated the *srangara*,

not chosen him!  
Otherwise,  
why from everyone's nose,  
nasally,  
only the negative sound comes?

Sticking on the upper lip  
that filth  
descends on the lower one!  
And the tongue of *srangara* tastes it  
with a great relish,  
seeing which mother *Prakrti*  
the fountain, the origin of all sentiments,  
becomes angry on the ignorance of *srangara*,  
and,  
slaps on the *srangara*'s cheeks  
two-four times;  
the cheeks of the young one  
become red like coral.

Not only begetting a son,  
presenting him before the world  
makes the virtue of the mother  
famous, meaningful,  
but,  
she has to shape by good culture  
the dormant powers of the son, her  
progeny,  
make them conscious  
and cent-per-cent strong.  
This is the *sruti* (scriptural saying)  
heard from the saints.

At the fall of progeny  
mother's hand for punishment rises,  
at the progress of the progeny  
her head in favour rises.  
And this is what happens-  
the compassion  
weeping in the eyes of mother  
*Prakrti*

drop by drop  
in the form of eye-drops is telling  
to every particle something:

“Mutual quarrel took place amongst  
you  
much happened, wrongly happened.

Why bent on destroying and getting destroyed  
being so intelligent!  
Engaged in utter destruction,  
bathed in poison!

By this happening  
the mother has got wounded badly.

Don't make life a battle,  
dry the wound of mother *Prakrati!*

Be merciful!  
Have kindness on the unkind.  
Be fearless!  
Pour nectar-rains of fearlessness



on the frightened ones,  
always have good intentions;  
oh jiva, live a collective life!

Don't make life a battle,  
pay back the debt of mother *Prakrti*!

Not self-grading only  
evaluate others also,  
but, keep this in mind too  
never desire the other,  
never blame the other!

Don't make life a battle,  
don't pinch the heart of mother *Prakrti*!

What is this life, this world?  
Understand the meaning, conquer  
hope!  
Take this hope a trap."  
Then, becoming serious  
compassionately the mother says  
something more-

"If by my weeping  
your face blooms,  
you get pleasure,  
then, I am weeping...  
can weep more,  
and if by my being  
your heart beats heavily,  
quivers, aches in nervousness,

then, would like to lose this being  
would like to sleep for ever.  
I pray to the Lord that  
my being may vanish,  
my existence may completely merge  
into nothingness, that's all!"

At this the Lord says  
'The elimination of being is not  
possible, son!  
Being is the friend of the struggle, of  
the battle,  
being is the immortal song of  
happiness.'

'I beg your pardon  
your wish could not be fulfilled  
oh enjoyer *Purusa*!'

At this the pen's throat too gets  
choked with emotion  
and supporting the mother-

"Some times compassion overflows  
from my eyes  
at some condition,  
and  
sometimes redness gets reflected  
at some other condition;  
what should I do,  
weep..or..laugh at this strangeness of the world?"

Weeping this pen  
the world sees,  
judges him best also,  
has faith in God too  
and a deep influence of God is there  
on him too,  
but, so much only is the drawback  
that it pervades the head only,  
otherwise,  
why is today's man  
'walking' by the head?  
His feet have become unmoving,  
Mother!  
The path shown by Adinath  
the first Brahma, the first  
tirthankara,  
is not absent today, Mother!  
But on that holy path  
grass has grown much!  
Not because of the rains,  
but because of the crowd  
sprinkling the nectar of religion,  
mixing the sentiment of compassion  
in speech only  
while keeping away from the  
conduct!

Today to those who show the path  
the path is not visible, Mother!  
The reason is clear-  
he who is showing the path

he himself doesn't want to tread it,  
wants to make others tread,  
and  
the number of these clever conductors is  
uncountable.

What can I do?  
Whatever is happening  
that I write, that I taste  
and then I weep...  
I write...  
pen... as I am..."



Seeing the craftsman stunned-  
has the pan of compassion also gone light?  
Asking not to do so much hair splitting,  
the compassion starts weeping!

At this the craftsman says:  
"Weeping is not the nature of  
compassion,  
but without weeping  
its exercise is not possible.  
Difference there is in  
the doing of compassion  
and  
the occurrence of compassion;  
still, so much excess doesn't look  
nice!

I accept,  
that  
the crop of the fertilized field  
flourishes more  
than that of the unfertilized one,  
but  
on sowing the seed in the fertilizer  
the crop burns, blazes.

Yes, Yes!!

Having the field watered and fertilized  
proportionately  
and, the seeds scattered in the field,  
yet, they, don't sprout,  
the soil's hand not being over them.  
Not only this,  
the seeds laid under the soil's  
too much weight, too much burden,  
also cannot sprout out on earth,  
they get throttled inside.

Compassion is not rejectable,  
it has its acceptability  
it has its limit...  
yet,  
its correct position is to be  
understood.

The compassionate one  
may not be satisfying his ego,  
but,  
definitely takes himself an elder disciple,  
and,

the compassionate one definitely takes himself a child-disciple.

The hearts of both of them melt,  
they have a noval experience-  
the child one by taking the shelter,  
the elder one by giving the shelter.

But

we cannot call it true happiness.

The gates to the abolition of misery  
and

to the obtainment of happiness  
has opened definitely,  
and they both forget misery  
in this duration!

The compassionate one is  
not going downwards,  
but

is downward-looking  
i.e., is extrovert definitely.

And,

the compassionate one is  
not downward-looking,  
is upward-looking definitely,  
but not upward-going by rule.

Compassion is of two modes-  
one is greedy of sensuality,  
the other is the eliminator of sensuality  
and pointer of right direction.  
Here the first is not being discussed,  
discussed and venerated is the second.

'In what words to tell  
the taste of this compassion!  
If one may believe  
the taste is like that of salty tears!'

That is why  
it is a great misunderstanding  
to include the sentiment of peace  
(*santa rasa*) in that of compassion.

Jumping mode of upayoga (consciousness)  
like a canal is compassion!,  
And bright mode of upayoga  
like a river  
is the sentiment of peace!  
The canal goes to a field  
and removing the heat  
gets dried up.  
The river goes to the sea  
and leaving the path  
gets happy.

I will like to make the topic explicit  
further-  
the water becomes a bog  
falling into the sand,  
but,  
change is not possible  
in a piece of snow fallen into the  
sand  
as it lacks receptivity.  
And,

the water loses its coolness  
as it is put on fire,  
and it  
burns, and burns others too!  
But,  
even on putting  
a piece of snow on fire  
it does not lose its coolness  
and it does not burn  
nor burns others.

Almost this is the situation  
of the sentiment of compassion and that of peace.

Compassion is fluid, it flows,  
gets influenced by others quickly.  
The sentiment of peace never drifts  
in any flow,  
remains fixed in its position  
even though times change.  
It also sounds from this  
that the mixture of *vatsalya*  
(affection)  
is not possible in compassion;  
and,  
we cannot call *vatsalya* hollow or  
imaginary.

This *vatsalya* thrills  
on the round cheeks of the mother,  
the great Existence.



*Vatsalya* like compassion  
also feeds on duality  
but, is merry along with affection.  
In it outside give and take is predominant,  
the internal *upadana* (material) is subordinate,  
that is why,  
non-duality is silent in it.

It works  
on co-religionist persons of like  
thoughts and conduct;  
its expression is not possible  
without a soft smile.  
In tasting the sentiment of *vatsalya*  
one feels a slight sweetness... then  
momentariness;

the dew drops  
quench neither the thirst nor the hope,  
only the lamp of breaths gets 'quenched'!  
Now you tell  
how is the inclusion of the sentiment of peace  
possible  
in that of *vatsalya*.

A mother having her child in her lap  
suckling,  
sucking the child, of course, looks  
towards his mother-  
at the lips, in the eyes  
and at both the cheeks.

How is the situation  
of action and reaction going,  
culminating-  
examination continues;  
if compassion or stiffness  
reflects in the eyes,  
becoming somewhat serious  
he will turn to weeping;  
if with the slight smile of the lips  
the cheeks become unsteady,  
vibrate,  
he will become uppish!  
This is the only reason that  
while suckling the child  
the mother covers his face  
by the fringe of her *sari*.  
That means  
the experience of the sentiment of  
peace  
occurs in joyful solitude,  
and in those moments  
the experiencer should be lonely...!

The conflux of one's coloured or colourless body  
with the inside of the 'pool'  
bereft of colour and wave  
is the accompaniment (*sangata*);  
this is the company of the sentiment of peace,  
this is its body!

The sentiment of compassion is the  
vitality of life

just, just air-natured.  
*Vatsalya* is the safty of life  
whitish, water natured.  
But, this has been the talk of the  
dualist world;  
the sentiment of peace is the song  
of life  
sweet, milk-natured.

That is taken as the sentiment of compassion  
which turns the hardest stone  
into wax;  
the woof of *vatsalya* turns the lowliest ignorant  
into 'moon'!  
But, this has been a talk  
of worldly marvel;  
what to say of the sentiment of peace,  
it turns the self-controlled wise one  
into 'Om'.

As for the sentiment of peace,  
it is to be assimilated into one's  
being;  
negatively speaking in short-  
the end of all the sentiments  
is the sentiment of peace.  
Thus keeps murmuring  
the inside of the saints.  
... Bravo!



On this side, the act of treading the soil  
completes with the laying of stress

on the acceptability of the sentiment of peace,  
the king-sentiment, the mature sentiment.

And,

with a two feet long stick in hand  
the craftsman moves the wheel  
on the wooden nail fixed in the earth like a hill  
top.

Then,

puts the lump of the soil  
on the moving wheel;  
the lump too starts moving-  
in a fast speed like a *cakra* (disc),  
that

the soil says something to the craftsman:

"The root `sr' is used in the sense of movement,

'sam' means proper

and 'sara' means to move...

that which moves properly  
is called samsara.

The time is not itself the wheel,  
it is the mover of the samsara wheel,  
that is why by way of formality  
time is termed a wheel.

The result is,

I have been rotating in four gatis,  
in eighty four yonis.

Lo, you have put me on the potters  
wheel also!

How giddy I am feeling,  
my head is whirling,  
take me down... make me free!"

Again by way of reply  
the craftsman's pose  
calming down the soil:

“Wheels are of many kind-  
samsara wheel is that  
which is the cause of attachment and  
aversion etc.,  
the perverse inclinations;  
the cakravarti's wheel (disc) is that  
which is the cause of the end of  
physical life;  
but,  
this potter's wheel is that whetstone  
put on which the life  
gets brilliant with matchless aspects,  
is the cause of the glory of pious life.

Yes, yes! The giddiness you feel  
is not due to the potter's wheel,  
but,  
due to the fault of your vision,  
because,  
looking at the circumference  
the conscious falls  
and,  
looking at the ultimate centre  
the conscious is saved.  
At the circumference there is wandering,  
the life passes meaninglessly;  
at the centre there is *ramana* (merriment),  
life looks happy.

Listen further,  
this is an ordinary fact that  
the circuitous way only  
takes the wayfarer ultimately  
to the unapproachable hill top  
kissing the sky  
unhindered, no doubt!"



Now, the craftsman gets easily resolved.  
First of all,  
in his *upayoga*  
the shape of the pitcher gets formed.  
The relevant becomes *prakrit* (natural, realised),  
the cognition takes the shape of the cognised  
and the meditation that of the meditated!

The body too follows the mind,  
both the hands of the potter  
become pitcher-shaped;  
the primary touch takes place  
and, there arises an unprecedented  
thrilling in the soil,  
appears like the beginning of close  
affinity.  
Lo, intermittently  
various beautiful images  
are springing up in the soil  
which were from eternity  
wavelike in order,  
inherent under the veil of secrecy.

The unveiling of the secret  
is in the hands of *purusartha* (exertion),  
the strong thirst for smelling the secret  
is felt by the enjoyer  
who is sensitive;  
this is not the work of the time.

Time has no karana i.e., the hands,  
neither does nor gets done anything  
for others.

It has no feet, no movement,  
neither itself walks a step nor makes  
others walk.

Time is inactive, isn't it!

It is beyond buying and selling.

It is stationary at one place  
from endless time,  
indifferent to others....!

Yet,

the presence of the time  
here

is necessary for every action,  
there being the mutual efficient  
relation!

The soil untouched by prestige, pride,  
getting rid of the lump shape  
gets moulded in the shape of a pitcher,  
taking the pitcher-shape steadily  
is rising above the earth.

By the way,  
generally a thing is travelling  
with its speed uninerruptedly,  
yet the sequence of progress starts  
specially  
when the *mati* (mind) averse to pride  
stands by,  
and,  
the sequence of ruin then assemble  
when attachment, main in pride,  
stands by.  
This is the preamble of rise and fall.

The craftsman with a great care  
takes down the pitcher off the wheel,  
like a pitcher full with *ghee*,  
on the earth!  
Two or three free days pass  
and... the wetness of the pitcher evaporates,  
the looseness of the pitcher  
gets, as if, shrunk.  
Today the craftsman is very happy,  
he has taken up the pitcher in his hand.  
And then,  
taking a club in one hand,  
giving support by the other,  
strikes on the defects of the pitcher.

Looking at the support of the hand  
mercy comes to sight,  
looking at the blow only



cruelty appears like boiling over,  
but,  
the blow is on the defect, isn't it!  
Care is being taken,  
that is why  
the craftsman's eyes don't  
wink.....  
Giving the beautiful shape to the  
pitcher  
he has made it round and shining,  
not strangled it!



Some truth expressing numbers have been  
marked,  
curious pictures have been drawn,  
and,  
poems have been written on the pitcher.. !  
The numbers 99 and 9  
marked on the ear of the pitcher like ornaments  
are introducing themselves.

One stands for alkaline samsara,  
the other for milky-essence.  
Delusion spreads through one,  
the gates of *moksa* opens through  
the other.  
The number 99  
multiplied by the numbers 2 etc.,  
though grows further and further,  
but

the product digits added together  
come to 9.

Like this:

$$99 \times 2 = 198, 1+9+8 = 18, 1+8 = 9,$$

$$99 \times 3 = 297, 2+9+7 = 18, 1+8 = 9,$$

$$99 \times 4 = 396, 3+9+6 = 18, 1+8 = 9;$$

In the same way take the multiplication order to  
the digit 9.

And,

the number 9 multiplied with the numbers 2 etc.,  
even growing further and further,  
digits added together give the number 9 intact.

Like this:

$$9 \times 2 = 18, 1+8 = 9,$$

$$9 \times 3 = 27, 2+7 = 9,$$

$$9 \times 4 = 36, 3+6 = 9.$$

Take thus the multiplication sequence upto the  
number 9

and only 9 will come, remain, appear.

This is the reason  
that 99

is disturbance, maya, deception,  
is perishable in nature and  
glorifies the non-self element;

while the number 9 is  
a dense shade,

a cradle in which the life is reared,  
imperishable in nature.

It teaches the non-decaying,

immortal, indestructible  
truth of the self.

Further elaboration is not needed...!

The proverb that  
the samsara is a fraud of 99  
gets characterised;  
so 99 should be undersirable  
in the eyes of the promising *mumuksus* (persons  
desiring liberation),  
and the aim should be 9,  
the source of a new life!  
There is another number  
marked on the throat of the pitcher,  
and that is 63,  
which reminds us of the *pauranika purusas*  
(prehistorical personages)  
The speciality of this number is that

3 is looking at the face of 6  
and 6 at the face of 3.  
Participation in one another's  
pleasures and pains  
is a sign of gentlemanliness;  
and  
becoming envious seeing other's  
pleasures,  
getting pleased seeing other's pains  
is a right sign of rascality.  
When  
the ideal purusas are forgotten,

then 63 turns oppositely,  
i.e.,  
36 comes about.

Three and six are both opposite in direction.  
The deformity in thoughts  
makes the conduct take perverse turn,  
mutual quarrels, conflicts break up.  
Then what to tell!  
One more number three gets added  
after 36,  
total three hundred sixty three creeds  
then spring up  
which are thirsty of one another's blood,  
and whose sight is easy on this earth today!



Lion and dog drawn  
on the pitcher  
are also giving message  
unspeakingly-  
life, conduct and behaviour of them  
both  
are mutually opposite.  
The lion  
doesn't attack on anyone from  
behind,  
doesn't roar without purpose,  
and,  
without roaring doesn't pounce upon  
anyone,

i.e.,  
the lion keeps himself away from  
deceit.

But, the dog always  
goes from behind  
and bites,  
also barks now and then without purpose.

The lion never reveres humility  
for living material!  
While  
the dog wags his tail behind the  
master  
for a piece of bread.  
The lion cannot be collared.  
Caught somehow  
the lion walks uncollared in his cage  
keeping his tail erect upwards;  
he never lets any harm occur  
to his freedom, to his self-respect!  
And the dog  
doesn't understand the value of  
freedom;  
the dependence, the humility  
doesn't pinch him, even the chain on  
his neck  
becomes an ornament.

And a further peculiarity is  
that on striking the dog with a stone,  
he bites the stone,

not the striker.

But,

the lion uses his intelligence,  
he looks always at the right cause,  
he hits the hitter.

The dog culture and civilization  
is decried

because he digs the earth, growls  
seeing his species.

The lion lives amicably amidst his  
species;

such is the tendency of a king,  
so it should be.

Some dogs go mad too,  
and those whom they bite  
die barking as a rule in some days;  
but,  
never has it been heard  
that a lion has gone mad.

There is one more  
very reprehensible act of the dog  
species.

When afflicted by hunger  
and doesn't get anything eatable,  
he puts down his mouth to filth,  
and

not getting even that  
he eats up his own progeny.

But, listen!

To quench his hunger

the lion doesn't eat excreta,

nor eats up his own just born child...!

There.... the picture of the hare and  
the tortoise

is awakening the sadhaka

telling him the method of sadhana.

The tortoise walking with his slow  
speed

has reached the goal in time,  
and

the hare, being runner even,  
legged far behind.

The reason is a known one-  
one's march was continuous,

the other slept in the way;

laziness is the supreme enemy of a  
wayfarer.

Now the observer observes-

two words *hi* (only) and *bhi* (also)

on the countenance of the pitcher.

Both these *bijaksaras* (seed words)

represent their respective philosophies.

'Hi' is the supporter of absolutism,

'bhi' is the symbol of *anekanta*,  
*syadvada*.

We are all in all,  
you are petty, nothing,  
so says 'hī' always!  
And,  
'bhī' says that  
we are,  
you are also,  
all in all!

'Hī' looks down on others,  
'bhī' looks everyone with equitable  
eyes;  
'hī' catches the features only,  
'bhī' touches the inside of the thing  
also;

'hī' is the western civilization,  
'bhī' is the Indian culture, fate-maker.  
Rawan was the worshipper of 'hī',  
inside Ram 'bhī' was sitting.  
That is why  
Ram has been adorable  
is and will remain in future also.

Near 'bhī'  
definitely crowd seems increasing,  
but not the crowd,  
'bhi' is the backbone of democracy.

The nest of democracy is safe in the world  
till 'bhī' breathes.



'*Bhī*' eliminates arbitrariness, passion-blindness,  
concretises the dreams of freedom;  
the seeds of right thinking, right conduct  
are contained in 'bhi', not in 'hi'.

Lord!  
May this world get rid of '*hi*'  
and every one meet '*bhi*'  
now or any time.

'Join hand with hand',  
from this line written on the pitcher is known that  
for our bright future  
the Lord's injunction is this:  
'Sitting where losing breaths,  
make right attempts  
remaining away from the sham of sin,  
join hand with hand  
and you will be saved.  
Otherwise,  
remaining blind at concord,  
getting shut in jail  
will be digested....!'



'*Mara* (dying) we may become  
*marahama* (ointment);  
a poem of these four words is also  
found  
here on the pitcher!  
Its sense can be this only that  
how hardest stone-life has been

ours!

How many wayfarers  
stumbled on it, stopped, fell down!  
Leaving the path how many have  
turned away!

Again,  
how many feet bled,  
how many got wounded deeply!  
Where did they get properly treated?  
How could that be by the sinful  
stone....!

Only the idea of treatment  
today has arisen in it!  
This too is a sign of luck;  
further steps are not possible.  
Lord! This is the prayer of the fallen  
sinner  
that  
no matter, if not in this life,  
in the next one... at least  
'mara' we become '*marahama*'...!

One more poem of four words-

*"Mai do gala",*

The first sense that comes out is  
that I am bilingual-  
speak something from inside  
something different from outside...  
mix poison in the milk.

Now the other sense comes before:

I am a bastard,  
cheat, crafty and deceitful,

due to ignorance, pride  
have been concealing this dissimulation.  
Thus, accept this harsh truth  
all of you the well-wishers  
and see in what consists our welfare.

And,  
what is the third sense;  
is there a need to ask?  
Melt, finish  
the 'I' i.e., the ego,  
the root of all the unnatural, all the  
perverse.  
*Mai...do...gala...mai.. dogala,*  
*mai dogala!!*



The watery portion still remaining in the pitcher  
has to be ended;  
and  
the potter puts the pitcher  
on the open hot ground.

Without *tapa* (penance) *jalatva*,  
ignorance  
cannot be dissolved,  
and without *tapa* (heat) *jalatva*, rains  
cannot emerge;  
in the absence of the *tapa*  
the conscience has been burning  
with too many worldly thoughts for  
*kalpas* (eras).

Only failure has been received,  
perturbation has given company;  
how to say, how to bear  
and how to live?...  
Only blank talk of success  
has been had till today, in this life....

The disquiet mind of the saint,  
insisting to get lost  
in the fragrance of infinity,  
leaping to get beyond  
the limit of finitude,  
asks thus:  
'Oh light yellow-coloured one!  
Mother earth! Where have you gone...  
*Oh glory of the spring! Where have you gone?*  
At this  
the saint gets some words to hear:  
"The spring has ended,  
the finite has got lost in the infinite  
and its body has to be cremated.  
The summer was summoned, has come  
the sun is terrible,  
its rays are scorching,  
inside-outside, right- left,  
ahead-behind, upside-downside  
heat wave is blowing.  
That's all ! Raining only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

The condition of the ten directions  
has changed,

the generous heart  
and the thighs, the stomach of the  
earth  
are having big cracks  
in which these wind emitting fire  
get entrance  
as if introducing themselves  
to the lava boiling in the nether  
world.

Here is burning only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

The lake of blue water,  
these drains, rivers  
endless watery too  
becoming inside watery  
have become waterless,  
they have had opposite modification  
i.e.,  
*na..di.. di..na.*  
Devoid of water  
the river is experiencing humility,  
and *na..li...li.. na..*  
the drain is disappearing in the earth  
due to shame.

Here is only blowing  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

Climbing the *Udaya* mountain  
without delay

and touching the *Asta* mountain with  
delay,  
the sun is taking more time  
in completing his journey.  
It seems  
the sun's speed has slackened,  
otherwise  
why the days are longer these days?

Here the power is only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

By whom has the greenness been  
stolen?  
Then, what is the greenness of the  
green  
fit for?  
The tenderness of the flexible  
creepers,  
the sweetness of the ripe fruits,  
all have gone where?  
Where is  
that slow blowing of the fragrant  
wind,  
that mild gust of breeze,  
that swinging of the clusters of fruits?  
Where is  
the smile of flowers,  
the moment to moment clapping of  
leaves,  
the buzzing of the black bees living  
on honey

sweet to hear?

The touch of the cool creeper has  
hidden,

the greyed sight of the yellow  
creeper also

didn't get reared for a moment,  
getting burnt, not known gone  
where?

Here is getting reared only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

Where is that tune, where is that pollen,  
where is that awakening of the consciousness?

Not that fragrance, not that chirping,  
not that acceptable, not that exhilaration,  
where is that 'v' (prefix denoting distinction),  
where that poet,

where is that pleasant radiant sun?

Where is that body, where is that colour,  
where is that irony of the cupid?

Not that gesture, not that feeling,  
not that winsome shade of the consciousness.

Here is blowing only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

The enjoyables are lying here

the enjoyer has gone,

the yogas are present here

the yogi has gone;

who is for whom-

money for life

or life for money?

Whose value is-  
of the body or of the pay,  
of the inanimate or of the conscious?  
Ornaments and embellishments  
have been taken off  
from the body of the spring,  
the cover under which sensuality  
hides  
that cloth has also been taken off.  
The sensuality dwells  
neither in the body nor in the clothes,  
rather, it dwells in the *maya*-  
influenced mind.

The physical body of the spring is lying  
totally inactive, uncovered  
like a dried up flower devoid of smell.  
His mouth is a bit open,  
*rasana* (tongue) coming out somewhat topsy-turvy  
seems saying-  
*rasa na* (no taste) in materialistic life!  
And  
*ra..sa..na...*, *na..sa..ra*  
i.e., the spring had no *sara* (head),  
no mind to examine the good and the bad,  
that is why  
the saints have no effect  
on the spring-like life.  
The time of cremation has at last arrived,  
the atmosphere of non-attachment appears  
prevailing



when from the body of the spring is taken off  
the shroud... the shroud.. the shroud.  
Here is melting only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

In a few moments, that's all,  
the corpse of the spring too  
becomes invisible,  
merges into the lap of the past-  
what remains existing are only the  
bones.  
And,  
the bones are laughing  
at the foolishness of the world  
saying that

he who dies must get reborn,  
and,  
he who is born must die-  
inviolable is this law!  
Not possible to count,  
countless times the earth got dug  
deep, deep at the same place  
countless times the bones got buried!  
Now no further there be our  
burial.. burial.... burial...  
For the welcome of the next spring  
this our burial is  
a sowing... a sowing... a sowing...  
Here is stalking only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

Sometimes the fierce black *rahu*  
is seen swallowing even the sun,  
the mass of brightness, completely,  
sometimes that sun too  
is seen disgorging fire.  
In that disgorgement  
trees, plants, mountains, stones-  
up to the whole neither world  
is seen melting.

The fire becomes air sometime,  
the air becomes water sometime  
and  
the water and the ground quickly,  
changing, moulding mutually  
mixed becomes mud sometime.  
The night looks substance-bearing, sometime,  
sometime the moon is seen laughing,  
sometime mirth, laughter,  
sometime pitch dark night is seen.  
sometime sweet smell, sometime foul,  
sometime treaty, sometime conspiracy,  
sometime eyes, sometime blindness,  
sometime free, sometime in bonds,

sometime the sweet even  
is seen devoid of sweetness,  
sometime the pleasing  
is seen devoid of pleasantness,  
the brother sometime without  
brother-

the sentimentality plays trick.  
The child sometime grows older,  
troubles increase, go on increasing,  
becomes upbringer, becomes  
conductor  
and sometime becomes grey-haired;  
sometime suppression, sometime  
pacification,  
sometime happiness  
and comfort,  
sometime vomitting, sometime  
bowing,  
sometime some other mode.....!

Not yet stopping,  
not tired saying,  
the bones say something more that  
seeing these states, these circumstances  
don't form the notion  
whether they are or whether they are not!  
These are all merely night's  
dreams...dreams...dreams...!  
Here is blowing only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!

Due to what comes in a thing  
the transitoriness,  
and from where comes in a thing  
the steadiness?  
Seems somewhat hiding here  
spontaneous, natural permanence-

who is he  
why is he silent?  
When will his lovely features be  
seen?  
When will we get to that well full of  
joy?  
And,  
why does this fluid phenomenon of  
getting and losing,  
this simple phenomenon of  
momentary appearance  
not get caught?  
The answer to all these questions  
the smile of the bones is!

'Existence is creation-destruction-permanence  
combined',  
this aphorism has come from saints,  
in it the being of the infinite  
has somewhat shrunk.  
This is that looking glass  
in which  
the past, the intended, the possible  
everything is glittering, is swimming-  
is visible on seeing with the eyes of faith!

In common language  
the translation of the aphorism is:  
'coming and going is continuing'-  
coming i.e., generation, creation,  
going i.e., death, consumption,

continuing i.e., steady, permanent,  
and is i.e., ever existent.

This is the truth, this is the fact....!

From this gets deduced too that  
all the substances combining, giving refuge mutually  
are mixed like milk and sugar,  
yet shine with their own attributes,  
don't leave their own nature through ages.

Then, who, whom and when  
can take?

Then, who, whom and when  
can kidnap....?

One is one's own master,  
one is amorous of one's ownself.  
Then, who, whom and when  
can nourish....?

Still, alas!

There arises the desire to take and accumulate  
which is... a sin following one through births.

Halting to speak further,  
when has this secret been disclosed till today?

That which is, all that exists  
naturally bears well  
selfhood... selfhood... selfhood..

Now onwards

we...we...we..

should become alert, should think  
should look at ourselves.

Here is blowing only  
the heat... the heat.... the heat....!




The spring has gone,  
his body has been cremated;  
still,  
on forests, on gardens, on every  
particle,  
on everyone's life here  
his influence persists;  
that has penetrated every vein  
becoming blood.

On colour, on smell, on taste, on touch  
as a result  
deep coatings have been laid layer upon layer.  
All the natural has been covered  
and the question has become very mysterious,  
therefore, even after cremation  
the whole of the premises  
must get washed.

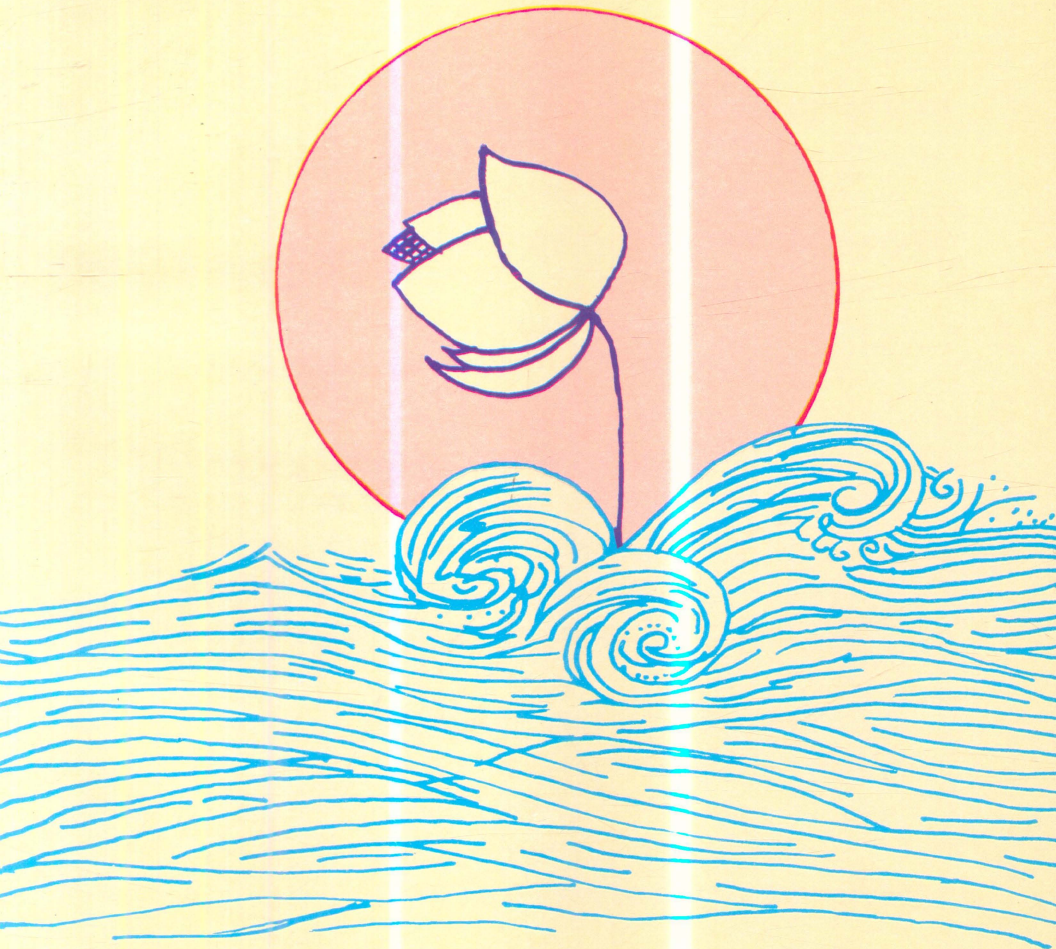
But what is this!  
why excess even being a guest?  
If no income, let it not be,  
no worry for the expenditure also,  
but,  
squandering is horrible.  
The future doesn't look safe,  
the forehead of the fate is blurred!

The excess of cloud clusters  
wandering in the sky-  
why this untimely sight of death?  
Probably... making the universe one morsel  
in one time,  
putting in its monstrous mouth  
... without chewing  
wants to devour entire!



## Chapter-3

# Nurturing the good Washing away the evil







Whenever an annihilation occurred on the earth  
the credit goes only to the water,

alluring for coolness  
he has plundered her;  
so today  
this *dharati* (earth) is dhara only,  
she is neither *vasundhara* nor  
*vasudha*.  
And, that water  
has become *ratnakara* (abode of  
gems),  
setting afloat  
has taken away the riches of the earth.

Getting attracted to others' riches  
is ignorance,  
and  
collecting by taking away forcibly  
is excessive delusion, syncope.  
This is an extremely ignoble act,  
is torturing oneself and others,  
is going to low hells and pass life there.

Doing this reprehensible deed  
the *Jaladhi* (sea) has shown his *Jada-*  
*dhi* (idiocy),  
brainlessness,  
and has made his name connotative.

Even having been misbehaved  
the earth has determined  
not to retaliate,  
and that is why  
she is called all-tolerating  
not all-consuming .....

And  
becoming all-tolerating  
is obtaining everything in life-  
this the path of the saints sings.

The traveller of the path of justice,  
the sun-god  
cannot see, cannot bear  
this injustice  
and also  
cannot tell others.  
Yet,  
not becoming idle  
he tries again and again  
for the extinction of the unjust party,  
for the victory of the just one.

Lo! He dries up the water of the sea  
with his hot hot rays.  
The limitless stolen riches kept inside  
come to the sight of the gods, the lords  
of gods.  
Still, see his (water's) nature,  
the burnt water gets moulded into  
vapour,

becoming cloud keeps raining  
and  
continues hiding his fault  
filling the sea again and again....!

Many times attempts have been made  
to bribe the sun,  
but he did not falter from the path of justice.  
But, at that side,  
the moon got moved  
and  
taking the side of the water element,  
slipping from the ideal  
took full bribe.  
That is why....  
even possessing a little wealth  
the moon has become *sudhakara* (abode of nectar)  
today.


All the nectar of the earth  
collecting in the sea  
gets transmitted upside,  
and  
the moon enjoys it,  
not the sea,  
alkali only is written in the fate of the  
sea.

'This is not an action befitting my position,  
is totally unjust for me',  
thinking thus  
the moon is somewhat ashamed,

his clean forehead has got besmeared,  
otherwise,  
why not in day,  
why in night only he comes out of his dwelling?  
That too  
fearing like a thief  
hiding his small face,.....!  
And,  
why does he remain far away from the earth,  
while the sun  
migrates near the earth?

Alas!  
The stars too  
follow the moon.  
On this side,  
the same is the state of the sea-  
he surges seeing the moon  
and boils seeing the sun.

It is a harsh truth that  
'the moneyed eyes  
cannot see the summum bonum,  
the greed for money  
has made shameless even great ones.'




It is different that  
the sea is also the abode of the original pearls  
as  
the material cause of the pearls is water;  
i.e., the water takes the form of the pearl

still,  
on thinking it becomes evident that  
the earth has a prominent role in their formation.  
It is the shell  
that shapes the water into a pearl  
and,  
the shell is a part of the earth.  
Having trained  
the earth herself has sent the shell to the sea.  
Freeing the water from idiocy,  
making a pearl of him,  
taking out of the pit of fall  
and put at the high rise  
is the aim of the patient earth.  
This is the religion of kindness,  
this is the job of *jiva*.  
Still !  
How is it possible that  
everyone becomes right-natured ?  
The water does not leave his preserve moves-  
gaily waving is not his nature,  
waving is only a pretence,  
deceiving is his nature.

Open mouthed,  
with mouths upward  
uncountable shells float  
waiting for the water drops  
on the limitless bosom of the sea.  
As one or two drops fall,  
making them closed-mouth

at once the sea drowns them  
fearing lest someone takes them away,  
and  
hides them in his unapproachable  
bottomless depths.  
When some diver reaches there  
to bring the riches back to the earth,  
he himself gets plundered-  
even his empty-handed returning is  
difficult.

Night and day the waking army  
of horrible poisonous pythons,  
of crocodiles unrestrained,  
move around the wealth;  
seeing anyone unfamiliar  
they devour him completely.  
If he doesn't get caught  
then.... then what?  
The environment is poisoned  
at once with the spread of poison.  
That is why  
huge stock of poison is found in the sea.



Having known the water fully,  
the earth has not faltered  
from her duty.  
Putting hurdles before the ungrateful  
is out of question,  
hasn't even thought of it.  
For living the life unhurdled

how magnanimous the earth is !  
She thinks of salvation for all, always, ever.

See!

The bamboo is a part of the earth;  
she has told him that  
the grace of the *vamsa* (lineage,  
bamboo) is then only  
when for ages  
he would keep on making pearls of  
water

even in days of conflict,  
even heaving long breaths,  
in happy moments too.

Then what to say!

On getting the orders of the mother  
earth-

in big dense forests,  
on sky-kissing hill families ,  
in the company of bamboos  
the water filled in clouds  
begins to turn into bamboo pearls.

That is why

Bansidhar too

freely praises the flute,  
wears the pearls round his neck,  
and

with his beautiful red lips  
fondles the flute.

In return then

he listens to the melodious musical  
notes



spell-bound,  
losing himself and his daily, nightly  
dreams.

In the same manner,  
snakes, pigs, crocodiles, elephants, clouds  
with whose names pearl is associated-  
bamboo pearl, shell pearl, snake pearl,  
pig pearl, crocodile pearl  
and cloud pearl -  
are engaged in carrying out the orders  
of the mother earth.  
In the formation of the cloud pearl too  
there is the earth's role ;  
that will just be clear. ....

With all these specialties  
the fame of the earth goes on  
increasing extremely,  
and the moon-shine's fever  
goes on rising extremely.

The disrespectful attitude towards the earth  
further develops.  
To insult, to decry the earth  
under the direction of the moon,  
the water element begins to make chess-moves  
quickly;  
occasionally raining a little  
begins to create mud on the earth,  
to harm the unity,

the undividedness of the earth,  
begins to create *dala-dala* (marshes).

Too many *dalas* (parties)  
disturb peace, don't they?  
As many the thoughts  
so many the propogations,  
so many the movements.  
Liquor-mixed *Jalata* (wateriness,  
idiocy)  
is the mother of exhaustion, isn't it?

That is why the excess of rains, the absence of rains,  
and the untimely rains  
are being supported here!

For trifling gain,  
for some unmeaningful fame  
complete disaster can be made to  
occur!

Where is that prayer to the Lord,  
that worship of the Lord  
for the highest good to flourish !

In the meantime standing wide-eyed  
the pen speaks:  
"Shame, shame  
to the lowliness- fostering,  
world-destroying evil-mindedness !  
Shame, shame  
to the oppressive, grievous,

big vulture like  
lust for money!"



Three or four days pass;  
for some reason  
the potter had to go outside unwillingly.  
There the body went  
but his mind returned again and again  
to his residence.

The body is said an *anga* (organ),  
mind is bodiless, internal,  
is the birth-place of cupid,  
is the creator of all associations,  
is the disturber of all colours.

Controlling the body is easy,  
controlling the mind, though not impossible,  
yet, is at least a complication,  
a poison bitter to drink....

'The potter is absent  
and the pitchers are getting dry-  
this is a golden chance for me',  
thought the sea.  
And,  
informed the clouds,  
already trained  
in the underhand ways,  
through the waves making *hara-hara*  
sound.

The sea is *jada-dhi*;  
it does not mean absence of *buddhi* (mind),  
but means  
*jada* i.e., inanimate,  
*dhi* i.e., intention,  
the buddhi concerned with inanimate things  
like pitcher, cloth etc.,  
and  
not welcomeing, worshipping the conscious.

The absence of benevolent mind in the  
sea  
is his innate nature.

That which  
accomplishes well-being  
and  
destroys calamities of oneself and others  
is wisdom.  
Getting a hint from the sea,  
respectfully becoming alert  
and filling pitchers from the sea,  
becoming the abode of limitless water  
three *badalis* (small clouds)  
started in a lane in the sky  
like some women of misunderstanding  
with thin and lean waist  
and elephant like gait.  
Wearing curd-white *sari*,  
the first *badali*

outwardly looks like a nun engaged in *sadhana* (penance).

The next, the middle badali,  
having mind against the cupid  
and behaviour congenial to her  
spouse's mind,  
wore a *sari* like the smile of butea  
fondosa  
making the lustre of the rose dim;  
had lipstick like red sole of foot  
is making the splendour of Padmini (a  
beautiful woman) shy.  
The lustre of that *badali's* sari  
wherever goes gliding,  
the lustre of that place changes as well.  
And  
the last badali  
is wearing a *sari* of golden colour,  
not false but real.

Their first attempt  
is to affect the radiance of the sun.  
Taking the sun in the middle  
they begin going round him.  
In some moments  
the radiance of the sun does get affected,  
but  
the valiance of the sun  
is not affected, not defeated,  
his time-table is not lessened  
even a little.

Seeing his wife affected  
the sun's discourse starts;  
it is contextual, but is angry.

*"Through the limitless flow of the time in past  
annihilation on the earth  
perpetrated ever by women folk  
has never been heard, never been seen.  
Do these badalis coming for annihilation,  
want to change their culture,  
deform it?"*

Seeing one's own or others'  
hungry-thirsty children  
milk cannot stay in the mother's breast,  
it comes out overflowing,  
it remains waiting for such an occasion.

Has the kind heart too  
today become athirst of annihilation?  
Is the *dharma* (religion) being sold  
for the safety of the body?  
Is the shame being sold  
for monetary increase?

There are many specialities in women  
folk  
which are ideal before man.

Remaining dependent every moment  
their pan of sin doesn't become heavy  
even for a moment!

In them the fear of sin  
remains being reared,  
otherwise,  
why are the women called 'coward'?

Often compelled by men  
women folk have to tread the evil path,  
but,  
they have earned reputation  
for judging between the good and the  
evil paths.

Their eyes are *karikas* (versified interpretation) of  
compassion,  
enmity cannot touch them,  
sociable friendship  
one gets freely from them.  
That is why  
their name '*nari*' is connotative-  
'*na,ari*' (not enemy) is *nari*.  
Or,  
they are not *âri* (saw)  
so they are '*nâri*'.

That who  
makes maha i.e., auspicious  
environment,  
brings festival in life  
is called '*mahila*'!

In the man  
who has become baseless, supportless,

hungry of support,  
has become indifferent and disheartened towards  
life,  
in that man  
the one who awakens unprecedented faith  
towards the patience-keeping mother  
the '*mahi*' (earth),  
and shows him the path  
to the true destination  
is called '*mahila*'.

Not only this, listen further!  
Who has become a victim of acute  
diarrhoea,  
whose digestive power of the stomach  
of self-control has dimmed,  
and is suffering from accumulating and  
possessing things,  
one who makes that man drink *mahi*  
i.e., *matha*, *maheri* (battered milk)  
is called '*mahila*'.....!

One who brings '*ava*' i.e., *avagama*,  
light of knowledge  
removing darkness, ignorance,  
awakens life  
is called '*abala*'!

Or, one who  
removing completely  
the tendency of the man's mind  
from the past happenings



and  
hopes of the future  
brings to 'aba'  
i.e., the present  
is called '*abala*'.....!

'*Bala*' i.e., problems, troubles  
'*na-bala*' is '*abala*'.  
a solution with no problems.!  
In the absence of *abala*  
even a strong man becomes a weak one  
and the whole world becomes an aggregate of  
problems for him,;  
the name '*abala*' of women is thus significant.!

*Ku*' i.e., earth  
'*ma*' i.e., goddess of wealth  
and  
'*ri*' i.e., bestower.....  
Hence, the earth will prosper  
till there lives *kumari* (young girl).  
That is why  
the saints take her as the primary  
*mangala*  
in all the worldly mangalas (auspicious  
things).....!

The householder life gets graced  
with *dharma*, *artha* and *kama purusarthas*;  
man often accmulates sin  
through them;  
women try always

that the sin may get transformed into merit (punya).  
His lust may remain controlled,  
and his worship may have relevance,  
i.e., his kama purusartha be faultless-  
only for this purpose she conceives.  
From the habit of accumulating and  
the disease of squandering  
she saves man always  
by properly distributing the money earned.

Lending help  
in the good acts of charity,  
worship, serving etc.,  
getting these householder's duties  
done by man,  
she safeguards  
the religious tradition.  
Thus the word '*stri*'  
itself murmurs that  
one who makes man proficient and  
controlled  
in '*sa*' i.e., *sama* (equanimity),  
*sila* (character) and *samyam* (self  
control),  
and in '*tri*' i.e., three-  
*dharma*, *artha* and *kama*  
*purusarthas*...  
is called '*stri*'.

Oh, desirous of happiness! Listen,  
the word '*suta*' is telling itself :  
'*su*' i.e., pleasant good things,

suffix 'ta' signifies abstract nature, essence;  
That is, *suta* is called one who is a source of  
amenities-  
this the scriptural epigrams say.

'*Duhita*' is one  
in whom inheres two welfares.  
Her own welfare she accomplishes  
herself,  
she makes the most degenerate  
husband  
fare well too.  
So, she is called *duhita*.

The promoter of mangala of both the families,  
the creator of happiness of both the worlds,  
the accomplisher of her own and others' welfare,  
keeps milking welfare  
living anywhere in any way,  
so..... is called *duhita*.

Significance of the word '*matr*' too  
we have to understand.  
*Pramana* means knowledge,  
*prameya* means the object known,  
and  
the saints call *pramatr*, the knower.  
The power to know is nowhere found  
except in the '*matr*' element.  
That is why  
no father or grand father, no man  
is the foundation stone of all;

mother of all  
is only the 'matr' element.

In the absence of 'matr' element  
the knower-known relation comes to a stand still.  
You tell  
in such a situation,  
who will get, why will get  
and how will get  
the happiness, the peace  
and the liberation.....?  
Therefore,  
the mother should be respected and praised  
in life always.  
Bravo.....!  
For centuries she has been preaching  
the male folk:

"Oh persons becoming ember in the  
company of cupid  
listen, listen a bit—!  
I accept that I am *angana*,  
but,  
only an *anga* (body) *na* (not),  
I am something more....!  
Try to peep inside the body a bit,  
demand something other than the  
body  
that which I want to give,  
want you to take?  
'That' is the ever, the eternal,  
'that' is the blotless, the brilliant;  
be grateful to that weightless lusture!" ♦

The preaching of the sun  
touches the heart,  
and the perversity in the attitude vanishes.  
In some moments;  
the point of debate got forgotten  
and the dialouge is laid to sleep.  
The three *badalis*  
changed inwardly also  
in consonance with the outward change.

The stand of their Lord, the sea  
seems them perverse,  
that of the Lord of the world, the sun  
looks them proper.  
Hearing about their own bright tradition  
they experienced a sense of hate  
for themselves and for their guilt;  
so they at once spoke;  
"Oh Lord! The lapse may be pardoned.  
the maids want to serve;  
when will that splendid sight  
be the object of these eyes?  
The soil may subside, Lord!

The 'food' which is  
the limitless basis,  
the origin, the source of bliss  
remained unknown;  
may it now be made known, Lord!"

What is worth doing,  
and what is unworthy of doing,

the water milk discrimination awakes,  
they become servants of the worthy of  
service...

Now they have equanimity in eyes,  
their play of body, mind  
and speech  
become soft, happy-natured...

Absorbed in acts of charity,  
adept in the religion of kindness,  
they become modest like a lute.  
Renouncing all sensual pleasures,  
desirous of the company of the detached ones,  
they become uncrooked like soft she-swan..!  
In them  
tolerance has taken abode,  
killing tendency killed,  
in them obeisance awakes  
towards the saints,  
adoration awakes towards the ascetics.  
They become friendly, 'Gita' of the side of justice,  
devoid of partiality.....!

As if cursing  
the desire of future sensual pleasures,  
having feelings drenched in sukla  
(white), *padma* (reddish)  
and pita (yellow) *lesyas* (inclinations),  
wet-eyed, with wet feelings,  
they go round the sun again  
to transform the ripe of the sin into  
merit (*punya*).

The eyes of the earth  
behold this occurrence,  
the outward body creeper shimmers  
and unites with the inward affection.

At once arise the innumerable hands  
of the earth  
by way of uncountable particles  
in the sky!  
And,  
they reach the place of occurrence  
to rub gently the water particles  
white, pure, clear,  
signs of *sattvika* life  
dropping from the eyes of the clouds  
and staying some moments shining on  
the cheeks.

As soon as the spatial distance  
gets contracted,  
the solid particles  
meeting with the melting particles  
embrace each other.

The heart of the deceit,  
the remnant of past impressions,  
gets scratched  
and everything becomes guileless,  
the water becomes liberated.  
Lo! Thus  
the descent of the cloud-pearls form  
the clouds take place.

Whose is the ability,  
who is the material cause?  
Whose is the help,  
whose is the contribution?  
Whose is the pain,  
who is that *prana* (life, vital force)?  
Whose is the inspiration,  
who is that saviour?  
All these doubts  
get resolved by themselves.  
The full secret  
gets disclosed completely  
and the pearls rain  
over the unbaked pitchers  
in the potter's compound....!  
The descent of the worshipper!  
Obeisance to the adorable feet.



In the absence of the potter  
the pearls rain in the compound.....  
The whole atmosphere sinks in  
wonder,  
greed peers out  
in the eyes of the neighbours.

The news blowing like air  
reaches in no time the king's ears.

O creature! Then, what to say,  
why should the water not get  
released.....



in the king's mouth!!  
The king comes with his team;  
the team under the spell of delusion,  
charmed with greed,  
gets utterly astounded  
on seeing the unforeseen sight!

The team gets a hint  
to fill in the bags  
the pile of pearls.  
As the team bows  
to fill the pile  
taking the hint as the king's order,  
just then...

A grave deep roar in the sky rises-  
"grievous wrong.... grievous wrong....  
grievous wrong....!  
Sin ...sin.... sin....!  
What are you doing...?  
Labour,  
shed sweat,  
you have got strength in your arms,  
make right effort,  
identify the '*purusa*' correctly.  
Without labour  
you can devour a ball of butter,  
but it will never get digested,  
rather, will be a danger to life.

Another's wife should be like mother,  
another's money, even gold biscuit,

should be like dust  
in a gentleman's eyes!  
Alas! in the whole world  
where is that decency now?  
There remains only wickedness!"

Even hearing thus  
the harsh, unpleasant, ironical voice,  
the team extends its hands.  
As it touches the pearls,  
everyone's body begins to writhe in  
pain  
as if stung by scorpeons,  
begins to turn sides  
as if being baked like *papada* (a thin  
crisp cake),  
restlessness, pain in every organ  
from head to foot prevail  
as if poison has spread in all;  
everyone becomes senseless  
including the deluded minister....  
everyone's body turns blue!

Seeing all this  
the king's mind too gets filled with fear,  
his mouth doesn't open  
as if has been locked,  
pulse in his hand slows down.  
The king experiences that  
he has been fixed by the efficacy of some *mantra*,  
his hands cannot move  
have become motionless,

feet cannot walk  
have become frozen,  
eyes begin to see blurred,  
ears cannot hear  
..as if have been lost.  
He thinks to retaliate  
but can't retaliate,  
feels himself caught in a fog!  
And  
a seriousness prevails in the atmosphere.

All sorts of people assemble there!  
The potter happens to come too.  
Seeing this sight  
three lines draw in his eyes-  
of wonder, of vexation  
and of detachment!

The huge gathering  
causes wonder,  
the king's team becoming senseless  
and the king getting nailed vexes him,  
and that the persons getting entangled  
in the claws of woman and wealth  
never get beyond the unbearable misery-  
this becoming clearly visible  
causes detachment.  
The potter feels like weeping  
that the compound  
has been the place of this ill-happening,  
the place of heaven and liberation

has been the cause of trouble today.  
Oh Lord! Why has the bout  
taken place in this auspicious compound.

It appears to him  
that the ripening of his auspicious  
karmas  
has caused this happening.  
*For the sensitivity of one's own self and*  
others  
he prays to the Lord thus-

"May the life be not fleeced,  
happiness and peace be ornamented,  
their senselessness get removed,  
and energy get filled,  
external as well as internal."

For some moments  
there is no stir in the environment.  
His speech gets mute in prayer;  
then the silence breaks  
with a loud utterance of 'Om'!  
Taking cold water in his palm  
charging it with his inner utterings,  
inviting the auspicious well-being with  
his inner resolve,  
the potter sprinkles the water  
on the faces of the senseless minister  
team.  
Then, what to say!

In a moment eyelids move,  
closed eyes open  
just as the lotuses bloom in a pond  
bearing a slight smile on the 'lips'  
on getting the touch of the sun's rays.

With the removal of the swoon  
the team moves away from the pearls,  
the king too changes his place  
fearing it does not happen again.....!

Then,  
with no excitation in his throat,  
with quivering voice choked with emotion  
and subdued tone,  
with wet eyes  
and hands closed,  
bowing, the potter says:  
'Lord! the fault may be pardoned!  
You are king, merciful!  
We are subject deserving mercy,  
you are protector, we are children !  
This is your treasure.  
your nearness is our  
only refuge.

You were vexed due to my absence.  
Lord, it will not get repeated again,  
remain fearless."  
Saying thus,  
he fills the pile of pearls in the bags  
with his own hands

with no fear.  
Seeing this sight  
the words come out from the mouth of  
the king  
along with his team  
at once-  
'May the true religion win!  
May the true religion win!' ◆

The unbaked pitcher  
tells a relevant point too  
in this context  
pointing at the king:  
"Oh king !  
You have been saved by a hair's breadth,  
take it a great luck!  
Otherwise would have been burnt  
and vapourised,  
vanished in the void.  
And,  
what intelligence is this-  
what was the need to touch  
the burning incense stick?  
If the stick itself  
drank its fragrance  
then it was something different,  
instead  
*it was sending its gentle fragrance*  
to your nose!

The other thing is this too-  
the 'laxman line' when crossed

will punish  
whether he is Rawan or Sita  
or Ram himself!  
He who is burning with the lust for  
money  
knowing, believing  
money as life, money as safty,  
has become amourous of money  
is not wise in economics.

In the sensuous shade of *Kali* times  
the world has mostly learnt this-  
attending prostitution  
in the name of business...”



At once  
the sarcastic words of the pitcher  
filled the large forehead of the king  
with three feelings- amusement of shame!  
Spread and contraction of anger!!  
And, thinking mixed with anxiety  
as to the reality of the event.!!!

Seeing the change in the countenance  
and thereby reading the king's mind,  
the pooter throws an oblique glance  
at the pitcher.

The self –experiencing but heart rending,  
timely sweet but today sour,  
speech of the pitcher should stop somehow,  
and

with the intention that his good feelings for the king  
may get expressed:

Lo, the pitcher gets introduced  
with the tender nobility coming down  
through the family tradition!

“Preaching the elders being younger  
even forgetfully  
is a great agonising ignorance; but  
receiving virtues from the elders i.e..  
giving them words , ‘we will tread the  
path of spiritual welfare’  
is a great blessing full with the nectar  
of bliss;  
and  
giving words to the younger ones being  
elder  
even in dream  
i.e. following them  
is to rub off the path of bliss.  
But ,yes!

If asked politely ,entreatingly.  
something of welfare,  
then,  
to preach to them impartially,  
incurring no spiritual harm,  
in short and sweet words  
is to destroy the heat of suffering.”

By and by  
like the descent of the gone-up



mercury  
in the thermometer,  
or;  
like the boiling, frothing milk  
pressing to jump out of the pan  
becoming pacified  
on getting some drops of water,  
the excitement in the king's mind  
calmed down on hearing  
the potter instructing the pitcher.  
Seeing the helter-skelter situation  
now completely healthy, peaceful-  
again submission, prayer with folded  
hands:  
"Oh dagger wielder, oh mercifull !  
Be kind on the deserving,  
do him good by accepting this treasure !

Don,t take it as an *upahara* (present)  
it is your *hara* (necklace),  
your ornament, your Jita (conquest),  
using and enjoying it  
is our *hara* (defeat), Lord!



The upside pearl heap in the bags  
peeping out  
listening, beholding  
this entreaty, this prayer  
of the potter  
to the king;  
and ,understanding also  
the tickle in the king's heart,

the murmur in the king's mind  
inclining towards acceptance,  
by way of a sweet smile on its face,  
as if is saying thus-  
"oh king! accept this,  
it is befitting to your status.  
But listen...!

*Mukta* (pearl) as is the name  
neither has attachment,  
nor gets filled with aversion,  
nor with arrogance, pride, envy-  
no perversion touches it !

Fell first of all in the compound  
from the celestial sphere  
and scattered wide apart,  
then filled in bags.  
Now is going to the king's palace with  
honour...,  
is being praised with open throat,  
but,  
when does it listen to that becoming  
charmed ?  
Having become hazard-eliminating  
necklace  
of the happy-faced ladies  
and emancipating festoon  
putting hand on the heads of guests  
at the gate,  
yet,  
it remains free pearl only  
untouched by pride..free..!"

The king  
reflecting on the submission of the potter,  
on the approval, the support  
of the pearls  
and the atmosphere,  
welcomes the assent  
happily !  
And  
enriches the Government treasury  
with the rare riches of the pearls.



Like this!  
The bright fame of the earth  
making the moon-shine shy,  
piercing the ten directions  
is going further ahead  
in the limitless void.

The honest love  
of sun like valients, of brave ones  
of prosperous ones ,of wise ones  
of patient ones, of pictures  
of children, of animals  
of lucky adolescents  
of young men and women  
of groups of ascetics  
of landlords, of saints  
of pious women ornamented with  
character  
of diligent sage-farmers  
of sword and ink workers  
of seers prosperous with supernatural

powers  
of enlightened ones ,of highly virtuous  
ones  
of excellent trees ,of excellent teachers  
of fragrant tender leaves  
of heavy clusters of shrubs  
of mass of fruits and tender flowers  
of tender , smooth foliage  
of hills ,of festivals ,of dates  
of ever gliding rivers  
of the beauty of ponds with lotuses  
etc., etc... thus  
of varied splendours-  
with the earth is growing further  
is growing further...



Oh! what is this perverted mode!  
The practice of the sea is vicious——  
and he is getting more irascible  
seeing the increasing fame of the earth!  
Oh friend!  
It is intolerance  
of course...!

Seeing the shy *badalis*,  
who were sent trained  
to destroy the pitcher,  
make that one with the soil  
and flow the soil away,  
returning having adored the opposite  
side,

having rained pearls  
and increased the fame of the earth...  
the perturbation of the sea  
in a moment begins to touch the peak.  
His eyes get reddened,  
eye-brows get tense,  
seriousness turns into timidity,  
forehead of the future is seen not well  
and  
mind gets besmeared with passion.  
The sea thus thinking  
expresses some feelings,  
speaks some lines:  
"Be she one's wife or other woman,  
it is the nature of womankind,  
that she doesn't remain stuck with one  
side.  
Otherwise,  
is leaving the motherland, the mother's  
side a game?  
And that too  
unperturbed and untroubled!  
For the male folk  
it is not only a hard nut to crack,  
rather, is an impossible act in all the  
three times.  
Therefore,  
not even forgetfully  
a woman should be made  
the controller of the culture of the family  
tradition;

and, should not be told  
the background of the discussion  
in confidential matters.”  
Seeing the sea having  
feeling of enmity for the earth,  
haughty attitude towards the teachers,  
indomitable desire to keep all under  
subjection  
and tendency to devour all——  
the bright sun could not bear it all.  
Therefore he intimates the fire element  
inhabiting the bottom of the sea.  
He is governed by the sun  
and has generic similarity with him-  
he awakes him with secret signs,  
as a result at once  
the submarine fire flares up fiercely  
and speaks thus:  
‘O limitless sea of alkali!  
One moment is enough for me  
to swill you up.

In the hour of necessity  
gentle saintly persons too  
have to work  
under impulse, under agitation.  
Otherwise,  
gentlemanliness gets sullied  
and wickedness gets revered.  
When has it been desirable  
in the eyes of gentle people——?”

'Between the saying and doing  
there exists a big gap,  
he who says does not do  
and, he who does, does not say.'  
Thus bursting into laughter  
the sea again passes sarcastic  
remarks-

"The sun is burning above  
you are boiling below ;  
and living between  
when did this sea burn, boil,  
when did his this cold nature  
change.....?

Oh! Getting the nearness of cold  
when did you become cold,  
when did you vomit heat?

Moreover,  
you being hot tempered  
your bile remains always agitated  
and the mind remains perturbed.

Otherwise,  
why should you babble  
like a mad man?  
To subside the bile  
drink moon like nectar begging from  
me  
and  
do not take the sun's side !"



The sea densely filled with  
underhand manoeuvring,  
again starts his attempts.  
Annihilation of the earth  
is his chief aim, isn't it?

Therefore,  
this time he has trained *purusa* (male)  
spending ample time.  
These *purusas* are-  
three dense clouds,  
not small *badalis* changing side,  
melting quickly with kindness.

Their main job has been  
to put obstacles in the auspicious works.  
Theirs is lowly thinking  
lowly are their actions,  
and,  
*ghana* (cloud, sledge hammer) is their name!

Rising, by and by, from the sea  
with their teams,  
filed with alkaline water,  
like aeroplane  
they fly in air.  
The first cloud is so black that  
seeing him  
a group of black bees  
parting company with their friends  
goes astray  
illusively believing him to be their friend;



again and again they come near him  
and  
disappointed return back.  
That is, the first cloud cluster is more  
black  
than the black bees....

The second one is blue  
like a venomous snake  
emitting poison from afar  
from his frolicsome blue throat.  
His brightness fills with green lustre  
the farms of ripe yellow rice !  
The last cluster  
is pigion-coloured.  
All the three are filthy minded  
as are their bodies.

As to their psychology :  
they are violent in character  
like a *candala* (a sinful man),  
have turned into an indivisible mass  
of pride,  
their hearts have become the abode  
of unkindness,  
time and again they keep quarrelling,  
without quarrelling their food remains  
undigested !  
Seeing them from afar,  
the ghosts run away afraid ;  
even the *amavasya* (last day of the  
dark fortnight) {

fearing them hides somewhere ;  
that is why once in a month only  
she comes out of her dwelling.

Night looks to be their sister.

The sea and the moon became friends,  
thereby the moon has earned the blot of infamy  
and could not get in relation  
with any one good looking, beautiful,  
got related with the night-  
for this — the 'credit' goes to the sea !

Possessed by the ghost of delusion,  
in no way  
they get in anyone's control,  
are of bad intentions, wicked,  
are nourished by misconduct.  
They become satisfied, gratified  
on giving pain to others,  
seeing others they become angry,  
heated,  
revengefulness is natural,  
innate in them,  
complex of enmity  
does not quickly resolve in them.  
They blame the faultless,  
become angry on the satisfied ones,  
speak ill of the venerable ones  
and make the auspicious *karmas* blind,

They do not want to smell even forgetfully  
the fragrance of the beauty of good acts,

have become amorous of sense objects,  
have become farmers of passion-farming.  
*Jaladhara* (bearing water, bearing inanimateness)  
is their cannotative name.  
Bearing inanimateness  
they have become dullard, intoxicated.  
Though their name is *payodhara* (bearer of water)  
also,  
but  
they shower poison only in the rainy season ;  
otherwise,  
why are they black like black bees ?  
That poison turns into nectar  
coming in contact with the earth,  
is a different matter.  
There stands a question –  
why do they get white like a diamond  
in autumn after the rainy season—? ◆

Not only the presence of means sufficient  
for the attainment of the aim,  
but also the absence of obstructions/damage is  
necessary.  
And that is not attainable effortlessly, but with effort.

Keeping in mind  
this system of cause and effect  
that gang of clouds firstly  
in a moment, immediately  
clashes with the sun  
who is becoming an obstacle in their  
path.

Dissolved in dense pride  
thundering heavily they say—  
'Why dost thou favour the earth  
and get irritated with the sea?

O ass of the sun, listen !  
Alright that thou art called the gem of the sky,  
the god planet of the solar orbit,  
the foremost in the planets  
in thou is seen extremity of perturbation.  
O chief of the fierce ones!  
Thy having *vigraha*—i.e,  
being bodied is futile,  
as  
where is thy rest house?  
That is why  
the whole day like an utterly poor  
wanderest from house to house.  
Still,  
thinking what  
thou darest have *vigraha* (conflict)  
with the sea?

O! Even now  
be kind upon thyself,  
take the side of the sea,  
get happiness, peace, glory!  
There is *avasara* (opportunity),  
utilize it,  
utilize *aba* (now) *sara* (the head).  
Even now leave the perverse fad,  
otherwise,

without delay an eclipse will be  
arranged.

The cause of infamy is pertinacity,  
the pertinacious ones  
have been ever getting jailed !"     ♦

Hearing this attack  
of hard, harsh and bitter words  
all the ten directions become deaf,  
the sky becomes dim  
as if sunk in the spread of the clusters of clouds,  
the space giver gets like immersed himself.

And,  
the halo of the sun becoming  
somewhat lustreless  
says:  
"O cheat ones bursting with laughter  
having cheated others!  
O living divided lives,  
flying with the wings of hypocrisy !  
You will take time in understanding  
the secret.


Not a dirty one  
but a devotee gets frightened  
of this complicated and hollow *samsara*——  
and,  
not a blind one,  
but an eyed one gets frightened  
of the extremely dense darkness.

Killing violence  
is the praise,  
the adoration of non-violence,  
and,  
killing or adoring the violent one  
is the murder of non-violence,  
savagery  
as a rule.  
The *dhirata* (patience) of the earth  
is the tendency of *dhi-rata* (absorption  
in intelligence),  
and  
the *kayarata* (cowardice) of the sea  
is the tendency of *kaya-rata*  
(absorption in the body)."

The sun thus rewarding,  
as per status,  
the pre-eminence of the earth  
with the soft flowers of worship,  
and,  
the lowliness of the sea  
with the hard thorns of rebuke,  
gets filled with self esteem.  
His bright heat  
protrudes outside  
completely, as much as was there,  
with the tongue besmeared with blood  
looking as the mother of fear,  
with tense, raised eye-brows,  
as if dripping drops of fire  
dense...somewhere....

'No,no, I will leave none,'  
thundering thus  
blazed like a jungle fire...  
does not get properly understood.

Whether in both his fully open eyes  
is it the invitation to the lava?  
It is a deception!  
Outside is staring the volcano,  
the basic source of the fire element,  
the electric powerhouse of the world.

To every corner of the world  
fire element is transmitted from here,  
in whose absence the traffic of the animate and the  
inanimate  
will come to a stand still,  
all round darkness, dense... 

Seeing the sun trying  
to burn the cluster of clouds  
come near below having low, uncommon policy,  
the sea, absorbed in observing  
with the eyes of censure,  
remembers the rahu  
and says :  
"Till when will the insolence of the sun continue?  
Under the influence of the earth he is devouring  
the magnanimity of the solar sphere !  
Does the sun  
absorbed in the service of the earth,  
under her influence,

not know you?

Does the deer also act arbitrarily  
going before the lion?

Can the frog becoming proud  
play games  
on the mouth of the serpent?  
Pretending to serve the earth  
isn't he really  
mocking you?

Whatever it be  
what ever you take,  
as you wish, as you say!  
The demand will be met with respect,  
this limitless hoard is awaiting it.

The gentle ones should be created and  
reared,  
the wicked ones should be degraded  
and liquidated-  
the fruitfulness of the riches  
is in its right use, isn't it !"

Alas! It is sorrowful that  
seeing the hoard in the way  
the rahu goes astray.  
The path of the rahu changes,  
and  
in the broad day light  
all this sin is being committed-  
downright an export from the sea  
towards the solar sphere...!



Filled in planes  
uncountable treasures  
twinkling,  
laughing whitish laugh-  
lovely diamonds, original gems,  
splendours of pearls, corals and rubies,  
yellow slabs of topaz,  
pieces of sapphire, silver sticks,  
which excite attachment in the kings.

The rahu agrees and accepts the  
treasure ;  
the sea's side gets support,  
his weakness gets removed  
and he becomes strong.  
When  
rahu's house gets full  
with the unearned immeasurable  
treasure  
then  
his head gets filled  
with that irregular, poisonous treasure  
of sin.  
That is,  
on touching the untouchable treasure  
the rahu  
with the thinnest merit  
becomes so dark an abode of sin  
that he is scarcely visible  
to the onlookers,  
and not touchable to those  
who want to touch.

Lo ! the similarity in thoughts mixes up,  
two powers join hands.

*Guravela* (a vegetable) is bitter by itself,  
when gets mounted on *neem*,  
then what to say !

The result, good or bad, is changing sides  
presently in the lap of the future.

Even then,  
no peace in the mind of them both,  
perturbation has increased many times.

In day, in night  
in light, in darkness,  
both see annihilation  
even closing the eyes.  
Annihilation has been their food  
annihilation their purpose...!



On the disappearance of the Earth  
where will one find an abode  
and where the means of life?  
In the victory of the earth  
who will not become fearless  
and have the wealth like the life!

We, you, they,  
and anyone who wishes!  
Alas but !  
Where do they have  
the elaboration of this thought?  
Possessing serpent like crooked gait,

cheeks dreadful as those of death,  
devoid of saintly strength  
and endowed with the strength of  
arms,  
rahu, the farer of the swine ways,  
bereft of discrimination between good  
and evil,  
cruel by nature,  
gets angry, wrathful ,  
without making noise,  
without making morsels,  
he devours the sun, the mass of glory  
entirely.

Like a drop in the ocean,  
like a child in the deep lap of the mother  
the sun merges in the cheeks of the rahu.  
The sun disappears... that  
it looks like the end of the day,  
the day looks miserable, lowly  
like a poor householder  
surrounded with adverse times.

It is evening, or,  
the arrival of premature death!  
Where is  
the courtyard of the lady sky,  
like the surface of a woman's forehead  
devoid of the vermilion mark,  
lovely?

The state of the directions change,  
they look like  
suffering from chronic fever.

The brother of the lotuses (the sun)  
is not seen,  
the beauty of the blooming lotuses,  
therefore,  
at once gets reduced....!  
The life of the forests, gardens  
appears getting destroyed,  
and,  
the elixir of the air  
looks getting robbed.  
The fire is the friend of the air, isn't it!  
And, the sun is the source  
of the fire element, isn't it!

Even being a non-stop, untiring traveller,  
the steps of the air have stopped today  
seeing the friend's livelihood robbed.

The birds,  
the idols of innocent affection,  
free-minded, self-willed wanderers,  
living by music, observers of self-  
control,  
free from all possessions, unattached,  
having the bodies as their concert, their  
companion,  
serving the organisation, the society,  
with chests filled with affectionate love,

.the destroyers of the defects of the  
*rajasa* (passion), the *tamasa*  
(ignorance),  
endowed with the *sattvika* (good)  
virtues,  
rich with the quality of industry,  
opposite to enmity, knowers of the  
*vedas*  
alarmed with the doubt about the  
evening,  
upset with sudden fear  
leaving sight-seeing  
with tired wings  
come to their respective nests -  
that languid bird swarm.  
Their bodies sit still,  
their minds get immersed  
into the depths of distant worries!

Trembling with compassion every movement,  
so... there is tremor in their bodies,  
the damp particles inside again and again  
coming out due to anxiety,  
are crying!

These are the yesterday ears,  
but sorry for the yesterday sound,  
where is that gentle and sweet  
twittering?  
The throat of cuckoo has also become  
blunt,  
the pathetic crying, weeping only has  
filled  
the forest, the garden, the elysium!

The manifestation of pain of separation-  
in crows, cuckoos and pigeons,  
in the minds of kites, birds and ruddy geese,  
in tigers, sheep, hawks and ducks,  
in the bodies of antelopes, deer and lions,  
in birds, hare, donkeys and wicked ones,  
in pretty lovely bashful creepers,  
in hills and high peaks,  
in full grown trees and plants,  
in twigs and leaves, fruits and flowers-  
is difficult to see even for a moment  
that..

the swarm of birds determines to renounce  
food, water and recreation,  
entertaining people,  
other things apart –  
even collyrium and dainties,  
till the crisis of the sun's eclipse ends !



Hearing the loud lamentations  
of the earth and sky-faring ones,  
seeing the sun  
writhing in the rahu's mouth  
the clouds' hearts get strength,  
perhaps,  
their blood increases many times.

At the defeat of the enemy side  
this does happen,  
though, It should not ;  
and,

at the defeat of one's own side  
the fit of heart occurs-  
this is all the torpor of the worldly beings.  
'Now, who can check  
the clouds raining,  
now, who can check  
the clouds jubilate?  
The background of annihilating rains  
has been made completely proper—'  
seeing the atmosphere thus saying,  
thinks the earth-


'when the air does not work  
medicine works,  
and,  
when medicine does not work  
prayer works,  
but, when prayer does not work;  
what remains, who is the support?  
Listen that-  
firm, eternal, braced with self-control  
that this consciousness is-  
works self-generatingly'.  
To the mother,  
thus thinking  
the particles speak  
respectfully, humbly-

" May the dignity of the mother be respected !  
These are the members of the Raghava lineage,  
are also the admirers of the lineage of dexterity,  
but,

are the destroyers of the lineage of pride  
cultured under the influence of ego, Mother!

May the memory of that lineage be not  
lost  
in which has been, are and will be  
*hansas* (pious souls) and *parama*  
*hansas* (saints).  
Let us nurse the tradition of the  
lineage.  
which has remained the vessel of  
exertion———  
Let the symposium be set aside ;  
Instead of relishable speech  
distasteful 'food' today  
is seeming  
tasteful, healthful".

Bowing and putting their head  
on the auspicious lotus like feet  
of the well-wisher of the world, the mother,  
they listen the auspicious words of blessing  
from the mother's mouth thus :

"Strike the hypocrisy of sin a blow,  
accept the auspicious *punya* (merit) !" 

Having immeasurable zeal,  
capable like a firm minded *sramana* (ascetic),  
these innumerable particles



get girt up to work  
and fly in the limitless void...!  
Like the self-respecting, lovers of self rule  
red-eyed warriors  
who jumped in battle field  
hearing the wardrum beating,  
or,  
like the sparks crackling one after another  
with the strokes of hammer  
from a hot iron mass,  
these red earth particles,  
even being single ones,  
every moment are soaking, are soaking  
many water particles...  
Applying their full strength even  
the water particles  
are unable to come to this side to the earth  
rending the number of the earth particles.

There is powerful a clash  
of innumerable water particles  
falling from above  
with the innumerable earth particles  
flying from below!  
The result is ,  
each water particle  
gets divided into many pieces,  
*forceful dispersal !*  
All round prevails a strong..... noise....  
*and, in the endless solar sphere*  
*a smoky surrounding.....!*

*Vighana* (interference, separation)  
prevails upon *ghanas* (dense clouds),  
the earth particles even being *saghana* (dense)  
remain *anagha* (sinless), beyond sin.  
Where are the cloud particles sinless?  
Burdened with sins of hundred types  
they run away frightened,  
and, the earth particles like some hungry ones,  
fierce looking,  
becoming the death,  
run after the water particles.  
At this occasion Indra, the lord of gods  
descends too.  
But,  
his descent remains a secret,  
He is not visible,  
only his bow is perceptible,  
rain bow engaged in its job!

The great ones do not come into light,  
nor do they want to come,  
they enjoy giving light only.  
It is a different thing that  
the light enlightens all  
capable of being enlightened  
whether they are oneself or others .....!  
And, where is anything devoid of  
existence?  
And, where is it possible that  
the existence is  
and is unenlightened ?  
'This' also wants it like Indra.

I want to become a *yathakara* (fact reporter),  
not a *vyathakara* (false reporter, disease creator),  
and

want to become a *tathakara* (shape giver),  
not a story teller.

This pen also wishes that –

the work, the culture  
should remain awake, living and unconquered  
through the limitless future,  
in which gets formed  
taking beautiful shapes  
the ornamentation, the prosperity  
of the simple nature.

It should never be the 'doer' before the world  
of the alkaline samsara  
in which awakes bellowing with pride  
the irregular deformities,  
and  
the good of oneself and others  
gets definitely destroyed.



Today Indra's exertion  
is touching its limit—  
the bodies of all the clusters of the  
clouds  
are getting bored, getting pierced,  
getting deformed, getting torn  
with the sharp needle-faced arrows  
being constantly showered from the  
bow

whose string is drawn fully  
with the right hand  
upto the right ear!

Their condition becomes pitiable,  
savage marble like ,  
they feel weeping .

Everywhere are seen earth particles.  
There are only a few  
water particles.  
That is why  
the sea has again sent  
clusters of clouds brimful with water  
and has also instructed them  
what to do further.  
At once the clouds produce lightning  
as per the instructions.  
Lightning full with anger  
begins to flash-  
everyone's eyes get closed  
as if gummed,  
everyone feels his intelligence  
as if put out !  
What to talk of others,  
even Indra unwinking by nature  
in a moment starts winking,  
i.e., his eyes again and again blink.  
Getting enraged  
Indra takes out his unfailing vajra  
(thunderbolt)  
and hurls it at the clouds.....

Struck with the vajra-attack  
'aha' sound comes out of the clouds 'mouths,  
hearing which  
the solar sphere gets deaf.

That weeping of the clouds,  
that crying like Rawan  
proved an ill-omen for the sea;  
and,  
too many sand particles  
entering the eyes of the fire –spitting  
lightning  
begins to give her unbearable pain.  
Looking to this adverse situation  
even the lightning begins to tremble ;  
perhaps, that is why  
the lightning is  
transcient, unsteady and of a  
momentary span....!  
Seeing this mishappening,  
at once  
the sea despatches instructions  
to the frightened clouds that  
as the Indra has used his unfailing  
weapon  
you use rambana (Ram's arrow).

Do not think of receding,  
pay back in the same coin with interest !  
No delay, at once  
shower hailstones,..... hailstorm !  
Lo, again there is smartness in the clouds;

self-esteem wakes  
and the production of hailstones starts !  
It doesn't of seem a production,  
rather an opening, an exposure has taken place  
of the limitless store kept somewhere !

Light and heavy.  
atomic and big,  
of different shapes-  
triangular, quadrangular, pentagonal,  
of different weights,  
round, well-built hailstones-  
what to say, what to speak,  
see anywhere and there are  
hailstones,  
the solar sphere is full with them!  
This pen sits to compare  
the solar sphere and the earth :  
upside there the energy of atom works,  
and here...below  
Manu's power is present !  
Upside is machine gathering up,  
below is *mantra* (incantation),  
murmuring.  
One is destroyer,  
the other is liberator,  
one is science which lives by  
reasoning,  
the other is faith cares naught for  
livelihood,  
one is suspended in empty space,  
has no ground to put feet upon,

the other has the shelter of the earth-  
that is why  
the upside one has mind only, no feet,  
possibly white ants have eaten them  
up.....!

The downside one walks,  
incidentally, can climb up also.

Yes!

The mind of the upside one can get  
inflated,  
then,  
he can read the lesson of fall, of  
destruction only.

It is well known that  
the question mark is found suspended  
upside always,  
while

the fullstop rests below.

The answer to a question is found below  
never upside...

and after the answer there is the fullstop,  
infinite peace.

The question remains always perturbed,  
after the answer there arises no question,  
the life span of the question ends-  
as a drop merges in the ocean.....!



Thus compared by the pen  
innumerable hailstones,  
as if feeling themselves undervalued,

fall cruelly upon the earth particles.  
In retaliation  
the earth particles  
giving them the taste of their strength,  
knocking them with their heads,  
toss them up in the void  
far away...beyond the orbit of the earth,  
as missiles throw away satellites  
Aryabhata, Rohini etc!

Thus knocked  
some hailstones crack,  
get divided in many parts,  
and this scene looks as if  
the petals of fragrant *parijata* flowers  
showered from the heavens,  
strewn auspicious smile,  
are descending slowly, slowly,  
like a welcome applause of the earth by the gods!

Thinking that the hailstones  
may not get injured,  
the earth particles are flying  
bearing them on their heads !  
It appears as if Hanuman is flying  
bearing the Himalaya on his head.

This series of events  
goes on occurring for hours...continuously;  
even the much talked of 'star-war' today  
is insignificant before it.



With open eyes  
the group of pitchers  
is also observing the event happening  
above.

But,  
on no one's face  
is there any confusing wave of fear;  
only witnessing spontaneously,  
everything is being sensed,  
simple as well as poisonous,  
total as well as partial !

Surprising it is,  
no hailstone coming down  
has been able to break any pitcher,!  
As to the question of victory and defeat-  
the earth particles have won  
and  
the *hara* (garland) of the *hara* (defeat),  
dead and withered,  
devoid of all fragrance,  
is hanging over the neck of the clouds and hailstones.

Yet,  
the arrival of new clouds,  
further production of hailstones,  
now and then flash of lightning,  
intensification of the battle, strife,  
restlessness, knavery,  
adverse intimations from the sea,  
cruelty etc.,etc.,-  
all these are the results

of the increasing agony after defeat.  
Overthrow of anger is not an easy task.



Even in this adverse situation  
the courage of the hungry earth particles  
is wonderful,  
renunciation, penance unique !  
The honour of the motherland,  
the dignity of the mother earth  
cannot remain safe, intact  
without firm faith,  
rather, would have been plundered long ago-  
remembering it  
the potter absorbs himself into the veneration of the  
venerable —  
he does not demand anything,

It does not mean that  
there is no pain,  
no feeling of privation ;  
of course...privation of money is no  
privation,  
and asking the Lord for money  
is meaningless too, isn't it !

Oh Lord !  
That which you do not have,  
do not want to have,  
what to ask for that?  
But,  
the absence of summum bonum

is unbearable.

When will this absence be absent?

The slightest sob of the young one  
sleeping in the posture of a dead body  
getting tired, and sorrowful  
due to some reason,  
gives the smell of concentrated pain  
to the mother 's nose.

The mother 's ears can only hear  
the glide of his breathing,  
its rise and fall.

That he is not tearing his clothes,  
is not throwing his hands and feet  
down on the earth,  
and

is not crying angrily  
deforming his facial features-  
therefore to decide the absence of  
agony  
cannot be accepted a right decision.

There is only  
no expression of pain,  
but  
the internal sky is covered  
with the clouds of misery.  
If that is not visible to the *antarayami* (the lord)  
then...

whose eyes are those  
which can see

and at once becoming aqueous  
give solace?  
May the prestige of the earth be saved,  
Lord!  
May the pride of the water get  
consumed, Almighty!  
There is a limit to testing,  
overtesting often detracts the person  
tested  
from the path,  
love for the provision of the journey  
also decreases.  
His taking long breaths again and  
again  
shakes the dam of his patience, his  
courage,  
fully possible that it creates cracks.  
Alas! will we be bereaved of life  
untimely?

Days after days pass,  
many days...!  
When the reason of the potter's *adarsana* (absence)  
gets known,  
all the excellences of the past get reflected  
in the memory of the rose plant-  
that loving slight smile,  
talk with affection,  
soft touch of the hand-petals rubbing his body,  
that cool, loving watering  
accompanied with music.

And,  
the plant at once glances at the potter  
seated in the compound far away...;  
who has become bored with sensual  
pleasures,  
has become merged in *yoga*, in  
devotion,  
his mind has become a servant of the  
feet of the Lord,  
but,  
on whose facial features  
there stays a slight sadness!

Seeing the master in the dilemma  
the rose plant speaks out :  
“May the end of this crisis be near,  
oh Lord!  
Even the most horrible crisis  
ends in a moment  
on remembering you.  
Then having realized you in the heart,  
beholding you closely,  
why is there occurring’ delay  
in the task of *Arya* (master) ?”



On this very occasion  
i.e., on the present crisis  
the thorns of the rose *gnash* their teeth  
too  
and say something harshly thus :  
“O crisis !

O hearless cheat !  
Don't spread out becoming a thorn  
on the path of unattached,  
harmless, innocent and honest  
wayfarers!

Leave obstinacy,  
withdraw now,  
go somewhere...far away from the path;  
otherwise,  
don't you know that  
the thorn is taken out by the thorn?  
Beware,  
you will be nowhere in a moment."

In the meantime,  
a flower hanging from a branch  
becomes particularly active in this  
connection.  
He neither cancels the talk of the thorn  
nor rebukes him,  
but,  
speaks befittingly  
for subsiding  
the excitement, the heat in the thorn:

'When a needle can work  
why to strike with a sword ?  
When a flower can work  
why to use a thorn?  
When the fruit is at hand  
standing on the ground,

then to climb to the top  
is not only a wastage of time and energy,  
rather, proves the absence of correct judgement.'  
Thus, the rose, the treasure-house of fragrance,  
telling the way of one 's policy, one's duty,  
showing the treasure of the application of love,  
remembers his close, intimate friend  
the fragrance- bearer wind,  
who spreading the fragrance  
up to the heaven, up to the end of directions  
makes every atom and every particle  
familiar with it .

Some moments pass that the wind  
natured like the modest, confident and  
thoughtful Nature,  
characteristically a stroller in forests  
and gardens,  
a constant worker in all seasons-  
spring, rains, frost and summer,  
a taster of friendliness,  
a greeter of ancestry  
in every moment of life,  
comes.

Concerning such personalities  
the words of the ages are found—  
' Whose allegiance to duty  
touches the peak,  
his unquestioned prestige  
crosses the peak even.'



Lo ! Mere remembering  
makes the friend meet...so  
the rose is too happy to contain  
himself,  
happy-faced he begins to swing in joy,  
and this  
*by itself* meant the welcome of the  
friend's arrival.  
The flower bathes the wind in love,  
in response  
the wind waves the flower with love.

Silence prevails for some moments!

Then the wind says politely :

"You remembered me...

I want to know the reason

so that may perform the incidental duty

and fill myself with merit (*punya*),

may sanctify myself that's all,

there is no other purpose.....

*Yes!*

That I do something for others,

become useful, helpful is a pretext,

making others a *madhyama* (medium)

to proceed towards *madhyama* i.e.,

equanimity

is an easiest way,

and a catharsis for the contempt, the

hate

for others filled in oneself !"



At this intention of the wind  
the flower speaks nothing in response,  
only keeps seriously looking  
at the earth.

Then,  
melting with kindness  
turns his gaze filled with compassion  
towards the potter sitting far away ..  
who,  
what at others,  
does not look at his own body even.

Some moments slip  
that the flower 's face gets reddened with anger,  
petals like lips begin to flutter in agitation;  
with red sandal eyes  
he looks at the clouds above  
who,  
ungrateful ones,  
absorbed in quarrelling,  
evidently the incarnation of disturbance,  
show unasiness , paroxysm  
at the detached sort of life,  
and ,  
whose future is horrible ,  
only a ruin of the auspicious feelings.

The vomittings, the bowings  
that the flower is doing ,  
seeing the different characters ,  
with varied emotional slants,

is sufficient for the wind.  
Yes! Yes!  
The unsaid is also known  
by one who strives,  
and ——— then ———  
will any thing unexpressed  
perturb the 'devotion' accompanied  
with self-control?  
Before him....  
everything will bloom,  
everything will get open at once!

As the task in question  
gets thus known,  
the wind girdles himself  
to perform it happily at once.  
Expressing gratitude towards the earth,  
becomes catastrophic and speaks angrily :  
"O clouds gone astray !  
Use well your strength,  
do not enjoy cheating !  
The hook and crook method  
will solve nothing.  
Do anything or nothing,  
the end of your clusters is only the solution,  
and that too  
near,very near!"



The wind reaches the sky-zone  
with a speed fast like that of the mind,

takes the sin-inclined prominent clouds  
in its striking range,  
encircles them,  
and turns their faces  
towards the source of inanimateness,  
the sea.....

Then,  
applying full force pushes them away  
lifting both the hands a bit,  
fixing one foot on the earth.  
As a boy stands gaping  
after taking one foot backward  
having kicked the ball with the force of the heel,  
the wind stands staring.  
Now, what to ask!  
With the clusters of the clouds innumerable  
hailstones.  
fall in the sea headlong together,  
as the villian-cheif hellish beings,  
horribly miserable,  
fall in hells revolving  
overpowered by the sinful *karmas*.



At this side..  
after many days  
the cloudless sky  
unintervened comes to sight.  
The wind is merry.  
Full with zeal, full with joy

the solar zone speaks out :  
'May the prestige of the earth remain  
safe,  
may we all keep faith in the earth;  
that is all!'

Every atom, every particle,  
the forests, the gardens and the wind,  
have all been washed by the sunshine.

The buds sprout, blossom  
with the laughter of the wind,  
pretty features mix together  
in the streets of the sky,  
novel gusto, new colours  
new wave in each organ  
new dawn, new warmth  
new festivities, new dress  
new eyes, new appreciation  
new irrigation, new thinking  
new refuge, new selection  
new diet, new decoration  
new feet, proper movement  
new tools, refinement  
new tune, new pollen  
new awakening, no running  
new gestures, new satisfaction  
new feelings, new favour  
new pleasure, new laughter-  
novel these are weighty.

New welfare, new sun  
new forest then new soil  
new date then a new mind  
new consciousness then new striving  
new condition then new direction  
no falsity then new glory  
new hunger then new thirst  
new nectar then vegetarian diet

new is the combination, new is the  
experiment  
new are the uses of view points  
the greenery is looking graceful having  
new art  
new opulence is excellent  
new eyelids have new thrill  
new longing gives new glimpse  
new mansion gives new touches  
new touches give new spurts.



Thus this novel transformation occurs,  
yet,  
where does it affect the silently sitting potter-  
the mild fragrant wind blowing incessantly  
is ineffective,  
where did the potter get thrilled?  
When can the touch influence the touchless?  
The fresh fragrance of the rose  
even reaching the nose of the potter  
could not awaken it.

When these pleasant objects  
cannot satisfy the enjoyer  
absorbed in enjoying them,  
then here...  
a yogi is to be invited,  
is to be charmed to come out!

Even the twittering of the swarm of  
birds  
leaving their nests,  
coming out and beholding the  
elegance of the forest,  
reaching as orderly waves  
could not touch the ears of the potter  
in the absence of desire,  
and merged in the void;  
that is,  
the ears of the potter are not recipient  
of the twittering worth hearing.

In this particular situation,  
even being distant  
the dustless sun himself  
spreading his thousand hands  
gently rubs the potter's eyelids  
closed like lotus petals,  
with tender fingers of rays.

In this rubbing  
the potter experiences  
the tender loving touch of the mother's  
affection.

The eyes become wide open  
the sun, house of limitless powers,  
abode of light  
comes in sight.  
Seeing even from a distance  
the eyes begin to shed the tears of joy,  
and, at this side...  
the earth particles begin to pine  
for bathing in the bright shower of  
devotion  
and become tranquil.  
Thus the whole atmosphere gets  
drowned  
in touching, in seeing  
in getting pleased and in pining !



Seeing the potter regaining the healthy state  
the pitcher says that  
without tribulations, calamities  
the heavens and salvation  
have never been and will never be attained-  
this is an eternal truth !

The potter becomes surprised  
at the mature faith of the immature  
pitcher  
like the accomplishment  
of a secret performer of ascetic  
practices,  
and he says-  
"I didn't expect that

even in a very little time  
you would attain so much success.  
The great *sadhakas* (performers) here  
have been found heaving, kneeling  
before the hard *sadhana* (practices).

Now I am fully confident that  
complete success will be attained further too,  
still, your journey  
presently is through the initial valley,  
the sequence of valleys is to be awaited !

And listen !  
you have to cross the river of fire,  
and that too without a boat.  
Yes ! Yes !  
Swimming with your own hands,  
the bank is not reached without  
swimming.”

At this the pitcher says :  
‘In water and burning fire  
remains no difference  
in the inner sight of the *sadhaka*.  
The journey of *sadhana* (ascetic practices)  
from difference to unity,  
from sex to sexlessness  
proceeds continuously, must proceed,  
otherwise,  
that journey is in name only,  
the journey has not begun actually.’



These lines of the pitcher  
proved very vital,  
very effective...;



## Chapter-4

# Fire Test Silver Like Ashes





On this side, the earth's heart  
trembles, shakes;  
there spreads a tremor in the unsupported  
earth;  
the thing called fortitude  
is seen nowhere.

Neither the intelligence of Rati  
(Cupid's wife)  
nor of the recluse work.  
The fecundity of the earth's  
surface,  
that productive energy, will flow  
away,  
will go where,  
no body knows.  
Often it is heard  
that the earth-faring ones get little  
from the sky-faring ones  
except the assaults, which they  
get many!  
What will the one unrestrained  
give to the restrained one?  
What will the unattached one  
take from the one who is  
attached?  
It is  
not only heard, but has been seen  
many a time  
that before the vows and

restraints,  
not only the unrestrained ones,  
even death knuckles down, and  
the sky-farers, gods and demons,  
have to accept defeat.

Today the kiln is being observed cursorily now.  
In the proper time, without delay  
the pitcher has to be placed in the kiln;  
therefore the kiln is being made neat and  
clean.

In the lower portion of the kiln  
big crookedly knotted sticks of  
acacia tree  
are arranged one upon another  
and are supported with  
red-yellow skinned neem sticks.  
Quickly inflammable cedar sticks  
are placed in between,  
and slowly burning smooth  
tamarind sticks  
are erected around the sides of  
the kiln.  
In the center  
there is arranged the cluster of  
pitchers.

On behalf of all the sticks,  
the acacia stick shows her last agony  
with choked throat to the potter,  
and, her sorrowful countenance dares to say  
this:

"We are hard natured by birth  
as we are sticks,  
our balance-pan of sin is heavy,  
almost touching the earth.

Far away from us...  
the boundary of *Punya* (merit) has  
been left behind;  
not only spatially, but temporally  
also  
there has been a distance  
between merit and this degraded  
life...

We are made sometimes into  
the hardest of canes  
for beating culprits.  
Often the culprits escape,  
innocents get beaten,  
and beating them, we break.  
How can we call this a republic?  
It is purely the rule of money,  
or,  
an arbitrary rule.

The consequence of this wrong  
we also have to taste;  
and, by this plan of burning the innocent  
pitcher  
using us as an efficient cause,  
one more link of murder is added  
to this life.

Now we cannot take the bitter draught,  
the agony is full up to the throat

with no room inside,  
whether the draught is of poison  
or of nectar.  
For some time  
the nectar will have no effect  
on this life,  
which living in a poisonous atmosphere  
has itself become just poison.

When there is unexpected delay  
it is not that the injustice looks like  
justice,  
but the justice looks like injustice.  
And this is what has happened  
in this age with us."

The staggering tongue of the stick  
stopping says again-  
"Not by harassing the weak,  
but by saving them, lending support can  
the strength of the strong ones become  
meaningful."

Without getting excited at this,  
with kind, affectionate face  
the craftsman says sweet words  
mixed with sugar candy-  
"Lifting up a weak one  
there may be pain in his hand;  
in that there is no fault of the  
lifter,  
the fault is in not having the  
strength to get lifted.

Yes, yes!

In that pain the lifter becomes the  
efficient cause,  
and this is the case in this context  
too, that's all.

The pitcher's life has to be lifted  
up,  
and in this none else but  
only you have to be the efficient  
cause."

Thus hearing the words of the craftsman,  
hesitantly with shyness,  
just expressing the inner acceptance,  
like a woman before a man  
moving neck a bit,  
the stick says-

"I understood a bit, a bit not,  
still, seeing your magnanimity,  
where is the courage in me to  
evade you?"

And

the acceptance of the wood is had  
for the auspicious work at hand!

Now...

on the mouth of the kiln  
granular ashes and sand  
are pressed again and again, and  
are so laid that even the sound of the outside  
wind  
cannot enter the kiln...!




In the north  
there is a small gate in the lower portion of the  
kiln,  
going to the gate, the potter  
pronounces the *namaskara mantra* nine times  
remembering the eternal pure *tattva* (truth),  
and  
with a small burning stick  
he ignites the fire in the kiln,  
but  
it goes out in some moments.  
Again at once it is ignited,  
again it soon goes out.

This act of ignition and going out  
repeats many times... then  
the potter speaks again to the  
wood  
in amicable language:

"It appears that  
in this auspicious act  
help has not been fully granted,  
otherwise,  
this hindrance would not have occurred!"  
At this the wood says  
amiably in welcome words-  
"No...no... this hindrance  
is not from my side!  
If accepted then... accepted  
if submitted then... submitted,  
that which is outside is inside,  
that which is inside is outside

bodily, vocally, mentally one behaviour,  
only one flows the current of upayoga  
(attention) here!

And listen,  
there is another hindering factor  
here,  
that is the fire herself.  
I want myself to burn  
but  
the fire does not want to burn me,  
its reason she knows.”



‘In what words should I request the fire?  
Will she listen to me?  
Will she get affected  
with the light of this heart?  
Will the fire be able to become water,  
her thirst be able to be quenched?  
Suppose she becomes angry upon me, then...’  
thinking thus, the doubtful craftsman  
ignites the fire once more.

Lo, the burning fire begins to say:  
“I accept that without a fire test  
none has got liberated till today,  
nor will get anyone in future.  
When this is the law in this  
respect,  
then!  
Will the fire be not tested?  
Who will test me?

To test oneself on one's own touchstone  
is very easy... but  
judging correctly is very difficult,  
because  
the redness in one's own eyes  
is not visible to oneself.  
One thing is more that  
he whose life is a touchstone for others,  
becomes so for himself  
is not a rule.  
In this situation  
often taking false decisions  
one accepts oneself in the rank of authority...  
which is not possible in the life of fire.

I take the life  
moulded on the pattern of good  
intentions and good conduct  
my right touchstone.  
Burning the pitcher is too distant,  
to have its idea in mind even  
I take as a curse, a sin,  
Mr. craftsman,  
—— then!"

Listening to the above conversation  
the pitcher says to the fire from inside the kiln,  
with respect humbly:  
"To be kind to civilized persons  
is utilizing well the natural power,  
is proper religion  
And,  
not to suppress the wicked ones

is the misuse of power, is irreligion!  
I am not innocent,  
am a treasure of faults,  
I am stuffed with them.

Until they are burnt  
I cannot be faultless.  
You have the power to burn.  
When am I saying that  
burn me?  
Burn my faults.

Burning my faults  
is restoring me to life;  
burning the faults in oneself and others,  
the saints have accepted as the highest  
religion.

The faults are inanimate,  
are *naimittika* (caused efficiently),  
in a way they have come from outside;  
virtues belong to the jiva,  
they are welcome.

By this act you will get the highest good,  
this life will gain meaning from you.

I have the power to hold water,  
which is waiting for you,  
for its full effectiveness  
your help is necessary."



Lo, as the fire understood the  
intention of the pitcher,  
pleasure appeared on the face of

the potter!  
The lines of disappointment  
on his face  
got transformed completely into  
hope and belief;  
his face was animated.

Lo, in a moment, the hissing, smoldering fire  
taking the whole kiln in its range,  
holds all the small and big sticks  
in its grip!  
With thunder  
like the fearful dense clouds of *Asada* month  
the kiln begins spitting constantly  
bullets of smoke  
black like collryium.  
For about thirty or forty yards  
the area around gets bereft of light... that  
it seems as if  
the great subterranean *Tamaprabha* (one of the  
hells)  
is probably sending upward  
the purest type of darkness!  
Coming out of the smoky field of commotion  
the craftsman looks,  
but the kiln is not visible to him;  
such is the fearful condition outside,  
to say nothing of the inside!

The kiln gets filled entirely with  
smoke,  
swiftly the smoke is going round in  
it

like a world-annihilating whirlwind;  
not any thing else,  
only the smoke.. the smoke.. the  
smoke...!  
As a result  
even the head of the potter is  
whirling,  
to say nothing of the pitcher!

In the pitcher's mouth, its stomach,  
its eyes, its ears,  
its nostrils,  
the smoke is only swirling.  
Not *asru* (tear) from the eyes,  
rather the *asu* i.e. *prana* (vital force) is about  
to come out;  
but,  
the smoke entering from outside  
doesn't allow the *pranas* to come out.  
It seems as if the pitcher's nasal artery is not  
there  
due to the bitter smell of the smoke.  
Even then!  
Applying full force and  
putting the smoke in the stomach  
by means of the nose through the *puraka*  
(filling) technique,  
the pitcher does the *kumbhaka pranayama*  
which is the surest means of accomplishing  
meditation  
and is the root of healthful yoga-tree.



In order to know  
whether the power to digest,  
not grain, but the fire,  
is in its stomach or not,  
the pitcher starts eating the  
smoke.  
While eating the smoke  
the tongue of the pitcher doesn't  
feel aversion,  
so ....  
it does not vomit the smoke.  
The reason for vomiting is nothing  
but  
internal aversion.  
This shows  
the presence of liking in the mind  
for sensuality and passions  
in their not getting vomitted.

Now, gradually  
the smoke stops rising,  
the light of the smokeless fire  
becomes visible in the world of the kiln.  
Even the golden brightness of the hot gold  
gets subordinated  
to the internal brightness of the kiln.  
Today at this time  
the full heat of the fire  
is being released.

Getting the touch of the fire  
the lustre of the pitcher's body  
burns

and sinks in languor,  
while the soul is getting cleaner,  
is about to sink in spontaneous  
peace....

The pitcher's sense of touch asks the pitcher,  
what is this touch?

The pitcher says that it is the pure touch,  
its experience is not possible  
without getting heated and burnt.

In the meantime  
the pitcher's tongue also declares  
in this context the belief held by some  
intellectuals that

'there is the absence of taste in fire',  
is contradicted by experience and inference.

When the smoke can be tasted,  
then,

why will the tongue not have the taste of the  
fire?

Yes! Yes!!

That tongue can only have the taste  
which has risen not only above the desire to  
live  
but also above the fear of death.

The individual under the control of  
the sense of taste  
can never get acquainted  
with the true taste of anything.  
On mixing milk in cooked rice  
it becomes a mixed taste,  
not a distinct taste of milk and rice;  
and on mixing sugar candy...



the true taste of all the three gets  
plundered!

The thin nose of the pitcher  
made senseless by the suffocating smoke,  
now in the absence of suffocation  
gets quickened to smell the pure fragrance  
of the fire  
as if supporting the declaration of the tongue.

The eyes of the pitcher which got  
shut  
and somewhat blinded due to the  
smoke  
have opened now;  
with the adoration of the  
brightness of the pure fire,  
with the removal/ scattering of the  
darkness,  
have blossomed like lotuses  
at the rise of the red sun, the  
brother of lotuses.

The pitcher's first sight  
falls on the pure smokeless fire.  
He sees nothing else.  
His vision runs in all directions  
but sees only  
the fire... the fire... the fire...!



All the sticks of varied types-  
where are they now as before?

Assimilating the fire,  
all have drunk it, that's all!  
Or, should say thus-  
giving birth to the fire they got  
merged in the fire.

Everything giving birth to the modes  
gets eliminated by those very modes,  
gets merged there.

This rise and elimination of modes  
is spontaneous, is self-dependant  
and  
is beginningless and endless ....!

Seeing the pitcher trying to show  
his progressive experience,  
the happiness, auspiciousness of  
his heart,  
the fire, feeling somewhat shy at  
her excess says:  
"My speed has not become  
excessive presently.

And listen!  
The limit of excess is far away  
.... still it is far away.

My burning makes one remember  
the cold water,  
my burning makes one have the  
taste  
of bitter collyrium.  
It is a rule that

at the first step  
the affliction and the labour are  
intolerable,  
but my burning makes people  
drink water afterwards.  
Therefore forgive... forgive,  
the religion of the aspirant (*sadhaka*)  
is to remain absorbed in  
religion...!"


Hearing these lines  
the pitcher's strength gets courage,  
the feet of his zeal become conscious,  
and he speaks-  
"Obtaining the desired fruit  
is the limit of one's exertion-  
this saying I keep in memory.  
That is why  
this traveller knows nothing of  
taking rest in the way.  
I request to the Lord again  
to give me unprecedented strength!

Not only for pleasures,  
there is no desire in this heart  
even for salvation,  
no thought of applause  
in moments of praise.  
I may have to enter a heat  
current,  
but no wave of pain  
should ever rise  
in this heart ... in distress.

Never mind  
that the *tamasa* (darkness) of the  
world  
fills my every limb,  
every vein,  
but, reversely  
i.e.,  
*ta.. ma.. sa.. sa.. ma... ta...*  
(equanimity)!

Oh Lord, listen further...!  
He (I) has become fully dissatisfied  
with the 'being' of personality,  
and  
has fully merged in to the 'being' of duty;  
now  
a silent smile is not enough,  
wants some words from your pleased face,  
that's all, Lord!

Now he wants to remain aloof  
from  
the periphery of cause and effect,  
the period of loveliness, Lord!  
He wants to have his being,  
beyond the sweetness of features,  
beyond smell and touch, Almighty!  
Devoid of alien possession,  
devoid of rust,  
the pure iron now  
wants to get melted in the heat of  
meditation,  
that's all, Lord!



Hearing the talk of the heat of meditation,  
the talk of the path of knowledge,  
the prayer to the Lord,  
and seeing the absorption of the pitcher,  
the fire interrupts  
"I have the memory of ages,  
acquainted with many,  
I have lived in the company of recluses and saints!  
There is a great difference between  
talking of meditation  
and talking with meditation-  
getting centered in meditation is not possible  
by merely opening the meditation centers.

Lo, here is the modern picture  
with reference to meditation:

Two persons of this age  
want to lose themselves-  
one chooses attachment, pleasures, drinking;  
the other constantly seeks  
yoga and renunciation,  
self meditation.

In some moments both become  
free of *vikalpas* (thoughts).

What to say then?

One lies entirely  
as a corpse,  
the other bears examination  
as Siva."

Even from brilliant thinkers,  
philosophers

and metaphysicians are not had  
such lines based on experience,  
as  
today we are hearing from the fire.

Thinking thus  
to realise the irrefutability of philosophy  
and unfathomability of spiritualism and  
mysticism,  
the pitcher asks the fire again:  
“Are philosophy and mysticism  
two footsteps of one life?  
Is the relationship of worshipper and  
worshipped in them?  
If it is, then,  
who worships and who is worshipped?  
Is there the relation of cause and effect in  
them?  
If it is, then,  
who is the effect and who the cause?  
Of them,  
who speaks and who is quiescent?  
From whom does the fragrance of meditation  
burst?  
Who smells that with his sensitive nose?  
Who liberates?  
Who satisfies?

That's all, let this age listen to  
a deep analysis on them both!

At this the *desana* (speech) of the fire begins:  
“That... you listen:

The source of philosophy is the head,  
the fall of mysticism flows  
from the heart marked with a *svastika*.  
Without philosophy the mystic life  
can live, does live,  
but yes-  
without mysticism, philosophy cannot be  
visualised.  
Without waves the pond  
can remain, does remain,  
but yes!  
Without the pond there is no wave.  
Spiritualism is a free eye,  
philosophy is a dependant glass.  
In *darsana* (philosophy) there is no (*na*) sight  
(*darsa*)  
of pure truth.  
There stroll  
truth and untruth  
near about philosophy  
i.e.,  
the philosophy is sometimes true,  
sometimes untrue, while  
the mystic, the spiritual shines always  
truly conscious.

Healthy *Jnana* (knowledge) is  
mysticism.  
A life busy with many *samkalpa*-  
*vikalpas* (determinations-  
alternatives)  
is that of philosophy.  
An extrovert or many sided genius

alone  
drinks philosophy,  
an introvert, one with closed  
consciousness-lustre,  
sings of the pure/ the blotless.

The weapons of philosophy are words and  
thoughts,  
mysticism is weaponless,  
totally still, thoughtless!  
One is *Jnana* (cognition), cognised too,  
the other is meditation, meditated too.

A swimmer swims in the tank.  
only the outside scenes are visible  
to him, not the inside ones.  
There another one takes a dip, and  
the inner side of the tank  
becomes visible to him,  
he gets disconnected with the  
outside world.

Oh! Oh! Excellent! Excellent!!  
How deep a plunge is this  
deliberation on philosophy and mysticism!  
And  
the fire gets thanks from the pitcher.

What happens then? Listen!  
The fire blazes up more  
as if accepting the thanks.  
The morning breeze, sweet and cool  
may be blowing outside,



but  
it has no effect on the kiln!  
The temperature is increasing,  
there remains no difference  
between day and night,  
between morning and noon.  
Time changing its aspects spasmodically  
is absent these days.  
The division of time  
has stopped in the kiln,  
the flow is that of the unbroken, indivisible  
time, that's all!



Suddenly on this topic  
there rises in the kiln the tune of  
some free sound  
chiming in ....  
O wayfarer listen!  
The flow of time  
has been like a river's flow, that's  
all,  
is flowing.  
Lo,  
while flowing  
it is saying:  
"This life of jiva or ajiva  
every moment in this flow  
is flowing, goes on flowing;  
no one here  
ever was, is or will be  
stationary, eternal, lasting.  
The eternal is the flowing of the flow,

this has been the secret of being,  
that's all,  
and is laughing.



O, here it is  
what a *ghari* (a small duration of 24 minutes)  
of sudden torture...!  
From which side comes  
the entreating voice?  
Whose is it,  
for what reason has it come out,  
searching whom?

Is it that of a man, or of a woman,  
of a boy or of a girl?  
Definitely not of a man,  
because to ears  
it is proportionately appearing  
enough thin.  
After all, what does it mean?  
Now it has become clearly  
audible...

"Oh mother earth!  
You are kind in your heart for your sons  
Is the aggrieved voice of the child  
not reaching your ears?  
Reaching the destination is a remote thing,  
there is no hope of water even on the way!  
What to talk of flowers and fruits,  
here is privation of shade even.  
Do not push me in the mouth of death!

Giving the hope of future light  
do not spread darkness in the present!  
Now the heat is becoming unbearable,  
tolerance is by and by  
decreasing in me  
Do not burn this life,  
bring cold water to drink,  
revive it, mother!"

When from the mother earth's side  
no solace, no blessings are had,  
remembering the potter  
the pitcher says:  
"Have all the abodes of protection  
gone away somewhere?  
Being the creator and the  
upbringer of the pitcher  
have even you forgotten him?  
Now these *pranas* (vitalities)  
will not be able to respect any one  
without drinking water,  
i.e.  
their departure is definite.  
They cannot take the fire test,  
a small vow even  
appears like a *Meru* (a mountain)  
to them,  
faith has dwindled,  
there is left no curiosity for future  
life.

Sorry,  
now I am thinking-

without quenching one's own thirst  
the determination to get others drink water  
is a mere imagination,  
a mere verbosity/verbality."

Hearing the entreaty of the pitcher  
turned almost to weeping,  
the magnanimous and noble heart  
of the potter aching thinks too  
at the seriousness and extremity  
of the pitcher's heartache.

And,  
to blow steadiness in the pitcher,  
to eliminate his hunger and thirst  
he starts towards the kiln  
with some food and water-  
that his deep sleep breaks,  
mode of dream vanishes.



By the way,  
where does one dream  
as and when one wishes!  
That is why .. firstly the craftsman  
laughs at his dreamy state,  
then, his eyes get serious.  
In those eyes  
not only the bygone life of the  
past,  
the life that has come about  
begins to swim too  
somewhat dreamily, somewhat

dim,  
and the future  
possible, somewhat doubtful-  
in a word, everything begins to  
reflect  
somewhat vaguely,  
somewhat burdensome.

Having finished the prayers,  
coming out the potter sees  
the golden sunlight of the morning  
not able to stay on the cheeks of the earth;  
before the dawn, since daybreak  
his mind has become eager-  
he has to examine the kiln today!

The pitcher has taken the fire-test,  
and,  
the fire has been given the fire-  
test.  
Not only hope, there is full  
confidence  
for the cent per cent result;  
still where is patience  
and when?  
An opposite dream as has been  
seen...!  
Seeing the feet of the craftsman  
stepping towards himself  
the kiln says on behalf of the  
pitcher:  
"Oh Mr. craftsman!  
*Svapana*s (dreams) are often

fruitless,  
overbelieving them is harmful.

'Sva' means one's own  
'pa' means upbringing, protection  
and  
'na' means not,  
he who cannot protect selfhood,  
what help can he lend to others?  
The mind attached to the past,  
turned away from the friend,  
entangled in many tangles  
is taken as *svapana* (dream).  
The threads of wakefulness are lost  
in a dreamy state,  
self-realisation is not possible then,  
even the accomplished *mantra* (incantation)  
becomes dead."

Hearing thus the voice of the kiln  
now the craftsman  
comes nearer to the kiln,  
but,  
where are being heard  
the screams of the pitcher?...  
Where are being solicited the  
alms  
from the potter?

Neither there is the agony of the pitcher  
nor there is his solicitation  
only... he.. there then!  
Where are the *pranas* distressed with thirst?

Where is that sorrow,  
where is that weeping,  
where is that disease,  
where is that face,  
and that  
abode of fire is where  
which these ears, eyes  
and hands  
heard, saw and touched in the dream?  
The dream has turned out false in toto,  
the deadly result of the dream has passed off.



'The *kusalata* (well-being) of the  
pitcher  
is my *kusalata* (proficiency),'  
saying thus the potter  
welcomes the kiln joyfully,  
and taking a spade in hand  
removes  
the sandy ashes lying on the  
chest of the kiln.  
As the ashes get removed  
so does the curiosity of the potter  
increase as to  
when does the safe pitcher  
become visible....

Lo, now it is seen!  
The colour of the ashes, the body of the  
pitcher  
both are one, both are together,  
the eyes are cognising rightly,

black like night has become the body of the  
pitcher  
burnt in fire.

The pitcher  
having experienced extreme pain,  
having undergone extreme  
calamity,  
having gone into the mouth of  
death  
has had a hair-breadth of escape.  
The potter experiences  
a hell of misery, of pain,  
on seeing the body of the pitcher,  
experiences happiness sporting,  
experiences pride  
on seeing the result of the test,  
and  
experiences neither wonder nor  
pride  
on seeing the constant *tattva*  
(*element*).  
But,  
the consequence that results  
on weighing the object in the  
balance of time,  
that too fully reflects  
on his mental surface.

The future of a pious personality  
will remain pious.

But,  
the past *itihâsa* (history) of the pious one



will remain *iti* (end)... hâsa (derisively  
laughable),  
impious... impious... impious.



The pitcher has come out of the kiln  
safe today.

Blueness is bursting from him  
as from that of the body of  
Krishna;  
seems that all the multitude of  
defects  
on burning have come out,  
there is no patronage to the sin in  
life now.

Really when does a sinner  
makes a thirsty being drink water ?

On the face of the pitcher resides happiness  
like that of a liberated soul  
who swimming has crossed the sea of  
transmigration!

Where is the *upayoga* (attention) of the pitcher  
at his burnt body?


The process of experiencing is continuing  
inside...!

When is the beetle  
found unhappy?

His body is black too,  
but he is continually drinking nectar!

Only living in the body  
does not mean experiencing it,

only living in *Maya* (worldly  
relations)  
does not give one up to *Maya*  
(worldliness).  
Attachment and interest in them  
is necessary.



Carefully taking the pitchers from the kiln  
one by one in hand,  
the potter is putting them on the earth.  
The soil was, is and will be  
of the earth.  
But formerly that was in the lap  
now is, in the form of the pitcher, on the breast  
of the earth.  
Outward or inward  
from every organ of the pitcher  
a wave of music is flowing out,  
and  
the earth and the sky orbit.  
are swimming in that song.

Lo, the pitcher has not passed  
even two or three days  
having come out of the kiln,  
the surge of auspicious sentiments  
in his mind  
is telling all, that  
now there is no fall, only rising....  
successive elevation-elevation,  
novel future-crop,  
appearance of the fortune...!

That's all,  
now nothing is unattainable for  
him,  
everything face to face... present!

The attitude of the devotee  
draws the God even towards him;  
that attitude is-  
alms to the *patra* (deserving) and respect for  
the *atithi* (guest).

But,  
the deserving person should be pious, sacred,  
should be pedestrian, having only hand as his  
utensil,  
should be a soul, supreme soul drinking nectar,  
should be hard-hearted to himself  
but butter like towards others..

...soft and  
should take  
others' pain as his own,  
Lord's prayer as his game.  
He should be free from sinful affairs,  
completely unattached like the air,  
fearing subjugation,  
away from haughtiness like a mirror,  
verdurous, flourishing, meek  
like a plant.

He should be moving unstopped, untired  
towards his aim  
like the flow of a river.

He should be alike in praise and  
insult,

Meru like in *yoga* (penance),  
guileless like a cow in *upayoga*  
(mental working),  
beyond the desire for worldly things,  
absorbed in the search  
only of pure *tattva* (truth);  
not a fault-finder but a  
connoisseur,  
never come down on adverse  
enemies,  
never get happy over favourable  
friends,  
and  
never pine for fame, glory and  
benefits.

He should be  
not cruel, but fearless like a lion,  
never demand alms from anyone,  
benevolent like the sun  
never expecting any return even forgetfully,  
winner of sleep, vanquisher of senses,  
*sadasayi* (well-meaning) like a pond,  
temperate in eating, beneficial and short in  
speech,  
desirous of the jewel of consciousness,  
self-censuring in order to wash away  
his own faults.  
Censuring others is a far cry,  
even his ears should not be eager to hear  
others' censure  
as if are deaf!  
His tongue should be dumb

in the context of his own praise  
even being famous, thoughtful and ascetic.

His winter nights should pass  
at the bank of a sea, a river, a pond,  
and the summer days should pass  
on the hills under the brilliant  
cover of the sun.

Thus! The pitcher ruminated over his pious  
sentiments;  
the saying of the saints that  
'the pious sentiments liberate'  
was going to prove correct,  
proved.



Lo, on this side...  
a big *seth* (moneyed man) of the city dreams that  
he himself in his courtyard  
welcomes a *bhiksarthi* (desirous of alms) great  
saint  
with an auspicious earthen pitcher in hands.  
He gets up at dawn  
taking himself blessed, thanks the dream  
and tells the matter of the dream to the family.  
A servant is sent to the potter  
to fetch a pitcher.  
The servant related the master's orders,  
becoming happy, the potter says:

"Our stamina worked,  
our labour has become meaningful

and we have become meaningful.”  
Seeing the potter pleased  
the servant becomes more  
pleased.

Taking a pitcher in one hand  
and in the other a piece of stone,  
striking with which  
he begins to test the pitcher...  
In the words of wonder the pitcher  
says-

“is there a test still to be taken  
now

even after the fire test?

Test, test!

You are judging others,  
judge yourself. a bit!

Now test yourself!

Strike and see yourself  
which note emerges there,  
listen that with your own ears  
whether it is a crow's prate  
or a donkey's fifth note.

Before becoming an examiner  
passing examination is compulsory,  
otherwise,

one will be an object of ridicule.”

At this the servant says modestly-

“True it is that

you have gone through the fire test,  
but how far the test

the fire has given you is correct,  
cannot be judged without testing you.

That is,  
through you  
I am giving a fire-test to the fire.

The other thing is  
I am not only a servant to a  
master,  
but am also a master of some  
things  
auxiliary to life,  
I am their user also.

Things are not correctly evaluated  
in commercial give and take,  
the view being monetary;  
while in the purchaser's view  
the value of a thing purchased  
is its use.  
It is the use that makes  
the user merry for some moments."

As a purchaser the servant has  
come  
and  
taking the pitcher in hand  
strikes it seven times.  
The 'sa' note emerges  
at the first time,  
then, coming out in continuous  
succession  
're.. ga.. ma.. pa.. dha.. ni..'  
express the unattached destiny  
indestructible like notes.

In total,  
the meaning is this-  
sa.. re.. ga.. ma..  
that is,  
all sorts of miseries  
pa....dha, that is  
pada / nature  
and ni  
that is, not,  
misery cannot be the nature of the  
soul,  
it is only an indisposed mode  
of the soul under the influence of  
the deluding karma.

*Naimittika* (caused) modes are somewhat alien.  
Understanding the sense of these seven notes  
is getting lost in right music,  
is getting right companion.

Where from has come  
such a wonderful power in the  
pitcher-  
the servant thinking thus  
gets the answer from the pitcher's  
side  
that

"it is all the art of the craftsman,  
a fruit of profuse labour, of firm determination,  
of refinement through pious practices.  
And listen,  
the body that has turned black



like *Ghanshyam* (Lord Krishna, dark cloud)  
has... not burnt.

As an artist skilled in instrumental art  
applies ink at the mouth of *Mrdanga*,  
so has the potter marked  
my organs with ink.

The varied notes that emerge  
getting the stroke, the touch  
of the palm and the middle finger  
disclose the difference

between the *prakrti* and the *purusa-*  
*dha.. dhin... dhin.. dha*  
*dha... dhin.... dhin... dha..*

*vetana-bhinna chetan-bhinna* (pay is different  
and conscious is different)

*ta... tina... tina.. ta..*

*ta... tina... tina.. ta...*

*ka tana.. cinta, ka tana... cinta?* (what worry for  
the body, what....)

*ghun.. ghun... ghun...!*"

The servant, who has come as a  
purchaser  
becomes wonderstruck,  
his mind becomes charmed,  
the body becomes controlled,  
stationary at the shape of the  
pitcher  
and at the artistic miracle of the  
potter.  
If contact  
with psychic miracle occurs,  
then what to say!

The mental worries, screams  
getting ruined in some moments  
will go away ,  
not anywhere outside,  
the wave of the reservoir will merge  
in the reservoir.



The pitchers are examined, observed,  
then...  
the servant selects  
one-two small and one-two big pitchers,  
and  
in the hands of the potter  
tries to put the proper amount by way of their  
cost.  
Then  
the potter speaks out –

“Today is a day of charity,  
not of give and take;  
it is the remover of all misfortune  
and the gateway of good days!

Not shell, but pearl  
not lamp, but light  
have to be honoured now!  
Forgetting the conscious, I took pride in the  
body,  
removing religion, swung in money,  
limitless time passed  
in this phantasmagoria,  
now we have to bring near

the indestructible *tattva* (truth)  
and absorb that in ourselves, that's all!

That way,  
gold has its value,  
silver too has,  
it may be a particle or a maund,  
every substance has its value,  
but,  
money has no value in itself.  
Only the basic substance has  
value.  
Money is no basic substance,  
its life is dependant,  
it is for others, imaginary!

Yes! Yes!!  
The value of other things can be judged  
in terms of money,  
that too, as per necessity,  
sometimes more, sometimes less  
and sometimes formal,  
and all this depends  
on moneyed persons.

The moneyed as well as the  
moneyless-  
these both  
can never judge correctly the  
value of a thing  
even in a dream,  
as,  
the moneyless is often wretched

and  
the moneyed blind in sensuality, in  
pride!!”

By way of a present even  
the amount was not accepted.  
The servant gives, then, thanks instead  
and starts for the house with the pitchers, happily!



The seth getting down from his  
seat  
gladly takes a pitcher in his hand  
from that of the happy-faced  
servant,  
and washes it  
with fresh cold water himself!

Then, taking the pitcher in the left hand  
marks *svastika*, the symbol of oneself,  
with the ring finger of right hand  
on all its four sides  
with fine sandal wood of *Malaya* mountain,  
with the intention  
that everyone may obtain one's self.  
And  
puts four round marks  
in the four petals of every *svastika*  
with the sandal wood mixed with *Kashmiri* saffron,  
which are telling the world  
that all the four *gatis* (modes of existence) in  
*Samsara*  
are devoid of joy.

In the same way,  
on the head of each *svastika* writes  
Om with moon and a small round mark  
for the steadiness of *yoga* and *upayoga* (bodily  
and mental activity).  
Attention of yogis often  
gets steady on it.

With two thin lines of turmeric  
the throat of the pitcher  
is graced,  
in between the lines  
a slight touch of *Kumkuma* (rouge)  
is a sight worth seeing.  
The turmeric, rouge, saffron and  
the sandal wood  
with their fragrance  
have made the atmosphere  
delightfully pretty.

Four or five betel leaves,  
soft, pretty, having parity,  
attractive, green,  
digestive of food and drink,  
are put on the mouth of the pitcher.  
Like the petals of a blossomed lotus,  
their fore parts are visible outside,  
in their midst a coconut is placed  
to rub them gently,  
on which turmeric and rouge are sprinkled.

On this occasion  
*the coconut says to the leaves:*

“my body is hard, yours’ soft, and  
this hardness you wouldn’t like.

Till today  
this body liked the softness,  
but then,  
it was the path of samsara (transmigration),  
this path is opposite to that, isn’t it!  
Here the soul is victorious, isn’t it!  
This path has no relation with the body,  
the body is subordinate, the conscious is  
desirable,  
the soft and the hard are equal here.  
And, how much is my heart soft,  
is your outward body so soft?

Only  
peep a bit inside me,  
the right cognition of softness and  
hardness occurs  
not on touching the body,  
but the heart.”


All the fibers of the coconut are removed,  
only the braid is stretching full on the head  
on which a fragrant blooming rose  
is fixed.

Mostly everyone’s braid  
is down-faced,  
but  
that of the coconut  
is up-faced.

Probably that is why  
giving coconut in alms  
is taken as bestowing salvation.

A rosary  
of pure transparent quartz  
is put round the neck of the pitcher  
as if saying-  
'repeat the name of the flawless purusa'.

Thus decorated, the auspicious  
pitcher  
is put on a sandal wood stool  
having eight sides,  
as if absorbed in expectation of an  
*atithi* (a person with no pre-  
appointment, a muni).



As he does everyday  
the seth goes for worship of the Lord  
to the fifth storey of the palace,  
which he has by the fruition of the auspicious  
*karmas*  
by the grace of religion.  
There a *Caityalaya* (temple) is situated  
where on a silver lion-seat  
an unconquerable silver idol  
of the dustless Lord is seated.

First of all,  
with the highest reverence  
the *vandana* (obeisance) of the

Lord  
is performed,  
and then is performed  
consecration.  
The seth applies the *gandhodaka*  
(water of the consecration)  
which is itself clean and is also  
the cause of cleanliness,  
on his head  
respectfully....., happily.

Then, washing his hands with water,  
cleanses the idol  
with a clean white cloth;  
worships the Lord  
free of sins and shams,  
untouched by possessions,  
taking eight auspicious substances  
with devout feelings, with strong  
eagerness,  
not with any worldly temptation,  
the purpose is only  
to get liberation from bondage,  
the coast... the bank of the sea of  
transmigration !



By now, some auspicious figures in the  
courtyard  
have been drawn by the gamesome girls.  
That the time for the *carya* (going out for  
taking food)  
of the *atithi* (muni) has drawn



almost near-  
this is the topic of the talks  
among the donors!

It is a phenomenon of every path  
of the city,  
in neighborhood facing each other  
in their own courtyards-  
the line of donors standing  
absorbed in the expectation of the  
*patra* (deserving one)  
is extending to a long distance.  
In every courtyard each donor,  
mostly,  
is standing with his wife.  
One is their wish,  
one is their prayer to the Lord,  
that the atithi's food-taking may be  
undisturbed,  
and that  
at their house, that's all!

Lo, having completed the worship  
the seth comes down in the courtyard,  
and he too  
stands taking the auspicious sandy pitcher.  
Some are standing  
with a silver urn in their hands,  
some are standing  
making a pitcher of both of their hands,

some having a copper urn,  
some a mango,

some a brass urn,  
some a custard apple,  
some having a ramphala,  
some a guava,  
some an urn on an urn  
some an urn on head,  
some alone with a banana in hand,  
some empty-handed,  
some with a plate.  
Special it is that  
all are bowing headed  
and, again and again glancing at  
distance...  
are waiting for the *atithi*.


Lo, in the meantime  
the *atithi* is seen coming  
and  
a sound of applause  
bursts from the mouths of the donors!

Victory! Victory! Victory!  
to the unscheduled roaming ones,  
to the ones having regular  
thoughts,  
to the saints, to the meritorious  
ones,  
to the ones having gentle and  
peaceful features  
Victory! Victory! Victory!

Victory! Victory! Victory!  
to the ones away from partiality,

to the *yathajata* (naked) brave ascetics,  
to the sources of the religion of kindness,  
to the ones filled with equanimity.

Victory! Victory! Victory!  
to the coasts of the sea of  
transmigration,  
to the pivots of the abode of  
salvation,  
to the resolute ones tolerating  
everything,  
to the waters washing the dirt of  
*karmas*.



Now...  
the atithi has come nearer  
He has crossed many initial courtyards,  
his sacred feet are progressing  
moment to moment on the path;  
frost has fallen on the vitals (*pranas*)  
of the courtyards left behind,  
they are not having that cheerfulness now!  
There the sun sets,  
here the lotus jungle fades;  
still,  
a hope is waking in them  
that the *patra* can return back.

The sun may come next day  
.... does come!  
But,  
treading the path

he does not come turning in the  
mid way;  
to come turning... a remote thing,  
does not even see turning,  
continues on his journey from east  
to west.  
Till today hasn't been seen  
coming from west to east,  
and not possible also.

How and when does the *patra* identifies the  
donors,  
the substances of *vidhi* (pre-decision)  
is not known;  
everything gets done quickly  
like a flash of lightning.

"The coming of the *patra* in the  
courtyard  
and then  
returning without obtaining food  
and water...  
intensely pains the donor-"  
these lines thus  
get uttered by a donor.  
In no time he remembers  
the utterance of saints,  
that the benefit of alms-giving to a  
*patra*  
occurs due to the highest fruition  
of the most auspicious *karmas*.  
There is a fruition of our  
auspicious *karmas*

but, has got thinned  
than the requisite measure-  
this is what is called rarity.  
From the mouth of some donors  
no words emerge,  
they remain, as if, nailed,  
incantation-charmed.

Some...

become restless on forgetting the method,  
and  
put their hand again and again on their skull,  
as if rebuking away  
their adverse fate.

“Oh Maharaj!  
if the *vidhi* was not obtained... no  
matter,  
at least should have looked at this  
side,  
this much would have satisfied  
us”-  
thus one donor tells his mind  
involuntarily.

Among the many virtues of a donor  
one is discretion also;  
just see,  
one donor has lost the discretion  
and  
going very near the *patra* on the way  
in an excess of devotion  
says in the words of humility that-

"I in this life  
didn't have the fortune/luck  
to give alms to a *patra*,  
many times I came across the *patra* ones,  
but, feelings didn't arise.  
Today strong feelings have arisen;  
even on this occasion  
if perception occurs, not touch,  
touch occurs, not joy,  
the sentiment will remain starving...!  
Then when will...  
that pacification of hunger?  
Today's food should be taken at our residence,  
that's all!  
In this connection if any demerit occurs  
it will occur to me,  
not to you, *Svamin*!  
Oh ocean of kindness, be kind  
don't delay, have pity."

At this sentimentality of the donor  
the silent ascetic  
turns a slightly smiling  
countenance  
and proceeds further on the path  
viewing four hand ground.  
Then again from the mouth of the  
donor  
emerges a line soaked with  
disappointment:  
"When there were teeth then there  
were no grams,  
when there were grams then there

were no teeth,  
when both of them were there  
then no intestines to digest  
them...!"



A variety of errors are thus committed by the donors.

The pitcher speaks to the seth:

"Yes! Yes!

This condition can be ours too",  
and makes him careful-

"The *patra* should be solicited  
but not in excess;  
at this time  
everything can be forgotten  
but not discretion.  
Bodily, mentally and vocally  
servitude should be expressed  
not gloominess.  
There should be mild smile on the  
lips  
but not buffoonery,  
there should be zeal, there should  
be gusto,  
but not rashness.  
The pollen of humility/modesty  
should trickle from every organ,  
but, no smell of pitiability.  
And  
in this context I have heard  
a poem from the saints,

respected and admired by  
intelligent persons,  
listen that, I say:

The earth has become thirsty,  
expectation for water has aroused,  
has opened the mouth-pot,  
is determined  
not to await the donor  
not to examine him much,  
not to cross even forgetfully  
one's own limit,  
one's own courtyard,  
as  
the humility of the *patra* occasions  
the rise of pride in the prideless donor,  
then the balance-pan of sin  
gets heavier,  
and  
dependence does creep in the free, self-  
respecting *patra*,  
the ground of duty  
slowly slips downward.  
What will happen then?  
The donor as well as the *patra*  
will suspend in the mid-air...


That is why...  
to mould the earned sin  
into merit  
these dark, dense clouds  
are engaged in search of right  
*patra*;



on perceiving the *patra*  
the pair of eyes containing water  
thunder  
becoming overwhelmed, ecstatic,  
submit bowingly sixty four currents  
of Sravana (july-august)  
in the feet of the *patra*....

Then...

the earth easily, without effort  
washes the blackness of the cloud,  
otherwise, why after raining  
the cluster of clouds become white?..."



From the mouth of the pitcher  
the seth listened  
to the poem, a gist in a few words  
of the narrative of glory of the  
donor.  
His code of conduct is now before  
him,  
a mirror in which his own face is  
visible  
which had turned away from ideal  
life,  
and on which only a conceit of  
being blotless  
was shining.  
The seth's eyes are opened,  
all his misunderstandings are  
washed  
and he controls himself.

Listening to the poem has much impressed him.

Again, he gets a hint-

now the coming of the *patra*

is cent-per-cent definite.

As does the courtyard get near

so does the speed of the *patra* become slow,  
and

the *patra* experiences that

some special fruition of *punya* (meritorious  
*karma*)

preventing his steps move further

is attracting towards itself!

Seeing the movement of the *patra*,  
becoming alert,

filled with reverence

the welcome of the *atithi* begins

in neither too slow

nor too fast,

but in a medium sweet voice:

'Oh *svamin*!

*Namostu! Namostu! Namostu!*

*Attra ! Attra ! Attra !* (here, here,  
here)

*Tistta! Tistta! Tistta!* (stand, stand,  
stand)'.  
Thus the words of address, of

welcome  
are repeated twice or thrice;

along with this

the slow moving kundalas (ear-  
rings) of the seth

are also inviting the *atithi*  
*reverently*.

*Atithi*, the abode of fearlessness,  
comes and stops in the courtyard,  
unperturbed, steady...

then, what to say!

Taking himself highly fortunate,  
uttering 'blessed', 'blessed',  
taking the *atithi* on the right side  
at a distance of two-three hands,  
the seth starts going round him  
with his wife, with his family!



This scene of today  
appears, as if,

the sun and the moon  
with planets and stars  
are going round the Meru mountain.  
Three rounds are taken  
observing kindness to jivas.  
Again with obeisance starts  
the nine-typed devotion:  
'Mind is pure,  
speech is pure,  
body is pure  
and food and drinks are pure,  
come Svamin!  
Enter the dining room.'  
And  
without showing him their backs

the whole family leads him.  
After reaching inside  
telling of the purity of the seat  
he is requested to take the high seat,  
and the *patra* seats himself.

Humbly the request for washing  
the feet  
is made,  
and it is granted;

the pair of feet –bottoms,  
snatching the beauty of *butea fondasa*,  
fearing *avirati* (undetachment),  
descend on the silver plate!

Lo, just then  
the plate also expresses its affection  
for the Guru's feet!

That is,  
following the Guru's feet  
becomes red like *kumkuma*, like gold.

As the donor  
having the sandy pitcher  
filled with filtered, heated,  
moderately hot, germless water,  
bends on the feet of the *patra*,  
then the pitcher beholds its reflection  
in the mirror of the nails of the feet of the Guru  
away from passion and pride;  
and speaks out 'blessed!' 'blessed!'

Victorious be Gurudev!  
Victorious be this *ghari* (time)!

The idea took shape,  
whatever pain, trouble of the path  
and the remnant of the blemish,  
everything of selfhood  
gets submitted here:  
'Oh compassionate Guru-raja!  
Your feet are our shelter,  
you are a ship,  
take us across to the coast of the  
ocean of transmigration!'  
Thus singing the qualities of the  
Guru  
the hurdle-destroying, prosperity-  
creating *abhiseka* (wash)  
gets completed,  
*praksalana*, (soaking of water) too.  
Everyone filled with joy  
applies the *gandodaka* (water of  
abhisheka) to his head.  
The seth is looking like an Indra  
with his family.


In the sequence now,  
as per method, as per one's riches,  
in the nearness of the *yathajata* (naked saint)  
the worshipping is completed  
with eight auspicious substances  
hypothetically-,  
with water-sandal wood water-akhata (unbroken  
rice)-flower,  
with *caru* (sweets etc.)-lamp-sandal wood  
powder-fruits,  
and with bowing five organs (head, knees etc.)!

Again,  
with folded hands the family  
requests the *patra*:  
“Oh *Svamin*!  
Leaving the cup-shaped pose of  
the palm  
take food!”

Finding the donor skilled in the method of  
alms-giving,  
leaving the cup-shaped pose of the palm  
the *patra* washes both the hands,  
and  
for some moments the magnanimous  
with the eyes fixed at the tip of his nose  
gets absorbed in the devotion of *Arhantas*  
who live redeemed from delusion,  
are devoid of attachment and aversion,  
whom birth-death-senility-decrepitude  
cannot touch now,  
whom hunger does not trouble,  
whose *prana* (vitality) doesn't get pained with  
thirst,  
in whom pride, astonishment  
do not get support for a moment,  
seeing whom fear itself  
runs away frightened,  
who is abode of fearlessness, free from seven  
types of fears,  
whom sleep-drowsiness never surrounds  
and is always completely in awakened state,  
whose body is not drenched with sweat,  
regarding whom

exertion and tiredness are not to be talked of;

in whom infinite strength has  
manifested,  
consequently  
no terror can draw near him,  
who has obtained infinite bliss.. so  
is blank of sorrow, always devoid  
of grief;  
whose very life is detachment,  
that is why  
wanders *Rati* (cupid's wife) away  
from him;  
who has no possession nor  
association,  
who is lonely,  
then, for whom should he worry?  
He is always absolutely carefree,  
away from the eighteen  
blemishes.....! ,



When the *kayotasarga* (meditation) of the  
Sramana gets completed  
he stands up on his seat  
keeping the space of four and eleven fingers  
between both of his heels and his forefeet.

He is an observer  
not only of the vow of taking food  
in standing posture,  
but also of a meal once a day.  
The *Patra* makes both of his

hands  
his utensil  
and extends it before the donor.

'This is the begging practice  
which brings down the mind  
from the peak of pride,'  
saying thus this pen  
examines hunger thoroughly:

Hunger is of two types-  
one is bodily, the other is mental.  
Bodily is a little, natural also,  
about the mental the mind knows  
what is its measure?  
It being deformatory  
is really not hunger, it is a horrible  
ghost  
who is not related only with the  
past  
but with the future also!  
That is why-  
this creature  
has not till now been overwhelmed  
having realised his Self.

So far as the senses are concerned  
they don't get hungry,  
outwardly it appears  
that they get hungry.  
When does the tongue desire the taste?  
The nose doesn't remember the smell.  
When does the sense of touch



wait for touch?

When do the ears become feverish  
in the absence of sound?

Even the deaf ears are found living.

When do the eyes perform *arti* (moving a lamp  
in a round manner)  
of features, of beauty?

All these senses are inanimate,  
the material cause of the inanimate is  
inanimate,  
the inanimate has no wish,  
the inanimate has no way-  
it is always everywhere alike  
whether it is darkness or it is light.

Yes! Yes!

The reception/cognition of the  
objects  
does occur through the medium of  
senses  
to the knower enamoured of  
sense-objects.

The fact is that  
these senses are the windows,  
the body is the mansion,  
the purusa sitting in the mansion  
peeps out from different windows  
with the eyes of sensuality  
and  
keeps on receiving the objects.

The other thing is that  
sweet, sour, astringent etc.,

whichever is the taste, auspicious or  
inauspicious,  
never say  
you taste us.

Light-heavy, smooth-rugged,  
cold-hot-soft-hard,  
whichever is the touch, auspicious  
or inauspicious,  
never says that  
you touch us.

Fragrant or foul  
whichever is the smell, auspicious or  
inauspicious,  
never says that  
you smell us.

Black-blue- yellow etc.,  
whichever is the colour, auspicious  
or inauspicious,  
never says that  
you behold us!  
And  
*sa-re-ga-ma-pa-dha-ni*  
auspicious or inauspicious  
whichever is the note,  
never say that  
you hear us.

Listen.... Listen...  
touch-taste-smell  
colour and sound-

these are the attributes of the inanimate,  
are functions of the inanimate...

Thus, it is deduced, that  
during the fruition of delusion and  
*asata* (pain) *karmas*  
hunger is felt;  
this is the principle of hunger and  
thirst.  
Merely knowing it is not  
saintliness,  
but equanimity is essential with  
knowledge;  
the ornament of a *sramana* is  
equality-equanimity...



On this side food-serving starts  
with water in the hand-utensil of the *Patra*;  
but what is this!

All of a sudden the *Patra*  
closes his utensil (palms),  
soon, from the other side  
a golden urn is advanced  
filled with sweet milk,  
yet seeing the palm undisclosed  
the third donor shows a silver urn  
in which sugarcane juice is filled,  
when that too remains ignored, then

the turn of a quartz ewer  
filled with the red juice of  
pomegranate

like the ruddiness of youth,  
comes!  
Wonder!  
On that even  
not once a glance is directed  
from the side of the *atithi*!  
Helplessly that ewer turns to  
disappointment.  
Now more delay is improper,  
the *atithi* can sit down taking it as  
antaraya (obstruction),  
can go away without food-  
this suspicion appears on the face  
of the family,  
and remembering the Lord in  
mind,  
somehow becoming steadfast,  
conjuring all the might,  
with trembling hands  
the *seth* advances the clay pitcher.

Lo, the joined palms of the *atithi* open up  
like the pearl shell swimming on the chest of the  
ocean  
seeing the clean water drops of *swati*!

Four-five palm-cups of water are  
drunk,  
some sugarcane juice is taken,  
then whatever is received  
goes on unstopped, that's all.  
Not whenever, not desired by  
mind,

without begging,  
without any hint,  
only the stomach should be  
hungry  
then howsoever is the food  
juicy or dry,  
all are equal.

When food and drinks are transferred  
from one *bartana* (pot) to another,  
then... ever...

is there a change in the *bartana*?

Neither any *bartana* dances  
nor any *bartana* makes hue and cry.

Blessed! Blessed is the man  
and this human body,  
noble body (*vara-tana*) in all the bodies!



Before sowing the seed  
the farmer dumps rubbish, stone  
pieces etc.,  
in the field cut and torn with the  
flow of water  
and levels it.  
In the same way,  
the donor goes on giving  
and the *patra* goes on taking,  
stomach has to be filled, isn't it!  
This is what is called '*garta-purna-  
vratti*' (filling the pit manner)  
of the equanimous-natured  
sramana!

When weed, straw and fodder is put before a  
hungry cow  
lifting her head up she doesn't look  
at the guards' ornaments-decorations,  
at their limbs and sub-limbs.  
In the same manner  
the practice of the ascetic is  
while taking the food,  
which is called '*gocari-vratti*' (cow's grazing).

No thought of this or that,  
it may be sweet, it may be sour,  
it may be whatever,  
but it should be water-  
with it people quickly put out the  
fire burning their house.  
In the same manner,  
it may be tasteful or tasteless,  
it may be whatever,  
but it should be edible;  
the abdominal fire has to be  
quenched, isn't it!  
And  
this is the '*agni-samaka-vratti*'  
(putting out the fire manner) of the  
sramana,  
greatest of all the practices!

The group of black beetles athirst of pollen  
of buds-flowers-bunches, of fruits,  
drinks tasty aroma,  
but  
never gives them any pain;

rather,  
with its spurting touch of hands,  
singing song in the buzzing sound  
makes them dance.  
That's all, in the same manner,  
on giving alms to the *patra*  
the donor becomes too happy to contain  
himself,  
he is filled with ecstasy,  
dense darkness in life vanishes  
and new dawn breaks.  
And, this is what is called  
the *bhramari-vratti* (beetle's practice) of the saints.

Whereas there are many practices  
of a *sramana*,  
in which emerge the beauty of  
spiritualism,  
which were heard by ears  
respectfully,  
today the family sees with open  
eyes  
near by, proximally.

The result is the whole family of the seth  
is filled with a limitless joy,  
and in the white-coloured pair of hands of the  
seth  
the clay pitcher is looking graceful  
like a sapphire fixed in a golden ornament.

Between those hands and the  
pitcher

some talk begins by way of mutual  
praise.

The pitcher first speaks-

"Taking up you adopted me,  
you have really done a great  
benefaction upon me,  
and

I could be fortunate to assist  
in this auspicious act."

At this at once the hands say:

"No... no, listen... listen!

Rather, you have done benefaction on us,  
without you this act was not possible,  
whatever sentiment, devotion in this act is,  
is yours,  
we are from outside efficient cause only!"

Below

listening to the above discussion,  
the hand-pot of the *patra* says:

"Without a pot

the life of water cannot remain  
and without water

the life of a being cannot remain,  
but

a person who drinks water with a  
pot

cannot be the best *Patra*.

Hand-pot is taken as the best of  
all,

even a pot is a *parigraha*  
(possession), isn't it!



Further,  
without an atithi the dates can never become  
venerable,  
atithi is the maker of dates, isn't it!  
Still he doesn't keep dates with him,  
the dates are dependent on time, isn't it!  
Modifications are one's own  
and unique,  
to get bound in the bondage of dates  
is to wander in the lanes of *gatis* (worldly  
states).  
Somehow!  
getting bound of yatis (recluses) in the bonds  
is to get absorbed in the amusement of niyati  
(destiny).”  
Thus the deep reflection on the right patra goes  
on.



On this side  
the *ahara-dana* (food-giving)  
is continuing uninterruptedly;  
the seth is mentally engrossed in  
the feeling  
that this task may get  
accomplished happily thus.  
Both of the ends of the seth's blue  
scarf  
coming down from both of his  
shoulders,  
coiling around both of his arms,  
the right one going to the left side  
and the left one to the right side,

and tightening the waist part  
are hanging down.

It is not able to look up,  
it has been completely defeated by the  
blueness of the pitcher,  
experiencing shame, it wants to hide in the  
earth,  
doesn't want to show its shrinking face  
to any one.

There is a happy-faced golden  
ring  
in the middle finger of the right  
hand of the seth,  
adorned with a ruby piece  
whose ruddy luster  
again and again compares itself  
with the reddish brown lips of the  
*atithi*  
and  
in the end gets vanquished and so  
distressed  
touches the feet of the *atithi*  
under the weight of shame,  
and, doing so is proper-  
by the worship of the venerable  
feet,  
one gets desired fruits.

Likewise  
in the fore finger of the left hand of the seth  
there is a silver ring

with a pearl fixed in it.  
It feels languor  
on seeing the unforeseen brightness  
of the nails of the hands of the *karapatri* (saint)  
and gets fever-struck.  
It is why its white body  
is bloodless.

Both of the cheeks of the patra  
are round as well as shapely,  
are fleshy as well as lucid,  
in whose lucidity the golden ear-  
rings of the donor  
by way of their reflection,  
compare themselves with the  
cheeks-

are we deficient?  
Brightness shoots from us  
as from the rising sun,  
we are round as well as shapely,  
are of good colour and beautiful,  
are golden, not red.  
Still,  
why is there the difference  
between this brightness and that of the cheeks?  
What is lacking in us?  
Who knows the secret,  
whom should we ask,  
and how to ask?

Lo! The cheeks enlighten  
the ear-rings entangled in the

tangle:

“By just looking at you  
attachment wakes in the  
onlookers,  
and on seeing us rise *vatsala-*  
*bhava* (affection)  
spontaneously,  
even an attached one for some  
moments  
gets lost in detachment;  
the *vatsala-bhava* stored within us  
coming up, slipping from the  
cheeks,  
turns the stone-chests of the  
enemies  
standing in opposition,  
into soft flowers.  
In us invaluable utterances  
have been brought up,  
and  
in you is found only hollowness.


One thing more,  
developed or developing the life may be,  
however many the virtues there may be,  
comparing oneself with others  
is the cause of ruin,  
a sign of humility also.

And,  
this act of comparison is,  
in a different way, rivalry;  
the rivalry brings to light

the minute existence of pride  
sitting inside... somewhere... at a  
distance.

Then, when is pride satisfied?  
Without satisfaction the life is  
defective,  
this is why this defective life  
scorched in the strong desire for  
praise, for fame  
remains deprived of the dense,  
cool shade  
of the spontaneous shouts of  
applause  
of blissful virtues.

That way,  
the word 'sva' (self) is itself telling that  
'sva' is riches,  
'sva' is the rule of providence,  
'sva' is the abode of treasure.  
The realisation of 'sva' is the realisation of all,  
then,  
why compare the incomparable?  
Seeing their hollowness thus disclosed by the  
cheeks  
those ear-rings of gold  
become more dull, lusterless.



The seth is wearing yellow dress  
from head to foot,  
having the lustre of a stalk of a  
lotus;

amidst that  
his face is blooming like a rose,  
and  
in the mildly blowing air  
the yellow clothes are waving;  
the blue splendour of the pitcher  
looks as if swimming in those  
waves.  
That... yellowness of the yellow  
dress  
makes haste to drink  
the good looking blueness.



Yes, on this side...  
all the children of the house have been  
ordered  
to remain inside  
and  
have been forced to keep sitting silently.  
Still, in between,  
from inside the doors or from the windows,  
pushing one another forward and backward  
attempts are being made to peep outside.

To remain within limits  
is not the job of an unrestrained  
one,  
as much he is denied  
so much self-willed he becomes  
in the direction of the observance.  
In childhood  
leaving the worth-leaving

and enjoying the worth-enjoying  
is not possible.

Yet, whatever is observed  
is a forced observance due to  
fear!

On this side, too,  
this is the situation!

The seth has bound his head tightly  
to save himself from the trouble of the hair.  
Still,

on the wide surface of his forehead  
a crooked black lock of hair  
coming out, again and again,  
beholds the pleasant scene of food-giving  
and other scenes opposed to meditation,  
and

tells fearlessly the prominent one of the *patras*:

“you are a saint rich with  
equanimity,  
this donor gentleman is a mine of  
affection,  
he has an attachment for the  
detachment;  
both aim at liberation from  
bondage;  
then, tell me  
why am I kept in bondage?  
Now  
I also don’t like bondage.  
I admit that my past is wrong,  
and,

whose is not?  
It is fallen, grey, boggy also,  
is rotten, unsteady, inconstant  
also,  
but  
the situation today has changed,

I want to get rid of the wrong addiction.  
The *papa* (sin) has come to see *punya* (merit),  
the poison has come to get dissolved in the  
nectar.

Oh Sun, the mass of light,  
listen to the prayer of darkness!  
Instead of driving it off again and again  
once awaken it, Lord!


Give it room in you,  
efface it or merge it in you;  
the true sign of light is  
that which enlightens all.

I may say one more impertinent thing-  
the fortunate ones never drive away  
the unfortunate ones, Lord!  
They make them happy, lucky Lord!"

Saying thus the lock at the forehead  
quickly turns dumb.  
And... on this side  
the food-giving completes joyfully.  
The *Patra* sits on a seat,  
cleans his face with hot,  
creatureless water,  
and, having cleaned with his own  
hands



the stomach, chest, thighs etc.,  
the organs affected with the  
particles of food and water  
tossed from the palm,  
the Patra gets absorbed in the  
supreme truth  
for some moments keeping  
his eyes half-opened.



Kayotsarga (meditation posture) is abandoned;  
the seth gives the smooth, soft, light, beautiful  
peacock-feathered equipment of restraint  
in *atithi*'s both the hands marked with the sign  
of fearlessness,  
with his submissive hands.

Creatureless water, which can be  
used  
for eight *praharas* (twenty four  
hours),  
and after that becomes defective,  
in Kamandalu, the equipment of  
*sauca* (cleanliness),  
is filled  
not for quenching the thirst,  
but for cleaning the hands and the  
feet  
before the study of scripture  
and after attending natural calls.

The neighbouring public  
is standing in the compound

for the touch of the feet  
and to have sacred *darsana* of the *atithi*.  
No sooner the *atithi* comes in the compound  
then the sky resounds with the sound of *Jaya*  
(victory).

And, along with the sentimental public  
the seth requestes:

“Along with *purusartha* (exertion),  
we are optimists too.

May we get blessings quickly  
that we may get rid of the expectation of the  
sensual objects

and tread your path, that’s all!

Oh *Svamin!* while going  
give us such a *sutra* (thread)

with which we get bound  
and recognise our being.

The needle with thread fallen anywhere  
gets never lost.”

At this the *Atithi* thinks that  
this is neither the place nor the  
time  
fit for the sermon;  
still  
the internal compassion surges  
up,  
some words come out of the  
mouth of the *Patra*  
like pearl from a shell:

“Whatever is being seen outside  
that... I... am.. not

and that is not mine too. .  
These eyes cannot see me  
I have the power to see;  
I was.. is... and will be  
its creator,  
I was.. is... and will be  
the seer of all.  
Whatever is being seen outside  
that... I.. am.. not!"

Saying thus the feet of the *Patra*  
moves towards the grove,  
his back gets turned towards the  
onlookers...



The seth is walking behind the *Patra*  
with *kamandalu* in his hand  
like a shadow.  
There is a grove near the city  
with *nasiyaji* in it  
whose pinnacle kisses the sky.  
The kalasa (torus) of the pinnacle is shining,  
with its golden lustre it is telling  
that all the pomp and show of the world  
is mistaken and also misleading,  
is not a representative of the right path.

(The seth) has the *darsana* of the  
beautiful image of Neminath  
installed in *nasiyaji*,  
becomes conscious of the 'self',  
*the body thrills, the joy sings.*

Once more the seth bows to the  
Guru's feet,  
becomes ready to return,  
but the body begins to break.

His eyes become watery,  
the path becomes invisible  
the feet become heavy,  
even on controlling  
the weeping doesn't get controlled,  
weeping bitterly  
he begins to roll in the venerable  
*punya* (auspicious karmas)- bestowing feet.

"This soul doesn't want to return  
leaving the shelter of the Guru's  
feet,  
like a swan leaving the  
*manasarovara*, Svamin!  
Still, I am sorry that the body  
has to follow the *mana* (mind),  
*mana* being more forceful, Lord!  
It gets over-shrouded again and  
again  
with emotions-passions in mere  
talks,  
then, the feet of *samvega* (fear of  
samsara and love of religion)  
become unable to stand on the  
ground of conduct,  
then, groundless, what will it  
do?....

If the river is hilly  
and the overflow is that of *asada* (July-August),  
then, what to talk of the small forest-farers  
even the elephants get lost,  
.... everything flows away!  
The *karma* earned by me  
has come to fruition today becoming an  
obstacle,  
in spite of wishing, the observance of religion  
is appearing like a mountain  
and I am...  
not only a 'dwarf' but 'lame' also.  
The way is very very long  
how can I tread...?  
The peak is sky-kissing  
how can I climb...?  
There is no skilled companion,  
how can I move... now.. forward!

Should I become completely  
optimistic?  
should leave everything on *niyati*  
(destiny)  
and leave *purusartha*?  
Oh supreme Purus!  
Tell me what should I do?  
Should I test myself on the  
touchstone of time?  
Should I accept time the controller  
of all-  
movement-progress-arrival,  
fall-rise-change?

Every substance is free  
The doer is free-  
is this doctrine faulty?  
Along with the verb 'happen'  
there is the verb 'do'...  
also in the dictionary, isn't it!"

Hearing the questions of the seth,  
leaving the silence the Guru says  
in a language full of affection  
like a mother calming down the  
child:  
"Here is the resolution of all these  
doubts,  
look at me.. this side.. up."  
and  
with wet eyes  
the upward looking takes place-  
finds only a silent countenance  
with not a bit of smile on it,  
it is full with seriousness,  
the steadiness in the eyes  
and the guilelessness on the  
forehead  
seem disclosing the secret....  
'Ni' means in *nija* (oneself),  
'yati' mean *yatana*, steadiness,  
to get absorbed in oneself is  
'*niyati*',  
certainly this is *yati* (rest);  
and '*purusa*' soul, God,  
'*artha*' means worth achieving  
purpose,

forgetting everything except the  
soul  
is the right purusartha.

When the true nature of *niyati* and *purusartha*  
is known correctly then  
the role of time  
which is only present,  
is not instigating,  
is indifferent, fixed at one place,  
doesn't remain concealed, gets disclosed.

The questions of the seth are  
answered  
yet..



The seth is going to his home  
having a small, sad face  
like a lustreless cloud  
light in the absence of water,  
devoid of thunder, glory,  
silent after raining...

The seth is walking with a slow  
pace  
collecting his *pranas* (vitalities) in  
his heart  
like a lamp dimly flickering  
on almost breaking of the relation  
of the wick with the oil,  
or,  
on a very little oil left...

The seth is going home  
like a business man, in a fog, returning home  
empty-handed  
with a churning in mind  
having lost the capital  
and worried about the future...

The seth is going home  
bereaved of sensitivity,  
experiencing saplessness  
like the milk  
on taking out the complete ghee-  
portion....

The seth is experiencing distress at this time  
many times more than  
the distress caused by the humiliation  
before the class-fellows.  
The seth is going home  
with the least courage left,  
taking the estrangement of close affinity,  
like a flower fallen in dust  
on the complete abandonment of juice-sucking  
from the cheeks of the branch...

The seth is going home  
taking deep breaths  
like a child intermittently sobbing  
having been distressed by his  
mother's bereavement...

The seth is going home  
deprived of the company of the saint,




with a disfigured face  
like that of the forest-life  
at the end of spring...

The seth is going home  
like a thin river with weak flat  
banks  
having only a hope of meeting the  
sea,  
gliding in a distantly extending  
desert  
kidnapper of greenery,  
full of mirages....

The seth is going home  
like the mass of light, the sun,  
jumped from the east, then  
setting towards the west  
afraid of the coming darkness...

The condition of the seth is  
like the moon of a dark fortnight,  
like a poem devoid of the  
sentiment of peace,  
like a morning devoid of the twitter  
of birds,  
like a night devoid of the cool  
moon-shine,  
and,  
like the forehead of a woman  
devoid of the small round mark  
(bindi);  
everything is looking still, desiring

nothing.  
Lo,  
the seth reaches his home  
like a piece of stone  
rolling down a slope...!



The whole family has merged in limitless joy  
it is the result of patra-dana;  
the meritorious pitcher is also puffing up.  
All sit together for taking food,  
but,  
the seth's face white in colour  
is surrounded with sadness.  
Seeing it intently  
the glorious pitcher says thus-

"This is the significance of the  
company of saints  
that the end of the samsara  
becomes visible,  
the person may or may not  
become  
saint, restraint at once-  
there is no rule in that,  
but he does become a man of  
contentment.  
The blessing of the right direction  
is the palace of the right condition/  
state.

The disease when diagnosed by skilled  
doctors,

the patient taking medicine  
whose adorable deity is diseaselessness  
cannot be sensual,  
sensuality being the disease.

And listen!

This is the miracle  
not of medicine  
but of right diagnosis,  
that the result of taking medicine  
is the treatment of the disease-  
diseaselessness is an invaluable wealth."

And listen further to what the  
pitcher says

"By the way,

let the talk of ornaments-  
decoration stand aloof.

in old age the muslin of Dhaka even  
seem burdensome.

While in the state of detachment,  
whether one is a child or a youth,  
is an adult or an aged one,  
is a dweller of woods or of a  
house,

welcome-gratitude even  
seems a burden.

These lines of saints

are also not out of context -

"There can be no love of sky  
with the earth,

there can be no love of cupid  
with senility;

this is also a rule

that there can be no love of a  
gentleman  
with wine.  
Cosmetics never look nice  
on a widow,  
bereavement is never pleasant  
to a married woman.  
Rare persons adopt  
the ways opposite to samsara,  
a spot doesn't look nice  
in the saffron colour!"



Listening to the language and the ideas  
of the pitcher  
the seth feels  
as if experiencing  
the asceticism apparent!

What is the meaning now  
of the stream of salinity?  
What is the purpose now  
of the signs of essence?  
All the dormant sources of  
essence  
are bursting in front...  
Oh luck! blessed!!

In the spotless mirror of the pitcher  
the descent of the saint has taken place  
and  
in the complete surrender of the pitcher  
the gratitude for the saint has been expressed.

This pen also gives some  
opportune lines.  
"If you are afraid of sorrow  
then... listen!  
Love labour.  
And if you have love for the 'I'  
then... listen!  
Be afraid of the Supreme,  
have calmness,  
choose equanimity!"

The restlessness-perturbation of the seth  
getting effaced goes away somewhere  
like the poison prevailing the body goes away  
due to the greatness of the accomplished  
incantation.

And the seth says:

"Except for the worship of the Lord  
clay utensils will be used in this fortnight  
as have been used in the case of the *atithi*,"  
and

getting down from the silvery seat  
seats himself on a wooden one.

Hearing this the family also says-  
"we also have the same feelings."

Beholding the changed mode of  
the family  
the golden plates and round small  
urns,  
white like *kunda* flower, moon like  
silvery  
lotas, cups, bowls, plates and

small urns,  
fine ewers of quartz, of ruby,  
various types of trays,  
shining spoons-  
all are wonder-struck thinking  
what is this all is happening?

Then... on this side.. what happens!  
The brass urn filled with cold water  
internally feeling pain  
drinking the draught of humiliation,  
burning, boiling  
gets more yellowish.  
Seeing the black colour welcomed  
at the gate of gold  
the colour of the golden urn begins to redden  
more,  
of which the description in words is not  
possible;  
it gets beyond itself.  
From the mouth-cave of the golden urn erupts  
a vocabulary full of acrimony  
taking the form of a volcano in person:

“The day has not ended yet  
and  
so much welcome-honour of the  
new-comer!  
Applying the dust to head  
and throwing the crown in feet-  
all this doesn't look like civilized  
behaviour.  
Feeling of own-ness towards us is

a distant thing,  
even formally, outwardly adopting  
us  
is not seen here-  
it all follows by itself.

I accept that  
to adopt,  
offer own-ness,  
and  
consider another primary than oneself  
is civilization, the religion of every living being;  
but that  
this task should be done  
in order, systematically.  
I make my meaning more clear-  
that the high is high and the low is low  
is not my notion,  
the low one can be lifted up,  
change in all is possible  
by the proper-improper contacts.  
But! Keep it in mind-  
by only physical, economic, educational help  
etc.,  
the low one cannot become high,  
the accomplishment of this task  
depends on *sattvika samskaras* (virtuous  
refinement).

If butter-milk is seasoned  
it doesn't become tasty only but  
digestive too,  
and

if sugar-candy is mixed in milk  
the milk becomes tasty as well as  
nutritious.

Applying the method adversely  
that is, mixing sugar-candy in the  
butter-milk

is to some extent beneficial  
but

seasoning the milk (with salt etc.)  
proves the mind defective..."

Thus,

slowly the simmering, the  
ebullition of the urn  
calms down.



The seth silently hears the simmering of the  
urn

with both the ears,

then in return

wishing the well-being of the clay pitcher,  
offers some points of peace:

"So far as the matter of soil-sand  
is concerned

no one takes the mere sand to his  
head

leaving a fool, a dunce.

The sand gets venerability from  
the contact of feet,

and

those feet are venerable  
whom the eyes revere,



and, those eyes are taken as true  
eyes  
who appraise the value of the feet  
taking to the destination.  
The wanton eyes ignoring the feet  
get miserable.  
The word *carana* (feet) itself is  
preaching, commanding to the  
well-wishing eyes that  
leaving the carana  
never, nowhere  
cara na! cara na!! cara na!!!  
(graze not...)  
Not only this much,  
reversely also the same sense  
comes out,  
that is  
ca.. ra.. na na... ra.. ca (do not  
get absorbed),  
leaving the feet  
do not get absorbed  
ever anywhere else!...

Oh God!

I want to understand that  
with what atoms the eyes have been created...  
when the eyes come (get sore)... then  
give pain,  
when the eyes go... then  
give pain!  
To what extent and till when I should say,  
when the eyes meet with eyes... then  
give pain!

Where is pleasure in the eyes?  
These eyes are the mine of pain,  
destroyer of happiness,  
that is the reason that  
the saints, restrained ones, ascetics  
do not have faith in the eyes  
and  
always totally beholding feet  
walk humble-eyed  
... blessed!

Still  
it is sorrowful that  
the eyes are upside  
and  
the feet below.  
Taking the shelter of higher ones  
is proper, is good-  
ignorantly making such a concept,  
with the intention to become  
venerable  
some sand particles take the  
shelter of the eyes.  
Becoming venerable remains a far  
cry,  
their free movement even  
gets plundered.. alas!  
Getting delivered from the  
bondage of the eyes  
is impossible for them,  
they lose their existence  
struggling inside with the eyes,  
and

those sand particles  
come out deformed as *gida* (filth)  
hateful, bad-smelling, disgusting...

All this effect upon us  
is of the *sramana* rich with equanimity."

Saying thus in the end  
the seth starts taking food, that  
again from the side of the urn  
sarcastic language is used-  
"O listen!

Many times we have met *sramanas* of dictionary,  
*sramanas* of sense are rare;

and,

what is the purpose of that equanimity  
which is not capable even so much  
as to make the frightened one fearless, in time  
give shelter to the shelterless?

What sort of mockery is this?

Instead of persons putting on the appearance  
of a *sramana*

without being afraid of transmigration in  
samsara

and blessing by raising the hand of  
fearlessness

at one who comes in shelter,  
persons like the assiduous Ram  
leaping into the battlefield  
and raising hand

against the enemies like Rawan  
who follow the path of injustice,  
can bring on earth *sat-yuga* in this *kali-yuga*...  
can bring down heaven here.

Sramana is one who does srama  
(labour)!

Even the maddest of jackals  
would not like to touch  
the ruddy cheeks of such an idle  
poor one,  
eating is a far off cry.”


Even on this yet  
the simmering of the urn does not calm down,  
*khada-bada khada-bada*  
that cooking of the *khicari* continues  
uninterrupted  
and  
is more angry at the name of the saint:  
“Who says that there was equity in the saint  
who came,  
he was an idol of partiality,  
even the *pradarsana* (show) of equity  
was not ten per-cent,  
the *darsana* (perception) of equity was a far  
cry.

In whose eyes  
exists the difference between the high and the  
low,  
that the pot of gold and of sand are not one,  
he cannot be a possessor of equity!

The attachment towards one  
proves the aversion towards the  
other,  
one who is attached and averse  
too

cannot be a saint,  
and  
the worship of a saint in name  
cannot end samsara,  
it will put a right saint also to  
ridicule ...  
these words are harsh, but are  
true,  
let the truth be welcome!"

Then,  
looking at the seth with an eye of ridicule  
the urn says,  
"In the household state  
that saint in name only  
might have been brought up in famine,  
might have been haunted by the ghost of  
privation,  
well then,  
how can he be an enjoyer of valuable things?  
That is why...  
ignoring the pots that are golden etc.,  
he welcomed the sand  
like a *daridra-narayana* (have-not)."



Without getting filthy  
by the harshness of the golden  
urn,  
the *payasa* (water) filled in the  
clay pitcher,  
getting fame from *patra-dana*  
says calmly-

“You have *payasa* na (no water),  
your *paya sana* (foot is  
besmeared)  
with the mud of sin, is completely  
impious,  
you are unacquainted with *punya*  
(merit),  
that is why...  
the worship of the pious doesn't  
interest you,  
you call piety a hypocrisy.  
Even the person in whose eyes  
black water has come down  
could see this sight.  
Your sinful eyes have drunk  
jaundice  
otherwise, why is your body  
yellowish?

Other's praise pricks you like a thorn,  
you have become inflamed  
by the praise and welcome of the pitcher,  
that will only come outside which is inside,  
one serving others food prepared in milk,  
himself having drunk butter-milk,  
his belch will be...sour only!

You are gold  
infuriate at once,  
the sand is not gold  
but  
vomits the gold of course,  
you are the vomit of sand!

Till today

it has neither been seen, nor heard, nor read  
that a seed sown in gold  
sprouted, bloomed,  
bore fruits, flourished becoming a plant.

O golden urn!

That *dravya* (substance) has been taken as  
invaluable

which melts (*dravibhuta*) seeing a miserable life.

What is the use of the *dravya* poor in mercy?

The sand itself gets wet with mercy  
and moistens others also.

A seed sown in the sand  
on getting proper air and water  
fructifies hundred times  
nourished with energising elements.

Occurrence of even the least  
difference  
in the characteristic nature of the  
sand  
for a little time  
would end the faith in the breaths  
of the world,  
that is,  
would bring down universal  
annihilation.

O golden urn!

One thing is more.

If you are *savarna* (noble) indeed  
then...

why don't you get

the sun's rare *darsana* (glimpse) daily?  
Probably you are afraid of light  
like an owl,  
that is why...  
you are buried  
far below... in the depths of the earth.  
Probably in the *rasatala* (deep underground)  
you get *rasa* (taste);  
it is not improper to say  
that he who keeps your company  
often takes to the paths of misery.  
On only seeing you  
one gets face to face with bondage,  
you are bounded and also binding  
for both yourself and others.

You are the foundation-stone of  
dependant life,  
impenetrable, unapproachable fort  
of capitalism  
and  
an endless chain of disturbance!

O golden urn!  
Once accept my advice-  
be grateful in this life,  
give measureless respect to the mother soil  
and now repeat only the name 'mother',  
'mother'."



Seeing the courage of the water  
not work further,



this pen ventures to say  
something more-  
"O golden urn!  
Singing in praise of meritorious  
persons is a far cry,  
you want to hide your faults  
by calling the faultless faulty.  
Expressing your anger on saints,  
ridiculing equanimity,  
insulting the seth.. etc.,  
are your unpardonable guilts.  
Yet, ignoring them,  
I do not put before you  
the greatness of the soil only,  
want to tell you your value and  
importance also  
by placing two examples... listen,

lamp and torch  
generally, both are  
means of light,  
but,  
their characteristics are different.  
Taking a bamboo one and half or two hands long,  
shreds of cloth are tied one upon another  
tightly on one of its end,  
downside is the portion to hold it,  
and,  
it is a torch, that's all.

On the face of the torch  
soil is rubbed,  
as it is unrestrained.

Torch gives light  
but very little!  
Flames of fire rise from it  
like the red tongue of a demon,  
you cannot call those flames light.  
Torch is extravagant also,  
one has to pour oil again and again  
on its face,  
and, that too, costly sweet oil.

Yes! Yes!  
Sometimes playfully the torch-  
bearer  
having filled kerosene in his mouth  
raising his hand high in the sky,  
blows at the face of the torch,  
then  
in a moment or two the whole oil  
burning into smoke like a black  
cloud,  
gets lost in the void.  
And  
the torch looks terrible  
like a fire-pond  
of the annihilation time!  
In case a little carelessness  
occurs... then  
loud lamentations, harm upon  
harm...

The torch cannot be put out by blowing a puff,  
extinguisher's life may rather be put out.

No sadhaka can sustain  
meditation  
looking at the torch,  
unsteadiness of the torch being the  
reason;  
'if the meditated object is  
unsteady too,  
the quiet mind of even a skilled  
meditator  
will become unsteady'  
and many other such defects  
are there in a torch!  
How many more examples should  
I give."  
Saying this  
the pen turns to another example.

"Lamp is self-restraint,  
increases on increasing  
and decreases too on decreasing.  
A completely filled lamp  
with cheap kerosene  
burns bit by bit  
with its speed,  
does not consume the oil at once,  
like an ideal householder  
a lamp is spend-thrift!  
How regular, how innocent!  
A small child even can carry lovingly  
in his tender hands  
a lamp, not a torch.  
A lamp is more light-giving  
than a torch.

Even the hot, disorderly, annihilating-natured  
kerosene  
getting the love of the lamp  
becomes upward moving.  
The frightened, lonely traveller  
who has lost his way and is surrounded with  
darkness  
gets rid of fear on seeing a lamp.

Ghosts are heard carrying torches  
in their hands  
in cremation ground,  
seeing which even the eyes of  
fearless ones  
get closed.

Lo, the red flame of the lamp  
looks like fire, but is not fire,  
is a light enlightening itself and others,  
is unfluctuating,  
by looking unblinkingly at which  
the attention of the sadhaka  
progressing from grossness to subtleness,  
gradually getting rid of perturbation  
gets concentrated in some moments  
necessarily.  
Then, then what?  
Interview with the totality!


Many are the specialties of a  
lamp,  
how far should I say!  
For that there need be a

beginning and an end!  
Hence,  
O golden urn!  
You are like a torch  
having filthy intentions  
and  
the clay pitcher  
is like a lamp showing the path,  
destroyer of darkness,  
courageous, characterised with  
soul!"



The golden urn felt insulted  
on made analogous with a torch.  
The clay pitcher took a deep breath  
condemning himself  
that the one-eyed pen has done a hateful act  
by way of his praise,  
he too proved guilty as was made a factor  
in another's censure;  
then,  
started a prayer to the Lord:  
"These poor promising ones  
have undergone *parabhava* (humiliation) in  
births after births.  
Now,  
when will they experience  
'*para*' (supreme) *bhava* (becoming) ... ?  
Is it possible or not  
in near future?  
Tell without delay, Lord!

Before obtaining Lordhood  
one's praise  
one's admonition  
one's rise  
one's fall  
one rich, one poor  
one virtuous, one virtueless  
one *sundara* (beautiful), one  
*bandara* (monkey)-  
why is this all?  
This heterogeneity, inequality  
pains me, Lord!  
Am unable to see  
and so compelled  
have to close the eyes.  
Great will be the kindness  
and great will be the benevolence,  
may all be equal, Lord!"



Irritated with the prayer of the clay pitcher  
the quartz ewer says:

"O sinner!

The Lord does not get pleased  
with sinful prayer,  
the pleasing of the pious is based  
on the renunciation of sin.

One who wants to prove himself sinless  
by saying again and again  
'I have gone through the fire test',  
is not only a sin  
but a great sin.

So much sin is stored in you  
that for ages  
it cannot get burnt by burning,  
cannot get washed by washing.  
In the days of universal annihilation  
not only water,  
fire also rained  
many times on you!  
Still,  
some difference should have occurred in your  
darkness?

And listen!  
The wood of acacia tree  
may look from outside  
like the last night of the dark  
fortnight of *sravana* month  
surrounded with black clouds,  
passes through the fire test  
and not again and again, but in  
one time only  
makes her life divested of all sins.

That is why...  
becoming silver-like white ashes  
shines.”  
At this  
intervening the clay pitcher says:

“Even after the fire test  
of all the coals  
the acacia's are black too,  
why so? Tell!”

*The ewer replies:*

“O low-witted, blind with pride,  
listen!  
Getting insufficient heat  
the sticks not burning completely  
turn into coal,  
otherwise  
they turn into ashes.  
In this  
the fault is either that of the fire  
or of the remaining water portion  
in the stick,  
but  
not that of the stick in the least.  
Don't you know  
even so simple a thing?

Go, go anywhere!  
Talking much with you  
is welcoming faults!...”  
And  
the ewer turns its face  
away from the pitcher.

“If talking with me is sin then...  
do not talk,  
if looking at me pains you then...  
do not look,  
but  
mentally the decision you have  
taken  
regarding the sin  
is perverse;



this I want to tell, that's all.  
At least listen it!  
... then weigh!"

And  
the pitcher started saying:  
"To know 'oneself' as oneself  
and 'the other' as the other  
is right knowledge,  
and  
the fruit of right knowledge  
is to get absorbed in one's self.

The enjoyer of sensual objects,  
the slave of *bhogas* (such as food  
and drink) and *upabhogas* (clothes  
etc.)  
is the servant of the senses  
and.. and what?  
The slave of the body and mana  
(mind)  
wants to become the owner of  
other objects,  
this is a sin,....  
the father of all sins.

O ewer!  
Look a bit at yourself too,  
what are your habits and tendencies?  
On filling you with milk,  
you become white,  
your transparenence then  
goes away not known where?

On filling with ghee  
you get yellow  
and  
in contact with sugarcane juice  
gets adorned with greenery  
taking over the beauty of emerald.  
In different contacts  
you change your features and colours  
in a moment,  
on your strength of changing capacity  
you act and react  
like a celestial damsel full of sensuality.

Not only this,  
you assimilate  
the qualities, attributes of the  
things,  
black or yellow, green or red like  
rose,  
lying near you;  
your voluptuousness is at  
extremity,  
oaf, you have kicked away  
the caste and community too!  
There is nothing for you  
worth shame and consideration!  
You cannot name it equanimity,  
nor limitless capacity!

Even the shadow of equanimity does not fall  
on those  
who get influenced by others  
and

who influence others.  
You are filled with mere attachment  
in your every vein,  
even though from outside you look made of  
quartz  
waving, clean, liquid-like,  
o illusory ewer!  
How long can you hide this secret?

Now do not do *bakavada* (jabber),  
the *baka* (duck) has learnt  
from you this nature!

Now what introduction of my nature should I  
give?

Whatever is, is open.”

Thus the pitcher says-

“When did this *ghata* (pitcher) get introduced  
with *ghunghata* (curtain)?

The sky only is spreading over  
in the name of covering,  
ambition, protection, every thing is  
in its shade.

If I have sin.. then I should hide,  
should collect means to hide;  
never does other's freedom  
on coming here gets plundered,  
nor does mine get erased by anyone.

No effect is on me of any colour  
or paint,  
always, in all respects  
my state is the same-

this is what equanimity is;  
to realise this equanimity  
*risis, maharisis*, saints, ascetics  
take soil's shelter,  
i.e.,  
practise sleeping on ground,  
and

the liberation, the friend of equanimity, chooses  
not gods and demons,  
not aquatic and sky-faring ones,  
but the ones living on land practising  
equanimity.

O ewer, understood!

You doll of sin,  
took the soil mad!"

And

the pitcher sinks in silence....



Hearing the ewer addressed as  
the 'doll of sin',  
the juice of pomegranate filled in  
the ewer  
gets more red.  
Does not a servant of the right  
sort  
writhe in agitation  
on seeing his master insulted  
before him?  
Shaking of the container  
is the shaking of the contained.  
And

in excited voice the juice says:  
“How much and for what reason  
is the amount of the modesty of  
the seth,  
is the asceticism of the ascetic,  
beauty of his equanimity and  
absorption,  
we know it all.  
How much is the water deep  
can be known from the touch at  
the bank too.”

And on this side  
on a black seat of *sisama* (a wood)  
in a shining silver plate is lying saffron *halwa*  
in which  
a spoon pretending *sirsasana*,  
is hiding her shy face  
at her uselessness,  
speaks in support of pomegranate:

“You have correctly assessed the  
sramana.”

And  
she is like weeping with tearful  
eyes  
by way of the excess of ghee,  
on having been ignored by the  
saint.

The smell of the ghee  
had gone upto the nose of the saint  
with the hope of taking its shelter.

And as soon as,  
the attempt was made to enter the nose that  
getting a kick from the purgatory system  
came running to the ghee said:  
"The shelter of the saint is without blessing,  
inside there dread gets reared,  
that nose is the destroyer of happiness.  
I want to stay here without complaint,  
don't send me there now!"

Lo, on this side again  
the saffron nodding his head  
expresses wonder-  
giving shelter to the shelterless is  
a far cry,  
he didn't get even a glance  
nourished with smile.

Where are the hair of his (saint's) head black ?  
Years- ages have passed  
having put on the ascetic appearance,  
but asceticism looks somewhat absent.  
Even there being the head  
its purport, its attributes have been forgotten.  
Where is that *sara-dara's* (head's) life *asara-*  
*dara* (impressive)?  
Now there is no hope even of simplicity  
in body, in mind, in consciousness.  
Opportunity has slipped  
in the limitless forest of the past.  
I admit that from eternity  
the cognition remains in cognition  
and the cognizable in the cognizable,


still

not only cognizing is the nature of cognition  
but also getting into the form of the cognizable is  
its nature,

then... what was the harm  
in looking towards this side?

It seems that the cognition of the  
saint in name  
is afraid of the cognizables';  
in this state definitely  
the life averse to nature, averse to  
equanimity  
is rolling not towards immortality  
but towards mortality, towards death.  
And listen!

The saffron said in a loud voice:  
*Na... yapana* (not passing) of life  
is *nayapana* (novelty) and  
*nayyapana* (boatliness)!



In this way  
the debate continues  
between the pitcher and other utensils,  
dialogue remains secondary.  
One after another  
almost all the utensils  
ridicule the clay utensil,  
take it as valueless.  
Often the result of majority is this,  
the deserving one comes in the category of  
undeserving ones,

and then,  
one doesn't feel demerit in worshipping the  
undeserving.

Various types of sweets  
like wicked persons addicted to evil habits  
see the equanimity of the sramana  
in the form of a theatrical performance  
and openly show disrespect  
towards the seth and the sramana.

Till now at this side...  
the family has finished its meals.  
'Today's experience is an  
experience  
neither of privation  
nor of the mundane life.'  
In reality the purpose of food has  
become known, that's all.  
On becoming a recluse  
getting rid of taste  
merging in the worship of the  
*sadhya* (aim)  
the liberation *yojanas* away  
seems running towards the  
*sadhaka*  
like the sun rays towards a lotus.  
The debate between these  
utensils  
intermittently appearing and  
disappearing  
like the flash of lightning  
for some days,  
gradually calmed down outwardly.



Inwardly, it is a different thing,  
like the heat of a kiln it stays  
mostly  
in the bodied ones, in all.

The resolve for one fortnight  
gets accomplished happily,  
and  
the dark fortnight arrives.  
Having finished the daily round  
the whole family is sleeping in the lap of sleep,  
but  
the seth is turning sides again and again,  
sleep has not been kind to him,  
the night is not passing, seeming too lengthy.

The seth's body is burning  
from head to foot like a griddle,  
the portion of water has almost  
burnt up,  
that is why...  
even on weeping intermittently  
tears have stopped coming in his  
wide eyes,  
and the blocked pain inside  
getting denser  
with the winking again and again  
of the eyelids  
the ratio of the burning sensation  
in the eyes is increasing.  
In the beginning the fire gets ignited  
with the slow movement of the air  
then, it does burn vigorously.

Though there is arrangement  
for the mild, cool air to enter every moment  
the seth's sleeping room  
through the windows,  
but,  
the whole atmosphere does turn torrid  
due to the blaze of the hot breaths  
coming out of the seth's mouth.

The kindness seems to have left  
the seth's skull  
which was fostered by it  
and  
it has become densely red.  
On it a mosquito,  
who lives by blood,  
insistent on sitting,  
is baffled and not sitting.  
The reason is  
that on reaching the skull  
the mosquito's thirst gets doubled,  
his body gets heated fully,  
throat gets dry fully,  
both his wings get slack  
and, his craving flies away  
somewhere!  
The mosquito flies away  
saying thus by way of humming:

"Oh, the religion of the rich is showy,  
they are kind on miserliness,  
meeting them one gets nothing,  
if something one gets as a chance happening

this getting is salt mixed  
and the thirst gets doubled in a moment.

First of all in the form of bowing  
I worshipped his feet,  
then  
with a melody  
I sang in praise, sang in devotion  
at his ear-gate.  
Even then this has been my  
miserable plight!"

Listening ill of the seth  
from his friend mosquito  
a bug going round the seth,  
athirst of a drop of blood  
in the form of *daksina* (reward) says:  
"What to say, friend!  
At right time  
you have given right direction,  
you have given a definition  
of a haughty, greedy, miser,  
you have removed the night of delusion  
which is coming from when,  
and which would go to when.  
When do other creatures  
collect *parigraha* (things) in their life-time  
except man?

I too admit that  
there are some life-serving things,  
house, housewife, ghee, pitcher  
etc.,

which one does possess;  
that is why, the saints have taken  
the *panigrahana* (wedding ritual)  
as a protector and uplifter of  
religious culture.  
But alas,  
the greedy, sinful men  
make *pranagrahana* (killing) of the  
*panigrahana*.

They unjustly take service from the servants  
and disburse the pay also improperly.  
They call themselves  
the sons of Manu!  
Liberal man!  
Hearing the name 'give'  
symptoms of paralysis begin to be seen  
in their generous hands,  
yet, whatever is given or has to be given  
in the form of one or half drop.  
they give with ill-will.

The receiver cannot properly  
digest that,  
otherwise,  
why is our blood so foul-smelling  
even being red?"  
And the bug without getting angry,  
abandoning the hope for *daksina*,  
leaving going round  
says to the seth:  
"Do not give dry temptation,  
live a self-reliant life,

give up deceitful cleverness!  
Pay homage to humility, the mother  
of greatness!  
May the sky be contained in the  
vastness of modesty  
and  
the life be an example of  
magnanimity!  
Let other's misery be removed  
causelessly always!"  
In the end  
the bug puts his view further:

"I am a particle, not a maund,  
I am not money  
therefore, I am not a battlefield  
the cause of someone's death.  
I am not anyone's debtor,  
am also not strong,  
neither do I live on anyone's strength  
nor want to live so. I am, that's all...  
and want to remain so.  
I have no magical formula, no machine  
nor any machination.  
My whole life is restrained.  
I am not deceptive,  
I do not see anyone's *chidra* (defect)  
but definitely live in *chidra* (hole)!"  
And  
the bug goes to a small hole and enters.

Hearing original words from the  
impartial mouth of the bug

the seth's heart gladdens  
and is educated also!



The dispersal of the night  
and the brightening up of the dawn  
occurred at a very slow speed.  
The moments of waiting are very lengthy, isn't  
it!  
And that too in the hour of suffering  
what to say then!  
That way,  
the time of pleasure,  
may it be comparable to limitless seas,  
runs galloping at a unique speed  
and is not known  
when, in what manner and where  
has it gone?

It is now morning:  
experts in medical science,  
physicians of world fame,  
each having experience more than  
the other,  
have come for the treatment of  
the seth.  
Among them  
there are such brilliant ones  
who diagnose the disease  
by having a look at the patient's  
face,  
some by looking the colour and  
form of the tongue,

some from the throbbing of the  
pulse  
and  
from the degree of the redness of  
the nails and the eyes.  
One such physician has also  
come who  
getting the fruition of high *punya*  
(meritorious *karmas*)  
in his life,  
after a long *sadhana*  
has obtained rare success in the  
understanding of voice,  
he is also a knower of mantra-  
tantra,  
a senior knower of the science of  
misfortune.

Everyone of them observes the seth  
through their methods.  
He becomes half-conscious intermittently,  
his bodily actions occur as if surrounded by  
sleep,  
but, action of speech is just nil.

By ad by, each one takes his  
decision.  
All of them have one opinion that  
the disease is that of mental  
distress,  
sorrow has helped it,  
in one direction  
with one speed

a wish has been indulged;  
and  
the physicians say  
he must not worry so much,  
the body should also be looked  
after a bit,  
*vetana* (pay) is also necessary in  
consonance with *tana* (body),  
rest is also necessary in  
consonance with mind.  
No action bears fruit  
by mere repression, nothing is had  
by merely reiterating 'conscious,  
conscious,  
by only thinking, brooding.

Going against nature  
is not the method of *sadhana*.  
Observation of detachment without love  
is not the victory of *sadhana*.  
To the saying  
'no love without fear,'  
it will be very good  
if one more link is added-  
'no method without love  
and  
no song without method  
of one's victory,  
of the accomplished eternal truth.'  
It is very true that  
purusa is the enjoyer  
and  
prakrti (nature) is the enjoyed.



When the enjoyer relishes a juice lovingly  
the nature by way of tongue  
drenching it with saliva  
makes the juice more tasty.

When the seer purusa, lover of *lila* (frolic,  
game)  
widening his eyes fully  
perceives a sight with interest  
then, what ...?

The unidle nature.....

by way of eyelids  
rubs gently the eyes  
removes their obstruction...!

Even on purusa becoming *yogi*  
*prakrti* becomes his supporter,  
cooperates with him up to the peak of  
*sadhana*,  
becoming ever-present, self-dependant,  
it gives shelter to the industrious one  
seeking shelter!

It is also not improper to say that  
whatever action-reaction,  
movement-excitement-vibration  
occurs in *purusa*,  
the indications of his life-  
expression of them all  
is dependant on *prakrti*.  
*Prakrti* i.e. *nari* (female)  
on the stoppage/destruction of  
*nadi* (pulse)  
the very life of *purusa* ends...!

In the end  
it is worth knowing that  
there is no passion in prakriti,  
there certainly dwells  
fragrance i.e., sweet smell.  
Becoming a slave of passion  
in variously deformed conditions,  
for satisfying his passion  
*purusa* closes his eyes in the shade of prakriti  
like a tired traveller,  
and  
this is then necessary for him....!

What to talk of eating,  
even remembering tamarind  
makes the mouth water,  
not of a healthy one  
but of a thirsty one.  
This is natural,  
but  
it is astonishing that  
even being in the mouth of the  
enjoyer  
the tamarind's mouth never  
waters.  
Yes! Yes!  
Then  
prakrti appears  
as if is attached, enamoured of  
*purusa*!

This is the madness of *purusa*  
... his lowliness

that for ages  
becoming helpless,  
he has been under the control of passion,  
and  
this is the sacredness, the mercuriality  
of prakrti  
that for ages  
without being subjugated,  
remaining self-controlled,  
showers becoming rainy season,  
and causing the purusa leave deformed  
appearance, frenzy  
compels him to become self-controlled,  
shows him the way.

To say that samsara is the game  
of purusa and prakrti,  
is foolishness, is merely the  
greatness of delusion.  
The player of the game is purusa  
and  
prakrti is the plaything merely!  
To make a plaything of oneself  
is not a joke/game,  
it is a task of a special player!



Purusa and Prakrti  
thus are made acquainted,  
they become known, their secret gets disclosed.  
Hearing the conclusion from the mouth of  
physicians  
that without getting the love from prakrti

the attempts of purusa do not bear fruit,  
the family accepts  
and humbly requests:  
“Give such treatment  
that the disease is countered  
and seth ji convalesce/regain health.  
We accept what you say,  
your dietary prescription will be followed  
cent per cent.

Don't bother for the amount,  
that will be paid with honour, with  
respect,  
it is always ready like a slave-girl,  
like the beautiful features of a  
shadow...!

That way  
the sight of physicians never turns  
towards the amount,  
should not turn  
like the mind of a girl of noble descent  
modest, living in dignity;  
still,  
the *kaliyuga* has its effect,  
the life is not able to proceed towards the aim,  
if proceeds  
does not keep firm.  
We are hearing,  
seeing also that

the aim of all arts has become  
only

the calculation, the collection of  
money.  
From livelihood, fie...pish...  
smell is coming as from a tongue-  
cleaner,  
the nose has got habitual  
and the eyes, alas, say nothing in  
this connection.

What is the meaning of what word  
has no meaning now!

The word *kala* (art) is saying that  
'ka' means soul happiness,  
'la' means to bring, to give;  
whichever *kala* it may be,  
from the mere *kala*  
happiness-peace-prosperity comes  
in life.  
Happiness is neither in the money  
nor from the money!"  
Listening to the statement  
concerning art  
from the mouth of the family  
away from the greed and  
allurement of the objects  
the physician team becomes alert,  
seeing which the family too  
brings enough change in the  
contextual discussion  
and  
would make some submission that  
the clay pitcher intervenes and

says:

“So far as the matter concerns  
with the dietary prescription  
all the medical disciplines have  
one view, that’s all-

if the dietary prescription is correctly followed  
there remains no need for medicine,  
and if  
the dietary prescription is not followed... then too  
there remains no need for medicine.

Still

if you ask about medicine  
then listen!

What to talk of the present bodily  
disease,

the beginningless disease of the  
consciousness

which is of the form of  
birth-decay-death

turns tail in a moment,

s, sa, sa

are the three seed words  
with which flourish

the large-bodied tree of health!

The breath is to be drawn in  
with one’s all might

while pronouncing these  
and

has to be exhaled through the  
nose

in the form of ‘Om’ sound.

This '*sakara-trio*  
is giving its own introduction itself-  
's' means  
the subsider of *kasaya*,  
illustrative of Shankar, *sankatita* (beyond  
doubt),  
*sala* (school) of *sasavata santi* (eternal  
peace)...!  
'S' signifies  
the *sathi* (colleague) of *samagra* (totality),  
in which *samasti* (the totality) is contained,  
it is the uninterrupted source of *samata*  
(equanimity)  
which is opposite of *samsara*  
and is the *sadhana* (means) of *sahaja sukha*  
(spontaneous bliss)...!

And

the *lila* (sport) of 's' is unique.  
Glimpse of s is obtained  
on tearing the stomach of 'p'-  
'p' means  
*papa* (sin) and *punya* (auspicious deeds) whose  
result is *samsara*,  
deceived in which the *purusa* wanders.  
Therefore, he who tears the stomach of *punya*  
and *papa*  
becomes 's', beyond *karmas*.  
This is the internal dimension,  
now listen the external too!


The mother of *bhuta* (past) is  
'*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhavisya* (future) is

also '*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhava* (feeling) is  
'*bhu*',  
the mother of *prabhava* (effect) is  
'*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhavana* (feeling) is  
'*bhu*',  
the mother of *sambhavana*  
(possibility) is also '*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhavana* (mansion)  
is '*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhudhara*  
(mountain) is '*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhucara* (land  
faring) is also '*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhukha* (hunger) is  
'*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhumika*  
(background) is also '*bhu*',  
the mother of *bhava* (worldly  
existence) is '*bhu*',  
the mother of *vaibhava*  
(prosperity) is also '*bhu*',  
and  
the mother of *svayambhu* (self-  
born) is also '*bhu*'.  
In the three times,  
in the three worlds,  
the background of everything is  
'*bhu*'.  
Nothing else is beheld but '*bhu*'  
*bhu*... *bhu*... *bhu*... *bhu*  
here, there, everywhere... *bhu*.



Lexicographers have said in the  
beginning of the age  
'*bhu sattayam*' ('*bhu*' in sense of  
existence) isn't it!

Further listen,  
the *pana* (syrup, refuge) of *bhu* (earth) is soil,  
that is why  
there is humming saying-  
'soil, water and air  
are the medicine of hundred ailments'.  
This treatment is free,  
not thriftless, is thrifty.  
Its use creates no side-effects/ doesn't react  
adversely  
in any corner of the mind and of the body."



In the filtered black soil  
soft like vermillion  
which the mind would insist to  
touch,  
precisely measured cold water is  
mixed  
and then turned into a lump  
after crushing again and again.  
This is turned into a hat  
and put on the head of the seth  
first of all, for the removal of  
swoon

This hat begins to drink every moment  
the heat pervasive in the head,

as a hot mass of iron fallen in a pot filled with  
water  
absorbs the water from all sides.  
As the measure of heat decreases  
the morning of wakefulness manifests.

Lo,  
from the subtle vibration of lips  
inference begins to reflect  
that an attempt to pronounce 'Om'  
is getting enthusiastic.  
That way,  
the adoration of 'Om',  
the conquerer of the three worlds,  
the protector of the three worlds,  
is continuing internally  
which is the fruit of pretty long  
*sadhana*.

The tradition of *para-vak*  
unheard of and unfamiliar so far,  
is known to *yogis* only  
according to the mundane scriptures.  
Being air-moved  
originating at the *mula* (mystical circle above  
the generating organ)  
travels up to the upward-faced navel.  
Then it  
travelling round the navel  
emerges in the form of *pasyanti*  
and with features of liquid waves  
keeps singing in the well of the navel.  
But,

it is totally wordless  
and is beyond the grasp of the literates  
who are away from *samyam* (self-restraint)  
and are immersed in the talk of *vipasyana*.  
Then, that *pāsyanti*  
rises towards the broad chest,  
moves the heart-lotus  
speaks with every open petal smilingly  
and rubs them like a mother.  
Now in the middle of the heart  
it is called *madhyama*.

And, let us know, that  
not the *palaka* (protector, head of  
the family), but the child  
who is untouched by deformities,  
can know the nature of the  
mother.

Now that *madhyama*  
starts its journey from the internal  
to the external world  
according to the intention's of the  
*purusa*!

Mostly the intentions of *purusa*  
are found of two types  
based on the difference of *punya*  
and *papa* (merit and demerit).

The purpose of the use of words  
by good persons,  
is the accomplishment of the others' welfare,  
and  
the purpose of the use of words

by the sinners, evil doers  
is to escape from the others' welfare, is to give  
pain.

When that *madhyama* comes out  
with the help of the palate, throat, tongue etc.,  
becoming the object of hearing of all the  
common folk  
it is called *vaikhari*.

One should not entertain the  
scruple  
that why one is the nomenclature  
of the voice coming out of the  
mouths  
of the valuptuous persons and the  
ascetics.  
They seem like one  
but they are not one.  
As per the person  
there is not only a difference in  
'meaning,  
but a difference in words also.

The voice coming out of the mouth of the  
gentle persons  
is 'vai' i.e., definitely 'kharī' i.e. true,  
the accomplisher of happiness, of prosperity.  
Does not the current of water falling from  
clouds  
become sugarcandy  
on getting the refuge of sugarcane?  
And,  
the voice coming out of the mouth of wicked

ones

is 'vai' i.e. definitely

'khali' i.e., crooked, sinful,

sapless, distressful.

Does not that current falling from the clouds

getting to the root of a *neem* tree

become bitter?

Here 'ri' has become current

in the place of 'li'

out of ignorance or carelessness,

originally

the use is of 'li'

i.e., it is *vaikhali*.

Even if

*vaikhari* is the accepted reading,

we interpret it differently;

'kha' means void, dearth!

Therefore

leaving 'kha'

and joining the other two

the word becomes '*vairi*' (enemy).

The voice of the wicked ones

works as an enemy to both

themselves and others.

Hence

it is proper to take it *vaikhali* or

*vairi*.

*Samastu* (be there the peace)!



The seth prays the pure *tattva* (the true self)  
pronouncing clearly

with sponteinity.  
He talks with the family,  
is intorduced to the physicians.  
He tells them the sensation of his pain,  
but  
due to the constant burning sensation  
the eyes are not able to open now,  
they do not have the capacity to see the light,  
even the soft rays of gems  
look like the sparks of fire.  
Seeing the not opening eyes  
the pitcher again says:  
"There is nothing to worry about,  
soil can be used on any organ of the body  
leaving the place of the heart.

It may be a suppurating or not  
suppurating wound,  
it may be an internal hurt or  
external,  
it may be an intolerable ear-ache,  
the skull may be getting torn with  
fever,  
it may be a sinus in the nose,  
may be running with cold  
or splitting with heat,  
and  
it may be acute headache, half or  
full-  
in all these conditions  
the application of the soil will be  
useful.  
Even if

the bone of the leg or hand has  
broken  
it will soon join with the application  
of the soil!  
In some days it will start working  
as before!

How far the greatness of the soil to say,  
how to weigh,  
where is that balance?  
With whom to compare the soil in this respect?  
Weighing and valuation has sense  
not in terms of money,  
rather  
in terms of attribute, property, quality.”

Saying so much on the part of the  
pitcher  
was sufficient that  
two pills of two *to/as* each of the soil  
are given the shape of cakes  
and put on both the eyes;  
and  
in some moments  
the physicians see the symptoms  
of success!

Thus also on the lower portion of the navel  
after every ghari (twenty four minutes)  
stopping, turning  
six seven times  
through the day and the night  
this application continues, systematically.

Influenced by the successful  
treatment  
of the soil,  
the physician team forms its  
opinion  
in connection with the diet also  
in accordance with the pitcher,  
that the patient has to be given  
milk  
heated in a clay utensil  
and cooled completely,  
or, coagulating the milk in the  
same pot  
mixing the rennet in proportion,  
then churning it with the churning  
stick  
and taking out butter completely,  
the butter-milk bereft of all  
deformities has to be given.  
Not much diluted granular mash  
of the *karanataki* great millet;  
white like pearl,  
sweet, digestive, *sattvika*  
(virtuous),  
with butter-milk has to be given  
in the forenoon avoiding  
conjunction time-

because in the conjunction time the solar  
element  
is seen absent  
and *susumna* i.e., ambivalent element rises,  
which is taken as a proper time



for *dhyana-sadhana* (meditation).  
Sensual enjoyment in the period of yoga  
is the cause of disease,  
and  
the occurrence of disease in the period of  
sensual enjoyment  
is the cause of grief.  
Then when...  
does the chain of this grief have its end?  
When the current of time slips... distantly away,  
then somewhere...  
one may get the dark shade of *Ashoka*  
(jonesia, grieflessness) tree.



In a few days not only a little  
all is well profusely;  
arbitrariness of the heat scatters  
away  
with this successful use,  
as the arbitrariness of the pure  
feelings of a poet  
seeing the varied meters,  
collecting in itself  
gets effaced, itself!

The scriptures say, we should read  
that the right value of the medicines  
is the pacification of the disease.  
No medicine is of a lower or higher value,  
but  
the faith of the moneyed persons and  
intellectuals

is of the opposite type,  
and that is found relying  
on costly medicines.  
The seth is an exception  
in this connection.

The physician team is honoured,  
is rewarded compatibly with their  
service;  
and,  
with the good aim that the system  
of treatment  
faithful to non-violence may live long  
the seth puts a big amount of nine  
digits with his own hands  
in the hands of the team  
with eyes wet with joy  
modestly persuading, requesting,  
and feels himself obliged  
at their being pleased.

While going the team turns towards the seth  
and says that  
all the miracle was that of the clay pitcher  
and its help,  
they were *nimitta-matra upacaraka* (only  
efficient cause)....  
And  
departs thankfully, gratefully!



'Once more has returned before  
us

the *ghari* of self-disgust, of  
defamation',  
saying thus the golden urn helplessly  
sinks in sadness  
like an idle recluse fallen from the  
faith in soul!

'Once more there has come an occasion  
for these noble ears  
to hear the tale of glory  
of the ignoble ones!  
And that too  
from the mouth of intelligent ones  
filled with the greed of money.  
O how much pain!  
It is unbearable,  
I rather wish to strike nails in the ears.

Hazy looks the features of truth;  
the redness of the evening is also  
going to set,  
and once again there is this sight  
before these sacred eyes.  
The depraved ones taken as holy  
are being seated respectfully  
on high *simghasana* (lion-seat),  
and,  
the repudiators of sin  
are being called hypocrites,  
deceitful.

This *nasa* (nose) did not have such an *asa*  
(hope)

nor was there the belief  
that once more to this side  
will speedily flow the dry wave,  
the foul smell of the fall of humanity  
and  
profaning the delicate nostrils  
will make them senseless...!'  
Even on this, the anger is not satisfied,  
the golden urn in serious mien surrounded with  
worry  
says something more:

“It will have to be said the  
influence of the *Kalikala*  
or  
the tinge of the dark future  
that the world is getting averse  
to the enjoyment of original things  
and  
is getting prominent  
in the enjoyment of mundane  
things;  
condemnation!

Twinkling jewelled garlands,  
strings of beautiful pearls,  
glittering magnanimous diamond necklaces  
of innumerable aspects,  
dumb-like corals  
making the beak of the parrot shy,  
charming pieces of sapphire  
seeing which  
the blueness of the throat of the peacock

dance,  
topaz scattering saffron,  
transperant quartz,  
rubies, mass of quiet rays  
even being red like fire...  
From all these we don't get only coolness,  
but incurable diseases  
like diabetes, cough, breathing trouble,  
tuberculosis  
get subsided,  
and often, on life stars also do not adversely  
affect.  
But today!  
Glass-rubbish is getting respect.  
Golden big and small urns, plates,  
silver lotas, big and small cups,  
removers of watery defects  
the copper pitcher, *gharu*, *handis*  
huge *parata*, *bhagonis*...  
selling such valuable original utensils  
even rich, intelligent persons are buying  
lowly, defective utensils.  
In the market today  
everyone is setting his eyes on steel.  
In jail also handcuffs and fetters for the culprit  
are of steel.

How far to say,  
and.... at this side  
in the hand of young girls and  
boys  
steel bangles only are found.  
Is this the science?

Is this the development?  
That is all,  
*sona so gaya hai* (the gold has  
slept),  
*now lohe se loha lo* (*cross swords*  
with the iron)... ha!

Listen! Listen!

Listen to the glory of *Kali* further!

Smearing the sandal wood from *Malaya*  
nountain

in the clean cool water dripped from the  
candrakanta jewel

in a moon-lit night,

rubbed on fore-head, on navel,

has been considered a blessing

in the subsidence of burning disease.

This has also been heard and experienced that  
massaging fresh, pure, fragrent ghee

mixed with camphor proportionately

on the middle of the head, on *brahma-randhra*

(the suture on the top of the skull)

with light fingers,

and

massaging effective oils

on the spinal column

by skilled ones in the art of

massaging

proves a panacea in the

subsidence of burning.

Ignoring these proper remedies

approved by the intelligent ones,

smearing soil-mud  
is the shortness of intellect!

With respect to diet also  
some such thing is happening-  
taking tasteful, nourishing milk,  
foods of ghee, creator of lustre and brilliance,  
foods made with curd  
preventor of untimely death,  
generator of virtuous, peaceful feelings-  
many types of such dainties have been  
ignored.

The result is that  
the burning disease has become prevalent  
and the seth has also caught it.  
Taking the essenceless butter-milk  
with the granular mash of great millet devoid of  
vitality  
is to invite poverty.

There is one thing more to say  
that  
'one should be frugal in spending  
money, not extravagant,  
should never be wasteful  
even in dream forgetfully.  
And,  
if no spending.. best!'  
This concept does not touch  
the real nature of things.  
The reason is that  
in every substance  
the expenditure is as much as is

the income,  
and  
the income is as much as is the  
expenditure.  
Between the income and  
expenditure  
there is no gap of even a *samaya*  
(smallest unit of time)  
that there may be a place for  
accumulation.

Here,  
this system of income-expenditure  
has been accepted as permanent;  
in such a state then  
where remains the question of  
extravagance or wasteful expenditure?

Can our attempts  
bring change in the real nature of  
substances ?  
NO, no, never.  
Yes! Yes!  
The idea of change can come in  
our contaminated minds.  
And,  
this egoism is the root of samsara.  
The conclusion is that  
the principle cannot be ours,  
we can adopt the principle."

At the fag end,  
like a lamp




flaring due to the unfiltered oil,  
in frenzy the golden urn  
thus spoke at length  
to the seth with his family,  
backwardly to the team of physicians,  
and  
to the earthen pitcher also  
the basic ground of envy-aversion-malice-pride-  
frenzy etc.,  
but it has no effect on this side,  
everything remains as before.

That way,  
how much is the power of anger!  
How long will it stay before  
forgiveness?  
One whom the snake bites  
may die, may not die,  
may get poisoned, may not get  
poisoned,  
but  
after biting  
that snake necessarily becomes  
senseless.  
That is all,  
this is the condition of the golden  
urn;  
it is reflected also  
in the tiny golden and silver urns  
lying near.

For some time  
the rule of quiet silence prevails,

then, the clay pitcher itself  
filled with amiable feelings  
says to the small golden urn:

“Oh *kalasi* (small urn)!  
where art thou looking *kala..si* (like  
yesterday)?  
Today thou art only  
like imitating yesterday!  
Thou art no more  
*kala..si* (like yesterday)!  
Where is that *kala-kamaniyata*  
(soft loveliness)  
on thy cheeks!  
The sweet nectar of the lips  
seems to have gone off!  
In the absence of *akala*  
(intelligence)  
the body is lying *akeli* (alone)  
artless *vikala-si* (distressed-like)  
having a small *sakala-si*  
(countenance).  
Oh *kalasi*!  
Where art thou looking *kala...si?*”



Hearing the sarcastic language from the mouth  
of the clay pitcher,  
seeing himself the object of ridicule, valueless,  
ignored,  
the golden urn  
internally burning, writhing,  
gets filled with revenge!

Lo,  
a plot  
to finish the seth with his family!  
The day and time is decided  
to invite terrorism.

It is definite that  
when pride gets shocked,  
terrorism descends.  
Over-nurturing or over-exploitation  
also results in this,  
then,  
the aim of life is not *sodha* (purification),  
rather revenge... *pratisodha*  
which is  
a great ignorance, an absense of far-  
sightedness  
not only for the other,  
but destructive for oneself too!

On this topic talks are held  
secretly  
with companions and servants  
by the golden urn.  
No member of the family gets  
the smell of this rudeness.  
The nose of the civilized ones  
can remain hungry, but  
cannot go towards foul smell  
forgetfully even in dream.  
The beetle and the bee  
cannot become one  
only because of being smell-

takers.  
Leaving the flowers full of  
fragrance  
the beetle never sits  
on stool-urine-phlegm-flesh etc.,  
where the dullard bee  
getting entangled dies.



Today will come the terrorist gang  
in the mid of night bearing a storm of  
predicament.  
And on this side,  
before the golden urn  
a great problem has arisen  
that in themselves a dissatisfied group has  
come into existence.  
It denies the decision taken,  
calls it unjust, uncivil  
and does not agree to cooperate, to support.

It asks not to have the violent  
dance of injustice  
on the alter of justice.  
The directress of this group is  
the white quartz ewer,  
she has been impressed by the  
clay pitcher!  
By and by  
the wisdom of the ewer  
is sensed by many others  
and her side is getting strong  
without effort.

Frisking with a little brilliance  
small and tiny silver urns,  
big and small spoons  
deceived by clever conductors,  
reddened copper pots  
tense with *tamasata* (darkness/ignorance),  
thirsty cups and cupules  
pleased with *rajasata* (excitement)  
reared in other's love  
and so are more deluded...  
whom  
the serpent of partiality had smelled  
almost all such utensils  
kicking the side of the gold  
bow in the feet of the ewer.

Now the ewer says,  
"Oh golden urn! In the eyes of one  
who is advancing towards the  
mother existence,  
climbing the stairs of equanimity,  
gold biscuits and clay are one  
and this is the *tattva* (basic truth).  
Therefore avail the opportunity,  
don't see through prejudiced eyes,  
get down from the plane of pride!  
Bow in his feet  
who is developing and is above  
pride,  
and thus cross over the boundless  
sea of sin!



Lo,  
when was the influence of the ewer to work  
on the golden urn, the perpetrator of terrible  
deeds!  
Where was the address of the sharp-witted  
Mandodari effective  
in connection with Sita's freedom from  
captivity,  
when did the haughtiness of Rawan lighten?  
Rather,  
the state of the golden urn becomes  
like a cauldron of boiling oil  
on dropping four-five drops of cold water.  
A terrible sight of uncontrolled fret!  
Then  
with great excitement  
thunders the golden urn!  
"I will leave none of you,  
shower of kindness upon you is not possible now,  
you are to behold annihilation now!"  
What to ask now!!  
There is full possibility of the occurrence of the  
calamity  
before the time scheduled!

Lo, on this side...  
the ewer too gives the signal to  
the clay pitcher  
and  
the pitcher makes the family alert,  
all silent, but  
active secretly!

With the good intention that  
the neighbouring innocent public  
may not get entangled  
in the whirl of this cyclone  
the pitcher says to the seth:  
"You have to get away from here quickly  
with the family,  
delay may be destructive."  
And  
from the back of the mansion  
the whole family escapes!

No one knows,  
not even the ewer;  
the occasion is not like telling  
anyone!  
'One may have become believable  
but to the ears of the recently  
familiar  
the deep matter, full matter should  
not reach  
at this time'.  
And  
the pitcher as a guide is in the  
hands of the seth  
with the sin-fearing whole family  
following!  
At intervals looking back  
all of them cross the city gate,  
then, reaching the dense forest,  
disappear!

The loftiest trees of various kinds kissing the  
sky  
spreading umbrella are standing,  
the earth looking adorned with greenery  
is fatigue-removing,  
the shade has spread carpet on the earth.  
The small and big plants in their clusters  
laden with leaves, flowers and fruits  
are looking giving gifts of smile  
to the tired and languid travellers.  
The beautiful creepers  
winding the trees from foot to top  
look like inviting, alluring the arriving ones,  
and are asking the continuously treading  
travellers  
to take rest.  
So...  
the whole family breathing fearlessness  
sits for a while  
on the creatureless ground.

Getting the touch of the cool air  
the bodies of the family  
drenched with sweat  
and their minds  
wounded with sorrow,  
at once feel peace.

The line of bamboos with muscular arms,  
who through lineal tradition from ages  
received the nectar of love of the lips of the  
flute-player,




imitating arched gateways  
are the agents of auspicity and removers of  
inauspicity,  
bow in the feet of the pitcher  
and take themselves highly belssed.  
And  
shower bamboo pearls  
white spotless like swans, supreme swans  
(great ascetics),  
as their eye-drops.

In the meantime, on this side...  
suddenly seeing a fold of elephants  
tortured by a meat-eater lion  
coming towards them,  
in search of safty;  
the family thus says:  
'Don't fear, come brothers',  
and invites them with loving eyes.  
Excellent! What to say then!  
The fold breathes unprecedented  
peace  
in the feet of the family  
like a baby experiencing safty in  
the singular lap of the mother.  
Then,  
offers a heap of pearls,  
ridiculing the bamboos and  
jumping over their pearls,  
humbly  
before the pitcher!  
This may be the reason

that this pearl is famous  
by the name of, 'elephant-pearl'.

In the soft atmosphere of silence  
beholding each other,  
some moments slip that  
the elephant pearls in the bamboo pearls  
and the bamboo pearls in the elephant pearls  
shed their brilliance  
to a long distance;  
long-departed intimacy  
is being tested at this time.

But, the distinguishing genius  
becomes tongueless,  
the sorrow of oneself and others  
has just died,  
the separateness of oneself and  
others  
has just cracked;  
all has ended,  
there remains only-  
brilliance! brilliance!! brilliance!!!



When misunderstanding gets removed  
labour becomes unnecessary,  
the body becomes healthy  
and the mind carefree.

The family gets up and starts  
as it still has to tread the path


further;  
there comes a voice thundering  
from behind,  
offensive, living on violence,  
deafening the ears,  
from the mouth of a group of  
people:  
"O cowards, stop!  
Where will you run away, how far  
will you run?  
Get unattached to the body now.  
O sinners, stop!  
O holders of the immoral wealth  
wearing the garb of religion,  
you have to taste the fruits of sin!  
Tell correctly  
how much money you have  
robbed,  
how many lives have been  
shattered by you!  
Remember all that in mind  
and choose death in a moment!"  
And...  
the family sees turning...  
a terrorist group is beheld  
having the strength to wound and  
kill even the elephants!  
They have weapons in their hands  
brandishing again and again in the  
sky,  
from whom flames flash like  
lightning, and

seeing which the eyes of the  
ordinary public get shut.  
They are again and again chewing  
their lips  
in anger with the result  
that the lips are oozing with blood;  
their bodies are muscular,  
minds are obstinate.  
They have tightly wound their  
*dhotis* round their waists  
taking the lower ends up.  
They have waists as naught as  
waists like that of lions,  
thighs are like banana trees  
with flesh laughing loudly;  
that is why, their knees are not  
visible from distance,  
are thrusting into obscurity.  
The hair on their heads  
are dense, curly and black,  
hanging up to the shoulders below  
look terrible like black serpents.  
Their chests are large,  
in their robust calves of legs  
nets of nerves are bulging  
like the roots of banyan tree in the  
earth,  
their restless eyes like *suryakanta*  
gem  
are ejecting fire.  
The triangular vermillion *tilakas* on  
their forehead

look beholding  
like the third eye of Mahadeva.  
The group having black body  
is the traveller of the path of rahu.  
Even the heartless Death trembles  
on having their one glimpse!  
Their black moustaches are  
stretched full in the excess of  
pride  
like the tail of the young horses of  
*Kathiyavara*  
held upwards.  
Seeing their muscular, sturdy arms  
the strength of the glorious sun  
goes mad.  
Round those arms are bound  
the fruits of margosa tree in black  
threads.  
In the end I should say that  
in their every limb  
the absence of kindness is filled.  
The face follows the heart, doesn't  
it!

Often the bodies are made sturdy  
by the suppression of kindness;  
that is why the lines of saints say:  
"O embodied one!  
The body sturdy, bright with lustre  
is not the aim of life,  
till today you have not obtained the bodiless  
state

because of loving the body.”  
Seeing the heartless malevolents  
attacking the kindly benevolents,  
the fold of elephants  
taking the family in the middle  
surrounding stands on all the four sides,  
thinking-  
“The assault of swords is irresistable,  
saving the family from it is necessary,  
it being a primary function of *aryas*.”



With the trumpet of elephants  
the firmament echos,  
the steadiness of the earth gets  
shaken,  
the region of mountain ranges too  
experience exertion,  
the birds flying lonely  
getting fear-stricken stray  
and enter others' nests,  
the deep sleep of the pythons  
break instantly,  
the awakened ones catch fever,  
the flock of deer forgetting the  
way  
stop before the lion,  
big serpent holes... fall on the  
ground becoming sand  
and cruel poisonous serpents  
spitting poison  
come out hissing

with wrath dancing terribly in the  
eyes,  
they raising their hood and  
standing by their tails  
are gazing at the disturbing element!

At once the serpents know  
the root cause of this insurgency.  
The family engaged in remembering the  
adorable  
is found faultless,  
the herd of elephants engaged in saving the  
gentle ones  
is found angry,  
and  
the remnant group engaged in devouring all  
was found faulty  
as per the maxim of the remainder.

Then what to ask!  
The chief serpent says to all:  
“Don’t bite anyone,  
don’t take away anyone’s life,  
the enemy has to be given a  
check only.  
Admitted that the penal code  
is meant to remove insolence  
and the last of all the punishments  
is capital punishment.  
From the capital punishment  
others get the lesson,  
but

the occasion of upliftment of the punished one  
comes to an end.

The penal code accepts it or not,  
punishing the cruel guilty cruelly  
is a fault,  
is a slip from the path of justice.”



Now  
the terrorists are surrounded  
from all sides.  
Wherever seen.. everywhere  
innumerable male and female  
serpents-  
look as if Nagendra has come with  
his family on earth  
to take the side of the ones  
trodden under-foot.  
This is the first happening  
that terrorism  
is itself terrified,  
it is in a retreating mood,  
it was black already, seeing the  
death in front  
its face becomes more black!  
By and by, the strength of  
terrorism  
is becoming inactive  
like that of a strong elephant  
bogged in a mire!  
When does a river rolling down a  
slope,



cleaving the earth  
speak with a hill?  
That's all,  
this is the state of terrorism,  
and it hides in the dense forest.

"Don't talk of killing,  
go on struggling!  
Don't talk of defeat,  
go on rising!

And... listen!  
On a lethally wounded branch  
mango does not fructify, even if  
fructifies  
it does not ripen,  
and  
if getting opportunity  
it becomes ripened, then...  
that mango will not be tasty to the  
enjoyer  
as the premises are defective!"  
Saying thus a pair of male and  
female serpents  
from amongst the serpent  
community says thus:  
'Oh fortunate one!  
*Na gina* (don't reckon) us  
*naga* (snake) and *nagina* (female  
snake).  
The history of the ages  
testify that

this lineage for any reason  
hasn't put foot on any life,  
hasn't crushed anyone..  
footless as we are!  
That is why the saints  
having much considered  
connotatively nomenclatured us  
"*uraga*" (serpent) ... !  
Yes! Yes!  
If someone puts foot on us,  
teases us.. then...  
we do not leave him.  
For low selfish ends  
we have not trampled anyone,  
rather,  
reaching creepingly with our *ura*  
(breast)  
to the ones trampled in any way,  
we have clasped to our *ura*,  
lovingly have caressed them,  
gently have rubbed their wounds.

We have drenched every particle  
with our affection, our softness,  
have destroyed the agony of every atom.  
We have not bitten the thorns even,  
even them we have given soft embrace  
as they are exploited ones.  
The flowers suck juice-pollen  
filled in the branch,  
and plunder the fame too  
with the result

that all others drying up  
turn into thorns!

One thing more we have to say,  
that  
for getting position  
the footed ones trample others,  
commit sin, dissimulate.  
We pray the Lord that  
we may remain positionless/  
footless!  
All the positions  
are the abodes of calamities.  
We wish only that even in future  
the *visdhara* (venomous snake/  
venom bearer) of greed of position  
may not smell us, Lord!"

The family is wonder-struck  
hearing the transformation system  
of those with positions/feet  
from the mouth of footless ones.  
The four-footed elephant-herd too  
becomes vibrationless like a machine,  
and  
the feet of all freeze like ice.  
Seeing the herd of elephants with the family  
sunk in sadness  
the serpents, becoming normal, say:  
"Pardon! Pardon!  
We beg your pardon!


That way,  
we do not utter categorically,  
lapse is a different thing,  
we couldn't express our full  
intention.  
Listen the remaining, we tell in  
imperfect words:  
it is not so, that  
all those who hold positions, who  
have been seated in the authentic  
posts  
of the protectors of the public,  
etc.,  
are of such character.

Some feet are such  
for whose worship  
this life has been craving  
since long.. since when..  
this heart is joyful that  
the time has come today".  
And first of all  
with hundreds of bowings  
the reverend feet are consecrated  
with eyes filled with joyful tears.

Then, the hoods of the male and  
female serpents  
open completely,  
stand up respectfully,  
in which are safely kept  
the prettiest of all gems,

original, exclusively rare,  
of peaceful, gentle brightness-  
they offer them.  
And, doing so  
the serpent community  
regard their lives blessed, most  
blessed.  
The serpents bow,  
vomit their pride.  
Outside is the sight of blow-  
exchange,  
inside love, friendship continue.

This is such an enticing touch of softness,  
a creation of an original and transcental  
poetry  
making the non-material visible and audible.  
Who is its creator,  
where is he,  
why is he silent?  
It is a conduct of minute sensibility  
of the foremost ones in men,  
of the outstanding persons!



From there rushing forth  
the terrorism peeps through the  
bushes  
and behold this event beyond  
expectation  
with an intention of censure.  
Once more

its heart is filled with agitation,  
with harassment  
and  
with unrestrained heat generated  
of defeat.

What else  
can that weak-faced do  
before the strong ones!

And seven lemons  
are consecrated with a proven  
*mantra* (spell)!  
A needle with a black thread  
is pierced through every lemon.  
Then,  
the fruits are tossed up in the  
empty sky  
with a wish for dark black clouds.  
After the exercise of *mantra*  
there is no need for waiting,  
instantly the effect comes before;  
this is the effect of concentration.

There is no rule whether the person exercising  
the *mantra*  
is of good intentions or of bad ones,  
he must be having control over his mind, that's  
all!  
This is the rule, this is the *niyoga* (necessity),  
and, this is what happened.

Dense black clouds begins to swim  
in the firmament,  
the kingdom of *tamasata*  
(darkness) spread,  
and the sight of the earth  
becomes difficult,  
only the feet can know whether  
the earth is there or not.  
The variedness of colours  
vanishes  
as if the night at rava-rava hell  
has travelled upside,  
strong wind starts blowing  
in whose fist the universal  
annihilation is hidden.  
The feet of hills stagger,  
and their turbans fall on the earth,  
mutual friction breaks out with  
wriggling sound in the trees,  
not only the touchables  
even the untouchables begin to be  
touched,  
there remains no difference  
between hard and soft  
even the roots of larger trees  
shake,  
many trees begin to learn  
*sirsasana* (a posture with feet  
upside and head below)  
bamboos begin to prostrate  
and cling with the breast of the  
earth.

The heavy thundering of clouds  
inaudible, harsh to ears  
is so terrible that  
the cooing of the peacock community becomes  
dumb,  
their mirthful dance is out of question.  
In between lightning begins to flash  
like a flippant woman unrestrained by prestige,  
by dignity,  
making clouds angry, intoxicated!  
And,  
torrential rains start..  
It is an experience like that of a waterfall,  
not of small and big drops,  
the earth is getting drowned in water.  
It is a fury of the watery existence;  
on all sides there spreads a covering of clouds.  
When did the day end  
and when did the *tamasa* (darkness) arrive;  
can't be known.  
Who would tell, whom to ask?  
And,  
the clouds go on gathering,  
lightning continues bursting,  
intermittently hailstones shower,  
cold wave keeps blowing,  
*praharas* (quarter of a day) pass on;  
in such a state, oh!  
How can sleep come  
and who would like?



Not only the enjoyable commodity  
but also the befittingness of time  
and place are required  
for the experience of pleasure and  
enjoyment.



In this terrible state of universal annihilation  
even  
the protection of the family is being done  
continuously  
by the connoisseur elephant herd.

The cluster of clouds have  
scattered,  
sooty moments have passed,  
otherwise, why has the ruddiness  
broken  
distantly.. in the east!  
And,  
the family is standing on a river  
bank.

New water has come in the river due to rains,  
it has become impetuous  
like a passionate handsome woman  
remaining away from *samvega* (fear of worldly  
transmigration) and calmness!  
Now a serious problem is present before the  
family,  
by and by  
its seriousness, its eminence

is getting surrounded with fear.

And.. lo!

The mind of the family speaks:

'Move! Let us return from here.'

As the return was attempted

the pitcher speaks:

"No... no.. no....,

don't return!

Never... never...

because the terrorism has not gone away,

battle has to be waged with it now,

it is determined, firm on its constancy.

This earth cannot breathe peace

till the terrorism is living,

these eyes now

cannot see terrorism,.

these ears now

cannot listen the name of terror,

this life is determined that

one will exist

either that or this.

Don't entertain delay now,

the river has to be crossed.

Is failure, void

written in the fate of the pitcher,

has there been restlessness,

deficiency,

shortness in the sacrifice of the

pitcher?

Slack belief will get pure breath

and

muddy breath will get rich  
fragrance.  
Do not give shelter  
to fear, wonder, hesitation now!

Tie one end of the rope around my neck  
and  
get arranged in a line  
one after another  
leaving some distance,  
tie the rope tightly  
each one of you to your waist!  
Then  
with a loud enunciation of Om  
jump into the current.”  
Even on this  
as the hesitation of the family does not get  
removed,  
some more lines come out of the pitcher’s  
mouth:

“Here  
who likes bondage?  
I also like freedom,  
that is why...  
I do not want to get tied in  
anyone’s bonds,  
nor want to bind anyone.  
We should know  
binding is also a bondage!  
Still  
I want to keep away from the

absence of restraint.  
do keep away as much as I can,  
and  
whether there is keeping away or  
not  
want to keep others away,  
do keep them away as much as I  
can.  
Here  
who likes bondage?  
I also like freedom.”

Lo, this time  
the lines worked like the powder of *lavana*  
*bhaskara*.  
As per the suggestion of the pitcher,  
tying the pitcher at the waist  
lean like that of a lion,  
the seth jumps in the fast current of the river.  
Soon the family follows him,  
the support of the earth gets left  
the feet become supportless,  
the rope tied at the waist at this time  
is the safety, life!  
And the pitcher..  
it is working like a ship,  
whole of it has gone into water  
upside is visible only-  
the face, the head.

The family now experiences  
the last cold.

The natural heat of the body  
is getting lost,  
the movement of the blood  
is getting bloodless,  
the feet and hands are becoming inactive,  
the teeth begin to gnash.  
As they enter the river further  
there small-big fish  
jumping above the water  
are playing beautiful water games,  
thin tails of crookedly moving snakes  
suddenly begin to coil round the rotund calves  
of the family.  
Many of the hesitant tortoises too becoming  
unrestrained  
begin to disappear  
touching the soft, corpulent thighs of the family.

Meat eater big crocodiles  
in whose fearful jaws as that of a  
tiger  
big irregular rows of teeth are  
shining,  
whose blood-thirsty red tongues  
are rushing outside again and  
again,  
whose tails having venomous  
thorns  
are rising up,  
are raising their heads engaged in  
search of food  
nearby the family.

•  
Many other aquatic animals of varied species  
cruel in nature,  
look agitated due to hunger,  
but  
beholding the peaceful features of the family  
have just forgotten to agitate novelly  
which is their basic characteristic;  
wholesale change has just occurred in their  
behaviour,  
the idea of food has slipped away.

And as  
on seeing the Lord bursts  
the sentiment of prayer,  
turning towards duty in the mind of  
the devotee,  
the understanding of *heya* (fit to  
be left) and *upadeya* (fit to be  
had)  
milk-water discrimination,  
so too, there has occurred an  
awakening of varied types  
in the lives of the aquatic animals.



But!  
A perverse revolution occurs in the water.  
Living and non-living are two *tattvas*  
(elements),  
having their own peculiarities.  
The living on getting light,  
on getting proper momentum

develops,  
while  
the non-living remains as before.  
The non-living is ignorant,  
is absolutely obstinate,  
is unchangeable.. *trsta* (alarmed)!  
It cannot become *svastha* (healthy, self-  
attained).  
Due to the actions of the aquatic animals,  
due to their topsy turvy movements  
the river surging with water,  
becoming more envious says:

“Depending on me you go against  
me!  
Even being weak babies  
desiring to live,  
desiring to drink elixir  
you forget your mother.  
Go! Go! will get pain,  
you will nowhere get soft love,  
will drink the draught of  
repentance,  
the memory of nectar will burn  
you!  
You are associated with land-  
farers,  
are deceived by crafty rascals,  
I have nothing to say to you,  
I pity you.  
I have to see them  
who..

play guile with the guileless,  
are envious of the water-god  
even.”

And  
the irate, billious river  
starts slapping the soft cheeks of  
the family  
with her innumerable wave-hands.

“Crafty worshippers of the earth,  
where will you go now?  
Go, go and hide in the earth...  
even below that!  
Sinners! Go to the nether worlds!  
Chief hypocrats!  
Do not show us your face.  
Show is your life,  
time-eater it is,  
aimless humble, poor it is,  
a snake, a bird it is.  
Living at a place like the earth  
you have subjugated others, others' properties,  
you are suffering from acute diarrhoea  
in the form of taking, and collecting!  
That is why, I do not stop for a moment any  
where,  
even on getting others' riches  
I have not taken them even in dream.  
And,  
have not given them to others  
to show my magnanimity  
out of some selfishness or desire of getting



fame;  
that is why the saints have connotatively  
nomenclatured us  
*na li... na di!* (didn't take/drain.. did not give/  
river)

Those having conduct contrary to  
us

are humble ones.

Some ascetics lax in conduct  
have got right guidance through  
the saying-

'flowing water and wandering  
yogi';

which can be a greater ideal than  
this in the world!

See your face in this *adarsa*

(looking glass/ideal)

and recognise your features, your  
nature!"



Hearing the talk of the unrestrained, stupid river  
sunk in her own praise

the seth speaks something without getting  
excited:

"If you didn't get the base of the earth

what would have been your condition!

You would have crossed the nether worlds  
even!

The earth accepted you,

clasped you to her breast,

the gods did not pity you,  
the sky did not give you shelter,  
you fell on a hill-top when you were small,  
all laughed and you wept!  
There you got hurt,  
you looked simple, fluid then,  
you have become venomous, crooked now.  
Guile has become your strength,  
now are running apace  
crossing all.  
O ungrateful! Perpetrator of sin!  
Do not accumulate more sin.  
The whole world is indebted to the earth,  
you have also to pay off the debt,  
have the earth in your heart,  
heartily you have to improve your actions."

Whose misfortune is this, alas!  
Is it of the seth or of the river?  
The good intention of the seth  
does not bear fruit,  
the eyes of the river does not  
open by the criticism of the seth,  
rather, the river gets more  
reddened:

"Oh wicked ones!  
You talk of nether worlds for me!  
Your end is not distant now".

And,  
there is the movement in whirlpool  
direction  
getting drawn from all sides

where everything vanishes coming  
there,  
where going round itself  
the upside water is going to the  
lower side  
and the lower side water is  
coming to the upper side  
with a great speed,  
where the water element merging  
the earth element in itself  
is laughing loudly ;

where  
some animals, some deer,  
some non-violent, some violent,  
some senseless, some awake,  
some dead, some half-dead -  
on everyone's face  
will-to-live is scattering  
at becoming a morsel of the untimely death,  
all are flowing in the current helplessly.  
Suddenly there comes from in front  
a huge bodied elephant floating  
on whose back is sitting a full-grown lion  
afraid of the terrible future!  
And,  
entangled in the whirlpool  
going round once or twice  
vanishes in the stomach of the eddy;  
weak or strong  
strength of none is working,  
all strengths are getting sacrificed there!     ◆

Thinking that  
on seeing the event happening  
the fortitude of the family may not  
decrease,  
and  
its mind may not stray away from  
the unchangeable,  
the pitcher challenges the river:  
"O sin-legged, listen!  
This family is near the bank  
not in the mid-current;  
he who has taken the shelter of  
the earth  
the earth makes him cross over-  
this is the rule of the earth, a vow!  
This is the sense of the word  
dharati inversely-  
*dha...ra....ti ti...ra..dha.*  
that is,  
that which bears the bank,  
or puts the refugee at the bank  
is called *dharati* (earth).

Listen further!  
the use of '*tha*' in the place of '*dha*'  
makes *tiratha*,  
that which makes the refugee cross over is...  
*tirtha* (a place of pilgrimage)!

Now how can you drown us ?  
And this too should be kept in  
mind that

you will not be able to set us  
afloat,  
we will not float in the flow of any  
current under any pretext!

When we have come crossing the river of fire,  
and  
have come not getting vanquished, but having  
loved  
the radiant limit of *sadhana*,  
still, have you the capacity to drown us?  
We had already taken decision  
not to serve and praise the surface much,  
because  
how long would we swim on the surface,  
hands would get tired ultimately!  
Those getting satisfied with the mere sight of  
the waves  
have been often seen sinking,  
... here... on the surface!

O down-going, lowly-sinning!  
This pitcher has the capacity  
of containing the ocean,  
we being the part of the *dharani*  
(earth)!  
The *arthakriya* (basic act) of the  
pitcher  
is bearing the water.  
And... listen!  
The word *dharani* is itself telling  
inversely-

*dha..ra..ni ni..ra..dha*  
that which bears the *nira* (water) is  
*dharani* (earth),  
that which fosters the *nira* is  
*dharani*!”




As  
ruby among gems,  
blue lotus among lotuses,  
character-bliss among joys,  
Meru among mountains,  
*Kshira-sagara* among oceans,  
*Vira marana* (brave death) among deaths,  
*crocodile-pearl* among pearls  
are considered best;  
in the same manner  
gratefulness is the virtue among virtues.  
Seeing the pitcher graced with that  
gratefulness  
one big crocodile happily offers a costly pearl  
to the pitcher.  
‘Accept this humble service, Lord!’  
Saying this he vanishes in the water.  
This pearl has a great speciality that  
the gentleman who gets it  
finds uninterrupted path even in the  
unfathomable waters,  
and this is what happens immediately!

The pitcher with the family  
crossing the eddied current even

without effort  
reminds the seth a saying with  
mild smile:  
"One gets a pearl without asking  
on asking one does not get even  
alms',  
and this is the fruit of  
renunciation-penance, sethji!"  
The river gets a great inspiration  
from the self-confidence of the  
pitcher,  
from his life full of courage;  
its perturbation almost sets down,  
it is filled with a sense of  
surrender.

And,  
says humbly, submissively:  
"I beg your pardon for the insolence."

And,  
begins to flow becoming steadfast, serious,  
devoid of fickle waves,  
like a long initiated *arya* (a female recluse)  
devoid of sensual gestures  
and deformed feelings,  
silent, bowed-eyed!



About half of the journey has been  
completed,  
the travelling group feels that  
the destination is coming towards

them.

There is happiness on the face of  
the pitcher

like an extraordinary, industrious,  
respectful student  
passed in first division.

The family is too puffed up, that

the terrorism returns-

there is

the same colour, the same manner,

the same irony in every organ,

the same idol, the same faces,

the same smart, straight moustaches,

the same gait, the same mode,

the same hook or crook, the same high spirits,

the same black hair,

the same forehead of the cruel death,

the same intoxication, the same condition;

every direction is trembling now.

The same is the tongue, the same sensuality

remaining under no one's control,

the same sound heard before,

the same hearing, the same tune.

There is

the same breath, the same disbelief,

the same destruction, the same

laughing aloud,

the same *tandava* dance,

the same diabolical act,

the same vermilion coloured eyes



which are gazing intently,  
the same skin, the same head,  
the same foot, the same hand,  
the same company in every  
ambush,  
the cheek is the same, the lip is  
the same,  
the redness is the same, the blood  
is the same,  
the feeling is the same, the *dâva*  
(manner) is the same,  
everything is the same, nothing  
new,  
the heart is the same with no  
kindness.

And starts the prayer of terrorism  
to the river:

“Oh mother! Water goddess!

Tell us

whether you make the guilty cross over.

Nurturing the auspicious ones

is proper, is a duty,

but do you love the sinners also?

If not

then... sink... them

who taking the help of the pitcher

praise the earth,

want to cross to the other bank!

There is no limit to their sin,

they have no love for the *punya*

(auspicious act),  
their beloved object is-  
money-prosperity-sensuality-wealth.  
Still... if you lend them  
cooperation,  
your clean history will be ridiculed,  
the faith will dwindle.  
Then what to talk of others,  
there will be a question mark  
on everyone's life.

That way  
you have spell-bound in wood the fire-god  
pain-giving, hot-natured  
which burns itself  
and burns others.  
Then, seeing it sometimes appearing  
in the form of forest fire showing tongue  
repeatedly;  
you have sent to the nether worlds  
in the form of *lava*  
with your invincible strength.

And,  
still your rule is continuing over it!  
Then well,  
what has happened you today?  
Oh mother! Water goddess!  
Tell us.  
We do not know,  
so much change has come in  
you!"

At this the river says now:  
"Whom you ask me to drown,  
in their absence here  
nothing else will be found, remaining except  
absence, that is all.  
What is the value of the sheath  
in the absence of sword?  
What is the value of an enjoyable commodity  
in the absence of enjoyer?  
Whatever grace of the earth is  
is due to these ones  
and, due to persons engaged in service like  
these.

There is no need to tell that  
what will be the condition of the  
crest  
in the absence of the root,  
what will be the condition of the  
flower  
in the absence of the soil.  
Now  
the strength will not be misused,  
surrender has been done,  
energy has turned into worship,  
magnanimity has grown in the  
heart."  
And saying, 'this much is  
sufficient'  
the river becomes silent.



In the steadfastness of terrorism  
there gets in no pain, no sadness  
by the serious silence of the river.  
For some moments... stillness, then!  
The same... wrathful activity...  
towards... the unchanging.

And  
this is the right policy that  
after jumping in the battlefield  
ally-strength is not remembered;  
rather, one has to pounce upon  
the enemy army.  
Taking other's shelter is the  
symbol of humility  
that harms the sentiment of  
heroism;  
not only this,  
the *madada* (help) obtained from  
the friends  
is in reality *mada-da* (pride giving/  
intoxicating)  
which works as an interfering  
darkness  
in the path of victory.

Now, terrorism feels the success  
almost touching the hand,  
not a mirage,  
not a deception!  
It feels the luck cooperating.

And  
the occasion is evaluated,  
the boat gets more speed with the  
wish only  
that the puff of wind is not  
against, that's all.

At last terrorism  
standing before the family as an obstruction in  
the way  
says with a peal of laughter:

“Now adandon the idea of  
crossing over,  
resign from the life,  
you have to get introduced to the  
nether world,  
this is the result of hypocrisy, of  
sin.”

And  
rash showering of stones  
starts on the family.

“That I should be welcomed,  
I should get fine things, charming luxuries-  
if such is your belief full of *tamasata*  
(darkness),  
then tell us  
where is your faith in *samajavada* (socialism)?  
'I' is the foremost  
*samaja* (society) vada me (afterwards)!

O, look at least into the etymology  
of the word!

Samaja means *samuha* (multitude)  
and *samuha* means  
*sam*-proper *uha*- thinking,  
which is the foundation of good  
conduct.

In all, the meaning is this that  
the life of good thoughts and  
conduct  
away from propoganda  
is socialism.

You will not be a socialist  
by merely crying socialism,  
socialism."

Such indecent words are being used  
hearing which fire of anger flares up  
and

the pride writhes.

Seriously hurt with the strokes of stones  
everyone's head is dazed,  
stream of blood flows

with which the current even has become red-  
like-

like two friends of one thinking  
getting angry on terrorism.

The whole family becoming dependant is  
experiencing pain  
except the seth.



Often the *carana* (feet) stop  
as the *âcarana* (conduct) appears  
before  
and  
often the eyes get lowered  
as the curtain comes before.  
The dullard bodied one  
sometimes  
taking the rope to be a serpent  
gets reluctant of sensual objects...  
sometimes  
taking the serpent to be a rope  
gets absorbed in the sensual  
objects.  
It is all the greatness of *moha*  
(delusion)  
which cannot come to an end  
till there lives the ignorance of  
*svabhava* (self-nature).

Yes! Yes! In such a state even  
with fortitude, courage  
before all  
the seth is struggling with the terror.  
Taking the pitcher under the stomach  
the seth is lying down-faced  
for protecting the pitcher,  
is enduring the inendurable fruits of karmas  
independantly,  
the event happened in the jungle being in the  
memory!

From a distance of seven-eight  
hands only  
this *upasarga* (calamity) continues  
cruelly.  
Many times the attempt fails to  
break the pitcher  
on whose strength the bank has to  
be reached,  
not even once the attempt with arms  
succeeds to cut the rope tied in the  
waist  
on whose strength the life has been  
saved;  
probably the water-god on the  
strength of *vikriya* has built a safty  
circle, an aura  
round the family  
seeing the hard penance of the  
pitcher  
who had crossed the river of fire!  
Or,  
this miracle  
may be that of crocodile pearl.

Whatever be the case,  
now terrorism begins to feel defeat near;  
together with this  
the good intentions of the opposite side  
begin to appear in its mind too.

Consequently,  
its bodily strength begins to see



the family with the pitcher  
with the feeling of inability of  
seeing,  
the strength of its mind  
begins to bake itself in the fire of  
anger,  
and  
its vocal strength...  
begins to kneel down before the  
whole atmosphere,  
but  
its deception-strength  
has not vanished,  
that old resolve remains as strong  
as before,  
that is why...  
terrorism taking in its hands  
such a net in which big fish  
can be caught without effort,  
is about to throw it on the family,  
that the wind,  
worshipper of the earth  
is unable to behold it  
and, and what?...  
The wind takes over the form of  
universal annihilation,  
anger increases, mercury rises,  
it is such a cyclone seeing which  
even the strength of *cakravarti* will  
go dizzy!  
It throws the net in distant void  
taking it from the group at once in

one jerk,  
it so seems that  
an attempt is being done to catch  
the brilliant sun  
who swims freely  
in the clean ocean of the sky.  
And  
getting this jerk  
the feet of the group become  
baseless,  
rolling many times, dizzy  
it falls headlong in the boat,  
darkness prevails before it,  
its eyes get closed,  
the heart-beat gets slack,  
becomes senseless  
due to the occurrence of difference  
in the movement of blood.  
But, the moustaches of the group  
do not faint, remain unfainted and  
erect.. as before!

How to infer life,  
the *prana* (vitality) seems to have gone away/  
departed.

With a great swiftness,  
the face of the group averts  
from lustre, from brilliance,  
foams begin to wake in the mouth  
like the sea coast laughing with the earth,  
and  
the boat too begins wavering,

how many times it goes round itself  
is not known!  
The *pranas* of all are about to sink  
with the boat...!



When the cyclone is progressing  
in no time  
towards mischief, towards killing...  
to end this extremity it gets the  
signal  
from the pitcher with a reproach-  
like a servant taking the service of  
the master  
as a source of happiness, the  
wind too  
becomes restrained at the signal  
of the pitcher.  
And  
the boat returns to the previous  
state  
going round the family three times.

The whole atmosphere becomes pleasant  
at the removal of the mishap  
as the senselessness of Laxman broke  
with the sprinkling of water  
from the beautiful palm of Visalya.  
The swoon of the terrorism breaks  
at the cold touch of the water particles  
jumping from the river.  
What to ask then!

the terror again begins to simmer like that of  
Laxman!


'Catch! Catch!  
Stop! Stop!  
Oh deaf ones!  
you hear or not.  
Die or  
support us.  
O ones taking the world down to  
the hell!  
You are not the ones  
who salvage anyone!  
O measures of the sin!  
Listen! Listen!... Listen a bit!

Do not collect money now,  
collect the people!  
And  
distribute properly  
the recklessly collected in greed,  
otherwise,  
in the poor thoughts of stealing rise, have risen.  
'Do not steal', 'do not steal'-  
saying this is only a drama of religion,  
outward civilisation, formality.

The thieves are not so sinful  
as those who create them.  
You are yourselves thieves,  
you nurture thieves  
and

are fathers of thieves too.  
Gentlemen never hide their faults,  
do not harbour even an idea in  
mind to hide,  
rather disclose them.

When Rawan kidnapped Sita she said:  
"If I were not so good looking  
Rawan's mind would not have been filthy,  
and in obtaining this beauty  
the fruition of my *karmas* is the cause,  
the bondage of this karma  
was due to my auspicious-inauspicious actions!  
In such a condition  
declaring Rawan alone guilty  
is to sully one's future-forehead further."



At the oppressing threats of the  
group  
the heart of the family, except that  
of the seth, shakes,  
the feet of its firm determination  
become cold!  
Its will-to-live becomes strong  
and seeing the end of the life  
untimely  
is getting compelled to think of  
self-surrender, that

the river says immediately:  
"Don't be hasty!"

Surrender of truth  
and that too before falsity?  
Oh Lord!  
What sort of time has come,  
will falsity be the ruler now?  
Will the truth be ruled?  
Alas, defeat of diamond-necklace  
in the market of jewellers!  
Alas, the brilliance of the diamond  
is dying  
in the dazzle of glass!  
Now  
chaste woman would walk as a  
servant  
behind the lewd woman.  
In the eyes of falsity  
the true can be false  
and  
the false can be true,  
but  
does the truth also not have  
the discrimination between the  
true and the false?  
Has the truth lost confidence over  
itself?

Will the truth travel now  
sitting on the back of crowd?  
No... no... never.

It has become intolerable now,  
in water, on earth and in sky.

We will oppose it with determination  
till there are *prana* in the body,  
such a thing will not happen,  
this current will not leave its  
permanent path,  
will not leave! Will not leave!"  
Becoming angry while saying,  
getting agitated while flowing  
the river makes the boat dance.  
Seeing the condition of the boat  
changing every moment  
the terrorism remembers the  
*mantra* secretly, that  
at once  
there comes a group of gods  
bowing reverently.  
It requests respectfully for service  
and says, 'let us know the reason  
of remembering, lord!'

Some moments pass in waiting for the orders,  
that  
the gods say in bowing posture:  
"*Vidyabala* (magic power) has its limits, lord!  
We have to work in those limits!  
We are feeling shy in saying that  
we are incapable of  
performing the task in question,  
for this we beg pardon.

By the way,  
Oh lord,

you might have compared your strength  
with that strength!  
Just as we come here,  
we experience that we are standing like young  
deer  
before a lion,  
there arises no question of confrontation.  
In such a situation  
taking the refuge of the family  
is having the helm  
and getting the coast of the limitless.

All other actions will prove as  
*prahara* (attack) and *hara* (defeat)  
definitely;  
even on this,  
if there is the mind to retaliate  
.... then listen!

It is more difficult to bind fire  
than to bind water,  
and even more difficult to bind air.  
But  
binding the blue sky is...  
not possible at all.  
Water can never rule ghee,  
ghee knows how to sit over water,  
poison can never have an effect on gods,  
and ink on beetles."

The gods tell  
many sayings,



inspiring lines,  
many examples, illustrations, new  
and old views,  
and the rare experiences.  
The terrorism somehow gets  
convinced,  
but how could those soon be  
digested!  
Digestion requires sufficient time.  
At once  
the view can change  
but not the conduct,  
the momentum of passion takes  
time  
in getting controlled.



Lo, where is there so much time!  
The incident is to occur-  
that.. in occurring  
some time is ses (remaining) only,  
every thing... that's all... nises (over)!

The girdle of the boat sinks  
where is written-  
'May terrorism be victorious,  
may socialism disappear,  
may differentiation end,  
may sensuality be victorious.'  
Seeing this sight  
the self-confidence of the group  
suddenly gets shocked,

the atmosphere becomes  
calamitous,  
the utterance of the gods comes  
out true.

Alas!

.... Suffocated with repentance,  
becoming perturbed, miserable  
the terrorism with choked throat  
says:

“Without you there is no refuge for  
us,

there is no boat,

pardon, pardon,

o incarnation of forgiveness!

We have committed a great lapse,

it will not be repeated,

believe us!

We are surrounded with crises,

if you wish... save us now,

we are pierced with thorns

if you wish... scatter flowers;

we are... *aparadhi* (culprits)

we wish *apara 'dhi'* (highest intelligence);

show us the path which is true,

do not pass much time!

The progeny may be satanic in  
nature,

yet the mother remains kind to the  
progeny;

progeny or other-than-progeny

when is it acceptable to the being  
of the mother  
to give pain, to torment.

... tell us!"

Saying thus the group's mouth  
shuts.

'When the mind turns to the  
centre

from the layer,

then the movement starts

from the absolutely contrary

meaning to the meaning'-

thinking thus the seth says:

"Brothers, don't become much miserable.

Is demanding a little shade from the tree

which is verdure,

having flowers-fruits-leafs

awaiting traveller,

not a cause of laughter?

Can he not serve water to the person

whom he has invited with respect and request

cooking food of six tastes?

Well, you tell

So far as the question of the  
mother is...

sometimes

due to some reason

excitement, agitation may come in

the eyes of mother,

does come, should come.

But, till today  
the intrusion of anger  
in the glorious lap of the mother  
has neither been heard nor seen-  
the lap  
in which the baby easily passes moments of  
happiness.


And see the magnanimity, the  
benevolence of the mother!  
She is standing with two pitchers  
filled with milk  
on her breast  
since ages, since eternity,  
nurtures the babies struck with  
hunger and thirst,  
and  
silently/secretly clasps to her heart  
caressing the afraid ones, the  
unhappy ones.



When once the mother  
has been accepted as mother,  
then why test and examine her again and again?  
Therefore, now,  
don't look into the mother's eyes  
and don't become *aparadhi* (culprit),  
become *apara 'dhi'* (highest intelligence)  
not '*paradhi*' (lower intelligence),  
become not *paradhina* (dependent)  
but *aparadhina* (independent)!"

Saying so much on the part of the  
seth  
is sufficient that  
the hesitation and the doubt of the  
group ends,  
and  
the group jumps into the current  
from the boat fearlessly  
like a baby in the lap of the  
mother!

At once the family bears the group  
as a mother, idol of affection, bears a child.  
Every member of the group  
gets support with respect  
from every member of the family  
and  
new living beings get new life!

Lo, now occurs...  
complete sinking of the boat,  
the end of the atankavada  
(terrorism)  
and the beginning of the  
*anantavada* (infinitem)!  


Ahead of all is the pitcher  
free from pride-haughtiness,  
two lines of nine persons  
are behind the pitcher.  
They are moving depending mutually

like progenies of one mother,  
like one life having different bodies.

Lines of auspicious wishes  
are coming out from the mouth of  
the pitcher:

“Here... the life of all  
may become auspicious,  
may the shade of happiness spread,  
all inauspicious feelings of everyone  
may vanish,  
the life-creeper of everyone  
may blossom, be verdurous,  
the flowers of virtues may bloom,  
the hope of destruction may vanish,  
and from root to top be fragrant,  
... that's all!”

And at this side... why this  
uneasiness  
in the bank begins to be seen!  
It has to welcome the pitcher.  
There seems  
the brilliance of the baby sun as if  
entangled  
in the constantly rising waves,  
hesitating out of shyness  
like the passionate women in rosy  
*sari*  
taking bath.

The whole atmosphere  
is filled with the love of religion  
and  
the keenly desired river bank  
has come near at hand.

First of all  
accepting the bank's welcome  
the pitcher kisses the bank fondly.  
On the bank the white fumes are  
rising  
having the mixture of the brilliance  
of the sun.  
It seems that the bank itself  
is standing in welcome  
having a rose-garland in hands.

Everyone accepting the breath of happiness  
gets out of the river.  
Everyone's soles of the feet  
touch the unique soil of the earth,  
then,  
they mutually untie the rope  
tied at the waist that  
the rope says:  
"Forgive me,  
I caused you pain.  
Getting scratched  
your lean waists  
have become smaller, somewhat torn."  
At once the family  
expressing gratitude says:

“No.. no  
oh modest one!  
Performer of other's welfare!  
It is the result of your kindness  
that...  
we could come to the bank.  
Today we know correctly  
who possesses what ability,  
whose field of action is to what  
extent.  
The conception that  
only material cause is the creator  
of effect  
seems defective,  
the favour of efficient cause is  
necessary too.  
Yes! Yes!  
The material cause gets moulded  
into effect  
is an irrefutable law.

But in its getting moulded  
the help of efficient cause is necessary too;  
thus, it will be better to say that  
if there is any friend of the material cause  
there...  
then definitely, it is the efficient cause  
which constantly, regularly keeps company  
up to the destination.”

And once more  
looking with eyes of respect



towards the rope  
the family proceeds further  
filling the pitcher with filtered water.  
It is the same old place  
where the potter has come for  
taking the clay!

The pitcher with the family  
greeted the potter,  
memories become fresh  
as on getting the touch of the air  
the pond becomes wavy.



The happy and joyous earth says:  
"Seeing your progress,  
seeing your pride-removing  
obeisance  
the mother-existence is happy,  
son.

"Child is the father of man"  
son, said I at the time when...  
you obeyed me  
and  
you associated with the potter.  
Then it became the first canto  
of the creative life.  
There should be the feeling of surrender  
towards the one with whom we associate.  
That you denounced your ego at his feet  
was the second canto of the creative life.

After surrender, the surrendered  
has to pass through big tests;  
and.. listen!  
Frank criticism is done,  
you took the fire test  
with enthusiasm, with courage,  
and  
you endured calamities,  
was the third canto of the creative  
life.  
The result does come out after  
examination,  
that  
you turned the dependant  
*anusvara* (nasal sound) i.e.  
only a dot like *varna-jivan* (life of  
the alphabet)  
into an upward looking, upward  
moving  
independent *visarga* (colon like  
sign :-)  
it was the last canto  
of the *srjanasila* (creative) life.

Like the element 'srj'  
getting different *upasargas* (prefixes,  
tribulations)  
you made yourself spontaneous/natural;  
that was the vargatita *apavarga* (state beyond  
class structure)  
of the *srjanasila* (creative) life."



Hearing the wishes of the earth  
everyone along with the pitcher  
looked at the potter with eyes of  
gratitude.

In the posture of modesty the potter says-  
"This is all the grace of ascetics and saints,  
I am only a small servant  
absorbed in their service,  
nothing else."

And  
attracts everyone's attention  
towards the detached ascetic  
sitting at some distance  
under a tree  
on a stone slab,  
.... that at once  
respectfully everyone going round  
offers obeisance in the lotus feet of the  
reverend-feet.  
The feet are consecrated,  
the water of the consecration is put on the  
head.  
Then,  
everyone awaits the Guru's grace  
like a *cataka* (a bird).

On passing of some moments  
the, pleasant mouth of Gurudeva  
begins to distribute the *prasada*,  
the hand of fearlessness rises  
which signifies-

'May you attain eternal bliss'.  
At this at once  
the terrorism says:  
"Oh Lord!  
The whole world  
is full of misery,  
there is pleasure here, but sensual  
and that too momentary!  
This.. we have experienced,  
but  
are not getting confident  
of imperishable bliss.  
Yes yes!! if  
after obtaining the imperishable  
bliss  
you yourself  
might show us that bliss  
or  
tell your experience  
in that respect  
.... then

possibly  
getting assured  
we may adopt in life  
the *sadhana* of your type,  
otherwise  
our wish will not get fulfilled.  
Therefore,  
give us the word-  
'May your wish be fulfilled',  
it will be a great grace on us.'



Hearing the notion of the group  
the saint says softly smiling-  
"It is impossible,  
the reason... listen I tell ...  
Gurudeva has asked me  
not to give words to any one,  
because I have given words to the  
Guru:  
Yes! Yes!  
If someone promising  
innocent, strayed;  
filled with submissiveness  
with a desire for his welfare  
wants some guidance  
then...  
Lecture him  
in good-short-sweet words,  
but  
never forgetfully even in the  
dream  
give words to any one.

The other thing is  
that annihilation from the roots  
of the body, *mana* (mind) and speech-  
binding one,/ bondages,  
is Moksa (liberation).  
The imperishable bliss  
occurs in its pure form in Moksa,  
after attaining which  
how is it possible to come in Samsara here?  
You tell!

When there is progress of the milk  
then there is merriment of the  
ghee,  
but  
is the return of ghee  
in the form of milk possible?  
You tell!

Seeing the features of the group  
the saint again says:  
“Even now  
if you are not convinced  
in connection with the *Sramana-sadhana*  
and  
the imperishable bliss  
then...  
I tell something in the end-

“Not spatially,  
but from the view point of conduct  
where I am  
see me going over there,  
you will rightly get acquainted with  
me,  
because  
looking down from top  
I get dizzy  
and  
the guess of the upside from  
below  
turns out almost false.

Therefore have faith  
on these words,  
yes, yes!!  
The faith will obtain experience  
will definitely obtain,  
but not in the way, at the destination!"  
And  
the saint gets absorbed  
in the great silence...  
and like beholding the atmosphere unblinkingly  
... the Silent Soil.



## Glossary of the Hindi words and there meaning

### A

अब	aba	now
अबला	abalā	woman
अबीर	abira	a red powder
अदर्शन	adarśana	not in sight
अग्निशामक वृत्ति	agni śamaka vṛtti	putting out the fire method
अकेली	akeli	alone
अक्षत	akṣata	not hurt, rice
अमावस्या	amāvasyā	fifteenth of dark fortnight
अनघ	anagha	sinless
अनन्तवाद	anantavāda	ininitism
अंग	anga	body
अंगना	anganā	woman
अंत	anta	end
अंतःकरण	antahkaraṇa	conscience
अन्तराय	antarāya	hinderance
अन्तर्यामि	antarayāmi	god
अनुस्वार	anusvāra	nasal sound
अपराधी	aparadhī	culprit
अपवर्ग	apavarga	salutation
अपुण्य	apunya	inauspicious, demerit
अर्थ	artha	meaning, money
अर्थक्रिया	arthakriyā	working, action, basic act
असाता	asātā	pain
अशोक	aśoka	a tree



अस्त	asta	setting (of sun )
अश्रु	asrū	tear
असु	asu	vital force
अति	ati	extreme
अतिचार	aticāra	transgression, indulgence in worldly pleasures
अतिथि	atithi	guest without predetermination
अत्र	atra	here
अवगम	avagama	knowledge
अवसर	avasara	occasion, opportunity
अवीर	avīra	not brave
आदर्श	ādarśa	looking glass, ideal
आदमी	ādami	man
आहारदान	āhāradāna	food offering
आँचल	aṁcala	corner of sari
आरी	āri	table saw
आरती	ārti	moving round of lamp in veneration
आर्य	ārya	noble man
आशा	āśā	hope
आषाढ़	aṣāḍa	a month
आस्तिक	āstika	believer
आत्मसाधना	ātma sādhanā	spiritual performance

## B

बदली	badali	a small cloud
बकवाद	bakavāda	idle talk
बला	balā	trouble

बंदर	bandara	monkey
बर्तन	bartana	pot
बाती	bāti	wick
भगोनी	bhagoni	a pot
भला	bhalā	good
भँवर	bhamvara	swirl
भविष्य	bhaviṣya	future
भा	bhā	first word of bhagya (fortune)
भाल	bhāla	forehead
भावना	bhāvanā	feeling
भिक्षार्थी	bhikṣārthi	desirous of alms
भिन्न	bhinna	different
भोग	bhoga	enjoyable thing
भ्रामरी वृत्ति	bhrāmari vṛtti	beetle method
भू	bhū	earth, soil etc
भूचर	bhūcara	land farer
भूधर	bhūdhara	mountain
भूख	bhūkha	hunger
भूमिका	bhūmikā	introduction, background
बिन्दी	bindi	round mark
बोना	bonā	dwarf, sow
ब्रह्मरंध्र	brahma randhra	suture in the skull
ब्रह्मा	brahmā	supreme soul
बुद्धि	buddhi	intelligence
बुरा	burā	bad
बूरा	būrā	powdered sugar

## C

चैत्यालय	caityālaya	a small temple
----------	------------	----------------

चक्रवर्ती	cakravartī	ruler of the six sections of Bharat kshetra
चन्द्रकान्त	candrakanta	moon stone
चरण	carana	foot, conduct
चर्या	carya	goings
चारण	cārana	ascetics with power to move high above the earth
चारु	cāru	beautiful, appealing
चातक	cātaka	a bird
छिद्र	chidra	hole
छि छि थू थू	chih chih thu thu	fie ! pish!, tut!
चिन्ता	cintā	worry

## D

दक्षिणा	dakṣiṇa	honorarium, reward
दल	dala	party
दलदल	dala dala	marsh
दम	dama	restraint, stamina
दरिद्र नारायण	daridra nārāyaṇa	have-not
दया निधान	daya nidhāna	abode of kindness
धम्मं सरणं	dhammam	I go to the shelter
गच्छामि	saraṇam gacchāmi	of religion
धरा	dharā	earth
धर्म	dharma	religion
धरती	dharatī	earth
धाम	dhāma	home
धारिणी	dhāriṇī	earth
धीरता	dhīratā	patience

धो खा दिया	dho khā diya	washed and ate up
धोती	dhoti	loin cloth
धौव्य	dhrauvya	permanence
ध्यान	dhyāna	meditation
दिगम्बर	digambara	naked saint and their followers
द्रवीभूत	dravibhūta	to melt
द्रव्य	dravya	substance
दुहिता	duhitā	daughter

## G

गद	gada	disease
गम	gama	grief, tolerance
गंदा	gandā	dirty
गंध	gandha	smell, fragrance
गंदोदक	gandodaka	water of consecration
गति	gati	mode, state
घडी	ghaḍi	a duration of 24 minutes
घन	ghana	cloud, sledge hammer
घरू	gharu	a pot
घट	ghata	pitcher, heart
घाम	ghāma	heat
घूँघट	ghumghata	veil
गोचरीवृत्ति	gocari vṛtti	cow - grazing method
गुरवेल	guravela	a creeper

## H

हलवा	halvā	a sweet meat
हर	hara	sound of waves
हा	hā	oh
हॉडी	hāṇḍi	a pot

हार	hāra	necklace
हित	hita	welfare
हीरा	hīrā	diamond

## I

इति	iti	end
इतिहास	itihāsa	history, past

## J

जड धी	Jada dhi	foolish
जल धर	Jala dhara	cloud
जलधि	Jaladhi	sea
जलांजलि	jalanjali	giving up
जलता	jalatā	wateriness
जंगम	jangama	a moving being
जय	jaya	victory
झाग	jhāga	foams
जीत	jīta	victory
जीव	jīva	a living being
ज्ञान	jñāna	cognition
ज्वर	jvara	fever
ज्वार	jvāra	(great) millet, tide

## K

कलश	kalaśa	urn
कलशी	kalaśi	small urn
कला	kalā	art
कलियुग	kaliyuga	age of vice
कल्प	kalpa	period of innumerable years

कल्पवृक्ष	kalpavṛkṣa	a tree supposed to grant all desires
कमल	kamala	lotus
कमलनि	kamalani	small lotus
कमण्डलु	kamandalu	pot used by ascetics
कमनीयता	kamaniyatā	beauty
कर	kara	hand, tax
करण	karaṇa	Instrument
कर्णाटकी	karnātaki	of karnataka
करपात्री	karapātri	one using palms as utensil for food
कर्म	karma	subtle molecules bound by one's actions
कर्णिका	karṇika	stem
कटि	kati	waist
कटी	katī	cut
कषाय	kaṣaya	passion
काई	kāi	moss
काल	kāla	time
काम	kāma	lust
कामना	kāmanā	desire
कापोत	kāpota	grey
कारक	kāraka	instrument
कारण	kāraṇa	cause, reason
कार्मिक	kārmika	related to karma
कार्य	kārya	effect
कायरता	kāyaratā	cowardice
कायोत्सर्ग	kāyotasarga	standing posture of meditation, withdrawal of attention from the body

खदबद	khadabada	boiling sound
खम्मामि खमंतु मे	khammami	I forgive,
	khamantu me	forgive me
खरा	khara	pure, genuine
खस	hasa	a grass
खिचड़ी	khicaḍi	mixed preparation of rice pulse etc.
किस	kisa	which
किसलय	kisalaya	which tune
किसलिये	kisaliye	what for
कृपाण	kṛpāṇa	dagger
कुमारी	kumāri	unmarried girl
कुंभक प्राणायाम	kumbhaka	restraining the deep
	prāṇāyāma	breath taken
कुंद	kunda	a king of flower,
कुण्डल	kunḍala	a large sized earring
कुशलता	kuśalata	skill, well-being

## L

लवण भास्कर	lavana bhāskara	medicinal powder
लय	laya	tune
लाभ	lābha	gain
लावा	lāvā	lava
लेश्या	leśyā	thought paint, emotional tinge, inclination
लीला	līlā	sport, fun and frolic
लोहे से लोहा लो	lohe se lohā lo	cross sword against iron
लोक मंगल	loka mangala	universal welfare
लोटा	lotā	a round metal utensil

## M

मद	mada	pride
मदद	madada	help
मध्यम	madhyama	unattached
महावीर	mahāvira	a very brave one
महेरी	maheri	butter milk
महिला	mahila	woman
मही	mahī	earth
मैं दो गला	mai do galā	melt the ego
मैं दोगला	mai dogalā	I am a bastard
मलय	malaya	a mountain
मन	mana	mind
मंगल	mangala	auspiciousness
मंत्र	mantra	spell, incantation
मर	mara	die
मरहम	marahama	ointment
मठा	maṭha	butter milk
मति	mati	sensibility, mind
मौन	mauna	silence, quiescence
माध्यम	mādhyaṃ	medium
माहोल	māhola	atmosphere
मानसरोवर	mānasarovara	a palce in Himalayas
मानवता	mānavatā	humanity
मानवत्ता	mānavattā	pride
मातृ	mātr	mother, cognition
माया	māyā	delusion, illusion
में	me	in
मेरु	meru	a mountain
मोदक	modaka	sweet ball
मोह	moha	delusion



मोक्ष	mokṣa	salvation
मृदंग	mṛdanga	a musical instrument
मूल	mūla	root
मुक्ता	muktā	pearl
मुमुक्षु	mumukṣu	one desirous of liberation

## N

नैमित्तिक	naimittika	efficiently caused
नमन	namana	bowing
नमस्कार	namaskāra	salutation
नमोस्तु	namostu	bowing reverently
नन्दन	nandana	a forest
नर	nara	man
नशिया जी	naśiyaji	a religious place
नाडी	naḍi	pulse
नाक में दम	nāka me dama	has plagued
कर रखा है	kara rakhā ha	
नागिन	nāgina	she-serpant
नाली	nali	drain
नारायण	nārāyaṇa	god
नारी	nāri	woman
नासा	nāsā	nose
नास्तिक	nāstika	non-believer
निर्मद	nirmada	prideless
निःशेष	niḥśeṣa	nil
निष्ठा	niṣṭha	faith
नियति	niyati	destiny
नियोग	niyoga	rule, duty

## P

पद	pada	status , foot
पदम्	padma	pink
पना	panā	juice
पंथ	pantha	sect
परखो	parakho	examine
परस्परपगृहो	parasparopagraho	mutual
जीवानां	jivaṇam	benevolence amongst jivas
परिग्रह	parigraha	possessions
परिणति	pariṇati	mode
पराभव	parābhava	defeat
पराधीन	parādhina	dependant, in bondage
पराग	parāga	pollen
परात	parāta	a pot
परावाक्	parāvāk	sound that rises from mula cakra
पश्यन्ति	paśyanti	is called paśyanti when that sound comes to the navel
पौराणिक	paurānika	related to prehistorical times
पवज्जामि	pavajjāmi	I go
पयोधर	payodhar	cloud
पाग	pāga	a thing boiled in sugar - syrup
पालक	pālaka	upbringer
पानी	pāni	water
पाणिग्रहण	pānigrahaṇa	marriage

पाप	pāpa	sin
पापड	pāpada	a thin crisp cake
पारिजात	pārijatā	a flower
पात्र	pātra	deserving one
पावनता	pāvanatā	piaty
पाव नता	pāva natā	bending of foot
पायस	pāyasa	water
पीत	pīta	yellow
प्रदर्शन	pradarśana	show
प्रहर	prahara	quarter of a day
प्रहार	prahāra	attack
प्रक्षालन	prakṣālana	consecration, washing
प्रमाण	pramaṇa	valid knowledge
प्रमातृ	pramaṭri	knower
प्रमेय	prameya	object of knowledge
प्रमीति	pramiti	knowledge
प्रसाद	prasāda	blessing , boon
प्रस्तवन	prastavana	eulogy
प्रतिशोध	pratiśodha	revenge
प्रतिष्ठा	pratiṣṭhā	establishment, prestige
प्रयोग	prayoga	experiment, exercise, use
प्राकृत	prākṛta	natural
प्राण	prāṇa	vitality
प्राण ग्रहण	prāṇa grahaṇa	killing
प्राणायाम	prāṇāyāma	breathing exercise
प्रासाद	prāsāda	palace
पुण्य	punya	merit
पूरक	pūraka	deep inhaling
पुरुष	puruśa	man, soul
पुरुषार्थ	puruśartha	human endeavour

## R

रमण	ramaṇa	absorption, merriment
रस	rasa	sentiment
रसना	rasnā	tongue
रस्सी	rassī	rope
रत्नाकर	ratnākara	abode of jewels
राग	rāga	attachment
राहु	rāhu	a planet
राज	rāja	a secret
राजसता	rājasatā	arrogance,
		rage, passion
राजसत्ता	rājasattā	rulership
राजा	rājā	ruler
राख	rākha	ashes
रामबाण	rāmbāna	sure cure
ऋषि	ṛiṣi	saint

## S

शब्द	śabda	word
सदाशयी	sadaśayi	well meaning
सघन	saghana	dense
सहज सुख	sahaja sukha	spontaneous
		happiness
सहित	sahita	accompanied
		with welfare
शकल	śakala	face, features
शकार त्रय	śakara traya	ś s ṣ
सल्लेखना	sallekhnā	fast unto death
सम	sama	equity
समधी	samadhi	equanimous mind

समग्र	samagra	totality
समष्टि	samaṣṭi	totality
समस्तु	samastu	be there the peace be equanimous
समता	samata	equanimity
समवसरण	samavasaraṇa	preaching hall of Jinendra
समय	samaya	indivisible fraction of time
समाधि	samādhi	transe
समाजवाद	samājavada	socialism
समिति	samiti	cautions in actions
संकल्प	saṁkalpa	determination
संसार	saṁsara	going around through births & deaths
संस्तवन	samstavana	prayer
संस्था	saṁsthā	institution
संस्कार	saṁskāra	mental impressions
समूह	samūh	group, multitude
संवेग	saṁvega	fear of worldly transmigration
संयम	saṁyama	restraint
संगत	sangata	accompaniment
संजीवनी	sanjiavni	a medicine
शंकातीत	śankātita	beyond doubt
सरदार	saradāra	chief
सरगम	saragama	gamut, musical notes
सत्	sat	good, pious
सतोगुण	satoguṇa	sublime virtues
सतयुग	satyuga	virtuous age

शौच	śauca	cleanliness, evacuation of excrement
साधक	sādhaka	endeavouring person
साधन	sādhana	means
साधना	sādhanā	endeavour
साडी	sādi	sari
साध्य	sādhya	aim
साहित्य	sāhitya	literature
साक्षात्कार	sākṣātkāra	interview
शाला	śālā	school
शान्त	śānta	peaceful
शासन	śāsana	rule, government
शाश्वत	śāśvata	eternal
साथी	sāthi	friend
सात्विक	sātvika	virtuous
शेष	śeṣa	remaining
सेवा	seva	service
शिल्प	śilpa	art
सिंहासन	simhasana	throne
सिंदुर	sindura	vermillion
शील	śīla	good character
शीसम	śīsama	wood of a tree
शीर्शासन	śīrsāsana	an exercise with feet upside and head below
शोध	śodha	purification
स्नातक	snātaka	designation of omniscients
सोना सो गया हैं	sona so gaya ha	gold has slept
सृजनशील	srjanasīla	creative
श्रमण	śramaṇa	an ascetic

शृंगार	śrangāra	the erotic sentiment
सृष्टि	śraṣṭi	creation, world
श्रुति	sruti	scriptural saying
स्थित प्रज्ञ	sthita prajna	man with unshakable mental equilibrium
स्थिति	sthiti	state
स्त्री	stri	woman
सुधाकर	sudhākara	abode of nectar
शुक्ल	śukla	white
सुंदर	sundara	beautiful
सूर्यकान्त	sūryakānta	the jasper
सुषुम्ना	suśumnā	period when ambiva- lent elements work
सुता	suta	daughter
सूत्र	sūtra	aphorism
स्वभाव	svabhāva	nature
स्वपन	svapana	ones ownness
स्वप्न	svapna	dream
स्वरूप	svarūpa	nature
स्वामिन	svāmin	lord
श्वास	śvāsa	breath
स्वस्थ	svastha	healthy
स्वास्तिक	svāstika	an auspicious mark 卐
स्वस्ति	svāti	a star
स्वयंभू	svayambhu	self born, ingenerate

## T

तमप्रभा	tamaprabhā	one of the hells
तन	tana	body
तप	tapa	austerity, penance

तथाकार	tathākāra	ture shape giver
तत्त्व दर्शन	tattva darśana	realisation of supreme truth
तामसता	tāmasata	obscurity
तामसिकता	tāmasikata	viciousness, passion
ताण्डव	tāṇḍava	a violent dance
तिलक	tilaka	a sandal mark over the forehead
तिन	tina	a mrdanga sound
तिष्ठ	tiṣṭha	stay
तोला	tola	a small weight
त्रस्त	trasta	miserable

## U

उदय	udaya	rise
उह	uha	thinking
उल्लेखना	ullekhanā	utterance
उपचार	upacāra	treatment, complimentarily
उपहार	upahāra	a present
उपकार	upakāra	benefaction
उपकरण	upakaraṇa	appliance
उपसर्ग	upasarga	calamity, a prefix
उपयोग	upayoga	state of consciousness
उपादान	upādāna	material cause
उपादेय	upādeya	fit to be had
उपाश्रम	upāśrama	a spritual, religious place
उर	ura	serpant
उरग	uraga	breast



## V

वज्र	vajra	thunderbolt
वैभव	vaibhava	prosperity, affluence
वैखरी	vaikhari	sound rising from mula cakra coming at throat is called vaikhari
वलय	valaya	fold, circle
वन्दन	vandana	obeisance,
वंश	vanśa	lineage, bamboo
वर तन	vara tana	noble body
वर्गातीत	vargatita	beyond class structure
वर्ण	varṇa	caste, alphabet
वसुधा	vasudhā	earth
वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्	vasudhaiva kutumbkam	earth is one family
वसुन्धरा	vasundharā	earth
वात्सल्य	vatsalya	affection
वेतन	vetana	pay
विभाव	vibhāva	deformity
विधि	vidhi	method
विद्या	vidyā	knowledge, learning
विद्याबल	vidyābala	magic power
विद्याधर	vidyādhara	pre historic persons with miraculous powers
विघन	vighana	interference, separation
विग्रह	vighraha	body, quarrel
विकल	vikala	restless, distressed
विकल्प	vikalpa	thought, alternative

विक्रिया	vikriya	extraordinary powers of creating bodies & things
विपश्यना	vipasyana	vipasyana
विसर्ग	visarga	a colon like sign (:)
विश्वास	viśavasa	belief
विषधर वृत्ति	viṣadhara vṛtti	snake habit
व्यथाकार	vyathakāra	disease creator
व्यय	vyaya	destruction, consumption

## Y

यथाजात	yathajata	naked
यथाकार	yathakara	fact reporter
योग	yoga	mental, bodily and vocal actions ;penance
योजन	yojana	a distance of about 8 miles
योनि	yonī	mode of existence
युक्त	yuktam	combined, together

## Diacritical Marks

### Vowels

अ	आ	इ	ई	उ	ऊ
a	ā	i	ī	u	ū
ऋ	ए	ऐ	ओ	औ	
r	e	ai	o	au	

### Consonants

क	ख	ग	घ	ङ	
k	kh	g	gh	ṅ	
च	छ	ज	झ	ञ	
c	ch	j	jh	ñ	
ट	ठ	ड	ढ	ण	
t	ṭh	ḍ	ḍh	ṇ	
त	थ	द	ध	न	
t	th	d	dh	n	
प	फ	ब	भ	म	
p	ph	b	bh	m	
य	र	ल	व	श	
y	r	l	v	ś	
ष	स	ह	ः (अनुस्वार)	ः (विसर्ग)	
ṣ	s	h	m̐	ḥ	

## भगवान ऋषभदेव ग्रन्थमाला

श्री दिगम्बर जैन अतिशय क्षेत्र मन्दिर संघीजी, सांगानेर (जयपुर) से  
प्रकाशित ग्रन्थों का विवरण

1. प्रवचनसार 75/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	15. कर्तव्यपथ प्रदर्शन 30/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
2. समयसार 80/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	16. भाग्य परीक्षा 25/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
3. जयोदय महाकाव्य 150/- (पूर्वार्ध एवं उत्तरार्ध) महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	17. ऋषभ चरित्र 26/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
4. वीरोदय महाकाव्य 100/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	18. गुण सुन्दर वृत्तान्त 20/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
5. सुदर्शनोदय महाकाव्य 75/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	19. सरल जैन विवाह विधि 15/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
6. दयोदय (चम्पू) 30/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	20. पवित्र मानव जीवन 20/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
7. विवेकोदय 30/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	21. सचित्त विवेचन 12/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
8. समुद्रदत्त चरित्र (भाग्योदय) 30/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	22. सचित्त विचार 12/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
9. सम्यक्त्व सार शतक 60/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	23. स्वामी कुन्दकुन्द और सनातन जैन धर्म 20/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
10. तत्त्वार्थसूत्र महाशास्त्र 60/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	24. इतिहास के पन्ने 15/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
11. मुनि मनोरंजनाशीति 20/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	25. शांतिनाथ पूजन विधान 20/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी (अनुवादक निहालचन्द जैन)
12. भक्ति संग्रह 20/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	26. मानवधर्म (अंग्रेजी) 50/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी
13. हित सम्पादक 30/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	27. सुदर्शनोदय (अंग्रेजी) 100/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी (बलजीतसिंह)
14. मानवधर्म (हिन्दी) 30/- महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी	

28. महा. आ. ज्ञानसागरजी के हिन्दी साहित्य की मौलिक विशेषताएँ डॉ. के.एल. जैन 10/-	41. सम्यक्त्वाचरण मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी 10/-
29. महाकवि आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी संस्कृत साहित्य में प्रकृति चित्रण की विशेषताएँ 10/- डॉ. किरण टण्डन	42. दृष्टि में सृष्टि 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
30. महाकवि आ. ज्ञानसागर के काव्य एक अध्ययन 65/- डॉ. किरण टण्डन	43. तीर्थप्रवर्तक 35/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
31. आ. ज्ञानसागर साहित्य में पर्यावरण एक दृष्टि 50/- पं. निहालचन्द जैन	44. श्रुत दीप 16/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
32. आ. ज्ञानसागर द्वारा स्मृत साहित्य डॉ. रमेश चन्द जैन 50/-	45. जियें तो कैसे जियें ? 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
33. आचार्य विद्यासागर ग्रन्थावली I, II, III, IV 100/-, 85/- आ. विद्यासागरजी	46. चित्त चमत्कार 14/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
34. विद्याधर से विद्यासागर 40/- डॉ. सुरेश 'सरल'	47. संस्कृति संस्कार 14/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
35. जे गुरु चरण जहाँ पड़े 20/- एलबम	48. नियति की सीमा 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
36. आध्यात्मिक पनघट 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी	49. फूटी आँख विवेक की 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
37. नग्नत्व क्यों और कैसे ? 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी	50. नाव और नाविक 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
38. मुनि का मुखरित मौन 15/- (कविताएँ) मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी	51. कड़वा-मीठा सच 20/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
39. अद्यो सोपान 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी	52. वास्तुकला का कीर्तिस्तम्भ 7/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
40. जीवन एक चुनौती 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी	53. सुधा सन्दोहन 5/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
	54. मु. श्री सुधासागरजी व्यक्तित्व और कृतित्व 35/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
	55. कुंद-कुंद वाणी विशेषांक 15/-
	56. अंजना पवनंजय नाटकम् 20/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
	57. आदिब्रह्मा ऋषभदेव 25/- अनुवाद डॉ. रमेशचंद जैन

58. बौद्ध दर्शन की शास्त्रीय समीक्षा 30/- डॉ. रमेशचंद जैन	72. सर्वार्थसिद्धि का समीक्षात्मक अध्ययन डॉ. सीमा जैन 50/-
59. हे ज्ञानदीप आगम प्रणाम 10/- डॉ. रमेशचंद जैन	73. पासणाहचरित-एक समीक्षात्मक अध्ययन 50/- डॉ. सुरेन्द्रकुमार जैन 'भारती'
60. वास्तुसार प्रसाद मंडन 125/-	74. संस्कृत साहित्य में बीसवीं शताब्दी के जैन मनीषियों का योगदान 50/- डॉ. नरेन्द्रसिंह राजपूत
61. वास्तुसार प्रकरण 125/- श्री परम जैन चंदाडगज ठक्कर फेरू	75. चारित्र चक्रवर्ती 80/- पं. सुमेरचन्द दिवाकर
62. सल्लेखना दर्शन 20/- सम्पादक-डॉ. रमेशचंद जैन सल्लेखना पर विद्यत् संगोष्ठी-ललितपुर	76. मोक्षमार्ग प्रकाशक 65/- पं. टोडरमलजी
63. विश्व के कीर्तिस्तम्भ 151/- नवगजरथ स्मारिका, ललितपुर	77. नीति वाक्यमृत 65/- पं. सोमदेव
64. कीर्तिस्तम्भ 185/- आ. ज्ञानसागर द्वारा रचित वीरोदय पर द्वितीय विद्वत् संगोष्ठी, अजमेर(राज.)	78. आहारदान कैसे 8/- श्री देशराज 'एडवोकेट'
65. लघुत्रयी मंथन 90/- (आ. ज्ञानसागर द्वारा रचित सुदर्शनोदय भद्रोदय/दयोदय पर तृतीय विद्वत् संगोष्ठी-ब्यावर)	79. माँ मुझे मत मारो 15/- डॉ. सुनील जैन एवं त्रिशला जैन
66. जयोदय महाकाव्य परिशीलन 150/- (आ. ज्ञानसागर रचित जयोदय पर चतुर्थ विद्वत् संगोष्ठी-किशनगढ़)	80. जिनपूजा 40/- संकलन
67. महाकवि आ. ज्ञानसागर अध्यात्मक सन्दोहन(आ. ज्ञानसागर साहित्य पर पंचम विद्वत् संगोष्ठी, जयपुर) 90/-	81. महाकवि आ. विद्यासागर की साहित्य साधना एवं शोध संदर्शिका 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
68. जैन दर्शन में रत्नत्रय का स्वरूप 20/- डॉ. नरेन्द्र कुमार जैन	82. आ. ज्ञानसागरवाङ्मय में नय निरूपण पं. शिवचरण लाल जैन 35/-
69. जैन राजनैतिक चिन्तनधारा 20/- डॉ. विजयलक्ष्मी जैन	83. आ. ज्ञानसागर साहित्य में चित्रालंकार डॉ. रुद्रदत्त त्रिपाठी 30/-
70. जयोदय महाकाव्य का समीक्षात्मक अध्ययन 45/- डॉ. कैलाशपति पाण्डेय	84. आ. विद्यासागर का व्यक्तित्व एवं काव्यकला 50/- डॉ. माया जैन
71. जयोदय महाकाव्य का शैली वैज्ञानिक अनुशीलन 35/- डॉ. कु. अनुराधा जैन	85. महापर्व-राज 20/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी
	86. जिन्दगी का सच 15/- मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी

- |   |  |       |
|---|--|-------|
| 87. पणमामि चरणं विसुद्धतरं  | 104. पथ ऑफ़ ड्यूटी   | 35/-  |
| 88. सुधासागर हिन्दी-इंग्लिश डिक्शनरी<br>संपादक-डॉ. रमेशचन्द 300/-                 | 105. गुण सुन्दर व्रतान्त में आगम कथायें<br>श्रीमती अल्का मिश्रा  | 50/-  |
| 89. सांख्य दर्शन की शास्त्रीय समीक्षा<br>डॉ. शक्तिबाला कौशल                       | 106. आचार्य जिनसेन कृत हरिवंश पुराण<br>परिशीलन (कोटा स्मारिका)   | 150/- |
| 90. आ. ज्ञानसागर की साहित्य साधना<br>एवं सांगानेर जिनबिम्ब दर्शन                  | पं. सुरेन्द्र कुमार जैन  |       |
| 91. शोध संदर्शिका महाकवि आचार्य<br>ज्ञानसागर के वाङ्मय समाहित<br>शोध विषयक शीर्षक | 107. वीरोदय महाकाव्य की सूक्तियों का<br>समीक्षात्मक अध्ययन       | 20/-  |
| प्रेरणा मुनि सुधासागरजी   | हेमन्त सिंह रावत   |       |
| 92. अब आई अक्ल ठिकाने   | 108. आचार्य ज्ञानसागर द्वारा विरचित<br>'जयोदय' महाकाव्य          |       |
| मुनि श्री सुधासागरजी  | 'चमत्कारतत्त्व' के परिप्रेक्ष्य में                              |       |
| 93. ऋषभदेव चारित्र  | समीक्षात्मक अध्ययन   | 50/-  |
| आचार्य ज्ञानसागरजी  | 109. आचार्य ज्ञानसागर के हिन्दी साहित्य<br>का समीक्षात्मक अध्ययन | 50/-  |
| 94. व्रत विधि विधान संग्रह  | डॉ. राजुल जैन  |       |
| 95. सांगानेर वाले बाजा भगवान  | 110. जयोदय महाकाव्य का दार्शनिक<br>एवं सांस्कृतिक अध्ययन         | 50/-  |
| आदिनाथ पूजन आरती चालीसा   | डॉ. रेखा रानी  |       |
| 96. भद्रोदय (अंग्रेजी)  | 111. परम सुधासागर  |       |
| 97. सामान्य-ज्ञान-प्रथम   | पं. लालचन्द जैन 'राकेश'  |       |
| क्षु. गम्भीरसागरजी  | 112. मुनि सुधासागर : व्यक्तित्व और<br>सृजन                       | 60/-  |
| 98. पार्श्वनाथ चरित्र   | डॉ. दीपक कुमार जैन   |       |
| जय कुमार जैन  | 113. यागमण्डल पंचकल्याणक पूजन                                    | 25/-  |
| 99. ज्ञान का सागर   | संकलनकर्ता : ब्र. सुरेन्द्र कुमार<br>जैन 'सरस'                   |       |
| सुरेश सरल   | 114. जैन दर्शन में अनेकान्तवाद :<br>एक परिशीलन                   | 100/- |
| 100. समागम  | डॉ. अशोक कुमार जैन   |       |
| 101. सुधा का सार  | 115. Silent Soil   | 150/- |
| सुरेश सरल   | मूक माटी   |       |
| 102. वसुधा पर विद्या सागर   |  |       |
| 103. आचार्य विद्यासागर ग्रन्थावली<br>परिशीलन                                      |  |       |
| सीकर स्मारिका रमेशचंद   |  |       |

## Errata

Page	Line	Word/Words	Correct Form
Six	9	hybroid	hybrid
Nine	4	says...bravo	remains...unblinking
Nine	13	Jaipur...	Jaipur and Shri Remash Chandra Manya (Kalptaru Multipliers Pvt. Ltd., Bhopal) Ex. Dy. Secretary Law, M.P.
Nine	13	he	they
78	17	(red powdor) for the face.	(vermilion)
96	28	Jvara	(great millet)
183	8	neither	nether
226	24	biie	bile
231	4	thy	thine
249	3	of seem	seem
278	7	smoldering	smouldering
295	12	svapana	svapna
322	12	become	becomes
326	28	akhata	aksata
331	3	never say	never says
	25	never say	never says
335	28	bunches, of fruets,	bunches of fruits,
350	24	purus	purusa
399	21	S, Sa, Sa	Śa, Sa, Śa
400	20	p	pa
	21	p	pa
415	5	cross sword with the iron	cross sword against the iron
440	1	begins	begin
	4	spread	spreads
471	24	has the...itself	has the...itself too?
472	2	are prana	is prana



484	27	the,	the
494	1	necklace	necklace, defeat
495	3	कमलनि Kamalani	कमलनी Kamalani
	5	kamaniyatā	kamaniyatā
496	15	a king of flower	a kind of flower

Page	Line	Word/Words	Correct Form
498	17	nali	nāli
499	2	पदम्	पद्म
500	3	pāpada	pāpaḍa
	5	piaty	piety
500	12	pramaṇa	pramāṇa
	13	pramaṭri	pramāṭr
		pramiti	pramīti
502	20	sanjiavni	saṃjīvani
503	5	sādi	sāḍi
	25	sona	sonā
	26	srjanasīla	srjanaśīla
	27	śramaṇa	śramana
504	1	srangara	śrangāra
	2	ṣraṣṭi	śraṣṭi
	3	sruti	śruti
	12	suta	sutā
	18	स्वामिन	स्वामिन्
	22	स्वास्ति	स्वाति
	23	svayambhu	svayambhū
505	3	tāmasata	tāmasatā
	4	tāmasikata	tāmasikatā
	22	upāśrama	upāśrama
	23	serpant	breast
	24	breast	serpant

## **Acharya Vidyasagar**

**Childhood name :** Vidyadhar

**Birth :** 10th October, 1946, Village Chikkodi, Belgaon district, Karnatak

**Mother :** Shrimati Shrimatiji Astage

**Father :** Shri Mallappa Parasappaji Astage, Village Sadalga, Belgaon, Karnataka

**Education :** High School in Kannad and Marathi

**Initiation as Muni :** 30th June, 1968, Ajmer (Rajasthan)

**Acharyahood :** 22nd November, 1972, Nasirabad (Ajmer, Rajasthan)

**Initiation and Education Guru :** Jainacharya Shri Gyansagarji Maharaj

Constant writing alongwith study, thinking-pondering and penance. Chief works published up till now in Hindi, Sanskrit and English : 'Narmda Ka Narma Kankara', 'Dubo Mata Lagao Dubki', 'Tota Kyon Rota', 'Chetana Ke Gaharava Me', 'Muka Mati', 'Panch Shati', 'My Self' etc., poetical works. 'Guru Vani', 'Pravacana Parijata', 'Pravacana Prameya' etc., discourse collections, 'Niyamsara', 'Asta Pahuda', 'Atmanusasana', 'Samayasara', 'Pravacansara' and 'Jain Gita' (Samana Suttam), etc., two dozen poetical translations in Hindi. Creation of many satakas (hundred verses) in Sanskrit and Hindi.

National fame in traditional saint poetry. Presently engaged in public welfare by short and beneficial speech-nectar moving to villages, cities, places of pilgrimage and constantly climbing higher stages of sadhana.



## **Bhagwan Rishabhdev Granthmala**

Shri Digamber Jain Atishay Kshetra, Mandir Sanghiji  
Sanganer, Jaipur (Raj.)

Tel. : 0141 2730 390 • Fax : 0141 2731 952