



EKANTAGITA

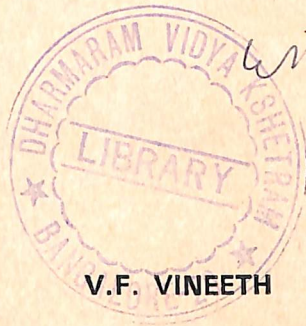
SONGS OF SOLITUDE

Vineeth

LEGE \$

EKANTAGITA

SONGS OF SOLITUDE



*With loving
Regards,*

V. Vineeth
27-7-1992

Illustrations

J. ELANKUNNAPUZHA

**DHARMARAM PUBLICATIONS
BANGALORE**

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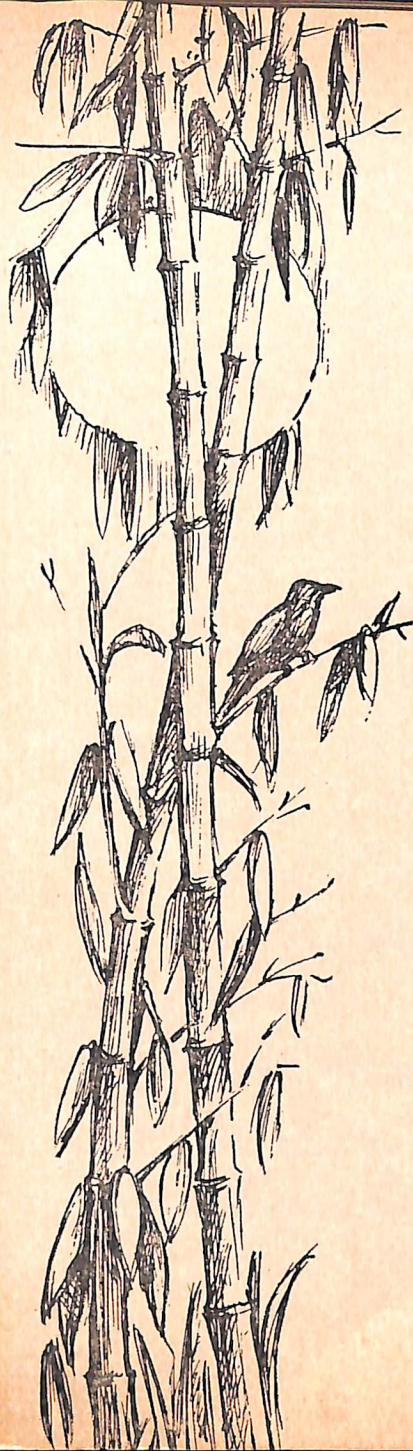
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EKANTAGITA

SONGS OF SOLITUDE

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First Published 1992

Printed at
Dharmaram School of Printing
Bangalore-560 029



*To
my friends
who
inspired my thinking*

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DEAR READER,

*These "songs" are not really songs
nor are these "poems" metric poems
They are simply the songs of my soul
and the poems of my heart.*

*Most of them were written in my diary
in silence and solitude
during my days in ashrams,
much cherished breaks
I sometimes take
from my rather busy life
with my students of philosophy and religion.*

*They have remained there
for many a long day.*

*They are not the result of any research
but of a spontaneous onflow of deep personal search.
My research studies have certainly influenced them
and it is this abiding search
that really makes any research meaningful.*

*Many of my friends:
comrades, students and others
have inspired me
lent wings to my thinking.
I thankfully remember all of them.*

*Above all, I thank the Lord
for the little things in nature,
such as a plant, a tree, a bird,
which, as the unwritten word of God,
speak to me with ineffable eloquence.*

*Fr. Joy Elankunnappuzha,
a comrade and a colleague,
and a distinguished artist,
has graciously enriched these poems
with delicate and lovely drawings.
I thank him and share my joy with him.*

*My thanks are due to the Dharmaram publishers
who have sponsored this publication
and to Fr. Norbert Edattukaran
who took such a keen interest in seeing
that this book see the light of day
within a short period of time.*

*Br. Jose Nandikara's selfless service
at a time when he was in the thick of exams
is also gratefully remembered.*

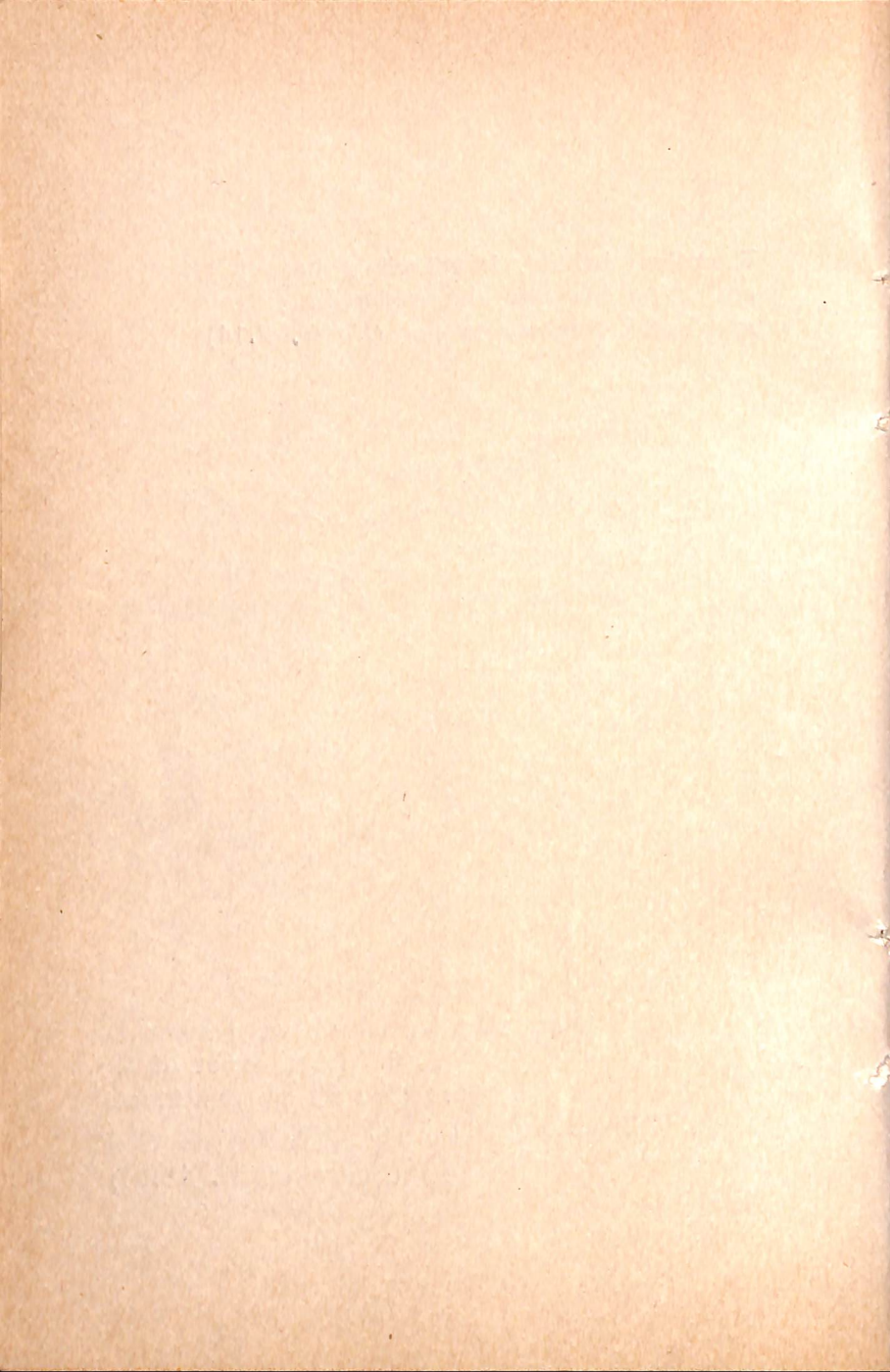
Easter 1992

Francis Vineeth
Dharmaram College
Bangalore-560 029

Therefore, behold, I will allure her
and bring her into the wilderness
and speak tenderly to her (*Hosea, 2.14*)



Hear thou again my word supreme
the most secret of all;
because thou art my firm friend
Therefore will I tell thee what is good
(*Bhagavadgita, 18.64*)

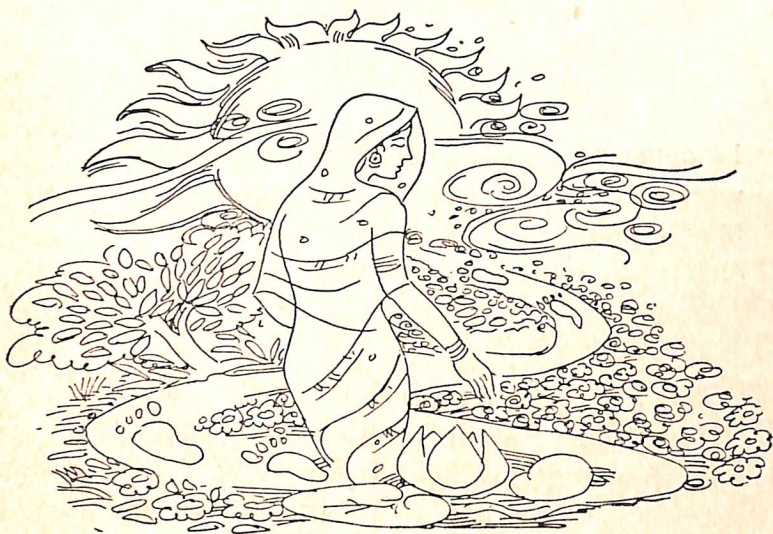


A JOURNEY INTO MY INNER DEPTH

In constant search and in solitude
with silent steps and in soundless melody,
May I make this journey of mine
A journey into my own inner depth.

As dawn heralds a new morn,
when heaven's rays call nature to rise,
with songs of adoration to the One
who has enkindled life in my heart
may I make this journey of mine,
A journey into my own inner depth.

In the twilight of dusk
when heaven and earth meet and merge
when the birds of the air return to their nests
and meet their companions in rest,
may I make this journey of mine
A journey into my own inner depth.



Leaving aside the world that feeds me,
Watching the rhythmic life-force
that flows within me,
silencing the waves of thought
that flood my mind,
may I make this journey of mine,
A journey into my own inner depth.

Accompanied by none,
singing my song of solitude,
may I approach Him
who dwells in the cave of my heart
and make this journey of mine,
A journey into my own inner depth.



MY GURU

I have discovered my Guru
and my heart has been set
in unshakeable peace.

He has initiated me into his wisdom
and this has raised me up
beyond the frontiers of human reason
and I have found it enchanting.

In the absorbing silence of his presence
abstract thinking gave way to blissful intuition
and philosophy was superseded by mysticism.



His thinking was sublime, His living simple
He was unassuming, approachable to all:
to the wise and the weak,
to the kids and the elders alike.

I found Him amidst the angry crowd
as with scorn and insult they rejected Him
but He ever remaining supremely serene.

I have also found him amidst jubilant crowds
that hailed, clapped and cheered Him on
and with equal serenity and composure
he walked among them.

The same in blame and fame,
equal to friend and foe,
He is ever serene,
my dear Guru
whom I adore.

MY PRAYER

Touch me today with thy spirit of gentleness
(*ahimsa*) *
that I may love and respect all forms of life
with which you have blessed the world of mine.

* This is the prayer of a disciple practicing *yama-niyama*.
The five yamas are: *ahimsa, satya, asteya, aparigraha* and
brahmacarya. and the five niyamas are: *śauca, santoṣa, tapas,*
swādhyaya and isvara-praṇidhāna.

Give me thy spirit of truth (*satya*)
that I may bear witness to Thee
in all situations of my life,
pleasing or displeasing.



Bless me with thy spirit of poverty
that I may be ever free in my relations
with all persons and things (*asteya*)
and hold on to none but thee (*aparigraha*)

Bind me with thy love
that I may ever seek thy way
and see thy presence
in every being (*brahamacharya*)

May I keep my body and mind ever clean (*śauca*)
that I may be a worthy abode for you to dwell
and discover my joy in being with thee (*santoṣa*)

Let my heart be always kept aflame
by the ardour of thy love (*tapas*)
and by the learning of thy scriptures (*swādhyāya*).

And finally, at thy lotus feet
may I surrender myself every day
and bring my oblation to you,
the gift of my life, the precious gift
which I have received from you.
(*īśvara-praṇidhāna*).

RISING SUN

Tearing away the veil of darkness
dawn revealed her lovely face once again.
I was meditating on the rising sun.

Throwing jewels of colour all around,
he rose like a Golden Egg
stirring all on earth into life again.
Seeing this rising sun the Vedic man sang:

*OM tat Savitur Varenyam
Bhargo devasya dhimahi
Dhiyo yo nah prachodayāt.*

we meditate upon
the glorious splendour
of the vivifier divine
May he himself
illumine our minds.

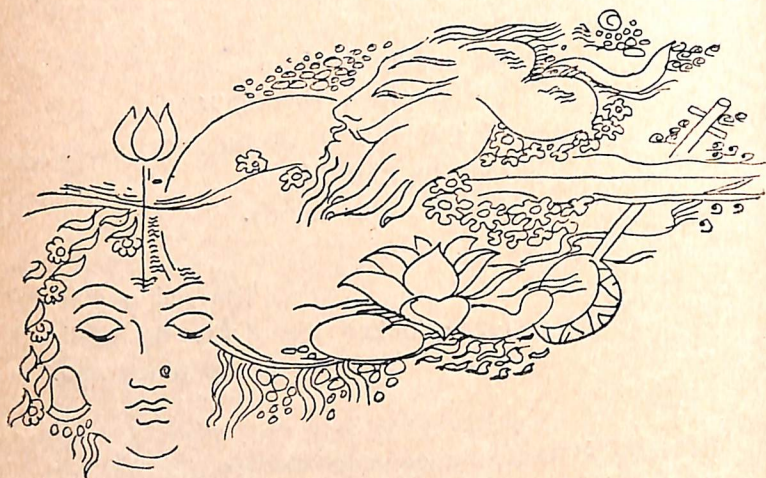
The rising sun
really looked like a blazing jewel
worthy to be possessed.

But the sun of my consciousness
was yet to rise. Cutting assunder the
accumulated layers of Egohood,
and thus dispelling darkness overspread on the Self,
my consciousness awaited awakening
as I meditated on the rising sun.

The sun rose higher and higher.
His rays were too brilliant for my eyes.
They dazzled my vision.
I closed my eyes and sang in my heart:

Bhargo devasya dhimahi:

I meditate on that divine ray.



What are these dazzling rays
upon which I meditate?
Are they really the unapproachable
beams of this burning sun?
Or are they beams of divine light
made accessible to man?
Are they the scriptures of the world,
the Vedas, the Bible, the Koran,

the whole world of the written word of God?
Are they the endless number of beings
that dance around me
in eternal rhythm of nature,?
the unwritten word of God?

Are they numerous people
I encounter everyday,
the neighbours next to me,
the incarnate word of God?
Are they all these?

Meditating on the divine ray of that sun
I remained in silence.
I closed my eyes;
stilled my mind.
Silence overpowered me.

I opened my eyes.
Whether I was awakened or not
I did not know !
But I could see His lovely face everywhere,
in the Scriptures of the world,
in the creatures of the universe,
in the neighbour next to me.
And once again I sang:

Bhargo devasya dhimahi
I meditate on that divine ray.



THE LILY IN THE WILDERNESS

There in an unknown field
of a neglected wilderness
I found her,
her head bent in shyness,
and her petals fluttering
in an unexpectedly strong monsoon wind.

Many a man passed by,
Some noticed her, some didn't.
To all she extended
the greetings of her love,
love that she is made of.
Selflessness is the wealth of her being,
Self-giving is the only thing she knows.

In a world which thrives on power and might
she was simple and small.

In a world of coveted beauty and show-business
she was spotless comeliness
known only to the seekers
of hidden inner charm.

Expecting no one great,
yet entertaining every one
with the simple smile of her lovely petals,
there she remained in stillness and peace,
ready to face aeons of oblivion.

I do not know why,
but the moment I saw her
I was wholly drawn to her,
though she didn't greet me in any special way
nor gave me any sign of special preference.
Yet I admired her
and my admiration grew day by day.

Soundless and still,
her communication was powerful:
"What a silent eloquence!"
I said to myself.

Through the cool waves of monsoon wind
gently fluttering the leaves
of her virgin youth,
she sent me her message of surprise:

“I am so little
and insignificant a plant,
why do you care for me so much,
you who are endowed with consciousness
and is the crown of creation.”

Why do I care for her?
I did not know it either.
Why should I try to answer
all these questions?

I took her as a mystery
that is being unveiled every day,
a mystery through which
the Divine started communicating
to the inner depths of my soul.

And what about my consciousness?
What is the worth of a sophisticated mind,
a conceptualized consciousness
before the spotless beauty of simplicity?

That too I did not understand.
I rather preferred to stand transfixed
under the spell of her presence,
of that inner invisible presence
that was beaming through her visible being.
"Yes, she is a mystery," I said.



Then, all on a sudden,
this thought dawned upon me.
Did not the "Crown of creation"
who was "in the form of God"
come down in search of a tiny plant that I am?
And why did he deign to do so?

It was not I who turned to him
and greeted him first.
But he just came to me,
drawn to me simply by what I am
and not by what I have
nor what I have done.

I felt great
because he has discovered
the source of his love in me,

Darkened though
through the accumulated layers of my past,
he can still see my inner beauty
and original design,
because he alone is the designer
and the author of my self.

Turning to the lily of the field I said:
"O ! lovely lily of the field
you are really great.

You are the marvel of the Marvellous One.
You remind me of the story of divine condescence
and raise me up to the heights of heaven.

Now I understand why you are a mystery.
To me you are a pointer to Transcendence
in a world of transient existence."

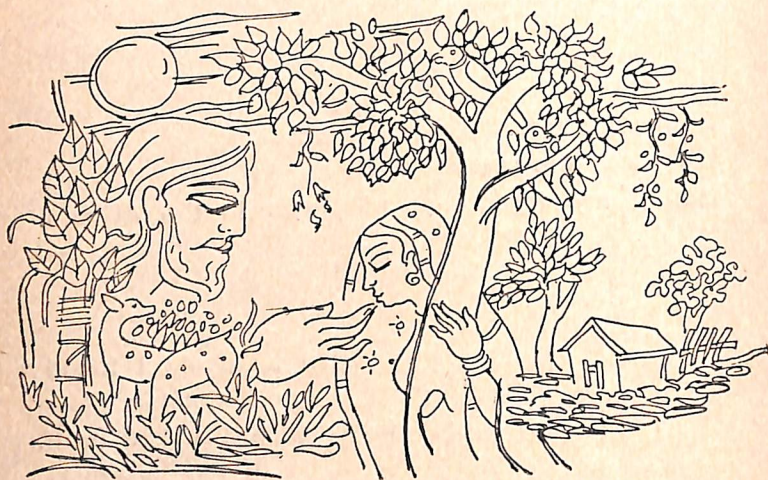
THE TREE

I loved a tree.
I visited him everyday
during my forty days of prayer in the Ashram.

Then suddenly I found
our friendship grew
much faster than the tree itself.

Daily we dialogued.
With his profound silence
he answered all my questions.

He was always simply there.
With his many-fingered arms
stretched out to the skies,
extending to me a warm welcome,
he simply stood there
and spoke to me, always in silence.
He knew only one thing: to give.



He was a symbol of self-giving.
With no thought of "mine,"
with no spirit of "having,"
he embodied in himself
all that we understand
by the oft-misused precious word,
"unselfishness."

Whenever I approached him
he simply placed himself at my disposal
and told me in a language beyond all expression:
"Take, take and have whatever you need.
This is what I have,
I keep it only for you."

I wondered
at his selfless surrender to me.
I felt ashamed.
I lost myself in an amazed silence.

Later, when awareness touched my limbs
I asked myself:
"Can a tree reflect the divine more than man?
Does it reflect the divine
untarnished by consciousness?"

MOUNTAIN

O ! mighty mountain,
holding your head high up in the sky,
what do you say to me ?
Motionless you remain in contemplative silence

You are certainly not of this earth,
though on earth you remain.
Heavenward you look.
Heavenly transcendence you communicate.
Earthly is your body,
but heaven is your home.

May I remain for a moment
in that abode of stillness
which you provide for me.



On you the Lord of mounts and meadows
found his cherished abode of silence
during his short sojourn on this earth,
whenever he retired from busy hours of work
with his disciples in the plains.

Upon your rugged paths
the sages and saints of India
discovered their way to liberation.

To you again flow devotees
from all over the world
in search of prayer, penance, peace

And you readily fill them
with serenity and stillness,
your inexhaustible riches for mankind.

May I remain in that stillness for a moment.

THE SWAN

Spotless as snow, you move about in water
so free, so calm, so amazingly serene.

Though immersed in water
your snow-white immaculate feather
ever remain unwet.

You are really a living symbol
of involvement and transcendence.

You are a boat alive, spotless and pure,
sailing on the waters of life ever undisturbed,
promising your serenity to all.



How marvelous you are !
How wisely you distill milk from water !

In this vast sea of life we are always fed
with a mixture of milk and water, good and evil.

To love good and dislike evil
is certainly wisdom great;
and to choose the Real leaving the unreal
is the highest of them all.

Will you teach me the lesson
of distilling good from evil
and of seeing the Real in the unreal.

Does it really demand celestial serenity
and a calm voyage of life
through the troubled waters of our life.



TO THE AUTHOR OF LIFE

AND BEAUTY

When the planets of the sky
move in eternal rhythm
giving us days and nights, years and seasons,
May I remember Lord,
that it is your infinite wisdom
that has set harmony
in the heart of evolving matter.

When the clouds of heaven
float from place to place
In the vast sky of unbounded space,
May I realize Lord
that you alone are the boundless One
who fills the earth and the heavens
and all its infinite space.



When the plants of the earth
put out their tender shoots
and yearn to grow higher ever higher,
May I perceive Lord,
that you are the transcendent goal of life
to which all creatures unfailingly tend.

When the newly blossomed roses of my garden
display their spotless beauty
to every passer-by,
When their fragrance spread far and wide
and mingles with the air, breathe,
May I raise my folded hands before you
acknowledging that you are the author
of all beauty on earth
and its unblemished splendour.



A CONFESSION OF FAILURE

Breaking your eternal silence
you spoke to me your words of wisdom;
But I did not heed to listen to you,
as my ears were attuned to music
of a different wave-length.

When again you came to enkindle
the light of your wisdom in my heart
I could not open my eyes,
because they were already drowsy
and heavy with sleep.

Notwithstanding my failure
You visited me with condescending love
and stretched forth your right arm
with igniting fire on your finger-tips.



But frightened, I withdrew myself from You
lest I be burnt and be transformed.

And when you came at last with wisdom's lamp
in your tender palm,
My hands were not free, since I had picked up
glittering jewels from this glamorous world
which you had created for me.



FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is what God created man for.
He found man lonely in paradise
and formed a friend for him
from his very bone.

Friendship is that for which
Jesus died on the cross.
He found mankind devoid
of friendly love
and offered himself as the
friend of the friendless
until it was sealed with his
very blood on the cross.

Friendship is that for which he
sent his Spirit to this world.
He came as a counsellor and a companion
to every one
And established love's kingdom in
human hearts
that everyone may experience
what friend is
and how it resembles God's
friendship with the human.



Friendship is the soul of
human happiness
The secret of his joy,
the source of his strength.

Where friendship does not
give way to efficiency,
Where fellowship is not
forgotten before achievements,
Where true communion does not dry up
into the dead weight of
institutional customs,
In that simple home of loving friends
may I make my abode on earth
during this pilgrimage of mine.

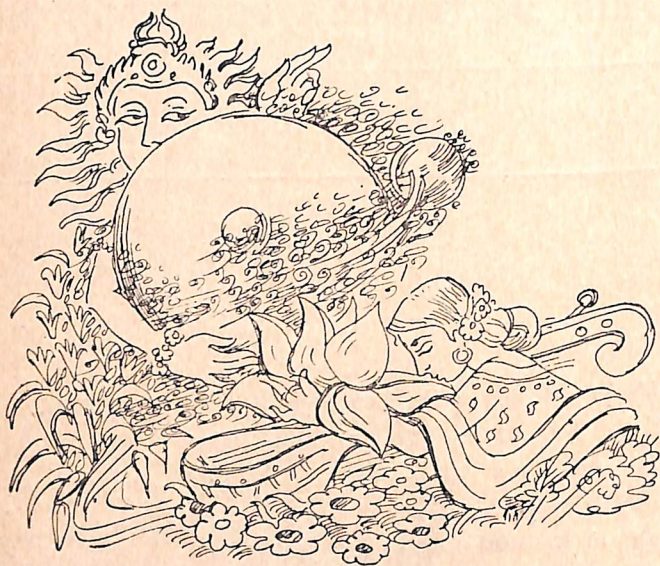


FREE ME FROM THIS DUNGEON OF

DARKNESS

Weighed down by the weight of my longings,
I am locked up
in this cage of my self, O Lord.
Delay not,
come to free me
from this dungeon of darkness!

Who has built the wall
of this prison cell,
I do not know.
Or was it myself
in the dim and dark moments
of my life?



When I longed for acceptance and ascendancy,
of course with the best intention
of serving my people,
was it then
that I picked up these ivory bricks
to build this heavy wall of my self ?

When I sought comfort
and convenience
that I may still work hard
for the Lord tomorrow
was it then
that I brought new marble stones
to be placed on this
emerging wall of my self ?

When many from my audience
raised their hands in praise
and bowed their heads in
adoring ovation
and when I felt honoured
and complacent,
was it then
that I went on cementing
these bricks and stones
with the silver lining of my
self and stability ?

Oh ! futile and devoid of meaning
is this great edifice I have built.
It will ever keep me a prisoner inside.

Delay not O Lord !
Come to free me
from my self-made dungeon
of darkness !

WHO BOTHERED ABOUT YOU, LORD

When your immaculate feet
walked on the dusty grounds
of a remote village in Palestine,
who on earth ever bothered about you Lord ?
who looked for you ?
who even cared for your presence ?

When your tender hands rendered help
to the world's loveliest parents,
where had the poets and painters
of the world gone
unable to immortalize this lovely scene?
That was not your concern.

And when you lived
in that unknown little house of Nazareth
who was there to wait for you
as you came out or went in ?



When the stars of heaven
looked at your smiling face
in adoring worship,
who from mankind bothered
to look for you
in that forgotten village of 'no good'
and when the lilies of Palestine blossomed
with whispers of praise on their petal lips,
who on earth raised his heart to
praise you,
the giver of all charm and beauty?

When the centres of civilization
in Rome and Athens, India and Egypt
pondered over the One
who is all Truth and good,
who ever thought of you living
in Nazareth
as the embodiment of all truth and good?
No, you lived in utter anonymity.

In silence and solitude,
renunciation and rejection,
you found your meaning of life,
your way to the Father.

May I too remain for a moment
in that holy self-oblivion
and in utter unwantedness by the world.

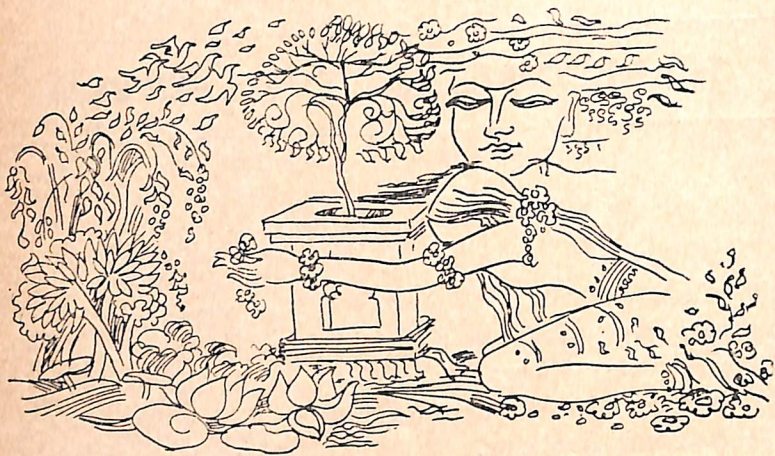


HE COMES

TO RESTORE THE LOST RHYTHM

When the Word
expressed itself in manifoldness
what was there,
but a universal Rhythm,
a Cosmic harmony,
all bathed in Divine Splendour !

The Word itself was the Centre
of this Cosmic Rhythm;
and the wheel of Rhythm
rolled on and on.



But when the Word
reflected in human flesh
what did emerge
from this unique combination?
from the flesh was born the Ego,
a counter centre, an ambitious challenge,
and the wheel of distortion
rolled on and on.

In the fulness of time
the Word became flesh,
sacrificed the Ego on the Cross,
restored the flesh back into the Centre,
re-established the Cosmic Rhythm.
and the wheel of re-established rhythm
rolled on and on.

Now he comes,
time and again he comes
to restore the lost Rhythm in your life,
to bless you with heavenly harmony,
to enrich you with His undisturbed peace.

DESIRELESSNESS

With his bow in his hand, when Arjuna saw
the great array of the Kaurava army,
his mind trembled

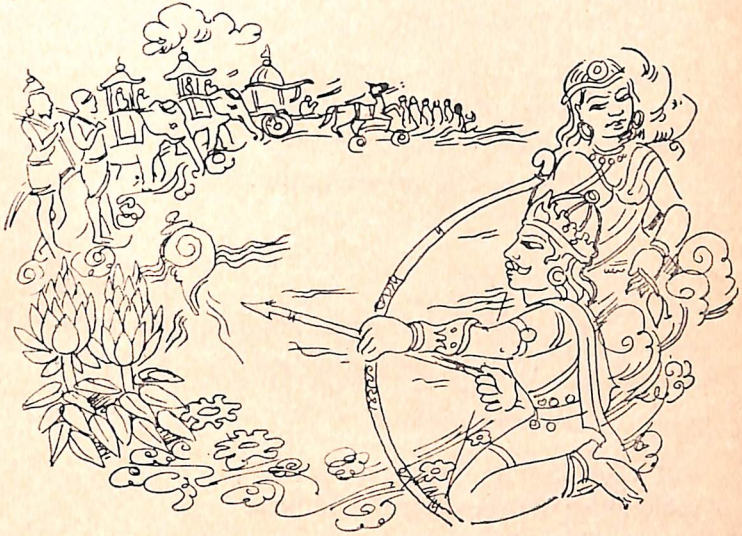
not from fear of the mighty antagonist
but with compassion for innocent lives:

"Why all this bloodshed and warfare?,"
he thought.

But the Lord Krishna said him:

"You fight not for you, but for truth, for justice.
You should fight in perfect desirelessness."

Desirelessness is freedom for action.
It is the way to holiness;
the key to liberation.



Where shall I seek the gift of desirelessness?
No, I am afraid, Lord,
while seeking the 'gift'
I may fall once again
into the trap of desire.
But where shall I find the emptiness of
desirelessness?

I find it
in all the trees of my garden.
They simply place themselves at my disposal.

I find it
in all the stars of heaven.
They simply shed their light
on me with no demand in return.

I find it
in all creatures devoid of consciousness.
They all reflect desirelessness divine.

But what about consciousness
which was designed for the purpose
of reflecting the divine !

Desirelessness in Consciousness!
When consciousness divine became flesh,
was he not a
Kenosis of all desires?
Yes now I have found it.

I find it in the life of Jesus,
whom you have sent to us
as a perfect model of desirelessness
in a world of roaring desires,
faithlessness and fury.

Desireless he remained
even when he was unjustly condemned,
convicted and crucified.

I see it in Buddha,
the messenger of enlightenment
you sent to India and the whole Orient
who taught us to remain even-minded
in pleasure and pain,
praise and blame,
towards friend and foe alike.

I see it in St Francis of Assisi,
the revolutionary you sent
into the feudal church of the middle ages,
who remained unattached to wealth
to praise and prestige.
Giving up everything
he sought Thee alone.

I see it in St. John of the Cross,
the great reformer you sent
to the contemplatives of Carmel,
who insisted on rooting out all desires
from our senses and mind,
and welcomed suffering for your name's sake.

I see it in Patanjali,
the great sage of India
who instructed us
on the Yoga of withdrawal of the Self
from all enticing objects
in order to reach perfect desirelessness.

I see it in Mahatma Gandhi,
the Father of our Nation
who fought a war of freedom,
for no personal gain,
but for truth and justice alone.

To that self-negating depth of desirelessness,
to that heavenly height of enlightenment,
may my self awake.

THE DEPTH IS SERENE

Oh! my little boy
trapped among the endlessly tossing waves,
you keep swimming to stay afloat.
You tire, but do not stop swimming,
lest you drown in the merciless waters.

Your struggle will be rewarded.
The waters will be stilled.
Listen to me, my little boy,
the waters of the deep are serene
and peaceful.

Your struggle is great.
The waves appear to devour you
with their ferocity.
How beautifully you cut across
the rolling wave approaching you
and lift yourself up.

You have done it with
marvellous success.
Though this semblance of
transcendence is great,
remember my little boy,
the waters of the deep are
serene and peaceful.

When will you get a little rest ?
When will the queen of peace
carry you in her tender arms
and kiss your weary face ?
Your little limbs have only feeble strength.
But your will is great
and therefore you are great to me.

Listen to me my little boy
"Stop swimming.
Make a dive.
At least once in life
please make a dive.
I tell you in all truth,
the waters of the deep are still and serene."

Do not fear my little boy.
You can surely dive.
You have the will to reach the depth.
Strength will be given to you.

No shark will devour you.
No shoal of fish will disturb you.
Fixing your eyes on the depth
where all is simple serenity,
you simply dive.

Deep, deep, must you dive
you will certainly reach there.
Listen to me, my little boy,
the waters of the deep are still and serene.



Don't feel afraid, my little boy.
You are not meant to be
a prisoner of the depth.
You can certainly come back.

Once you have touched the very depth
and tasted its peace
you will be refreshed, re-energized.
Then you will return to the surface
not as a warrior of the waves,
but as a messenger of the peaceful deep.

Listen to me, my little boy,
the waters of the deep are serene and peaceful.



THE WAYFARER

It was dusk.
I sat for meditation
facing the setting sun.
The western horizon
was all lit up in brilliant colours
as the departing sun
sent his glowing rays all around.

The pathway between me and the sun
was not that busy,
yet it was not completely abandoned either.
Once in a way somebody passed by.



Against the background of the setting sun
in the twilight of dusk,
every passerby looked like any man,
devoid of clarity of individuality.
Just a man in journey, a pilgrim.

Watching the wayfarers I thought:
"Are we not all pilgrims
hurrying towards a cherished goal?
But some are walking fast,
others slowly.
What really adds momentum to
the pilgrim's pace?"

Some carried weights.
Some were lightly laden.
These latter had their own easy
way of approach
to every person they met,
everything they saw.
In the dim light of the vanishing
sun beyond them
they looked like liberated spirits,
children of freedom.

Any man moving in time
is in his ultimate journey of life.
Stripped of worldly wealth
and unattached to passing pleasures,
the real pilgrim makes his way
at ease and peace.

Whether it was the nearness
or remoteness of the goal,
I know not.

Nevertheless it was the goal
that gave direction to the journey.

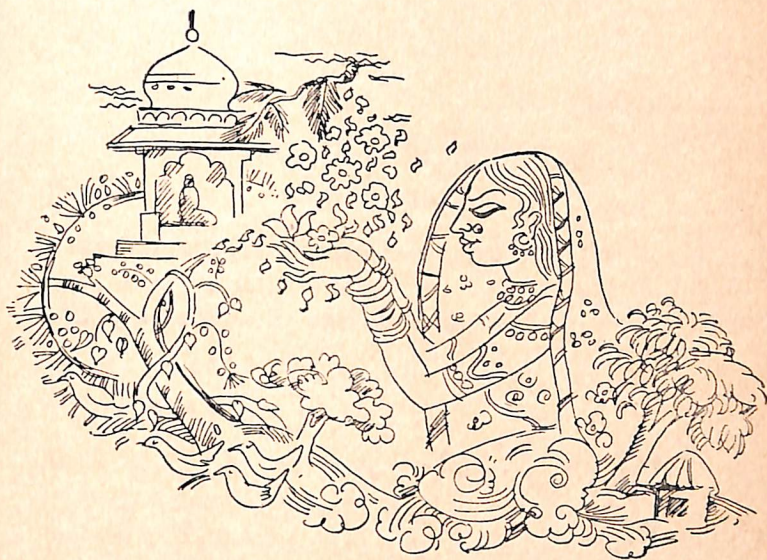


THE FLOWER OF MY LIFE

You have placed me in a world of flowers
and adorned my life with colour.

The flowers in your garden always open up
with unmistakable rhythm
and you have vested them
with unmatched beauty

Each of them proclaim your greatness,
the marvels of your artistic work



With greater love you have touched me
and the flower of my life has blossomed

It is your breath of life that has kept it
ever alive in youthful strength,
and it is your graceful gaze
that has added splendour to its petals.

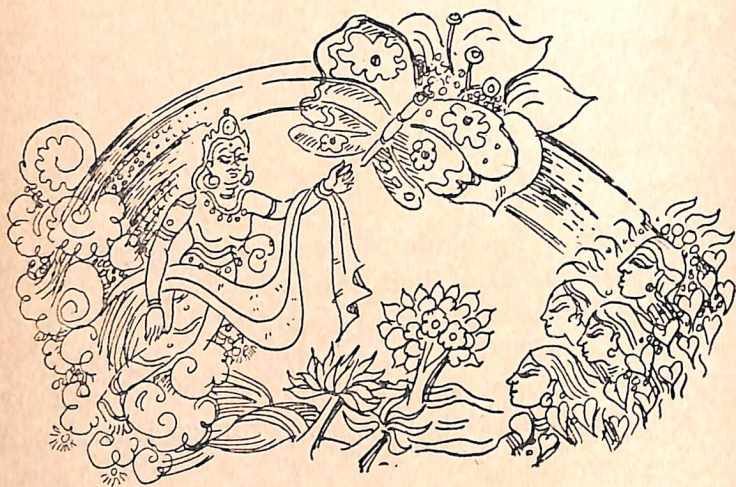
In this vast temple of the universe
on the altar of your love
may I offer this tiny flower of my life.



THE BUTTERFLY

Were there no butterflies in the Holy Land ?
Did not our Lord find one ?
Certainly Solomon was not arrayed
in such splendour and beauty
as this little butterfly
who plays endlessly before my cottage window.

There he comes,
swinging to the rhythm of wind.
Like a glittering spray of colours he comes,
like a fragment of the rainbow
falling from the sky, he comes



Oh ! what an amazing blend of frailty and beauty,
of fragility and weightless joy.
Giving delight to every watching eye,
unpleasantness to none,
he plays.
He plays and plays
all of his short life's days.

For his dance who sings songs?
For his feet who beats the drum?

His flowery wings beat a rhythm
on the infinitely vast drum of space
and the breath of air from every green leaf,
high or low, sings for him.

He does not depend on man-made drums
for his rhythmic beat;
nor does he seek mortal man's melodies
for the performance of his dance.

He is free,
and with that transcending freedom
of complete non-dependence.
he lifts himself up.

With equal ease
he swoops down and flies up.
Yes, there he goes high vanishing into the sky.

THE GROWING TREE

O my little tree, I wonder how you grow !
You grow, ever grow !
Up above you there is no roof,
no ceiling, no obstructing
canopy of protection.

Of course you need no protection.
You are the daughter of nature.

The undying sun is your infallible vivifier
who brightens you up every day
by the rays of his light.

The earth is your everlasting mother
who feeds you day by day with her
inexhaustible resources of mineral wealth.

The blowing breeze is your
melody

Yes, there he goes

You are not aware of any
imminent danger
nor are you bothered about
an incoming aggressor.

Sending up your tender shoots into
the infinite sky
you grow, ever grow.

O daughter of nature,
may no harsh stroke of nature,
your mother, befall you.
Let not the soothing breeze turn out
to be a thunderous storm,
nor the gentle sunbeams
be scorching firebrands.



The undying sun is your infallible vivifier
who brightens you up every day
by the rays of his light.

The earth is your everlasting mother
who feeds you day by day with her
inexhaustible resources of mineral wealth.

The blowing breeze is your
wordless melody
to whose silent rhythm you
swing playfully.

Caressed by wind, fondled by nature
you grow, ever grow
Up above you there is no roof, no ceiling
no obstructing canopy of protection.

You are not aware of any
imminent danger
nor are you bothered about
an incoming aggressor.

Sending up your tender shoots into
the infinite sky
you grow, ever grow.

O daughter of nature,
may no harsh stroke of nature,
your mother, befall you.
Let not the soothing breeze turn out
to be a thunderous storm,
nor the gentle sunbeams
be scorching firebrands.

Let no tempest twist your tender twigs
and break your leafy branches.
Let no intruder
who upset the rhythm of nature
approach you and cut you down
for the sake of greater progress
for firms and factories
promising faster advance.



How lovingly you spread your leafy branches
to provide shade for me.
In your cool shade
I eat, I work, I rest, I sleep.

How in your tiny twigs
you carry fruits for me !
You protect them with care
until they are ripe for me;
Then you drop them
that they may reach me fast.
You grow not for yourself,
but for me.

Unaware of yourself
administering all around you,
acknowledging the giver of all life
in adoring silence,
you grow, ever grow.

MY LITTLE HARP

O my little harp,
how still you remain
with all your strings
of infinite melodies!
Do you gather strength through stillness
for your forthcoming play?
Are your wearied strings
reborn with new vigour
in the moments of subdued silence?

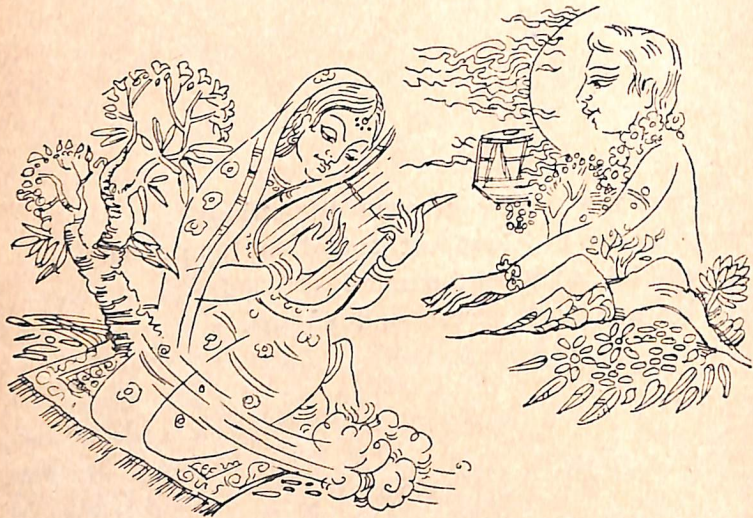
In this world of dear diamonds
and luminous jewels
you are just a stretch of wire
unwanted and unnoticed by many.
But you change monotony into music
and boredom into melody
even for the king
who reclines on his peacock throne
and for the queen who wears
kohinoor in her crown.

From the tension of your life-strings
you raise the loveliest sound for human ears.
and lull to sleep the mind wearied
by the day's stress and strains.

Tell me, my little harp, the secret of
converting life's tension into lovely music.

Giving delight to listening ears
you spend yourself with unselfish ease.

You spend and spend
until you break into unusable pieces.



To convert tension to tasteful music
all that you need is the good will
of a little finger.

Forget not to surrender your life's tensions
to the master-play of that unseen Finger
in whose marvelous touch,
the tension you have
turns to vibrations of immortal music.

O my little harp,
how still you remain!

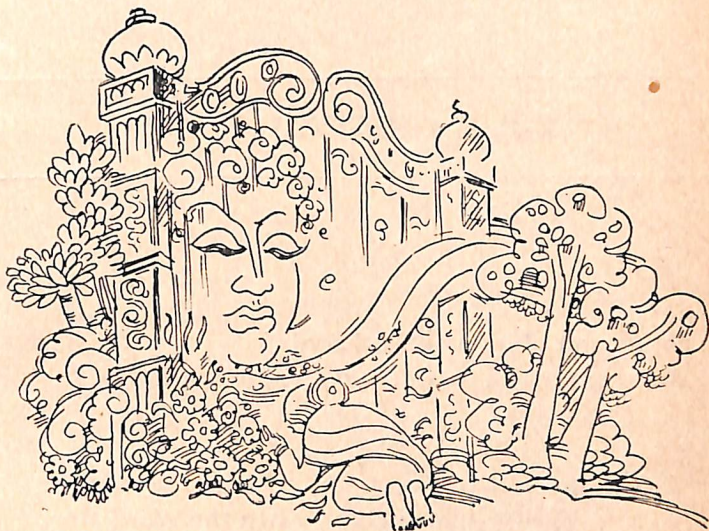


THIS IS THE GATE OF HEAVEN

This penurious cottage of the poorling
why is it so peaceful?
why are the children there so joyous?

Surely, the Lord is in this place;
this is none other than the house of God;
this is the gate of heaven.

The Lord is nigh to the poor in spirit,
his blessings fall on humble hearts
and His gift of Self is for freer selves.



Let the meditations of my heart
discern His silent presence,
Let the melodies of my soul
sing His love for the lowly.

YOUR ORIGINAL FACE

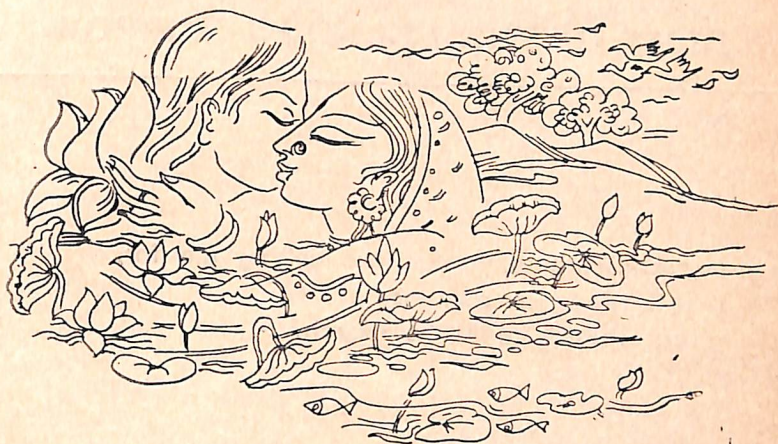
Have you seen your original face
that was there before you were born?

It was there, unthought and un-noticed
by any human mind, when the Word arose
from the unfathomable depth of being.

Have you seen your original face
before you saw any other human face?

It was there as one to receive a share
from the Word who became flesh
and thus designed your human nature.

Have you seen your original face
which portrays your self to others?



It was there when you were born
as the reflection of that Divine Spell
in passing and perishable matter.

BLISS OF THE UNKNOWN MORROW

Not knowing what you are calling me for,
I still grope in darkness
giving myself to silent search.

In the vast sky above me
there is infinite space
and our advance of science
has not yet reached the end of its search.

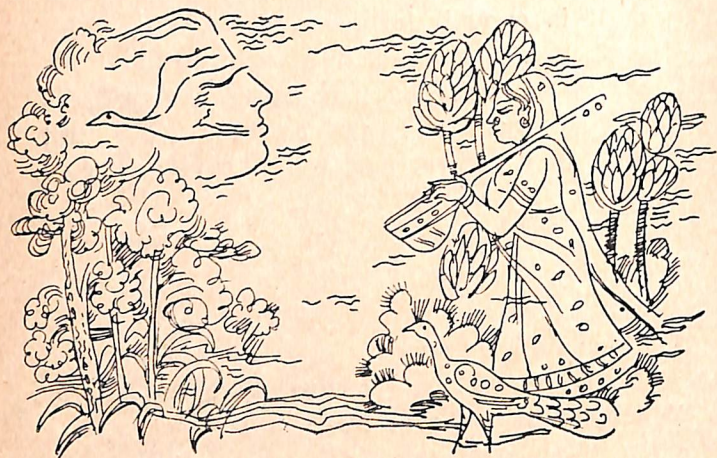
Nor do I dare to fathom
the mystery of the divine plan
for my little self.

It is enough for me to know
that it is the touch of your loving finger
that has become life in my limbs
and it is the breath of your spirit
that breathes in my lungs.

You have blessed me
with the bliss of the uncertainty of my future
which leaves me ever free,
open and enterprizing.

The unknown morrow
with its endless possibilities is before me.

It is as infinite as you yourself
who are the author of
yesterday, today and tomorrow.



As the bird in the pathless sky,
and the fish in the uncharted ocean,
may I reach you
with no ready-made scheme of mine,
with no blockade of a secure future.



MY LIFE IS A JOURNEY

My life is a journey,
a journey in the sea of God's merciful love
It is a pilgrimage
to no country and to no end.
In the tiny boat of my life
I sail all alone with my Lord,
singing the hymns of His praise
in silence and solitude.

Each day I begin this lovely journey anew
with a sense of freedom brought to me
by the breaking of the all fetters that bind me



I will wait for him,
not stopping the melodies of my heart
until he comes and makes his abode my heart.

Then onwards, it will be He
who lives in me
and it will be my delight
to melt and become one with Him.



