

Resurrection



Yogi Mahajan

There is a candle in my heart
Ready to be kindled.
There is love in my soul
Ready to glow.

Yogi Mahajan



*The candle in your heart
Reminds me of the kundalini of seekers to be lit.
When the kundalini of all the seekers is lit.
My job on earth will be fulfilled.
Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

On 23rd February 2011 Her Holiness Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi left her earthly abode. Her global family was devastated and felt orphaned. They tried to find solace in prayer meetings and meditation, but the loss was unbearable. Although she had taught them to walk, but children are children, and do not let go their mother's loving hand. Shri Mataji had come to transform the world, but she could not perform her mission alone, she needed the support of her children. Hence, for forty long years she held their hand and taught them to walk. Though they learnt to walk, still, they wanted to hold on to her. Without assuming their position they could not assist her mission of world transformation! So she resurrected in their kundalines. However their attention was still wrapped in their mundane desires, and hence they could not feel her resurrection.

Gradually they remembered the steps she had taught. No sooner than they started walking, they resurrected. It was the moment she was waiting for! They realized the light never went out; she had not gone anywhere but was ensconced in their kundalini as their inner self. As their spirit resurrected her love trickled down like ambrosia and drenched them with joy. Where they were transported even they did not know - were they one with Her or was She one with them? Perhaps the answer rests in Amir Khusro's couplet;

*"People think they are alive,
Because they have soul in them,
But I am alive because
I have love in myself."*

In a sense we are one spirit in different bodies. But the veil of ego eclipses the spirit from our attention. However when the light of our kundalini enlightens our attention we become conscious of our spirit. It can be described as our rebirth or resurrection. Thereafter the panorama changes, earlier we sought joy from indulging the senses but now our spirit becomes the source of joy. Not just that, we give joy to others. Their joy creates ripples of joy and hugs the calling shores. This was our Holy Mother's vision of the new age, and our resurrection sparks this most amazing happening.

Yogi Mahajan

Canto 1

My seeking itched.
A Rolls Royce Guru bewitched.
Holy Koran in one hand,
Sword in the other.
There was not to reason why,
There was but to do and die.

Pitted one against the other.
Belief against belief,
Religion against religion,
Fanatic against fanatic.

Cannabis smoking Guru proposed,
I disposed.
Pocket tattered.
Seeking battered,
Attention shattered
O cool breeze!

Bring me a balm for cooling my burning soul!

Neither money nor love
My burning soul cooled.
No fairy's wand fooled.
No wizard's magic potions ruled.

I knocked on every door,
But disappointed poured.
Somewhere the call of your love
Impelled me to your door.
With a prayer on my lip,
I gingerly knocked.

"Who knocks," she asked.
"Your lost child," I cried.
Without entering the door
You can know the whole world.
Without peeping out of the window
You can know the self.
Know the self and you will know the universe and the Gods.
But do not forget to enter the heart of a friend.
Entering the heart of a friend is the first step to God.

I entered the heart of a friend,
My burning soul cooled.
I held her hem.

The Holy Mother nudged.
I cried;
After many rounds of birth and death
I have found you.
From your threshold I hear the voice of God
In his name I beg you my burden ease.

She held me in her lap
As newborn babe caressed;
My right side cooled,
The heavy burden soothed.
Free like a bird I coursed the sky.
But found it burdened with thirsting souls,
Battered, tattered and shattered.

Who is going to cleanse us?
Who is going to care for us?
Who knows the art of divine love?

I pointed her door.
Sinners of all breeds and creeds,
Kind and unkind,
Just and unjust,
Humpties Dumpties,
Originals and copies,
Yuppies and puppies,
Skunks and punks

Shrinks and kinks
Leaches and preachers,
Meek and geeks,
Creeps and freaks,
Entered her threshold.

She did not chide our misdeeds.
Were she to dispense justice
There would be no place for us.

*A mother does not test her children
Her compassion compels to rescue them
When you were in my womb
The first nourishment came from me.
In mother's heart love resides
All faults hides.
Patience, love and forgiveness abides.*

*However much I have to struggle,
However much I have to work.
It's too much a thing to do.
But it works with love
Between you and me!*

*My love acts on its own.
It goes on working.
I cannot control myself from loving you.*

*The power of my love runs before me,
I cannot stop absorbing your pain.
The flow of my vibrations I cannot stop.
Somebody's chakras are catching,
So I put my chakras into play.
It works no other way.*

She did not frown our dirt.
Nor disdain its stench.
With tears of love she washed our feet.
The poison she drank,
The ambrosia she bestowed.
Crucifixion upon crucifixion,
For our spirit's resurrection.

She rewrote the lines of destiny,
Upon the palms of our hands,
And turned paupers into princes.
Such was her mercy,
Such was her compassion,
Such was the power of her love.

Heart engaged
Destiny rearranged
My pitcher filled,
My thirst stilled.
Colored in her love,

No other dye could blend.

A white bearded friend rebuked,
None can escape the tyranny of past karmas.
As you sow,
So shall you reap.

If karma be the bane of life
Then why God's worship be?

Compassionately she snapped our karmic bonds.

*If karma be the bane of life
Then for what karmas
Did Christ suffer?*

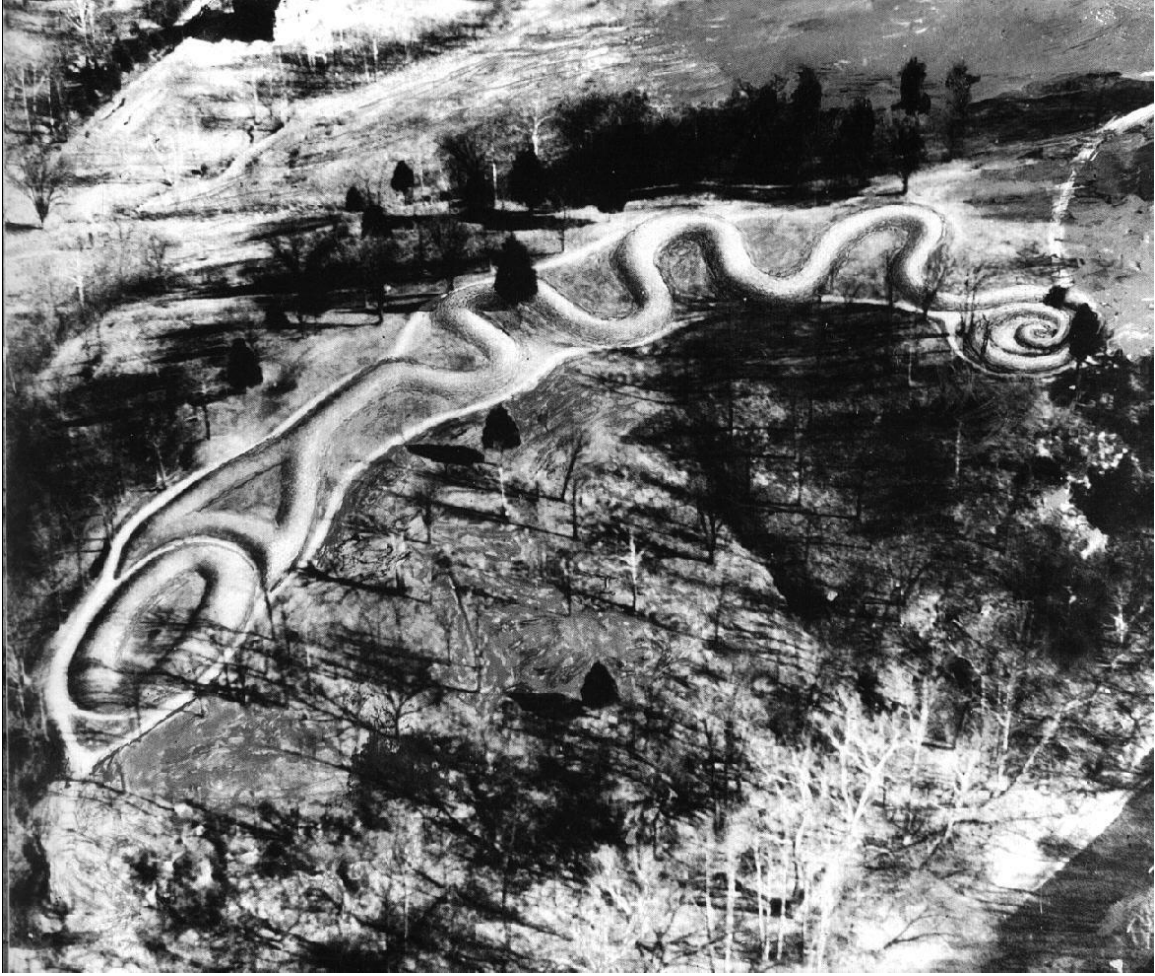
*Mother Ganges washes all sins,
But is not polluted by them.
A stream that enters the Ganges.
Becomes the Ganges itself.
When you become one with the divine
All your karmas dissolve in Him.*

*Fire cannot burn me.
Water cannot wet me.
Wind cannot dry me.
Unabated I flow as your kundalini,*

Your karmas wash.

Mother Ganges washed my sins,
But not my mind rinsed,
Thoughts after thoughts evil brings.
My sins atoned,
My free will enthroned.
My faith dethroned,
I drew her waters no more.

She guessed my plight
And blew my pride;
My child, your brain is filled with so many books,
Forget what you have read
Just try to feel.
They spoke about kundalini in metaphors or poetry,



*But none wrote about it clearly.
For the time had not yet come.*

In the oasis of the spirit
Enemies befriend.
But the rational mind pretends.
Ulterior motive sends.
Show me a book to reveals the self?

*I cannot show you a book,
By which you sit and read,*

*And say, Yes, I know the self,
I have got it!
I have become!*

*You are the student.
You are the examiner.
You have to certify yourself.
To know thyself does not come from rituals or reading books;
It has to be experienced on your central nervous system.*

Whereof does your knowledge come? I enquired.

*Like the seed of the fruit,
I held the secret of life from the dawn of creation.
I knew about it since I was born.
I knew about myself.
If I have done anything it is to understand human beings.
What's their problem.*

*They follow Christ, they follow Mohammad sahib,
They follow Rama, they follow Krishna,
And they follow everything,
But nothing inside!
Nothing penetrates...
They were not connected.
They are to be connected to all this.
The kundalini does not think, but feels,*

Not by intellect seals.

Joy from love flows.

Not from knowledge blows.

With Love my kundalini logged.

Not intellect clogged.

Before kundalini awakening love was limited.

Now it has become unlimited.

Her channel selected,

My kundalini connected.

Tell me, whither shall I depart?

You have stolen my heart!

Your kundalini is the river of pure love.

Allow yourself to flow with her.

In her love all thoughts recede.

In thoughtless awareness peace succeeds.

The drama of life proceeds.

In the flow of your love

Resurrection succeeds.

The seer, the seen

And the process of seeing proceeds.

But tell me true

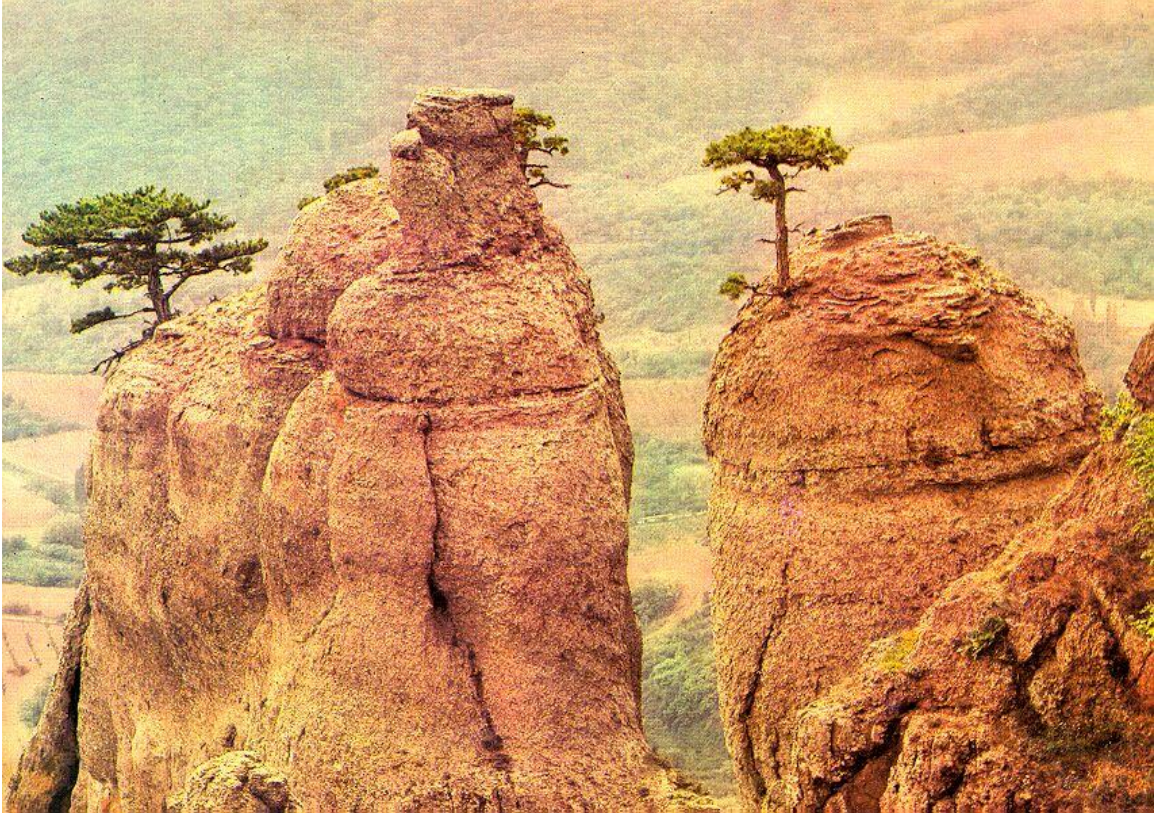
Why duality in unity breeds?

Collective consciousness duality weeds.

*If you are the light and you are the lamp,
Then where is the duality?
If you are the Moon and you are the moonlight,
Then where is duality?
If you are the Sun and you are the sunlight,
Then where is the duality?
You are the seer, the seen, and the process of seeing,
Then there is no duality.*

*You must take to your task and responsibility.
Remember this is the time of collective consciousness,
All your channels must be put together,
For flowing vibrations of God's Grace.*

Vibrations of light danced in delight.
You who created the universal dance of vibrations,
Can anything do;
Christ in me walked on water,
Moses within parted the ocean of illusion,
Prophet Mohammed within heard the message of God.
Shri Krishna vanquished the demons in mind.
Blake saw infinity in a grain of sand.



Canto 2

You who have accomplished such things,
As never could have been conceived.
You who showed Blake infinity in a grain of sand,
Why infinity hides in the shifting sands of time?



I crossed the Sahara desert,
To find what was so close.
The desert sands my throat parched,
Drew water from a wayside well.
Hot vibrations warned;
‘Drink not of this well
Or be cursed to hell.

Temptation streaked,
My will freaked.
The djin sneaked.

Dark and short
Fierce and gory.
Possessed me.
My blood licked.
I struggled and kicked,

‘Drop of blood for drop of water,
Is my rightful fare.’

I implored.

My fortunes galore
Purse rich in coins of gold.

‘My thirst not quenched by fortunes galore,
Nor wet by gaudy gold.
Drop of blood for drop of water
Is my rightful share.

My strength wore,
My intellect swore.
My efforts spent,
My handicap bent.
There is no infinity in the sands of time.

What is my sin?

*Not to have courage to love truth is sin.
Take to truth and win.
The intellect the self neglects.
Self above intellect elect.*

What is my handicap?

*The greatest handicap is ego.
Ego attracts negativity.
Negativity possesses negativity.
Spirit pure, is not obsessed.*

Dominated or possessed.

What is the greatest thought?

The greatest thought is God.

Know thyself

And you will know the universe and the Gods.

What is the meaning of life?

You cannot know the meaning of life

Until you are connected to the power

That created you.

What is my loss?

The will to rise above all difficulties.

Adhere to Your duty.

The greatest loss is self confidence.

What is my mistake?

The greatest mistake is to give up hope.

Where is your attention

Where is your will

Why are you so worried?

Did I not promise

I will fulfill every wish.

My kundalini pristine beauty rose.
Battle axe, noose and goad.
A terrible battle stormed my citadel,
Volleyed and thundered,
Shattered, stormed and shelled.
Hot vibrations escaped atop my head.

The heat abated,
My kundalini elated.
Attention felicitated.
Hands vibrated.
Truth varnished, fear vanquished.
Death came to sting me but lost its power.
It could wreck no more my pure desire.
Nor deter Gandhi, Lincoln or Mandela.

O djin Beware
Don't you know who resides in my heart?
By my kundalini I am resurrected
I cannot be vanquished.

Mercy! Cried the djin,
Have mercy O Goddess!
I shall not deceive the thirsty,
Nor curse the well.

I will drink the water from washing your feet.
I will serve you night and day.
Whatever alms I collect will offer to you first.

*O fool! I am the power of truth.
Only the truthful dare worship me.
The wheel of time must turn.
You must churn or you must burn.*

*Why quarrel with truth?
Why fight for falsehood?
Why not have light and see for yourself?
But tell me true
Who are you?*

What's in a name?
It's just a game.
No fame no shame
'Let go' is the name of the game.

Pure spirit I elude,
Human attention I delude.
Fancy bred in the eyes.
In its cradles dies.
On human fallacies I survive.
In timeless duality I thrive.

Bubbles of thoughts
Human mind soughts.
Love fraughts.
Absence of love Insecurity precipitates.
Perversion insecurity penetrates.

Ego I chase as its shadow.
I am the temptation that greed rusts.
I am the intoxication that teases lust.
I am the craving that tongue turns.
I am non- forgiveness that anger burns.

I am the possessiveness that attachment clicks.
I am the mind that brain ticks.
I am jealousy that ambition kicks.
I am lip service religions trick.

Without ego I cannot subsist.
In this specialty I persist;
None can see reality without my myth,
Once I was lost now I am found.
Mercy O Goddess!

You will be saved or you will perish.
Your kundalini I ignite,
Collective consciousness I light.
Your kundalini will bear witness against you.

*Let your hands speak
And testify your misdeeds.*

The touch of her love
Evil eye stoned.
The djin atoned.
Truth over untruth enthroned.

Vibrations of light danced in delight;



Power of resurrection performed.
The weapon of destruction,
Forgiveness transformed.

In the love of your eyes I beheld,
The One become many.
I became one with so many.

Call it a miracle or a play,
He alone survives your maya,
Who slips in your play.

*What you call a miracle
Is just my play.
To pull you out of illusions that slay.
To love is the divine play.
Your ego must accept your ego,
Is the only way.*

The one who creates illusions is You.
The one who reveals is also You.
Till I was sold no one cared,
Now they enviously beseech my trade.

Canto 3

Birth after birth I searched Thee.
In snow clad peaks and forests deep.
But you hid in places
Where even angels dare not peep.

Claiming ownership and control
I fought over mages of clay.
Turned from heaven to ritual play.
On Sundays church.
On Fridays mosque.

Christians believe in their Cross.
Muslims think that there is something in Kaba.
But both are under an illusion.
The real thing lies within.
I have come to light that candle in your heart.
To connect that void in your soul.

Moses destroyed my graven images.
You whispered in my ear;
You want your crutch because you are identified with them.
So you go back to your crutches and again want to become lame.
This is just play acting.
But if you act for a long period you will become lame.”

Release me from the tyranny of intellect.
Or let me worship my father's weighing stone.

With candles, frankincense, and flowers.
I pray from my heart, sincere and profane.
Begging favours separation grows,
For what is mine that is not yours?

*The capacity to surrender the intellect
Is a blessing not easily won.
The musk deer's fragrance is in its navel
But he madly hunts the forest.
The intellect seeks me in symbols and pilgrimages.
And misses the point.
I reside closer to you than your nerves.*

*No intellect can part
My blessings in your heart.
My blessings will purify your intellect
Discretion as a friend perfect.*

Your blessings in my heart kept.
At every turn your footprints stepped.
I sought infinity in the shifting sands of time.
The desert storm your footprints hid.
Only one pair of footprints remained on sands of time.
Abandoned and lonely I bemoaned my crime.
O Mother is this my fine?

To shield you against the storm,

*I took you in my arm.
See with the eyes of discretion
Those footprints are mine.*

*When was I apart from you?
Since your creation I awaited.
In your sacrum bone I abated.
It was my desire,
Just give me a little chance
The divine love is so subtle,
It will penetrate your heart.
But you did not heed my beckoning.
I comforted you in dreams,
But you turned aside.
What was worse
You became like stone.*

*You waited for the Messiah.
But when I came
You did not recognize me.
I have come down to pull you out.
If you do not drag me down,
I can pull you up.
This time do not miss the chance.*

*I did not miss the point
The Holy Mother had not forgotten me,*

I had forgotten her.
My kundalini dared the rational mind,
Braved the wheel of time.
Saw infinity in the shifting sands of time.



None saw your beginning,
None saw your end.
None saw your vibrations born,
None saw them die,

The closer my heart yoked to yours',
The more I absorbed your vibrations.
The more I felt the joy of your wondrous creation.

Whatever is verified by vibrations is life eternal.

All else is but the rational mind,
Mirage created by the shifting sands of time.
Perishes under the wheel of time.

Canto 4

I do not know which stone to worship,
Or show me a stone that does not reflect your beauty.

I do not know by what name to call you.
Or tell me a name that does not bear your Grace?
I do not know which flower to offer you,
Or show me a flower bereft of your fragrance?

I carried the water of seven rivers,
To consecrate idol of stone.
A donkey dying of thirst.
I offered it the water of seven rivers.
His blessings poured, my spirit soared.

The Priest harshly rebuked,
O what have you done!
What have you done!
God shall surely punish you.
Neither in heaven nor hell
Will there be place for one like you.

My hope dashed,
My heart abashed.
My body crashed.

'O Priest what have you done!
What have you done!
You have estranged my innocent devotee.
You were sent to unite human beings to Me.
But you divided them from Me.

*In the guise of a donkey,
I entered his heart.
And found comfort in his shrine.
He who enters another's heart enters mine.*

*Bereft of compassion you depart.
Love others become my part.
But in that love show not pity.
Love without any reward.
Love is its own award.*

*How can you understand others?
If you don't understand yourself?
How can you correct others?
If you can't correct yourself?*

*Do not do this!
Do not do that!
Leads to the labyrinth of mental stress.
Not the sweet fragrance of my love bless.*

When I care for other more than my self
You pulsate in every fiber of my being.
Strange are the ways of the intellect.
The heart has its own reasons!

Canto 5

A despondent beggar returning home empty handed.

Heard your call,
'Come the Mother calls.'
Do not turn away from your Mother my child
Ask again and again
And I am more than pleased to fulfill you.
My child, do not hesitate to ask what you want
However much you want I will give
I will fulfill all your desires.

Your Divine benediction gave more than I asked.
Even what I did not ask you basked.
Whatever I wielded
You gladly yielded.

Shri Krishna's flute sweetly played,
"I take upon myself the concern for the welfare
Of those who worship Me with undistracted mind,
Whoever persevere I increase what they have
And I give them what they do not have."

A reservoir's supply is limited.
But an ocean does not empty
By a canal drawn from it.

Your bounties are unlimited.
With the eyes of my Kundalini I became infinite.
But in my mind's eye I remained finite.

The more you gave the more I desired.
The greed I fired another guise hired.
Wealth I desired not from want.
But to neighbors haunt.
Exchanged and bargained.
On temple mart.
Success for ventures start.
O Goddess bless me the Midas touch.

Gold does not know itself.
A miser does cannot enjoy his wealth.
A beautiful woman cannot enjoy her beauty.
You cannot enjoy my blessings
Without realizing the self.

Bless me a son.
I shall stud your crown with a15 carat diamond,
Basra pearls and Burmese rubies.

Hunger is satisfied by food,
Thirst is quenched by water.
Sweet fragrance nurtures the organ of smell
Sweet music pleases the hearing.
What satisfaction is gained from son?

Who shall carry my name?

For the sonless there is no prospect the scriptures say.
Who will save me from the Last Judgment.

*None can save you from the Last Judgment.
You must perish or Self realization cherish.
Judge not others lest you be judged
Judge yourself by inner self.
I have not come to judge you but to save you.*

*Consciousness of the inner self saves.
Merge in the ocean of collective consciousness.
Bathe in the ocean within you.
A drop outside the ocean dries up.
Why remain a drop when you can be the ocean?*

*Collective consciousness is extremely sensitive.
It thinks, understands, co-ordinates,
Works without mistakes,
Never fails.
And above all - loves.*

Woe is my daughter pure,
Ugly and unwed.
Grant her a husband,
Subservient and fair.
I will fast, nor partake flesh.
I shall build your temple

With mounds of gold.

A temple of gold does not open the gates of heaven.

Open the temple in your heart

For the others to enter.

The glitter of gold no more allures.

Human life not secures.

Immortality I beseech.

Your name in every square will preach.

What is born must die.

Such is nature's way.

Let me not die from any weapon,

Nor at the hands of man or animal.

Not at day or night.

Nor on earth or sky.

My child, with your kundalini's eyes see,

There is no death.

In death resides life.

Death is but another life for rest.

To return with enthusiasm for human emancipation.

In my Kundalini's eye I witnessed my own death.

Death brings birth,

Birth brings death,
Birth after birth my kundalini slept,
The heavy burden of her chakras wept.

Listen O friend,
There is no peace
Without spirit's ease.
Peace is not a product
Bought and sold.
Is born from chakras pure as gold.

Not to love truth is sin.
Falsehood over evil wins.
Light darkness dispels,
Truth evil expels.

It is not enough to have more,
Or know more,
But to love more.
What is mine that is not yours?
For what does the world hold
That is not your gift?

I measure every gift.
But you measure my depth.
Your left hand does not know
What your right hand gives.

Your river- like generosity,
Sun-like bounty and earth-like hospitality.
There is none such as you.

Wherever I look I see only your marvels.
I do not care if my desires are blessed.
I only see the movement of your love.
It is my plight that my two eyes are not enough
To see all your wonders!

canto 6

At crack of dawn the cowboy rose.

Cleansed stables,
Your name he wore,
Horses happy ashore.
My intellect a doubt arose.

The Holy Mother smiled;
Doubt not his devotion,
There is none greater devotee than he.
It is simple to understand
By seeking other's faults
Ours do not wane.
To forgive
One has to be forgiving.
There is no other way.

Worry not who he is.
Worry who you are.
By knowing yourself,
You will know him.

A cup of oil on your head carry
But not a drop tarry.

A cup of oil I carried
Not a drop did tarry.

Tell me true

How often you remembered me?

You proposed

I disposed.

O Goddess be pleased.

From dawn to dusk,

Toiled he,

Yet forgot me not in the secret chambers of his heart.

But you did you meet me in heart?

Workload he smilingly bears

Enjoys his passion.

Happy horses sing.

How many happy faces you bring?

What use is knowledge bereft of love.

I am not in rituals, offerings or prayers.

Where is your attention?

Where is your will?

O Slave of matter.

Joyless pursuit.

The mind believes but what it conceives.

Mental problem mental solution perceives.

The mind does not have a clue.

Mountains in a distance appear blue.

The sky is not blue.

The moon does not rise.

The sun does not set.

Love cannot be borrowed

Joy does not turn to sorrow.

The kundalini stages her own manifestation,

You cannot manipulate order, control

Or through internet connect

But with devotion's eyes detect.

The depth of devotion

Rests on the quality of attention.

Kite out of sight fritters.

Attention drifted devotion dithers

Thoughts are barren

Love is living.

Love creates where it pulsates.

Attention not immersed dissipates.

On the tree of life two birds drink.

One drinks the water without discrimination

Attention dissipates.

The other discerns the milk from the water,

Attention precipitates.

*Everything in the universe has its own principle.
Attention entangled in matter eclipses that principle.
A wee seed becomes a mighty tree.
Shades the traveler and fulfills his quest.
Why be a wee seed when you can be a tree?
Why should a drop become a pearl?
When it can transform into a mighty ocean?
Why remain an egg when you can become the bird?
Why seek broken glasses when I have placed diamonds before you?*

*Seek not with naked eye,
Perceive with kundalini's eyes.
In every block of wood
Lies a beautiful statue.
He can see it
Who feels my love in everything.
You are not apart from me.
Love others as I love you.*

*I laugh each time I hear
The fish in the water is thirsty.
Discretion lacks,
Bait attracts.*

*Not a single heart does rational reform.
Turn from rational
Return to compassion.*

Compassion transforms.

Compassion is the principle that controls all principles.

A drop that flows with the tide

Does nothing but everything does.

He who knows the One, knows all.

A key that holds all the keys.

A number that contains all number.

When compassion awaken in one,

It awakens all.

Behold my secret untold!

Attention my mind befooled.

Attention on my spirit cooled.

Compassion born.

Thoughts gone.

The code of all permutation and combinations cracked.

Advantages imbued in disadvantages racked.

Solutions hidden in problems tracked.

Positivity amidst negativity flashed.

Unity in diversity attached.

O friend, we are but one spirit in two bodies.

Whom shall I call the beloved?

I do not know if my heart lies with my beloved

Or my beloved resides in me.

I humbly bow before every heart
Who knows in which heart she hides!

Canto 7

Humble and proud homes I brick.
Brick by brick with love I tick.

One last house for me patiently build.

Spent in age no patience waged.

Brick by brick I hastily raged.

A crooked house down crooked lane.

From Holy Mother the key I gained.

A parting gift this house I reward.

Your love I award.

A crooked house down crooked lane.

A victory without gain.

My head limped in pain.

O friend! Duty without love is a bane.

From love comes patience.

Above all to thine own self be true.

Away from duty you turned from beauty.

The greatest mistake is to give up hope

The greatest opportunity is the next one.

At first opportunity to duty returned.

Brick by brick with loving hand I tilled.

A widow's house I humbly built.

The widow's prided

Neighbors vied.

A thing of beauty gives joy forever.

My spirit shone
My self confidence toned.
My crooked house I atoned.
Love is not something dead like stone.
Houses can be made by fools like me.
Only your love can make a tree.

*Immerse in spirit and sustain the tree.
Do not slacken your effort
But ascribe all effort to me
Become a flute hollow.*

Tune my flute hollow,
Await your melody mellow.
The mistress of good fortune smiles
At flutes hollow.

*The flute does nothing because it is hollow.
There is nothing to renounce, all is shallow.
Shun false identity spirit assume.
Instrument of divine orchestra subsume.
Vibrations of divine orchestra presume,
Font of vibrations bliss resume.*

Vibrations play my flute hollow.
Collective consciousness upon earth follow.

Ego dissolved,
The Divine play evolved.
World problems resolved.

Canto 8

Master ordered a corn field guard.

Birds I watched with corn depart.
A hearty meal they partook
But not a kernel home they took.

Master left the corn field plenty.
Rebuked to find it empty.
You must pay for every kernel
Or face my wrath with lashes.

The Holy Mother smiled;

*You who every kernel accounts
Learn from the birds contentment counts.
A hearty meal they partook
But not a kernel home they took.*

*The beggar who contentment tastes,
Nothing in this world hates.
Without a crown he is an emperor enthroned,
But an emperor who contentment forsakes
Needs the dust under the beggar's feet.*

Canto 9

A princely feast she declined.
A fistful of plain rice she pined,
At a beggar's derelict hut she dined.
My disdainful look she stymied;

*Never think you are greater than others.
Never think you are special than others.
Palaces or mud huts do not account
How much you love me is what counts.
A mound of gold discounts.*

Woe is a poor widow
Neither have I fruits nor incense to offer
Nor have I done penance or yoga.

*God is not attained by penance or yoga.
Penance and yoga are performed for purification.
Of what use is physical purification if the mind be impure?*

*See your face in the mirror of the soul.
Layers of dust distorted images reflect,
Inner purity negativity deflects.
In a clean mirror the spirit shines
A thousand suns enshrine.*

*In the mirror of your soul I reflect.
A grain of rice offered from the heart*

*Is more satisfying than princely a treat.
The one who loves others
Loves me most.*

My Chakras are in trouble, she groaned.

The Holy Mother asked,
Do you love me?

Of course!

*That's enough!
Leave all else to me.
Love is more powerful than adversity.
The power of your love I flow.
Your kundalini I glow.
You and I are so close
Is the most amazing happening.*

The grime of ego released.
The mirror of my kundalini eased,
But whence the kundalini receives vibrations?
What is the source?

The source of vibrations is the Divine Mother.
The kundalini absorbs vibrations from her.

*The bird breaks from the egg
She is in infancy
But she knows that the mother
Nurtures and protects her.*

You are the beginning, you are the end.
You are alpha and omega.
You are the sweet whispering of the birds.
You are the dance of the wind.
You are the luster of colors,
You are the fragrance of flowers.
Even when all the flowers turn to dust,
You alone remain.

On the face of earth there is none such as you!
May God save me from your breath taking beauty.
Even angels are bewitched,
What of us poor mortals!

Canto 9

Politics hooked
Shady deals brooked.
Without notes
No one votes.

Chakras clogged
My kundalini blocked.
O Holy Mother
The flicker of your reflection,
Rekindles my flame.

Chakras cold.
Your soul sold.
Intoxication of power vanes
Where is the gain?

Name and fame
Is the name of the game.
Shady favours trade.
Rich dividends made

Shri Krishna's flute mysteriously smiled,
Rhythm not in the flute lies
"First you seek your union
Then I will take care of your welfare"

*Once connected,
Honored guests invited.
All is provided.*

My spirit recognized
My flute synchronized.
What does wine know of intoxication?

Give me wine no more.
Even those who are drunk
Come back to their senses.
O friend drink deep or touch not wine.
Drinking deeply sobers us again.

*The moon does not run after the moonlight.
The sun does not run after the sunlight.
A realized soul does not run after glory.
He is completely contained within himself.*

*He has Concern about everything;
Concern about Mother Earth.
Concern about neighbours.
Concern about people who are suffering all over the world.*

Why seek petty favors?
When at her feet eternity lies.

O Mother you have showered your choicest blessings upon me.

Also remember me on the Day of Judgment.

I don't know if I will go to heaven or hell,

But wherever I go, please abide by me.

*You are angry with life
Like small children
Whose mother is lost in darkness.
You sulk expressing despair
At the fruitless end of your journey.
You wear ugliness to discover beauty.
You name everything false in the name of truth.
You drain out emotions to fill the cup of love.*

*My sweet children, my darling
How can you get peace by waging war
With yourself, with your being, with joy itself.
Enough are your efforts of renunciation.
The artificial mask of consolation.
Now rest in the petals of the lotus flower.
In the lap of your gracious Mother.*

*I will adorn your life with beautiful blossom
And fill your moments with joyful fragrance.
I will anoint your head with divine love.
For I cannot bear your torture anymore.*

*Let me engulf you in the ocean of joy.
So you lose your being in the greater One.
Who is smiling in your calyx of self.
Secretly hidden to tease you all the while.*

Be aware and you will find him
Vibrating your every fiber with blissful joy.
Covering the whole universe with joy.
Covering the whole universe with light.

-Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi

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