

*ON A BOAT
OF
LONELINESS*



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On A Boat of Loneliness
by
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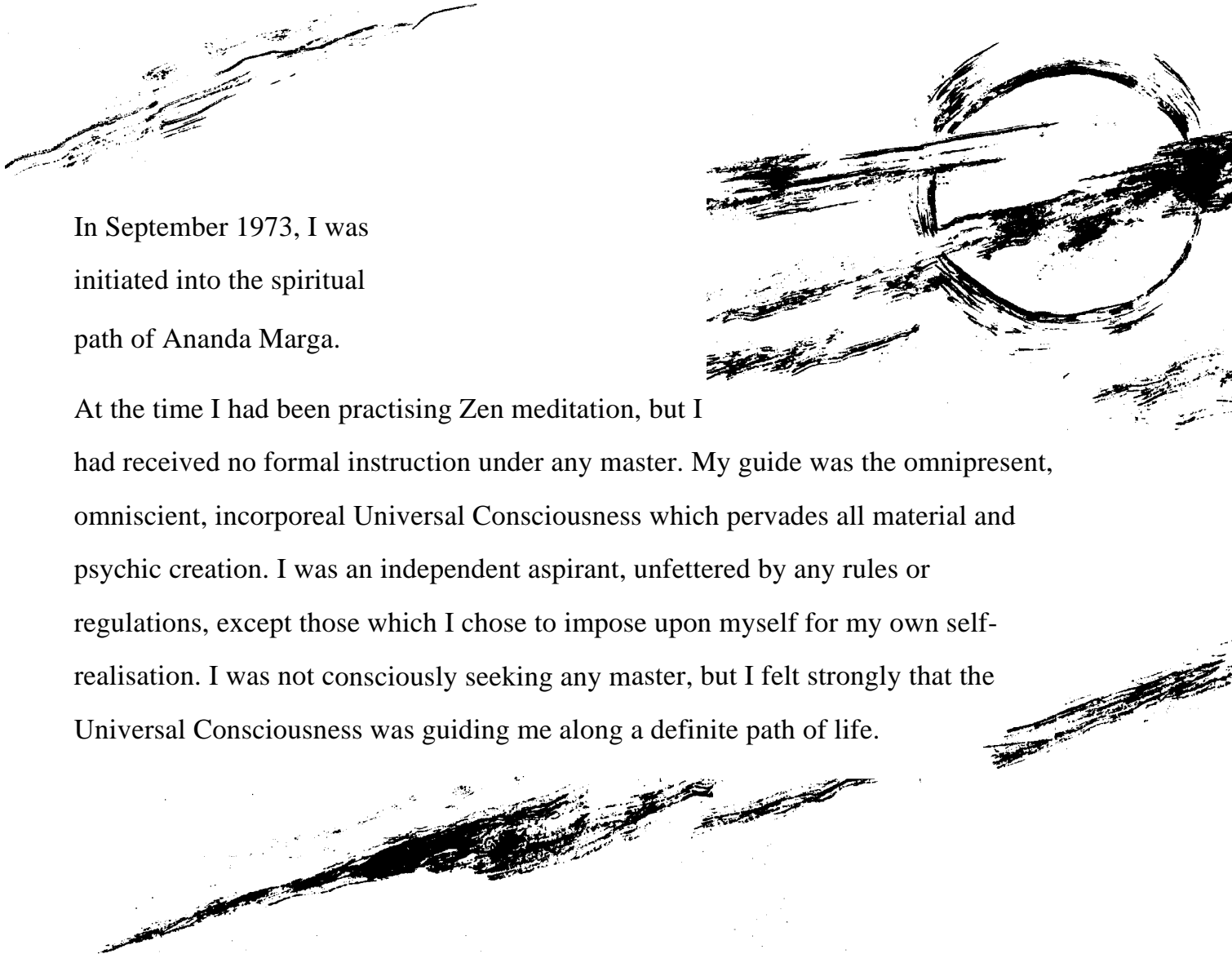
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TO BABA

*Lord, my realisation of You is so very limited, yet You have
graced me infinitely with the guidance of Your physical
presence. May this humble offering of verse bring You joy.*

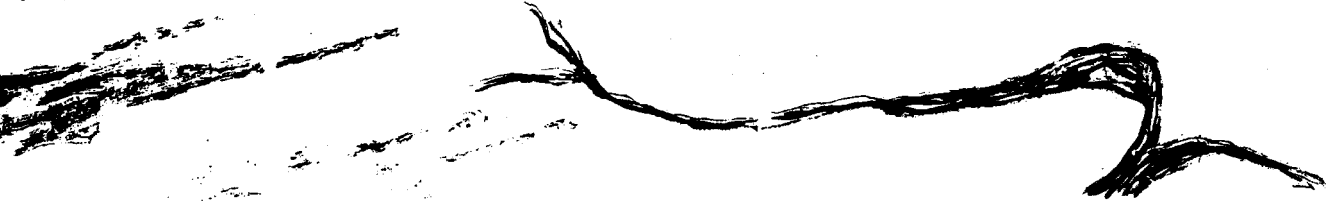
***On a boat of loneliness
I set out
in search of God***

さびしさの船にのつて
神をさがしにゆく



In September 1973, I was initiated into the spiritual path of Ananda Marga.

At the time I had been practising Zen meditation, but I had received no formal instruction under any master. My guide was the omnipresent, omniscient, incorporeal Universal Consciousness which pervades all material and psychic creation. I was an independent aspirant, unfettered by any rules or regulations, except those which I chose to impose upon myself for my own self-realisation. I was not consciously seeking any master, but I felt strongly that the Universal Consciousness was guiding me along a definite path of life.



I saw a girl, her hands clasped, held tight against her breast.


*She was standing very still. A night wind whisked through
the ends of her long hair.*

*The wind too was pushing thin clouds across the sky in rapid
succession.*

*The girl had her face turned up towards the moon. It lit up her face, and an unseen
beam entered her and travelled straight through the centre of her body, like an
indestructible pillar, transfixing her to the ground.*

*She seemed unaware of herself, flowing along with the swift moving clouds. She was
blown, not by the wind, but by some higher force -- the origin of the wind.*

(Canberra November 11, 1973)





I was personally convinced of the indispensability of meditation in order to live human life to its fullest. My life's plan was to engage myself in such work that would convey to others the peace and strength of my inner world, and thereby help them to rise above petty human problems and experience the beauty of their own existence. I was deeply concerned about the unnecessary pain which I saw in society around me.



Each of us on this stage today is but a drop in the sea of people on earth. How can we change the course of the tide? There seems to be no other way but to float with it, do that which we know is wrong.

Then why are we living? How can a person live fully if she loses her ideals? No, we do not want to go with the tide, we do not want to become like clay in the hands of society.

We should begin a revolution. I am not talking about an abortive revolution merely to change the structure of the present society, but a revolution of the mind. By this inner awakening of conscience we can refuse to be moulded by society, we can live up to our ideals, we can call ourselves humans.

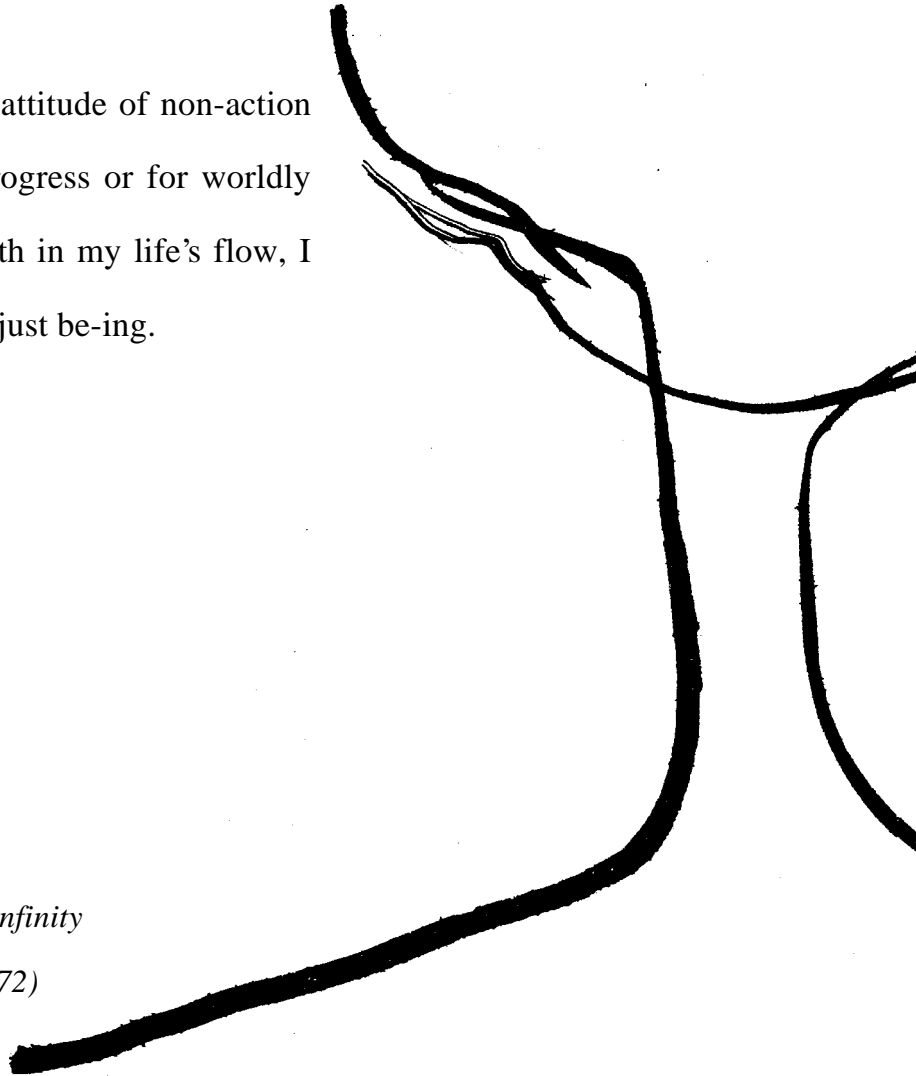
My classmates and others who share this idealistic life of youth, if I had the power I would give you the strength to live out your ideals, but I cannot. It is up to each one of us to try to be true to ourselves and, in being so, help cleanse society of its falsities. It is up to each one of us to love and respect our sisters and brothers for that is what we were born to do.

(Valedictory Address Yokohama May, 1971)



My practice was underscored by the Zen attitude of non-action and non-attachment either for spiritual progress or for worldly success. So while acknowledging the Truth in my life's flow, I continued to sit, "as a rock" or "as a tree", just be-ing.

*on the floor in my head
hands holding a universe
hearing a pounder
d-bop d-bop, d-bop d-bop
pendulum swinging
stopping
echoing
falling tree, rippling into infinity
(Yokohama December, 1972)*



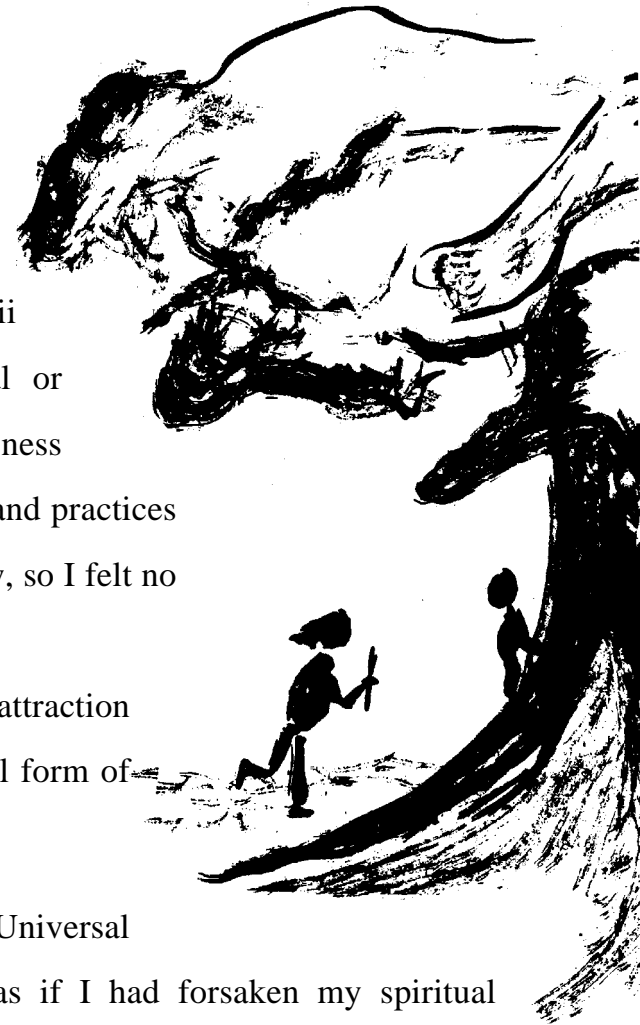
In the definite course of my being I came to know Ananda Marga and I embraced its Truth as I strove to embrace the Truth in all encounters of my life. I was initiated into its spiritual practices and began to study in depth the philosophy and ideals of Ananda Marga and incorporate them into my life.

Amid all the excitement, intensity, and madness of the evening, something, a nail that had fallen out of her structure, was hammered in again, gently, by one of the madmen, her friend, who had found a nail lying on the ground and knew it was hers. She felt much more solid now, as if she could do something that she had never tried before.

(Canberra November 11, 1973)

I also embraced the Guru of Ananda Marga, Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji, as a particular, though not a special or unparalleled, expression of the Universal Consciousness which had always been my guide. I found the ideology and practices of Ananda Marga entirely compatible with my life's flow, so I felt no resistance whatsoever in adopting and enjoying its spiritual disciplines. I did not feel however, any special attraction for, nor did I feel resistance to, the Guru in the physical form of Anandamurtiji.

I continued my being under the guidance of the Universal Consciousness, though in external form it appeared as if I had forsaken my spiritual independence for the rules and regulations of the Ananda Marga path and organisation.



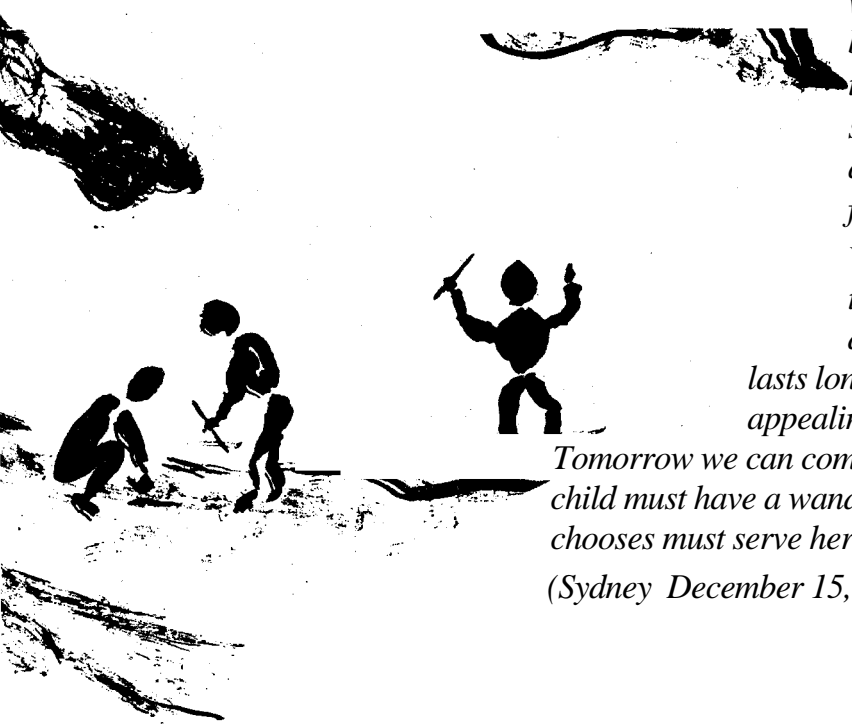
In the garden grow many flowers and weeds. A group of children are playing amongst them. In their creative minds they devise a game in which each chooses a flower and uses it as her magic wand. One small-handed child, confronted by a magnificent array of multi-coloured aster blooms, chooses a purple aster to be her

wand. Another chooses an orange bloom. A glass-eyed boy climbs a tree and chooses a spray of small sweet-scented blossoms; still another, a quiet child, chooses a prickly yellow flowered weed to be her wand.

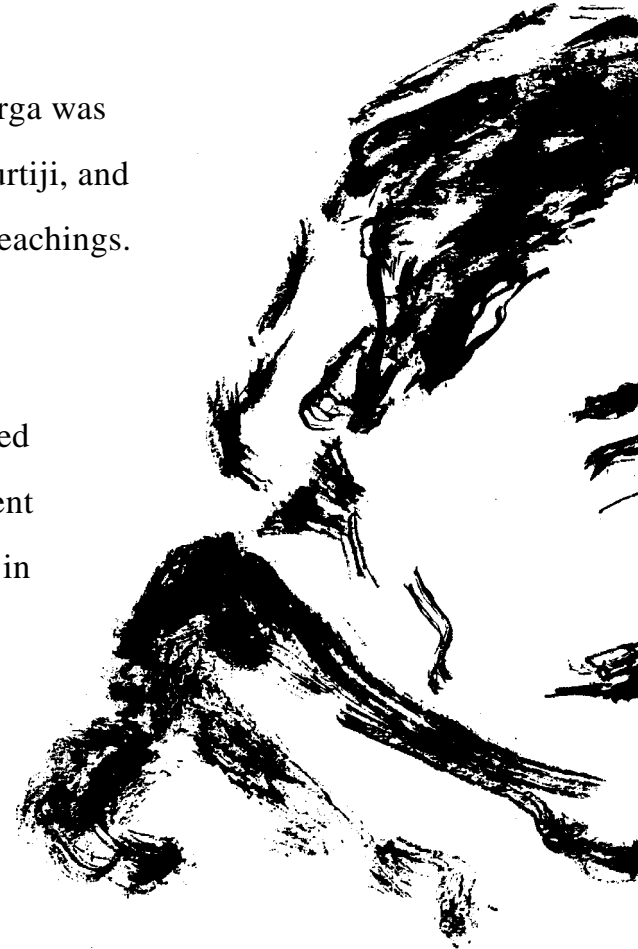
Whose magic will prove the strongest? Perhaps that of the weed which stings and cuts the hand, drawing blood, but whose sturdy yellow bloom lasts longer in the child's hot hands than the other more appealing plants. Perhaps not. In the end it is only a game.

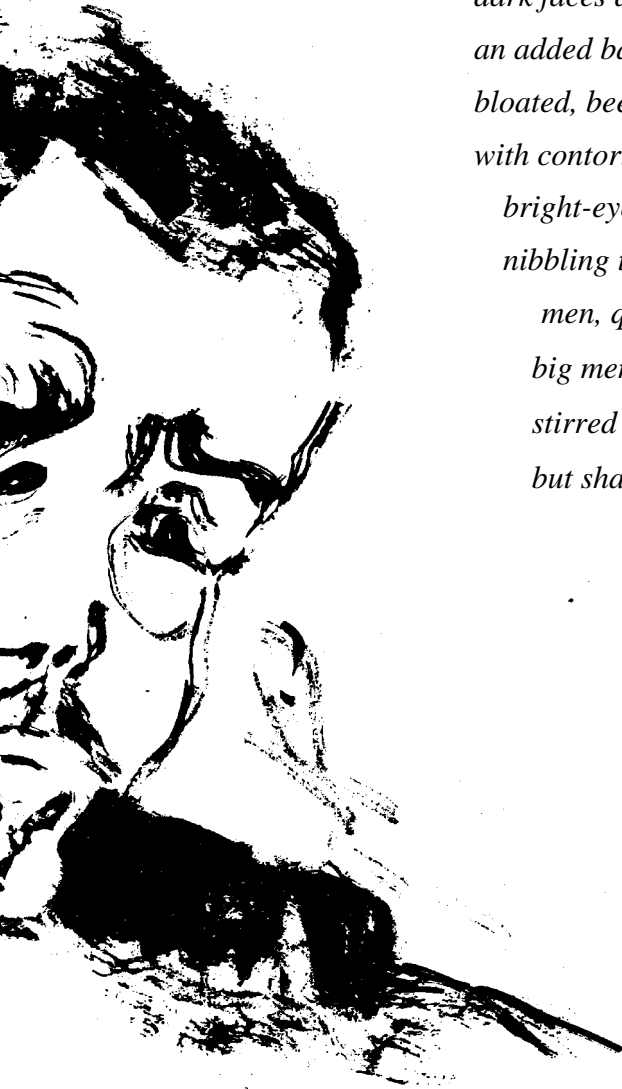
Tomorrow we can come back and choose again if we wish. Still, each child must have a wand, and for the time of the game that which she chooses must serve her, for she believes it will.

(Sydney December 15, 1973)



What made me flow under the external form of Ananda Marga was the spiritual depth and clarity of the teachings of Anandamurtiji, and also the undiluted and dynamic social application of those teachings. I was deeply concerned about social conditions, and in Ananda Marga I met others whose concern was equally as deep, and who also acknowledged the love and insight gained through meditation as the only real means to solve the present human crisis. With them I whole-heartedly engaged myself in various activities for the liberation of humankind, and I felt fulfilled and alive in this work.





*dark faces distorted with drink are not proud. what is pride for them?
an added barb in the merciless weapon that beats them down.
bloated, beer-drinking mothers bounce up and down
with contorted sheepish smiles and an alcohol dream in their hands.
bright-eyed, snot-nosed kids nick in and out, asking for biscuits
nibbling them cautiously like trapped mice.*

*men, quietly accepting what they need to live, grateful yet destroyed
big men, shy men, men hopping up and down, clapping to our tune
stirred by the ancient tribal blood in their bones
but shackled to a world of slums, of social and spiritual deprivation.*

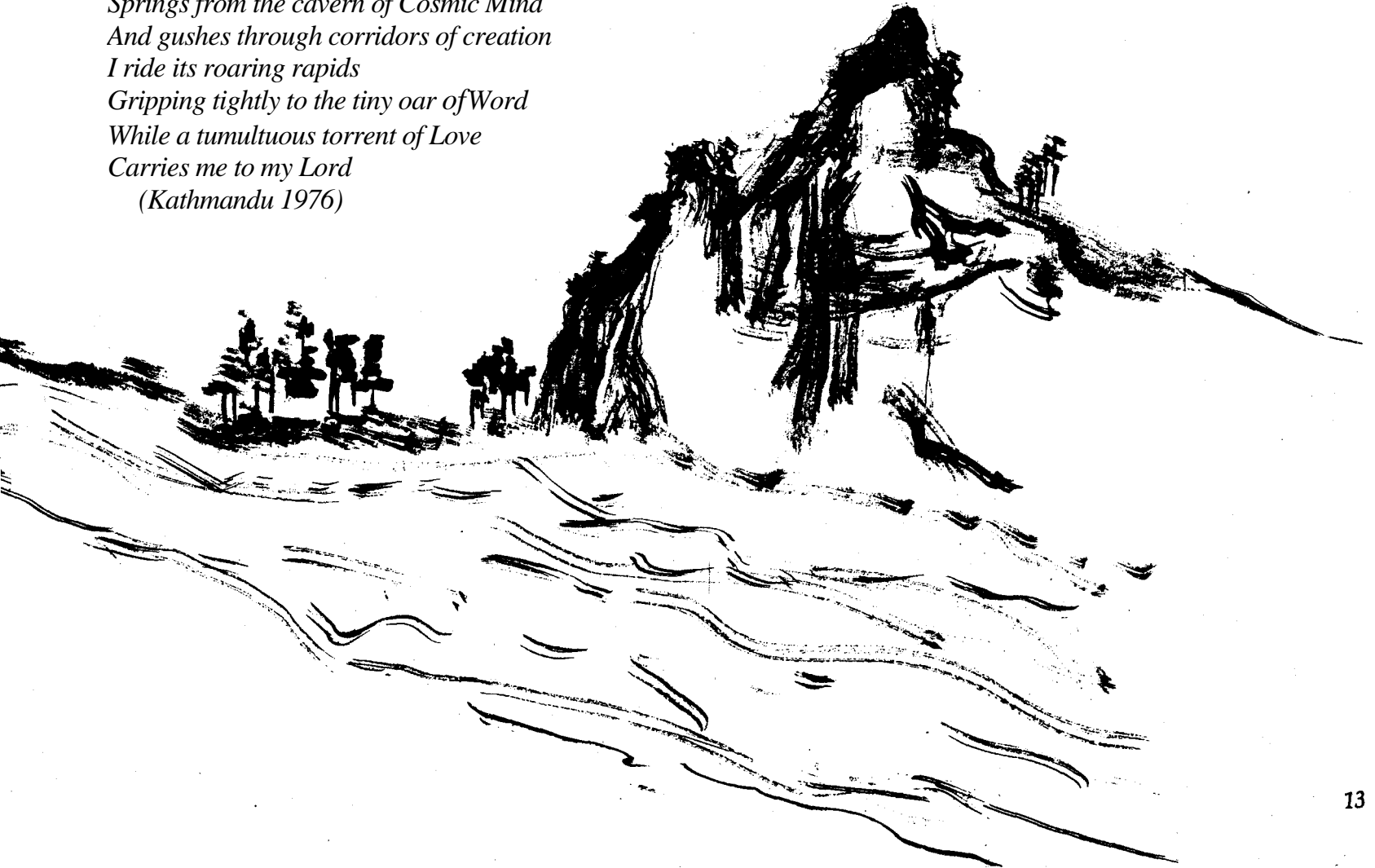
*who would have thought that behind the dark, broken stairs
through a concrete passageway, between low walls
lived a bent old man in a dilapidated cell
never moving, pale from lack of sun
with week-old pyjamas hanging off his bones,
and a man lying on an iron bed with his shoes on.
behind the brightly-painted fronts of city houses
lie innumerable prisons of old age, drunkenness,
sickness and lovelessness, hidden away.*

(Sydney December 26, 1973)

So came to pass my increasing involvement in Ananda Marga and increasing depth of meditation and strengthening of my internal individual self. Though I had still not met the Guru in physical form, I loved his teachings and his work, which I began to acknowledge as a special expression of the Universal Truth particularly suited to my being and also to the condition of the present-day human psyche and society. I still did not feel, however, any attraction to, nor place any importance on, the physical form of Anandamurtiji. As always, the Universal Consciousness was my guide, and my being expanded in its universality. I could not completely comprehend the attachment of some of my colleagues for the physical form of Guru, though I accepted it as their particular and personal expression of spirituality.



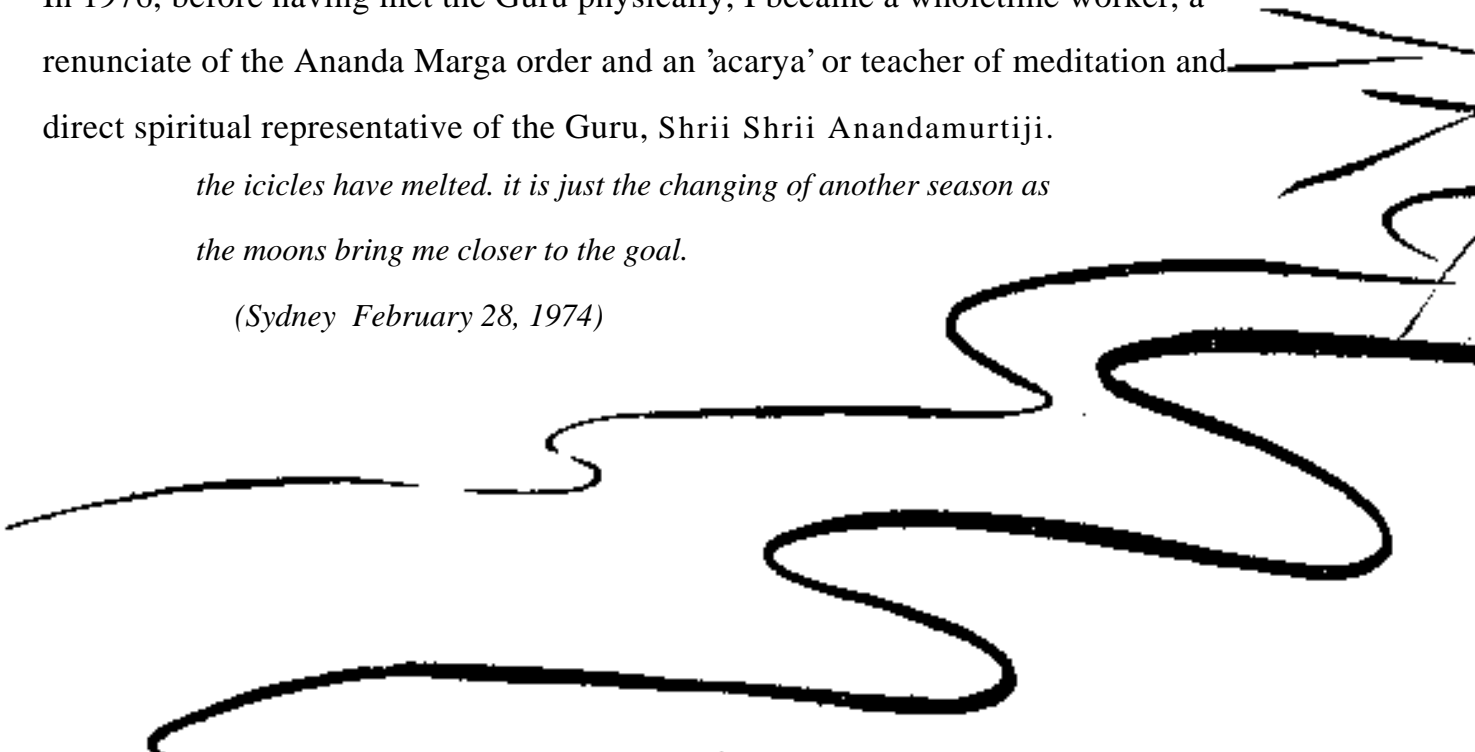
*Dynamic eternity
Springs from the cavern of Cosmic Mind
And gushes through corridors of creation
I ride its roaring rapids
Gripping tightly to the tiny oar of Word
While a tumultuous torrent of Love
Carries me to my Lord
(Kathmandu 1976)*

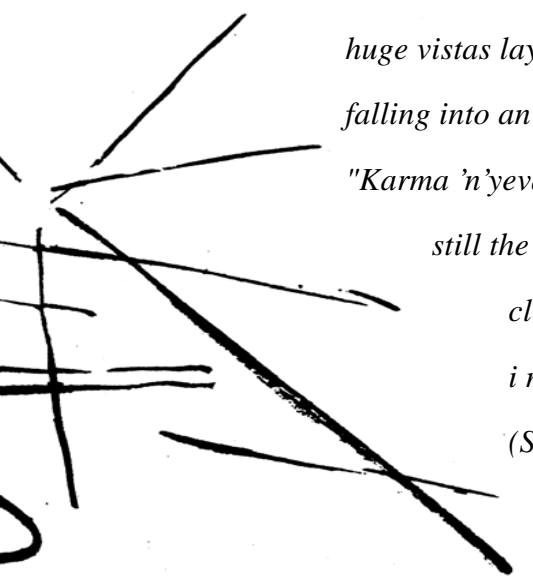


In 1976, before having met the Guru physically, I became a wholetime worker, a renunciate of the Ananda Marga order and an 'acarya' or teacher of meditation and direct spiritual representative of the Guru, Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji.

*the icicles have melted. it is just the changing of another season as
the moons bring me closer to the goal.*

(Sydney February 28, 1974)





huge vistas lay open at my feet, yet i despair over taking one step, for fear of falling into an imaginary chasm.

*"Karma 'n'yeva' dhika'raste ma'phales'u kada'cana "**

still the vistas lie, sprawling. when the sun comes out from behind the dark clouds i can see fertile fields and rivers running like snakes of silver light. i must go on. there is a gentle push: it is the sun.

(Sydney March 12, 1974)

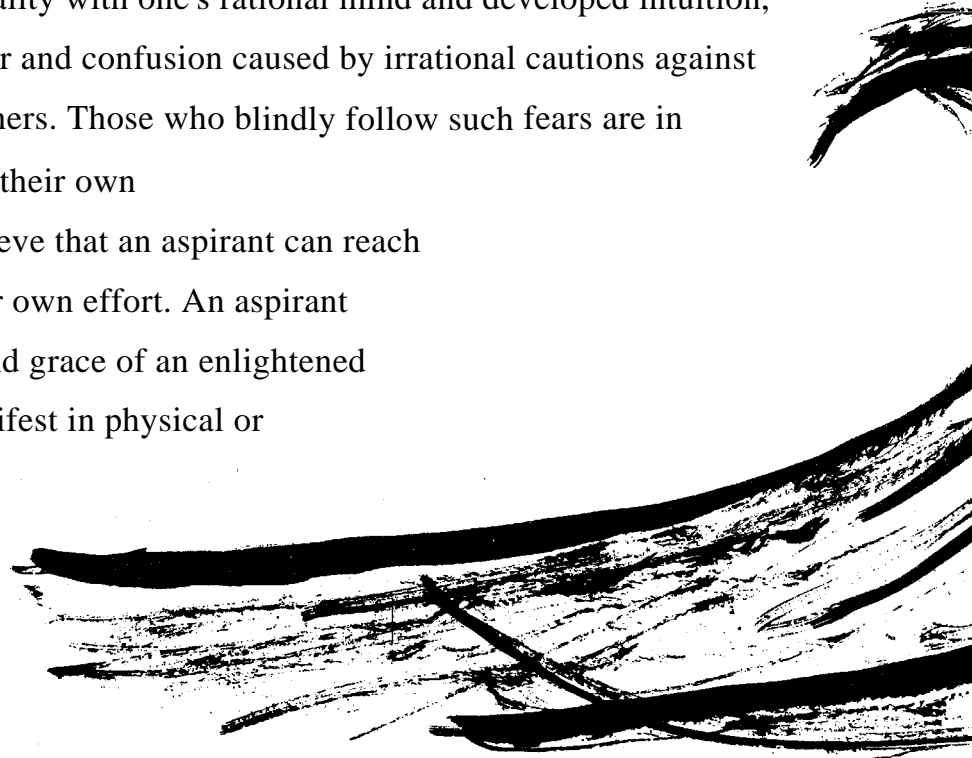
** "One has a right to one's actions only, not to the fruits" -*

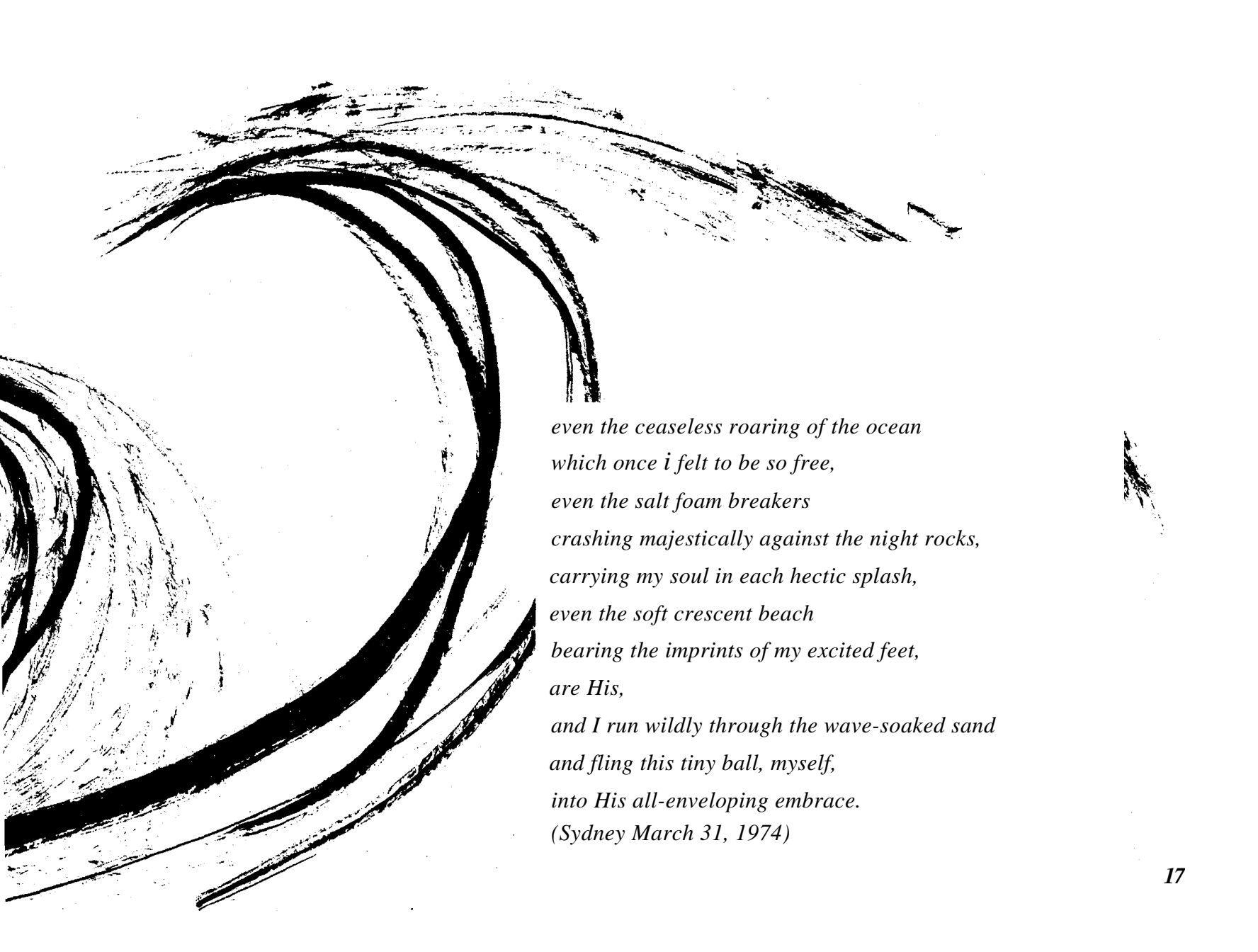
Bhagavad Giita

orange is the colour of .renunciation, the deep intense colour of a fire burning all desire and ego ... it grows hotter and hotter in my soul.

(Sydney May, 1974)

Often people fear embarking on a spiritual path under a particular Guru. They fear that it will sap their individuality and they will become spiritual slaves to one person upon whom they will have to lay the full responsibility for their liberation from this world. For this reason, many renowned teachers and books strongly caution against becoming involved in any specific spiritual path. I do not believe that anyone should give up one's individuality with one's rational mind and developed intuition, but I do not appreciate the fear and confusion caused by irrational cautions against all paths and all spiritual teachers. Those who blindly follow such fears are in danger of becoming slaves to their own spiritual doubts. I do not believe that an aspirant can reach enlightenment entirely by her own effort. An aspirant must accept their presence and grace of an enlightened guide, a Guru, who may manifest in physical or spiritual form.





*even the ceaseless roaring of the ocean
which once i felt to be so free,
even the salt foam breakers
crashing majestically against the night rocks,
carrying my soul in each hectic splash,
even the soft crescent beach
bearing the imprints of my excited feet,
are His,
and I run wildly through the wave-soaked sand
and fling this tiny ball, myself,
into His all-enveloping embrace.
(Sydney March 31, 1974)*

Many well-meaning people, sensing the nature of my universality, have cautioned me against the dangers of the 'religious fanaticism' of Ananda Marga, but frankly I resent the narrowness of their vision. I cannot desert, on their narrow-minded cautions, a path, which to me embodies the highest form of human rationality and universality and which does not undermine my individuality, but rather brings it to its fullest spiritual expression, a path which is completely harmonious with my being in this present time and space.

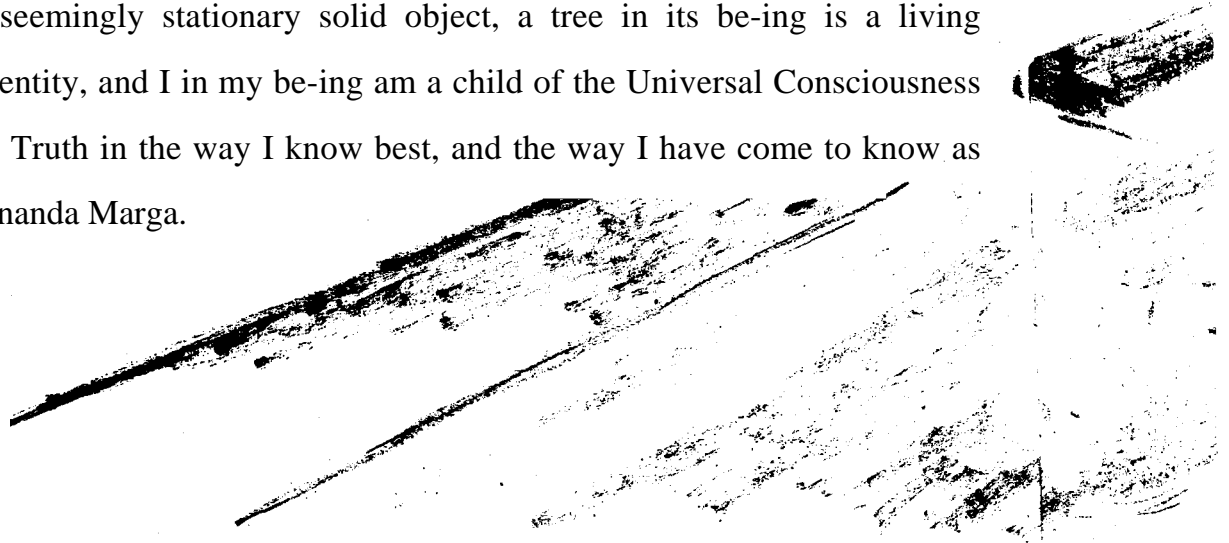




*Your beauty rides on me
Like a queen upon a snow-white horse.
Crowds cheer as she passes by,
Throwing flowers before her,
But she stirs restlessly
Urging forward her steed
As she searches anxiously
To catch even a glimpse of your feet.
Amidst the praising faces,
Between the fluttering leaves of trees,
Lit by a sunbeam stealing through the castle of clouds,
When will you reveal yourself
To mirror
In that instance
The fullglory of her existence.*

(Seoul April, 1982)

The teaching and practices of Ananda Marga are to me the Universal Truth as has been revealed by sages and saints in every country, and under the banner of many creeds, throughout the history of humankind. My nature requires me to sow the seeds of this Universal Truth in all human hearts. I am fulfilled in this role. I do not feel myself to be a narrow-minded religious fanatic, though I call myself by a certain name and wear a certain style of dress. I feel myself as be-ing. A rock in its be-ing is a seemingly stationary solid object, a tree in its be-ing is a living reproducing entity, and I in my be-ing am a child of the Universal Consciousness spreading its Truth in the way I know best, and the way I have come to know as my own is Ananda Marga.






*Child of street
Beat fiercely
at your bearer's empty breast
I am the Mother of humanity
Your cries unleash
the sweet milk of My will
(Calcutta March, 1975)*


Ananda Marga is a path of Tantra Sadhana. Devotion is the essence of Tantra Sadhana. In this cult of devotion, the relationship between Guru and disciple is vitally important. Unconditional surrender and obedience to the Guru is the one criterion for spiritual success. This surrender is only possible through intense love for the Guru. So the disciple's relationship with her Guru is one in which the spiritual love and trust between them increases until the disciple is transported beyond all limitations of self by the intensity of love and thereby realises the Supreme.

*Again I pass the lonely night
Longing for you Divine touch.
No, not just touch.
Would that you be always with me.
Why do you leave me to wander this world alone?
Everybody stares at me as if I'm mad.
How shall I tell them I am seeking only you,
And that you are hiding there behind the clouds,
and laughing,
While you suffer me to walk and walk the endless
skyroads,
Like a beggar, scrounging for a crumb of your love?
(Seoul April, 1982)*





During the years that I have been a wholetime worker of Ananda Marga, I have had many opportunities to be in the physical presence of my Guru. Each time I went to him, I felt as if I was being drawn by a powerful magnetic force. It was not my desire to see him; it was the inevitable course of my be-ing. At first I could not explain it and was rather amused by my helplessness. I cannot say that after meeting him the first time, or even a number of times, that I felt a strong attachment for his physical form. I always regarded him as an expression of Universal. Consciousness which was omnipresent whether in his physical vicinity or not. Therefore, for some years, I could not see any particular reason to go to him, I was merely attracted and moved by a force outside my own conscious volitions.



*How shy am I, Lord
To throw myself into Your embrace
The ghosts of numberless years
Crowd round me
Tying chains of past passions to my neck.*

*Let it break!
This worthless shell
Which dares not move an inch for Your caress
Let it lie crying
In a thousand pieces on the ground
That it may give up
The illusion of being devoted to You
Will then You pick it up, Lord
And piece together the bits With Your love?
(Kathmandu 1976)*

Over the course of my sadhana and through our numerous meetings, however, I have come to realise that there is no one in the world as precious to me as he; no one else embodies so perfectly my ideal of Universal Truth, and I have fallen deeply in love with him. My love for him supersedes all other relationships, for in his words, his gestures, his smile, and his love, I can immerse myself in the Universal Consciousness which I have felt strongly guiding me throughout this bodily life.


*Again I have come to you, my Lord
You shimmer brilliantly before me
In the nebulous from which is carved my time and space
Only your form shines to remind me of mortality
The memory of eternity still lingers in my soul
Yet you choose to enchant me with your forms of love
I am bound to respond
To forsake the silence of formlessness
To laugh and cry in love for you
Why do you bind me so?
(Calcutta November, 1984)*






Why do I love him? I can relate innumerable stories of his super-conscious feats which prove his omnipresence and omnipotence and which show how he miraculously graces his devotees, but his dearness to me cannot be expressed by such fantastic spiritual anecdotes.

In the face of all the adversities and all the crudity of this present-day society, he alone can understand my longing for perfection, for he alone sees only the perfection in me. When I have doubts and am confused about my nature and capabilities, he stands before me as a mirror of my deepest self and reflects my spiritual strengths. When I despair that I will ever reach my goal, he enlightens my heart with the joy of spiritual struggle and guides me from one level of realisation to the next. When I use the excuse of "human nature" for my failings, he impresses on me that human nature is divine, and that I must never dwell on my weaknesses and failings, but must constantly affirm my divinity in every word and every action, and in every thought, feeling and vibration of my physical and psychic body. He teaches me in detail, and is particular that I understand deeply and practise correctly every step of the intuitional science of Tantra which will lead to my ultimate perfection.



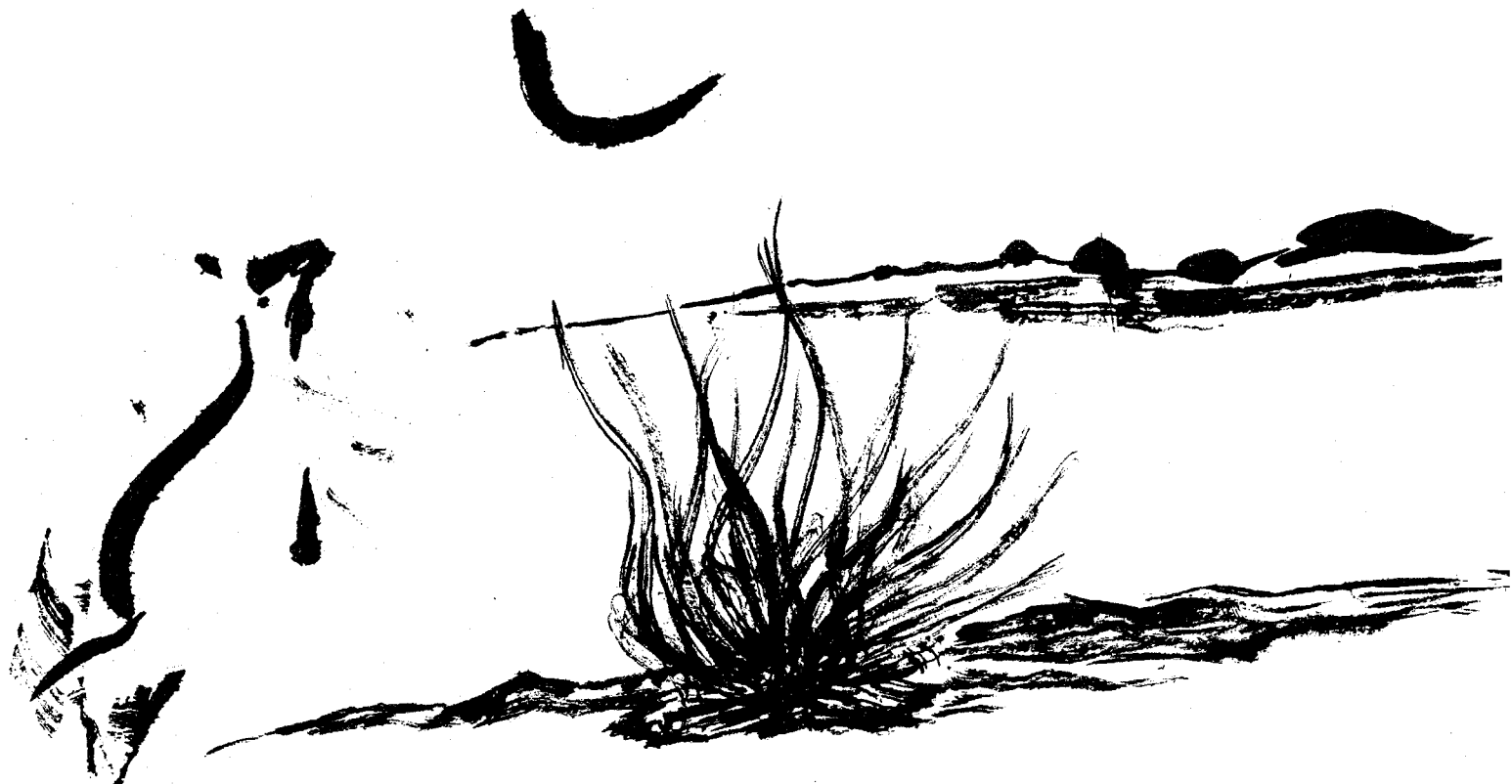
*I go to Him in secret
to unburden my humanness.
I know not if it is blessing or curse,
this quivering body and childlike mind,
which refuse to be stilled,
which jump in joy to catch
His reflection
In the autumn sun,
the wind-tossed waves
and the ancient stately pines,
enhanced in their beauty
by the god-like radiance of a tender heart.*




*I go to Him
to seek the solace of the Infinite,
to ask His assurance
that He will not reject this unruly soul
which runs from Him
to play frivolously in the reflections of this world.*

*I beg Him
to lift me onto His lap
as I bury my head in His chest
and cling to His greatness .
with every cell of my being
and surrender this restless humanness
to the taming touch of His caress.*

(Busan, Korea September, 1983)

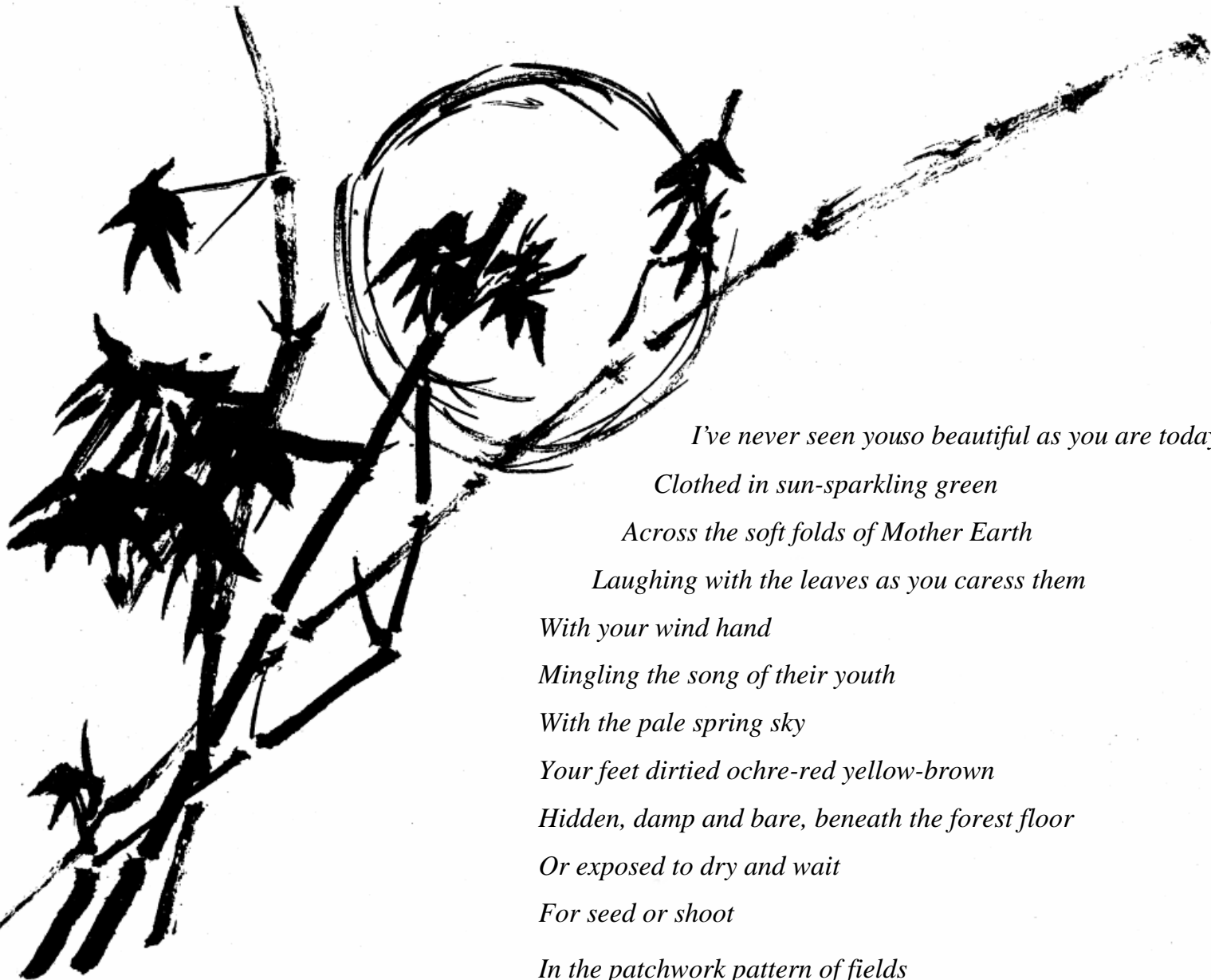


He is the perfect reflection of the purest part of my being. I cannot accept as reality the pain and suffering of this world caused by narrow-mindedness and selfishness. I see the beauty of life and the greatness of humanity, and I feel this present world is a complete antithesis to these Truths.

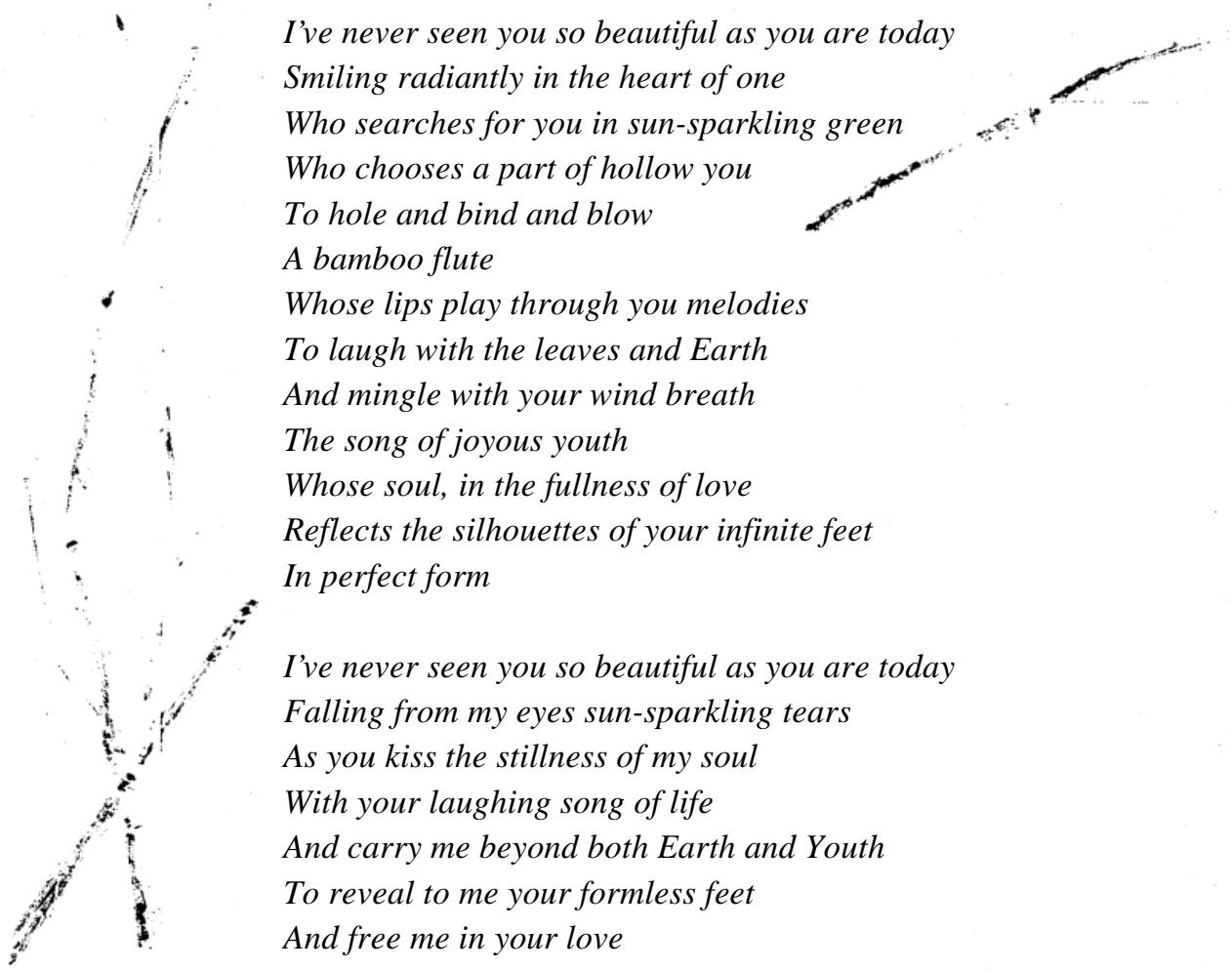


Where is the King?

*The barren winter fields turn green with the coming of the sun
But the souls of barefoot children stay cold
For their faces are caked with the dust of poverty.
Nothing changes for them save the coming and going of the sun.
Years add only veils of hardship to their eyes
All else remains the same
the darkness of a smoke filled cell in which relatives huddle like cattle
the putrid stench of drains full of urine and stool
the meagre, meals, of gritty rice and salt
the mad stupors of burning drink
and the mournful howling of the dogs at night
(Kathmandu 1976)*



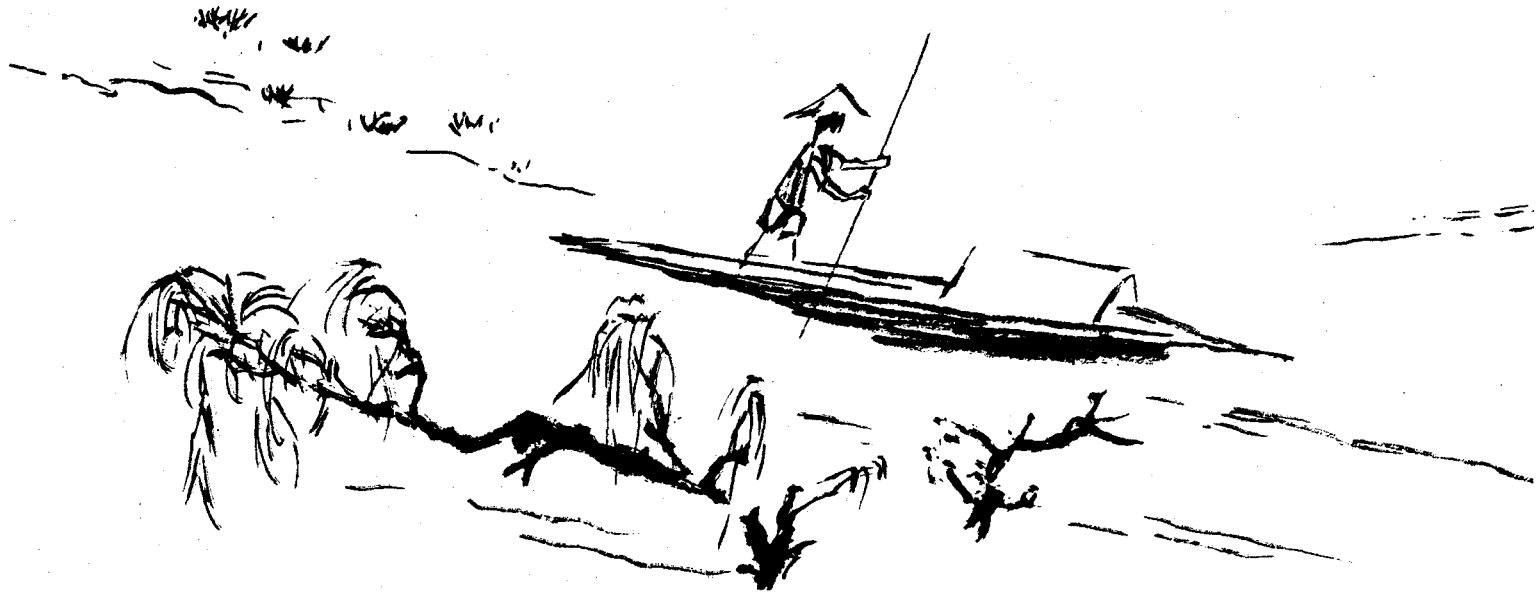
*I've never seen you so beautiful as you are today
Clothed in sun-sparkling green
Across the soft folds of Mother Earth
Laughing with the leaves as you caress them
With your wind hand
Mingling the song of their youth
With the pale spring sky
Your feet dirtied ochre-red yellow-brown
Hidden, damp and bare, beneath the forest floor
Or exposed to dry and wait
For seed or shoot
In the patchwork pattern of fields*



*I've never seen you so beautiful as you are today
Smiling radiantly in the heart of one
Who searches for you in sun-sparkling green
Who chooses a part of hollow you
To hole and bind and blow
A bamboo flute
Whose lips play through you melodies
To laugh with the leaves and Earth
And mingle with your wind breath
The song of joyous youth
Whose soul, in the fullness of love
Reflects the silhouettes of your infinite feet
In perfect form*

*I've never seen you so beautiful as you are today
Falling from my eyes sun-sparkling tears
As you kiss the stillness of my soul
With your laughing song of life
And carry me beyond both Earth and Youth
To reveal to me your formless feet
And free me in your love*

(Gwangju, Korea May, 1982)



I cannot live in such a false world without yearning and striving to change it. Since my youth, well-meaning relatives, teachers and friends have tried to buffer me against my extreme idealism -- they cautioned me not to seek perfection for they feared my ultimate disillusionment. My Guru, however, has supported my vision of Truth. In the face of insurmountable obstacles, he inspires me with the power of his own perfect realisation to seek and attain that which others would have me believe is humanly impossible.



*Yield not
To rain
Nor to wind
Nor to snow nor
Summer's heat.
Body strong
Desire none
Knowing no anger
Ever smiling silently
Daily eating
Four bowls of brown rice
Bean soup
And a few vegetables
Heart unaffected
By the world around.
Yet to see*

*To hear
To understand well
And never to forget.
In the shade
Of the forest
Of pines
On the plain
In a small thatched hut
To live.
In the east
If there's a sick child
To go and care.
In the west
If there's a tired mother
To go and carry
Her bundle of straw.*

*To warn
"Stop! for it's futile.
To cry during drought
To walk trembling
In the summer cold.
All call me fool
Without praise
Nor pity.
Such a one
I want to become
In the south
If there's a person dying
To go and say
"Don't be afraid.
In the north
If there's a fight*

*(Translated from the Japanese
'Ame ni mo makezu' by Miyazawa Kenji)*

My deepest self finds supreme joy in human life. He affirms this joy in all its aspects. Being, he says, must be "throbbing with energy and dancing in ecstasy." He is supremely positive. Nothing can defeat him, nothing can cause him to despair in me. He has strengthened my soul so that I exult in the most difficult challenges of life from which others shy away, so that I dare to proclaim to this degenerate world that I will reverse its very downhill course and uplift it by the power of my love.

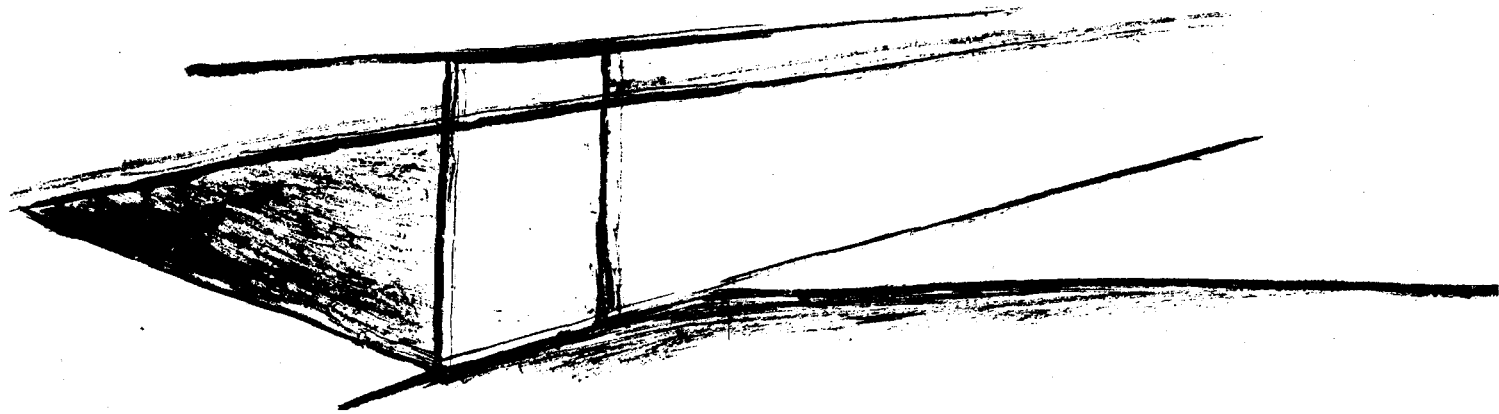
*What is this calling of womanhood?
What is this all-consuming fire of love that burns mercilessly
within my mortal shell?
When shall it blaze apart the feeble flesh that binds it,
to burst in flames upon the frozen world?
The Lord sighs in my scorching heart;
the heat of His humanity rises in my breast.
He urges me to serve Him and I yearn to obey.
But where shall I get the scope?*

*He is infinite, omniscient, all-pervasive and all-conquering
in His unspeakable majesty,
and I, I am but a woman,
a curious melange of aging organs and nerves,
of transient thoughts and wishes,
of fervent loves and fears.*

*Amid His multiform perfections I wander in awe at His flawless artistry.
Oceans rage around me
Mountains loom before
Winds carry my cries through vast starry skies
With babes I am born anew
With noble souls I die
With His all I remain eternally entwined.*

*My Lord, my Father, my Lover, my Son
relentlessly He kindles the sleepy ashes of my female soul
and blows from them an inferno.
His song in the flames is 'Ma'.
Victoriously it races through my veins,
my body dances to its sound,
triumphantly it transforms me into its very Self
as I revel in the glory of His game.*

*'Ma' 'Ma Ma' -
O mellifluous call,
singing the secrets of my soul
unlocking the mysteries of my existence
and tapping the unseen power of my flames of desire,
be my all
that I may serve
till this self expires
in Thy lotus heart, my Lord.
(London November, 1976)*

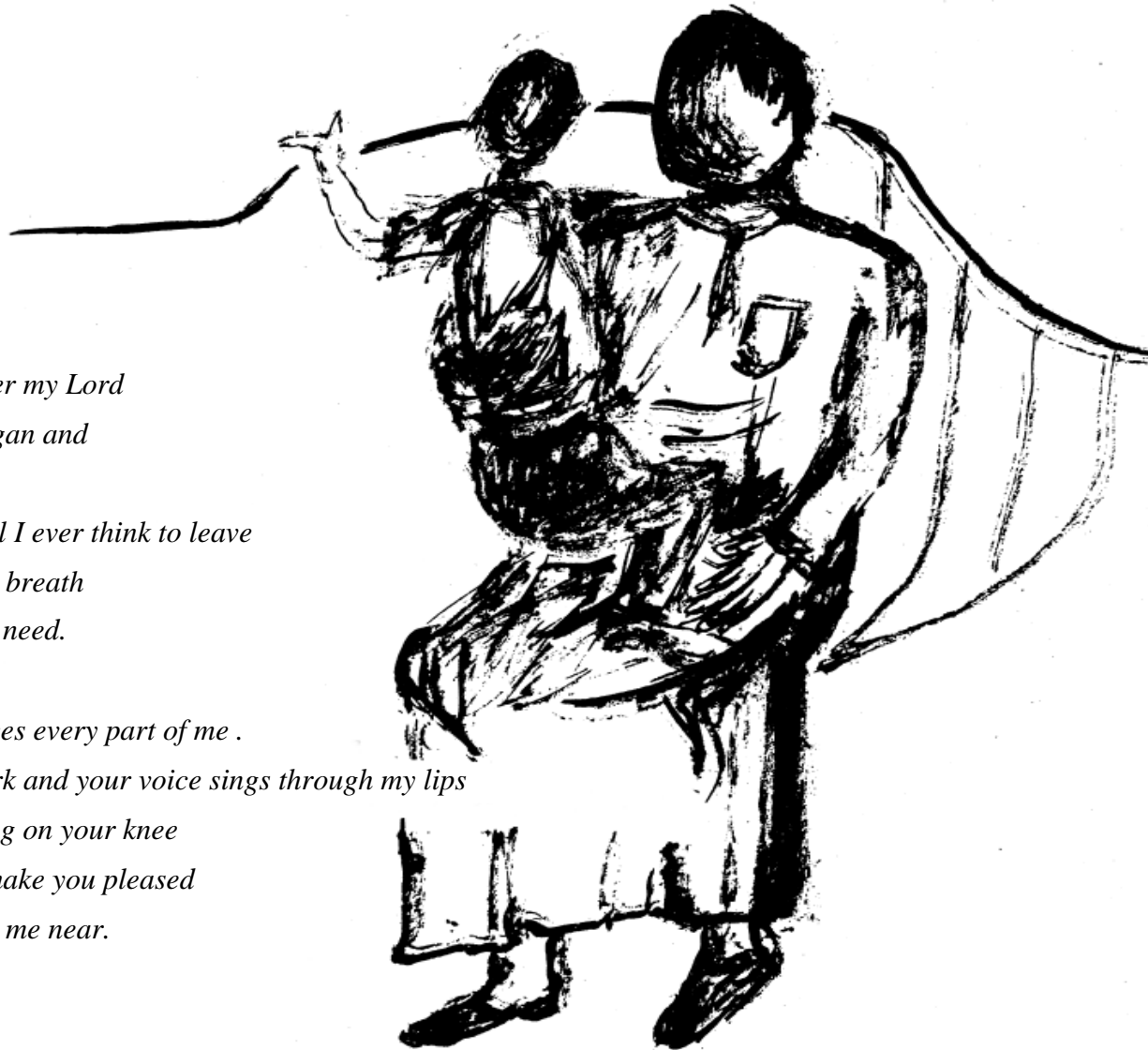


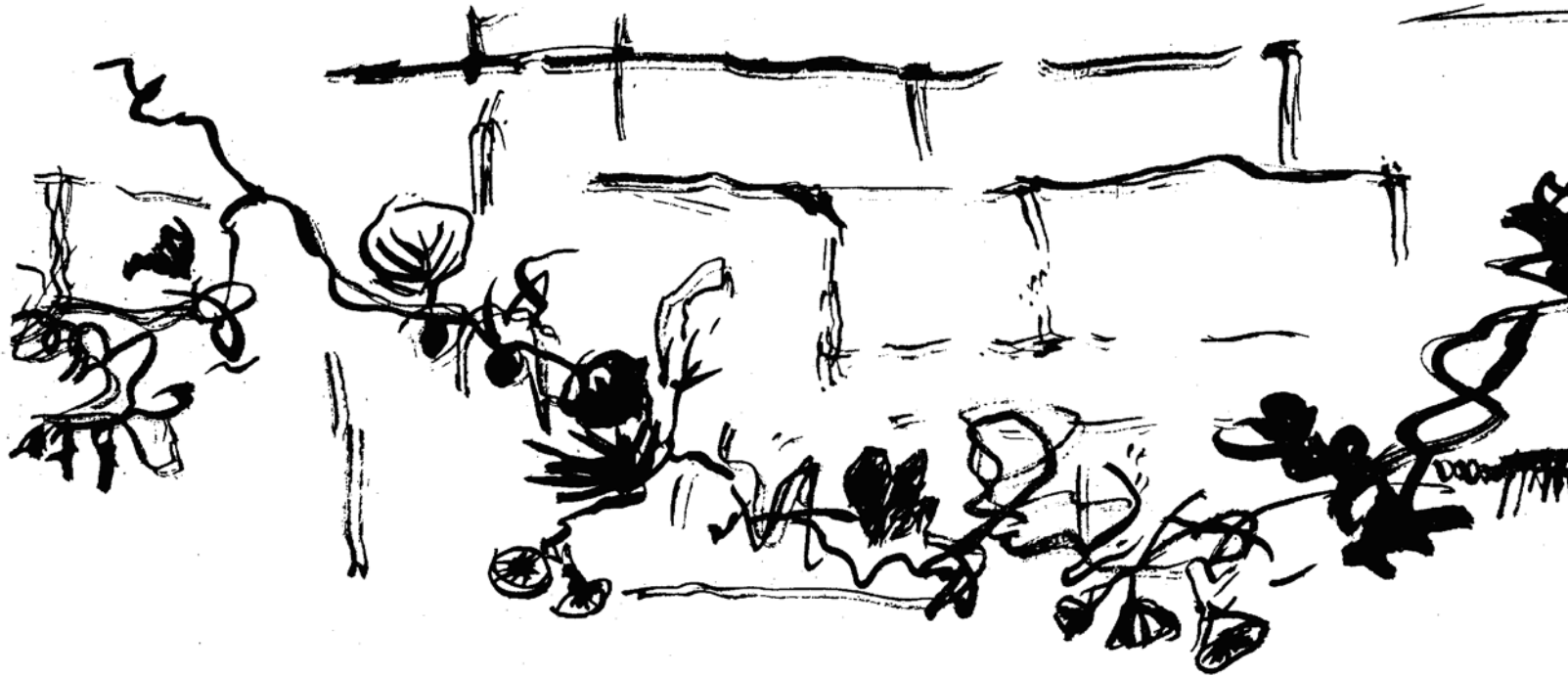
He is a dynamic Guru and his path is that of positively affirming one's purpose in this relative world, along with, and as an integral part of, affirming one's divinity. Through him my being has been awakened. I have become an instrument of the Supreme. I move with the knowledge that my existence, my ability to think and act, are but gifts of the Supreme to be utilised by the Supreme for as long as I am on this relative plane. He has captured my mind and heart so that I have merged my existence in him and therefore I am helpless but to think, speak, and move as an appendage of the Supreme. This is surely the meaning of the spiritual ideal of 'non-action' - it is not a passivity nor a negation of one's relative existence, but a joyous affirmation of one's individuality with all its qualities as the beloved of the Supreme.

*I love you forever and ever my Lord
I loved you when time began and
I'll love you when it ends
And never, no never, shall I ever think to leave
For you are the very air I breath
Your love fulfillsmny every need.*

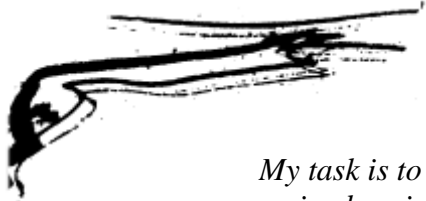
*Your smiling face embraces every part of me .
Your hands do all my work and your voice sings through my lips
I'm just a little child sitting on your knee
Playing funny games to make you pleased
Make you laugh and hold me near.*

(Kathmandu 1976)






When one acts with such a surrendered mind, one acts without expectation of the results of one's actions; the result depends on the Cosmic plan which is unfolding eternally for the good of all. To realise one's insignificant, yet at the same time, vital and unique role in this Cosmic drama, is the true 'non-attachment'.



My task is to grow like a mighty vine upon the wall of society, to strengthen and beautify it a vine bearing sweet-scented flowers and delicious fruits, a vine which while growing knocks off the dirty patches and replaces the weak spots in the wall with its own powerful stems and thus becomes entwined and merged with the wall itself the backbone of the wall.

But it will take time.



My Lord, however, wants it now. As if the destiny of the universe depended on the speed of this still young vine-shoot.

How shall I give it to you now, my Lord? Though you nurture me yourself with divine rain, strengthen my roots with the love of Mother Earth, I am still so small, and my tender leaves shiver in the cold icy winds and I cower when the shadow of any grazing animal passes, lest it devour me in its innocent hunger. How shalt I give it to you now?

This is my dilemma, my blissful dilemma. What is the use of my poetic musing when He wants it now? I want to please Him now, and when I can't, I feel my heart will break and hot tears flood my eyes. Then I hold my breath and try to be more brave, and He appears, smiling His inscrutable smile through each of my tears and caressing my heart with His soft gentle hands and whispering to me in His magical language, such sweet melodious words that my mind cannot understand, I cannot understand, and I surrender. How did I become like this?

(Seoul December, 1981)

His path is not a passive path. It is a path of incessant struggle against all negativity and weakness in the human mind. This struggle is not an ambitious drive on the part of the spiritual aspirant, but it is an innate quality of life. As the birth of a child is an experience of joy in physical pain and superhuman effort on the part of the mother, so each level of human evolution - physical, psychic, and spiritual - is the result of struggle, of superhuman effort to cast off old modes of existence and to embrace the new with all their unknown charms. This incessant struggle must result in ultimate victory, in the ultimate perfection of human life, for this is the *raison d'être* of human beings. Those who unsuccessfully try to avoid this struggle cannot realise the full exhilaration of their existence, they lose their zest for life to replace it with the stagnant security of a false reality, a false harmony.



Human life is a continuous succession of spiritual trials to bring us to the final realisation that we are nothing but an expression of Divine Love. Those who want to escape from the trials want to escape from Life herself. They prefer to cling to the stagnancy of death, while the ever flowing, exuberant life entices them to join her, then passes them by. On the spiritual path we let go of stagnancy and surrender to the bubbling flow of Life -- cautiously at first, and with little faith, then more and more willingly and lovingly as we move closer and closer to our Divine Source. Finally, with fearless abandon, we can joyously jump into the most trying of her experiences, knowing that they will fill us once again with the Love of God.

Often when I stand alone before my Tantric lord, the words of a young saint come to my mind and I start to beg Him to, "Give me more!" But I hold back, lest He should grant my request, and unleash intolerable hell upon me. I have so little faith.

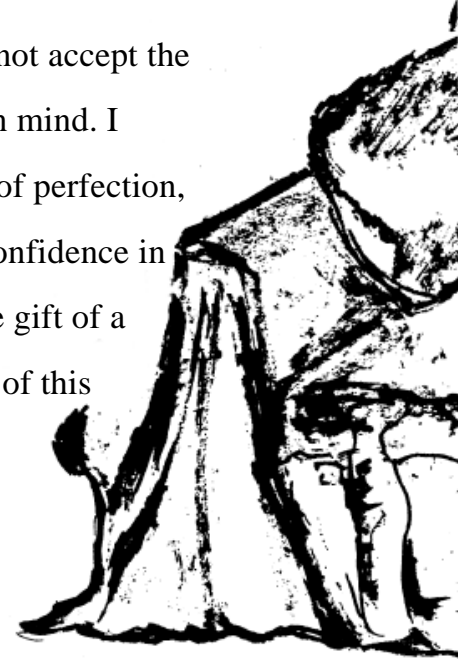
Now He has composed new words to tenderly express this devotee's plight :

*Keno dure tha'ko bolo kiba'ca'o
Liila chale keno a'ma're ka'nda'o
Ka'ndaiya'yodi a'nanda pa'o
Toma'r tore ka'ndite dio*

*Why do you stay so far away, tell me please
Why do you make me cry with your liila (play)
But if, O Lord, my crying gives you pleasure
Then make me cry for you.*

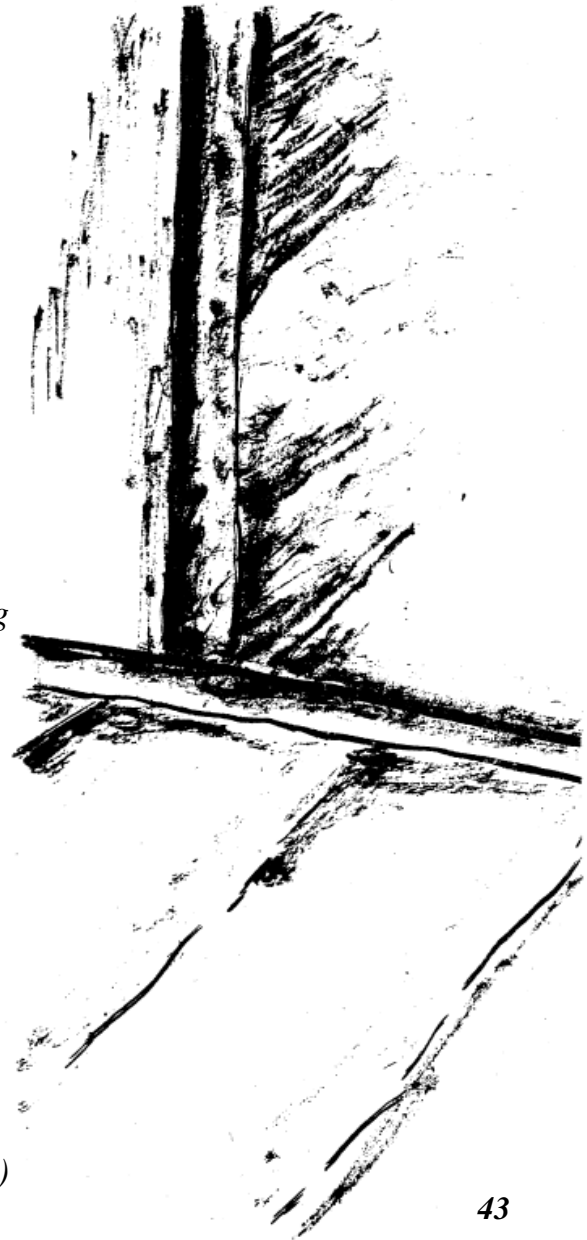
*(From Prabha'ta Sam'giita 1017,
"Tumi A'mar Dhya'ner Dheyay ")
(Calcutta August, 1985)*

The definite course of my being has brought me to these realisations. I cannot accept the false reality I see around me, nor accept the apparent limitations of my own mind. I must strive for perfection in individual and collective life. By his example of perfection, my Guru substantiates the veracity of my ideals, and he alone places full confidence in my ability to realise them. Above all, my Guru has given me the invaluable gift of a heart vibrant with divine love which exalts in the face of all the challenges of this relative world.





*Suddenly
my body is up
like a flash.
It thrusts itself out
to be
before you...
magic mechanics
of movement
controlled by
cosmic command
I cannot understand...
flying feet and
folded hands
eyes seeking, searching
your enchanting gaze
I cannot contain...
ears strain
to hear
the mystic music
your voice
vibrates
through time
and heart
held captive
by your formless form
hurtles headlong
into space unknown
(Calcutta June, 1983)*

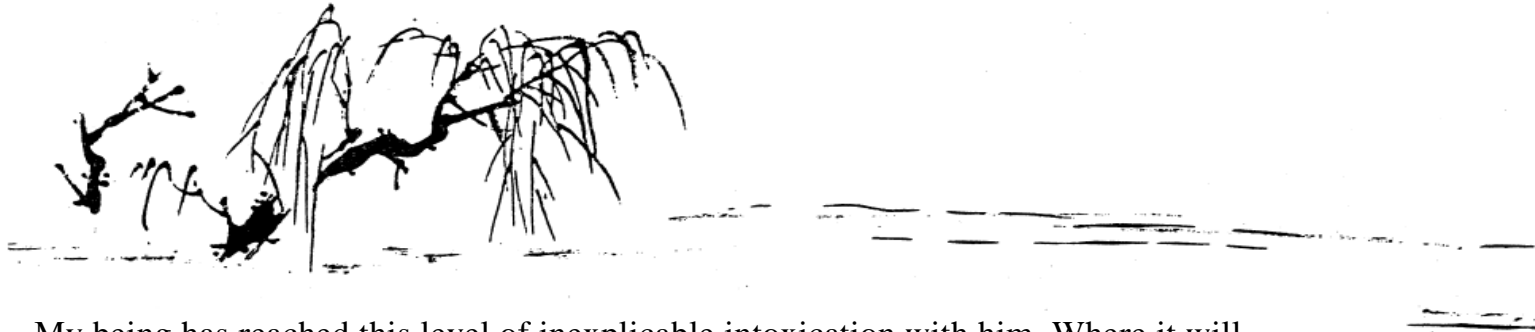




This love is consuming me. I am losing my mind, my being, my life's flow, my everything in it. I am becoming mad with love, and in it the Formless Guru and my physical Guru have merged. He, the divine thief, has stolen my soul. I did not give it to him at first, so with the stealth of a thief he has entered into every vibration of my being. Without my knowing how, or why, or when, I have come to love him with such an intensity that I will surrender myself completely to him for a hundred thousand lifetimes over if he so desires.



*In the lonely Himalayas, I've been with you, my Lord
In the sultry heat of tropics, I've lived in you, my Lord
In the jungles, by the rivers
On the plains, by the sea
For a hundred thousand lifetimes, my Lord you've been with me
Now this life I hear you calling me to be with you
In your perfect form to merge
To at last be one with you.
(Bangkok 1977)*



My being has reached this level of inexplicable intoxication with him. Where it will go from here, I know not. Perhaps this is just a phase of spiritual growth, but it is such an ecstatic phase that I cannot but feel I am rushing headlong into more and more ecstasy. In the midst of this ecstasy, however, my Guru alone glorifies my individual existence in this world, and commands me to keep my two feet on the ground to work unceasingly for the liberation of all.

(Copenhagen December, 1984)



*On a boat of loneliness
I set out
in search of you*

さびしさの船にのって
君をさがしにゆく