TWO FLOWERS
AT THE FEET
OF
THE MUSE
OF
POETRY
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AT THE FEET OF
THE MUSE OF POETRY

By K. U. MENON

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C with the author

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AID TO PUBLISH RELIGIOUS BOOKS

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Rishabhachala Pathe!
THOU Lord of Mercy!
Lord Balaji!
Lord of Padmavathi
Lord of the Seven Hills!
Lord of millions of Bhakthas!
Sri Venkatachalapathe
This devotee humble
With devotion deep
Places this offering of his
At THY LOTUS FEET!
GURUPAVANA PURADHEESHA PREEYATAM!

Lord of Mercy in carnate!
THOU BOY ETERNAL!
OF BLUE KALINDI!
Blessed VRINDAVANAM!
Thrice blessed GOKULAM!
Ever present THOU ART
FOR we your BHAKTHAS
At Kaliyuga VAIKUNTAM!
HOLY GURUVAYUR!
This humble offering
AT THY LOTUS FEET
With prayer devout
I offer!
DEDICATED

TO

MY ALMA MATER

THE ARMY EDUCATIONAL CORPS
TRAINING COLLEGE AND CENTRE

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(M. P.)
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FOREWORD

Dr. Samuel Johnson, while assessing the poetical merits of Dryden made a remarkable comment about the latter in such words as. ‘He has the gift of the right word’. Bhartruhari was right when he said, ‘Vanyekeya samalamkaroti purusham ya samskrita dharyate’ (It is singularly the speech which is well-refined and possessed of by a man that serves to adorn him). Again one could observe Sri Sankara, the great commentator saying, ‘Vagmino hi purushah abhibhavanti anyan’ (men of oratory excel all the rest).

All these utterances invariably point to the fact that among writers the one who has seen the soul of words and expressions triumphs and the rest disappear into oblivion. If I am asked what exactly is the dividing line between a prose-writer and a poet, I shall hasten to inform that the gift of words will suffice for the former, but the latter must of necessity evolve himself from the gift of the right word.

In this world of books one comes across a variety of them. However, it is not every day that one comes across an alluring book of verses and, of course, it is only rarely that one is required to write a Foreword to it.

Here I am happy to point out at the very outset that Prof. K. U. Menon, the author of ‘The Two Flowers’, has the gift of the right word. These poems have been composed by him at inspired moments, for the very essence of his writings will show that unless one maintains a higher
in its genesis. It was the result of an attempt to piece together haphazard and at times unique sights and experiences, ideas and observations of twenty four years of my life in khaki before the second world war; and in olive green during that war.

I had the good fortune to travel the length and breadth of this vast, colourful and variegated land rich in every kind of resources — almost that of a sub continent — but poor in everyday material life comforts. At the same time it is immensely rich in cultural, artistic and literary wealth and beauty. I had very many opportunities to move, mix and watch at close quarters the rich mosaic of city, town, urban, rural and even tribal life.

The rugged, jagged, barren rocky cliffs and mountains of the North West Frontier Province (now in Pakistan) — the two days I spent in Fort Landi Khostal on the Khyber pass was a very memorable one — at Kohat, Bannu, Quetta and Razmak, the dry arid deserts of Rajasthan, the rich, flat un-ending Gangetic plains of Uttar Pradesh, the thick rain forests of Kerala, Assam and Karnataka; and to crown all the beautiful flower valleys of Kashmir at Liddar, Lolab, Gulmarg and Soaamarg; the simple yet beautiful rustic and tribal women of the villages and the glaringly loud painted beauties of the red light areas of Delhi. Agra, Lucknow, Bombay — some of these I had chances to see as a tourist sight seeer— these experiences gave rise to curious, interesting, conflicting at times sad and serious thoughts in my mind. After the war, back in the city street, I used to sit and ponder over the odd, very often incomprehensible way the CREATOR HAD JUXTAPOSED mutually conflicting sometimes quite contradictory values and facts.
It is these random reflections, which I have made an attempt to record in my second piece.

My object in projecting the above mentioned ideas through these two poems of mine is twofold. I would like every educated Indian to give greater effort and attention to a detailed and analytical study of the Bhagavad Geeta. Only such a study will enable him to understand, appreciate and cherish the essential truths and values that lie covered up in the vast, widespread complex material and spiritual gifts thrown all around us by our CREATOR. Geetha is undoubtedly the one single great achievement of human intellect guided by Divine inspiration in this world.

Secondly I have made a conscious effort to bring before the reader the diversity, variety and abundant availability of "pleasures" gifted By God to Man. Most of these are so very tempting and at the same time ephemeral in their character and make up so much so man is liable to lose his way and forget completely the be-all and end-all of his journey of life — salvation, which is only another name for attaining union and communion with his CREATOR. This he can achieve only through TOTAL DEDICATION AT HIS LOTUS FEET!

*The Author*
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Words are not enough to express my sincere and grateful feelings to Vidyavachaspathi Sri V. Panoli for sparing some of his very valuable time to grace this book of mine with a Foreword. This is something which I cherish and value very much. Apart from this he has been so liberal in giving me valuable help and suggestions especially when I had doubts about the correct use of Sanskrit words from Puranas and Upanishads. I take this occasion to express my thanks.

Lt. Col Ranvir Singh of the Army Educational Corps. Lt. Col. Rampal (Retd) also of the same corps and Major V. J. Singh have been of great help with their valuable suggestions, after they had perused the MSS of my script. Prof. C. V. Unni of the English dept. of Zamorin’s Guruvayurappan College, and Sri E. Velayudhan, Lecturer, Dept. of English Govt. Arts and Science College Calicut had taken great pains to peruse the script of my MSS. I thank them from the bottom of my heart. It was my nephew M. K. Ramakrishnan M. Com. commerce Dept. of Zamorin’s Guruvayurappan College, who designed the cover. I thank and bless him for that.

The proprietor and staff — technical as well as administrative — of the Empire Press have done a very commendable job in getting up a neat and attractive appearance and printing of my MSS. I am very thankful to them for this work.

I would like to record the love, interest and inspiration which my departed wife showed in my work. I feel sad that she did not live to see and feel happy in the productions of my work.

There were very many others, friends and colleagues who have given great encouragement. To all of them I offer my greatful thanks.
FIRST FLOWER

THE GOSPEL DIVINE

(A VISION IN FANTASY)
“Bhagawad Geeta is a scripture which tries to integrate the personality of the individual student and make him capable of facing dynamically the challenges in life.”

Swami Chinmayananda

“The beautiful music of THE LORD as recorded in the verses of the Bhagawad Geeta is the right of every soul to hear and sing.”

Baij Nath Khanna
**PROLOGUE**

Methink I dream; or
Perchance I doze; or
May be, not fully awake?
Do my fancies, now sweet,

Deceive me?
I know not for certain.

Where I sit, it is cool,
The light diffused,
Mild the fragrant breeze;
It is pleasant, calm,
Quiet, delightful,
Here to sit relaxed, contented
Is bliss real.
And why this state?
Because slumber now
Holds me caressingly
In arms soft and warm
also lovely to the touch
The eyes closed, the mind awake.
I. THE SETTING

1

Yester Night
was one of grand design
of that GREAT DESIGNER?
With darkness deep,
silence profound,
Enchantment complete.
When NATURE speaks
To the SOUL OF MAN
Of thoughts DIVINE!
Concepts three,
All of them Truths sublime,
Basic facts — the THREE GREAT ones,
Sath¹! Chith²! Aaanandam³!

¹, ², ³ see Glossary (Page 48)
THE Vaulted canopy above,
Designed, built and fixed
All by HIM
Now jet black in colour,
Vast, spread out in full,
And to relieve the monotony
studded with gems brilliant,
Well-cut, polished,
Some big, some small,
And some we bit, tiny specks,
The whole lot a confused medley,
Yet each aglow, vivid,
Marvellous, and mysterious,
Each and every one of them
The work of gifted craftsmen,
Celestial denizens of
HIS ABODE!
Scattered in profusion
All over the roof of the world,
These stars exist in a sky
Limitless, unending
Stretched far beyond
Human comprehension;
And the sky,
Pitch-black, dark, grim,
Albeit a little frightening too.
But it is fast asleep —
The deep sleep
Of Heaven's blissful ecstasy!
which for MAN
is YOGANIDRA^4!
THESE very same stars
Exude in unison,
In silence deep, solemn, sublime,
That divine ANAHATHA DHWANI\textsuperscript{5}
Which emanates from
THE LORD SUPREME —
The muffled bhoom
Of the Bheekaksharam\textsuperscript{6} —
The soul-stirring,
Mind - uplifting,
Divinely exhilarating,
Pranava Manthram\textsuperscript{7},
OM ; OM ! OM !
Alerted, thence, entranced,
I did become
Conscious of HIS PRESENCE
In space!
To be honest, I confess
Something more I felt —
HIS SUBLIME IMMANENCE
Of this entire cosmic complex!
Something which,
Our puranas acclaim
As the age-old, wonderful
Hindu concept —
The synthesis of Srishti, Stithi, Samhara
In HIM, who HIMSELF
Is AROOPI!
Awed I was!
Dumb, paralysed
For the moment,
And all that I could do
Was to lift up
My folded palms
And offer a silent worshipful
prayer now earnest,
grateful and humble,
Thankful and happy,
Now a bit relaxed and contented
For mercies innumerable
HE doth bestow
Abundantly on we
HIS CHILDREN!
II. THE BACK DROP

7

And now it is a new day
The night of yesterday
Hath gone off in full retreat
And in haste as well,
To the far off shores distant
Of an unknown, uncharted
SEA OF DARKNESS!
Blackness, vagueness,
A sea in full ebb,
Unfriendly, a little frightening —

·THE AJNANA THIMIRA SAGARAM·
For MAN ON THIS EARTH!
So, a new day blossoms
For Man and this Earth of his.
USHAS, in person has graced
The Eastern sky,
With her auspicious presence!
Hands uplifted
With folded palms in prayer
After offering to HIM
Bloussons unfading —
The stars of souramandalam
At HIS EEET! —
HE, who is the Lord Supreme
Of this complex —
This cosmic complex —
Of mortal MAN!
This wonderous Maid of Ether
Yes, this USHAS ofours
Is the prabhata Devata¹ ⁵ —
The Kanyska¹ ⁵ a with the Sukra lamp
Who ushers in the Day for Man!
Her rosy cheeks a-flush
With the Heavenly maiden’s blush,
And softer than lilypetals.
Effortless she swims and floats
Amidst a fleet
Of flimsy, fleecy cloudlets
Gliding on the azure
sea of a sky
Stretched and spread
High above this Earth
And these delicate cloudlets
Are of an amber, gold and
pinkish blend of hues.
Young and gay, and sweet,
Comely too, all attraction
This demure damsel
USHAS is a picture beautiful,
Of virigin bloom and
grace heavenly;
All said and done
Her pulchritude is enough
To bewitch more than
One Vishwamitra16,
Whose Menaka17
Is not a patch on
This superb heavenly apparition!
For USHAS now the back-drop is
A new sky pure and clean,
So fresh and mild in tone;
The atmosphere anew, unpolluted,
The whole area washed
In Heaven's pearly dew.
Therefore, sure enough
The MAID OF MORN
Is a picture fascinating
Exhaling breath of fragrance
Far superior to
The Malaya Marutha\textsuperscript{18}
Of the spicy South Sea isles\textsuperscript{18, a}
Now she is a sight to watch —
Lovely, happy, wholesome, gay
For mortals, and even immortals!
Ah! now behold
A change wonderful,
As though a magician's wand
Hath touched the sky above.
And believe me.
The change is good,
A sight it has produced
More grand and glorious
Than the one that existed
Something more exciting.
A more colourful scene
Now unfolds itself.

Over the whole expanse
Of a gray-black sky
Dark blue with a touch of Payne's gray
Pregnant with something
New, unexpected
May even be thrilling
About to occur
Up in the space overhead.
III. UNIQUE PHENOMENON

13

Across the broad expanse
Of a sky no longer bright,
Colourful no longer,
Yet beautiful in its own way,
But with some changes sure;
The colour now is blue-black,
Grey, perhaps a little dull in tone,
But withal sombre, brooding, heavy;
And what do we behold.

Against this back-drop unusual?
A rainbow wonderful,
Fascinating, marvellous,
Is arched across
In glorious grandeur
High above, over the broad horizon
Cast in a medley
Of melting colours
Rapturous, cool, pleasing
The sight, no doubt.
Is a comforting balm
To every hot and tired
Human eye.
The gorgeous colours
All mixed in perfect proportion
By an expert artist —
HE alone, that ONE GREAT ARTIST!
Something far superior
To our VIBGYOR² ○ !
Divine in origin,
Superb in conception,
Perfect in its setting.
The firmament entire
highted up, and giving
A cycloramic effect.
The whole phenomenon
Unique in its effect also
As the sun was yet
To make his presence felt.
For we the mortals
Down below on this earth
The colours appear
As though poured down
From a trough further high up,
Some where in the seventh story
Of the Palace in Heaven,
Straight above
The heavy bank of abundant clouds,
Grey-black, some blue-black,
Clinging to the vaulted canopy
High above, over the Earth;
So it seems
To we the demizens down below;
The whole thing quite mysterious
Yet with all attractive
What could be this —
A wonderful, beautiful,
Colourful thing
'Up above the world so high';
Perhaps a NEW KAMADEVA'S
Legendary sugar-cane bow!
But here the frame is not sugar cane;
It is a many-splendoured cloud belt,
The string a multi-coloured
Braided flower garland of cloudlets
The colours merging into
A stream of flowing liquid shades.
What a medley!
What a mixture!
Sure and certain
It must be HIS CREATION!
Look and see!
The thing appears to cling and hang on
To the fringe of a sky
Now changing hues
In frantic, hectic hurry
From blue to grey
Thence to a darker bluish grey
With a touch of blackness
Here-in thick, there-in heavy;
The space entire appears
Subject to convulsions
Of a moving mass of clouds
Of all shades and tones
Of colour—but all of them
Sullen grey, brooding black!
Anon, from where I sit
I take a look around,
Then lift up my eyes
To the sky high up,
And what do I see up there.
The scene I saw erstwhile
Hath changed to one
More sombre, brooding, solemn,
Why even mysterious as well,
To me it seems even a bit grim;
May be portending
Some new, momentous
Happening up in the sky
In that swollen, sullen mass
Of menacing clouds!
The once azure serene sky
It now assumes a tumultuous air,
With throbbing, rolling
Huge banks of Nimbus²² clouds,
Loaded, heavy, full to the brim
With watery vapour
Eager, impatient, heaving
To clash and burst
And then pour down
In ecstatic thunderous abandon
That NECTAR²³ from Swargaloka²⁴ —
The limpid liquid Varshadhara²⁵ —
For our dear, dear parent,
The Earth,
All parched up, hot, exhausted,
Sweating profusely
From the heat and poison of
Adharma²⁶, sin and lust!
IV. THE VISION

20

Lo! a metamorphosis!
The jostling, pushing, rumbling
Clouds subside to calmness;
They, then burst and sunder;
Up from the cleft.
Arise a head and face,
Thereafter the shoulders
and the trunk,
A perfect, symetric rounded torso,
Chistled as if from
A solid chunk of blue-black
Marble stone,
The Work no doubt
Of that DIVINE SCULPTOR!
In beauty celestial,
In charm heavenly
And health Superb!
A sumptuous feast for the eye.
The face in smiles is wreathed;  
Twinkling eyes alight  
With a touch of mischief playful;  
Jet-black curly, glossy hair  
With a peacock feather festooned,  
Tied up with a silver string  
Of little, lustrous, tinkling bells;  
For this string the background  
Is a broad band of pearl and gold  
Inter-laced with rounded beads  
Of red and white alternated;

   Flashing jumkhies\textsuperscript{27},  
   Emerald studs,

Fragrant fresh green Thulasi-
Blood-red Thechi garland  
Around the beautiful neck  
Hanging down to the navel.
What a face!
My LORD!
And what charm!
To crown this picture superb
Of celestial beauty,
A heavenly hallow behind,
Of brilliant, white radiance
Whirling and flashing around
All the while!

Blessed is he
Whose unique luck it is
To look on this godly sight
And enjoy the pleasure,
For which Rishees,
Saints, Sanyasees and Lamas even
Have endured for ages
Austerities, penance untold!
Handsome, boyish, laughing,
Gay, gallant, debonair,
A real sight to watch, enjoy,
Then cherish, and in days to come
Reminisce in peace and solitude.
Is there anything in this world
That one wouldn't forego
To have THIS EXPERIENCE?
Something great, unparalleled
Even for the DWELLERS OF HEAVEN!
Hence just imagine
What THIS COULD BE,
For we, the poor HOMOSAPIENS²!
To have once at least
This unbelievable luck!
For one moment,
There it is — THIS VISION DIVINE —
All too clear and colourful,
Vivid, vivacious, vibrant;
THIS VISION DIVINE!
A vision regal, rich, real,
Resplendent too,
If one is to be fair-minded
It deserves the epithet superb.

I just sit where I am
And look on and on
The eyes rivetted on IT,
The mind entranced
And drink in eager gulps
The sweet heady charm;
The result — celestial bliss!

What our puranas term
Swarganubhoothi! 

25
Drunk — to be more exact
Intoxicated, with joy,
A little stupified I feel;
And blink once, nay twice,
Pinch myself hard
To ensure I am fully awake,
Then bestir myself.
Alas! Woe betide me!

Gone is THE VISION —
Yes, gone completely.

GOD IN HEAVEN
HE alone knows
How, and when, and where
IT VANISHED all on a sudden?

The colours I saw
There they remain.
But the figure I saw
IT IS GONE!!
V. MUSIC DIVINE

26

Hark! Ye the immortals in Heaven!
And you the mortals of Earth!
Listen, I repeat, do listen,
Then enjoy to your hearts’ content
This MUSIC DIVINE!
Sweet, lilting, slowly rising
Liquid melody of MUSIC DIVINE,
Wafted along from the ether—
The Shoonya Aakash\textsuperscript{290} of MAN—
From amidst INDRA’S\textsuperscript{30}
Grey-black, darkening
Heavily water-laden
Melting, menacing,
Kala megham\textsuperscript{31} that make up
His Varsha sambharani\textsuperscript{32}!
Well, here I sit and watch
In rapt, excited attention,
Then drink in slowly
And enjoy to my heart’s content
This sweetest of melodies —
A real Madhura Sudha Dhaara
Ever heard, and then enjoyed
In all the THREE WORLDS,
From THAT MAGIC FLUTE!
The celestial legendary
VENUGANAM of EPIC fame,
Reputed to hold
The entire hierarchy
Of GODS IN HEAVEN
Entranced, enraptured,
Enthrilled!
O! listeners "up above the world so high"
And those in "the mundane earth
Down below, out here"
Can you perchance guess,
And for once guess correctly
THIS FLUTIST'S identity,
Who, and where HE IS?
For we mortals here
It is well and truly
A difficult, may be even impossible
Task to attempt;
I, with HIS GRACE
Will now, let you into
The secret and reveal
The truth!
It is none else, but
The ONE and ONLY
COWHERD BOY — GOPALAN³⁴⁵ —
That bonny blue boy
Of BLUE KALINDI³⁵;
The attractive, ever beautiful
BUTTERFLY of happy
VRINDAVANAM³⁶,
Busy flitting all the while
Amidst its flowers,
The lily, jasmine, rose
Tulasi Gopika³⁷ flowers;
Again the ONE and UNIQUE
Glossy, blithe BLUE SWAN
Floating, frolicking,
On the placid, glassy surface
Of SURYA’S³⁸ favourite daughter
Fostered by Surdas, Meera, Radha³⁹
GANGA'S bosom in separable
Ishtathozhi⁴⁰.
The gay, sometimes gurgling
At times soft and smooth flowing
BLUE KALINDI⁴⁰⁸, surnamed YAMUNA;
THIS BOY can and does become
On occasions rare
The gallant cavalier
Hero par excellence
Of Ambady's⁴¹ pretty, petite
Milkmaids of legendary fame;
THE BOY who graced Vrindavanam's
Every leaf, and blade of grass,
Even stones and Kalindi sand
With HIS SACRED TOUCH!
The song now flowing
From THE FLUTE DIVINE,
And the tune accompanying
Sums up the quintessence
Of RASLEELA\textsuperscript{42};
This song that beats the steps
For the dance devout,
Gives Swarganubhoothi\textsuperscript{43} —
Distilled, deliriously divine joy;
Of RATHIMAHOLSAVAM\textsuperscript{44} !
The Srimad Bhagavatham\textsuperscript{45}
Records this Eeshwara Leela\textsuperscript{46}
Celebrated in Heaven's holiest
Of holy halls.
It is the duet for the duo —
Paramatma - Jeevatma pair —
Who dance the DANCE DIVINE !
Rishees affirm
And quite firmly
That THIS ONE DANCE
Has only once been done,
And exhibited once only
For Heaven’s inmates,
In Krishnavatara$^{4,7}$ —
THE Rasa Creeda$^{4,7a}$
Otherwise known as
RADHA-MADHAVA-GOPI-DANCE$^{4,7b}$
The ecstatic sublimation
Of love seeming erotic, lifted
To love esoteric — nay, divine!
The rare instance
Of the DIVINE MANIFESTATION!
Therefore, listeners everywhere,
This, then, is the synthesis unique,
Of that vast, varied, variegated
Galaxy of Hindu Pantheon,
The place of REAL MOKSHA⁴⁸ —
Jeevatma-Paramatma union!
The be-all, and end-all
OF EVERYTHING FOREVER ONE!

The melody rises and swells,
The momentum increases,
It rises and swells in the ether,

It transforms and thrills,
The flora and the fauna,
The animate and the inanimate
And folds up THE UNIVERSE—entire
In an embrace of love
DIVINE, DEVOUT, DELIRIOUS!
VI. TA TVAM ASI

34

Slowly and steadily
Softly yet surely,
The words and the tune
Reveal the song's message
That has come down
Echoing from Age to Age
From that ONE and ONLY
SUPREME FOUNTAIN-HEAD
Of knowledge divine,
Enchanting and enobling
In effect, on the listeners
Wherever they be,
Whatever be their station in life
In all ages and at all times
In its effect as well as result.
The song
Now flowring on and on
In all its force and rhythm —
A mellifluous melody
So sweet to hear,
Soul-stirring and mind-uplifting,
A real Vasodhara\textsuperscript{a}\textsuperscript{g} of
The secrets of Karma\textsuperscript{a},
The doctrines of Sankhya\textsuperscript{b},
The blessings of Bhakthi\textsuperscript{c},
The gifts of Jnanam\textsuperscript{d},
The values of Philosophy, —
All these in a nutshell
Sweet, sound, sure,
Yet deeply touching
THE SOUL!
The intellect it awakens,
The senses it alerts,
And thus goes on the process,
Of the stirring of the reflexes,
Sharpening of the memory,
Improving the insight,
And the Grand Finale

IS THE SUPREME AWAKENING
Of the JEVATMA-PARAMATMA
CONSCIOUSNESS —
The final merging-in
Of the created with the creator —
MAN AND GOD!
What does happen then?
The LIGHT DIVINE
Right inside Man
Is kindled in all its effulgence;
This AMARA JYOTHI
Reveals to him,
The PATH HALLOWED
Fragrant, mellowed, and
Trodden for ages past
By our hoary Rishees,
In their persevering journey,
To REACH THE GOAL
Of all the endeavours
Of MAN ON THIS EARTH
EESHWARA SAAKSHATKARAM
The ultimate end of THE JOURNEY OF LIFE
Fellow travellers
On this ROAD OF LIFE!
This, then is the focal point
Of TAPAS, SWAADHYAYAM,
EESWARA PRANIDHANAM\textsuperscript{5\&6},
The Sangama Sthanam\textsuperscript{5\&8},
Holier than Prayag\textsuperscript{5\&4},
The real confluence of
The three holiest of rivers —
The GANGA OF BRAHMMAN,
The YAMUNA OF JEEVAN,
The SARASWATHI OF PARASAKHTHI,
The THRIVENI\textsuperscript{5\&5} SUPREME,
A dip in which
Is achievement heavenly,
SALVATION ULTIMATE!
Release from the cycle of
Janana, Marana — Janma pratibasam\textsuperscript{5\&6}!
And now it is to be fulfilled,
At long last —
THE THING DESIRED,
Prayed for, sought after
By every man on this Earth —
The end of the JOURNEY OF LIFE;
For Man this, then, is
The REAL BEING,
The REAL KNOWING,
The TRUTH REAL
THE JOY REAL
THE ULTIMA THULE
Of his existence
On this cosmic complex weal —
What the Puranas call
The Swarga-Bhumi-Patalam unit
In which he has to realise

The eternal truth
TA TVAM ASI!
O! Ye dwellers
Of this Earth!
Mortals weak of flesh!
But full of hopes and desires,
YOU!! the dead wood that drift
On this vast elemental
Mighty Samsara Sagara
Containing powerful
Eddies, storms, submerged rocks,
Mammoth fishes of passion,
Greed and lust!
YOU!! the lulled, lethargic
Lotos Eaters
Awake, arise, bestir
And listen and know
Once for all
A noble, sublime truth
You have lost sight of.
You all are AMRITASYA PUTRA
Blessed, fortunate, favourite
HUMANITY!
Each and everyone of you
HIS CHILDREN, HIS CREATION
A true image of HIS OWN SELF!
Therefore assemble together,
And be quick to collect and
Preserve with all your care,
This treasure precious,
Bestowed with ALL THE VALUES —
THIS TREASURE,
On we HIS CHILDREN!
You may rightly ask
Why you should take the pains
To gather, and then, also,
For whom?
The answer is obvious;
For THE AGES that come
Certain and inexorably
One behind the other
In queues long, unending,
Patiently waiting —
Queues unwinding from Eternity
And thence winding
Back to the same place —
No lay off for this work,
Collect these songs
That pour out in thrilling
Profusion from MOUTH DIVINE!
A message this song embodies,
And the message pregnant
With tremendous import,
At once universal, permanent
Sacred, sublime, supreme;
Rest assured that something there is
Definitely noteworthy;
Something that serves
As a beacon, lighting up the Path,
Making it safe and sound
For the lost and the wandering
FLOCK OF HUMANITY
That are caught up
In this COSMIC MAZE
Of which THE EARTH
Is the worst spot!
For all who fear and falter
On THIS JOURNEY OF LIFE,
Rest, assured,
This is the ONE AND ONLY PATH,
Again the ONE AND ONLY
CLEAR-SPELT MESSAGE,
The one safe,
And the other easy, simple,
That straight does lead
Every individual
From SAMSARA TO NIRVANA
TO the MOKSHA MARGA
Extolled by all the sages of yore
In Upanishads, Puranas,
And Epics alike.
THIS IS THE PATH
That lead "THE FLOCK".
To pastures new,
Lush, evergreen, juicy
Ensuring fodder inexhaustible,
And full of Nectar drops
On every blade and stalk,
A real SWARGALOKA feast!
And this feast provides
The QONLY ONE escape route
For Man from,
"The UNREAL TO THE REAL",
"DARKNESS TO LIGHT'S EFFULGENCE",
"DEATH TO IMMORTALITY"
The message enshrined,
For all time,
In THE BHAGAWAD GITA
The GOSPEL DIVINE!
EPILOGUE

Slowly I open my eyes,
Wake up and bestir
I think I heard
The clock chime the hour
Of the day;
I counted the chimes,
And I think I am correct;
The clock struck four
Sweetly clanging knocks.
Once more I bestir,
This time vigourously,
Then try and relax
In the cosy arm chair
My eyes I rub two, three times,
Then I pinch myself
Just a couple of times
To ensure to myself
That I am fully awake
Well, did I dream
While I sat and dozed?
May or may not have;
I know not for certain.
This much I know
And know for certain;
Some dream-like vision
I did experience;
It was a happy, pleasant one
The memory of it - sweet,
Soft and nice, still lingers;
And my earnest hope
And fond desire is
That it should occur to me
ONECE AGAIN!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Item</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>1. The STUFF REAL; Ultimately Brahman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. Conscious perceiving; understanding.</td>
</tr>
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<td>3. Highest spiritual bliss.</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>4. Eternal Meditation.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>5. Subdued sound emanating from the Ether, without any external pressure or force; referred to as Nada-Brahmman/Music of the spheres.</td>
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<td>7. First letter uttered before a manthra; somewhat equivalent to a combination of the sounds produced by the combination of the three English alphabets — O. a. m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>8. Pervasion of the SUPREME ONE in every aspect of the COSMIC world.</td>
</tr>
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<td>9. Creation.</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>11. Destruction</td>
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<td></td>
<td>12. Without form or figure.</td>
</tr>
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<td>8</td>
<td>13. Sea of darkness/ignorance.</td>
</tr>
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<td>9</td>
<td>14. Solar system</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>15. Fairy/nymph associated with Dawn in Hindu Pantheon and mythology.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>15a. Virgin.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Item</td>
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<td>17. One of the four beautiful courtesan dancers at the court of Indra, the Lord of the Devas, (and mother of Sakuntala) who seduced Vishwamitra.</td>
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<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>18. The soft scented breeze wafted from the spice Islands of the South Seas.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>18a. See 18 above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>19. The colour of Sree Krishna's body.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>20. The first letter of the seven colours that make up the rainbow viz: Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green Yellow, Orange, Red.</td>
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<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>21. The God of Love in Hindu mythology, corresponding to Cupid in Western mythology.</td>
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<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>22. Heavy, dark, grey-black monsoon clouds which provide heavy rain.</td>
</tr>
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<td>23. The same referred to as Ambrosia, the drink of the Gods, in Greek mythology, conferring immortality — Amrithe in Hindu mythology.</td>
</tr>
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<td>24. The world of the IMMORTALS.</td>
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<td>25. Continuous monsoon shower.</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>26. Immoral acts; immorality.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>27. Ornament for the ear, shaped like an inverted small basket with beads suspended on the edge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>29. Pleasurable experience from living in Heaven.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>29a. Outer space; ether in the sky area.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

,,  31. Dark, Grey-black monsoon clouds; the same as item 22.

,,  32. Indra's reservoir wherein the Monsoon clouds are stored by him.

28  33. Honey flowing down in a continuous stream.

,,  34. Song from the flute of Lord Krishna.

30  34a. One who looks after a cow — here used for Lord Krishna.

,,  35. The name in the classics for the river Yamuna; its waters have a bluish tinge due to its depth.


,,  37. Milkmaids of Gokulam another Pastoral village on the banks of Yamuna.

,,  38. Legends say that Kalindi is the daughter of SUN.

,,  39. The three great devotees of Lord Sree Krishna.


,,  40a. The same as item 35.

,,  41. Another name for Gokulam.

32  42. Dance of Love sublime associated with LORD Vishnu in Krishna Avatar with the Gopee Milkmaids in Srimad Bhagavatam.

32  43. Same as in item 29.

,,  44. Festival of Love divine associated with Lord Krishna and the Gopees (Milkmaids) same as item 42.
32 45. The Purana dealing with the Life and work of God in his incarnation (Avatars).

46. The work of GOD manifested through his play and pranks in this world.

33 47. The IXth and the perfect Avatar (incarnation) of the LORD on Earth.

47a. The same as item 42.

47b. The same as item 42.

34 48. Salvation; merging with Paramatma the Supreme being.

36 49. Continuous flow of a stream of ghee (care is taken not to break the flow) into the sacrificial fire through a flat end of a tubular wood made of the sacred Palasha tree.

a, b, c, d. Different Schools of Indian Philosophic thought and tenets.

38 50. Eternal (undying) flame, here in, of the Soul.

51. Identification of Man with God i.e. the merging of Jeevatma with Paramatma.

39 52. The three stages of acquisition of learning according to Hindu Scriptures; intense study, practice, and the surrender of these two at the Lord's feet.

53. Confluence of two or more rivers.

54. Famous Hindu religious place very near to Allahabad in U. P.

55. The place where Ganga, Yamuna, and mythecal Saraswathi meet at Prayag.

56. Cycle of birth-death-birth referred to by Sri
Shankara in the 21st stanza of his famous Bhaja Govindam Stothra

“Punarabhi Jananam
Punarabhi Maranam
Punarabhi Janani
Jatere Jananam”

57. The extreme limit.
58. The Greatest utterance in the Vedas and Upanishads meaning. “Thow Art thow” — Self and Brahman are ONE AND THE SAME.
59. The Ocean of Material existence of this world.
60. Dewellers of Lotos Island, who eat the Lotos fruit and relapse into a state of ease, forgetfulness and dreamy consciousness. The legend is given in the Greek Epic “Odyssey” of the poet Homer.

61. Sons of the Land where Nectar (see item 23) is available for all: immortal.
62. From Worldly life to salvation.
63. Path leading to salvation.
63a. Humanity.
64. Abode of Vishnu the Preserver.
65. Basic Manthra (spell) of Brahādarannya Upanishad.

“Asato Ma Satgamaya,
Thamaso Ma Jyothirgamaya,
Mrythyor Ma Amritham gamaya”
SECOND FLOWER
COSMOS
AND
CHAOS

(AN EXERCISE
IN
RANDOM REFLECTIONS)
‘THE COSMIC-MAN’

"What exactly makes the things of the world exist separately.........scientifically viewed, the factor that determines the physical existence of all things in the world is the same.........what exactly are the factors that divide body from body, that separate object from object. On a careful analysis, it will be quite clear to the thinker that it is the concept of space that divides the physical structures into independent islands.

If the concept of space is totally blotted out, it will be clear that all objects will immediately come together into a happy embrace, and will represent themselves as one congenial homogeneous whole.........This is the concept of the COSMIC MAN”.

(The Holy Gita Chap. XI)

Swami Chinmayananda
PROLOGUE

How proud "WE" are, —
And the numbers of this 'WE'
Quite appreciable too —
Of this world of ours;
That it's wonderful
Varied, exotic, colourful,
To wit bountiful as well,
With things attractive,
'Sweet, and pleasant too.
But then,
They, who dwell upon
The ways and means
Open to Man,
To prepare himself
For union and communion
WITH GOD — his CREATOR
Are woe fully 'FEW'!
For MAN, therefore
The problem — a problem
Real, crucial — nay
All-important it must be said,
Is — How best to reach HIM?

   A question;
Why this problem should arise?
The reason obvious
To any sensible person;

All around and about MAN
Are scattered full in plenty
Hundreds of things
Good, and nice and pretty —
This way it appears to him,
A gigantic mass
Of COSMOS¹ AND CHAOS²,
A formidable array of things
To repeat once more,
"Each one nice and good an colourful"

MAN therefore is confounded,
Lost almost completely,
In welter tremendous
Of things innumerable
In which he finds himself

Immersed neck-deep.

Well, what to choose.
And where, and when, and how?
HE and HE ALONE
Can come to MAN’S help,
In this confusion worse confounded
In which alas! he finds himself.
Why and how did MAN
Fall into this situation
Piquant, queer, yet complex?

MAN, alas! has been
Right truly caught up
In MAYA'S spell;
And falls a simple victim
To hallucinations complete;

Things "real" appear "unreal"
And Vice Versa!
Crazy crooked structures
Seem solid, straight, firm,
Transient become permanent
Likes become dislikes
Attachment becomes detachment
All reversed in priority, importance.
MAN a piteous dupe
In MAYA'S pleasant hands,
Lost, amazed, adrift, helpless,
A dead wood
In the tidal wave
Of flotsam and jetsam
On the broad expanse
Of Samsara Sagara! !
1. MIXTURE OF OPPOSITES

1

O! Lord of Heaven!
Of Earth!
And Hell!
Of every inch of other space
Of which we see and know
And can think about,
How bounteous THOU ART
With gifts galore
Spread out, scattered
In abundance all about
OUR ABODE — this Earth!
Food and fruits,
Fuel and fire,
Milk and honey,
Warmth and love — why, everything
We ask of THEE - our FATHER IN HEAVEN!
2

Our Book of knowledge divine
GITA, the GOSPEL DIVINE,
The greatest no doubt
In this world,
Dwells at length
On the Vibhutees
Offered to MAN
By the GREATEST GIVER-
TO HIS CHILDREN
For benefit, comfort, enjoyment
As they come, live, enjoy HERE —
So they think and presume —
Then depart
In LIFE’S eternal, unchanging
Cyclic wheel of human existence
The Aashramams Four's!
Now behold
The wonder of it all!
In these gifts of HIS
To mankind here, there,
And everywhere,
Things innumerable
Facts, factors, qualities,
Predilections, tastes, attributes;
Some diametrically opposed
To one another,
Some sharply conflicting
With one another,
Existing juxtaposed;
All this quite queer
But sure and true and real;
For MAN a phenomenon perplexing
Difficult to understand!
Let us all
Take a look around
And see for ourselves;
And what do we see?
Saints — Some of them
Almost GOD-MEN
Brush their shoulders with
Alas! cut-throats, crooks,
Assassins — virtual scum
Of humanity!
What a mess?
What a tragic
State of things?
Why? And how?
And what for?
Who knows? Least of all
Who bothers?
For a change
Let us come and look up
A new place, type and role,
A place which is
Pleasant, attractive, calm:
The place where in dwell
The BETTER HALF OF MAN!
In Ruskin's terminology
The Queen's Garden of Lillies!
The Pleasant Vale of the FAIRSEX;
Our virtuous partners in
"The Doubles" of "Life's Tennis";
Paragons of beauty, charm,
Love, felicity, sweetness
The Light of Home,
The spark of affection
The seat of happiness!
Wat do we see?
A status quo equivalent
To that of the Land of Men,
Perhaps a little worse.
The sweet and tender,
Lovely, beauteous forms exquisite
Moulded by that supreme
ARCHITECT OF HEAVEN!
They have for companions
In everyday carefree life
Harlots, whores, viragoes
Real Hell-Cats
Who rub their sinful shoulders
With our Grahakshmies
And side by side
Ply their iniquitous
Trade of flesh and lust
O! THOU LORD OF Mercy, Love
And kindness liberal
Why? this horrid, evil,
bizarre state?
When we come
to things material
Gifts of God
rich substantial
Luscious, sweet
The picture doesn’t change
A wee bit even.
Lands fertile,
well-watered,
Minerals precious, rare,
Metals costly
bright, in plenty,
And cheek by jowl
Deserts arid
burning hot
Marshes, swamps
foul-smelling
Mountains mighty
awe-inspiring
Volcanoes, geysers, whirlpools,
Gales, hurricanes, blizzards
Each and every one of them
Poisonous, destructive, deadly
What a horrible,
terrible mess?
II. CRAZE FOR MATERIALISM

8

O! THOU LORD Almighty Supreme!
May we THY humble children
Ask of THEE
Why this hotch-potch
Of COSMOS AND CHAOS -
This terrific mixture
Of Good and Evil,
Sweetness and sourness,
Beauty and ugliness,
Peace and strife,
In this cauldron
Of a world
Wherein all things
Are thrown in a heap —
A Palazhi
before Amritha-Manthanam —
Perhaps for the preparation
Of a terrible boiling
fuming brew!

71
One does wonder!
Are all these really
Elaborate minute details
Etched out
in relief bold,
Bad, striking, awful,
On the polished
outer surface
Of the BIG COIN
Given to MAN by THEE,
Who, all wise acres say,
Is love incarnate
Kindess personified
Peace and Calmnees
Embodied in Divine Shape!
Well, if that be the case,
May WE in fairness
Ask of THEE
Why this travesty
Of the beautiful, the good,
The useful and the sweet?
Move forward
Take a closer look
all around:
It does involve
An added strain,
greater effort;
But it gives MAN
a sure help
To grasp a crucial truth.
The pleasures he enjoys
The delight he experiences,
The thrill he gets
In LIFE ON THIS EARTH
Are illusions
Plain and real
One and all of thsm
Fleeting; ephemeral
In contents; just bubbles
In form and shape
Floating in space
Attractive gorgeous outside,
But sordid tinsel
Inside! The kingdom of MAYA!
11

All these, we all do know
Are basic facts,
True in the past, today,
And for all we know
Bound to be true
In the days, yet to come

Still what of that.
Does it help MAN
To know this fact
This truth?
It doesn't

Left to himself — MAN,
Helpless, enfeebled, unable
To assert his mastery,
Caught as he is,
In MAYA'S fragrant
Sticky. sweet gossamer
Meshes, invisible to him
Yet exhuding
The sweet cloying smell
Of ethereal scents
Delightful, exciting;
Tickling the senses
Fuddling the memory
And then slow and steady
Lulls and dims
All his perceptions

Hence he thinks
This world for him
Is Shangrila
To which he clings
with all his heart,
unwilling to leave it
For good!
Hence what more
Is natural for MAN
Than to feel convinced
And think on the same
Line of reasoning
And convince himself
That it's terrible,
Siccr disaster to miss
All these untold pleasures
Scattered abundantly
All about him
To be picked up at will
And enjoyed
To his heart's content.
So, to leave this Earth
This land flowing
With milk and honey —
So it seems to him —
Is sheer stupidity!
MAN does feel
In all his seriousness
That it is here,
"His own" sweet Earth,
That he has to act
"The seven Ages" of his
Life on Earth to perfection.
What joy, what fun!
To sow and reap and store
The golden grains of corn;
To pluck and eat
The rich, ripe, juicy fruits;
To relax and dream
In the golden gleam
Of youthful satiety!
III. PAINFUL PARTING

Therefore,
He who perchance happens
To be the acme
of HIS CREATION — Man
Feels the GREATEST PAIN
Is to die HERE ON EARTH —
Just an act of bidding
"Farewell, a long farewell"" To all this happiness —
Poor MAN! so it seems to him — ;
For happy he has been
To lie relaxed
In 'MAYA's lap of luxury.
To be swept off
the face of Earth
By the "West Wind's" of "Winter"
Like withered, dead
Autumn leaves
And leave no trace of his
"Foot prints on the SANDS OF TIME"“
Is terrible, too painful
For MAN to contemplate even !
This parting,
For MAN agonising it seems,
When the Earth appears
Cool, sweet-scented,
Warm, pleasant, congenial,
Light and shade and colour,
Ideal to the limit.
He can himself visualize;
An Earth, wherein
"Fertile watered gardens"
The rich, ripe, luscious
"Grapes of Life" exist
Hanging tantalisingly
Before him ready and
Waiting to be plucked,
Sucked clean of their rich,
Ruby-coloured juice
To the last-drop
In this — Our Samsāra Udhyāana.
But elsewhere
On this very same Earth
There are 'a few MEN'
Possessed of wisdom, foresight,
Moral depth substantial,
Who clear and sure
Have a perspective
Intelligent; and sensible
And see a picture
Quite different
In colour, tone and form.

They before them see,
A substantial number
Of their fellow men
Roam the vast surface
Of this Earth common to all,
Without a clue
As to their whereabouts;
Like 'lost souls',
Boats adrift, rudderless
In this vast, limitless
Samsara Sagaram;
And lead a life beset
With hardships heavy,
Ague and pain severe
Starvation acute
And unbearable,
Pestilence deadly
All around,
Yet withal
Clinging on tenaciously
To hope and belief
In a better
And happier future,
Reluctant to forsake
This rugged path
Of jagged rocks and
Sharper thorns all along!
Why then did MAN
Come down to this
Hell-hole of an Earth?
Was it only to rot and stew
In misery, sorrow,
Sufferings, pains and
Every other allied curses?
WHO IS THE ONE
Who does know
The answer to the question
Posed above?
Facts, listed down below
Are true and corect
Full cent percent:-
MAN is here on solid Earth;
Remain here for ever
He can’t;
And try he must
To avoid coming
Into THIS EARTH!
The thing for him to do
Therefore is, try his hardest
To wake up, bestir
From his stupor of
Forgetfulness total,
Shake off the lethargy,
Shatter the glass-case of illusion,
In which he is,
Break the shackles
Of MAYA’S imprisonment —
Materialism’s embraces —
And once for all
Achieve that precious bliss,
Real swarganubho’thi¹⁷ —
His Soul’s UNION and COMMUNION
With HIM, from WHOM
His parting, temporary
Hath taken place,
and reaching
THAT GOAL
the be-all and en-dall
Of all his endeavours.
No useful purpose is achieved
To sit dejected and sigh
For all you are worth
Thou unhappy, unlucky MAN!
To weep,
And moan, and curse,
Then fret and fume
In an angry fit of frustration!
Neither you nor any one else
For that matter
Can change THE HOLY WRIT—
Even TIME CAN'T EFFACE IT—
What, with all the help,
And guidance, solicitude
That Fate and Luck
Can accomplish
In this world!
IV. QUESTIONS GALORE

22

LARGE THE BOOK OF FATE?
And EACH PAGE BIG?
Does EACH LINE in it
An AGE REPRESENT,
Of LIFE upon TIME'S
BIG STAGE?
Who can tell?
Least of all
This hapless
MAN ON EARTH!
His "is not to question
The why and the whereof"
His, is only to work and do,
To drag on some how, some where,
And end his days
In death,—
A hard-pressed, harassed
Pathetic death,
Unknown, unhappy, uncared!
Do eyes ELSEWHERE,
Unnoticed by us all,
Why, even undreamt of,
See all our acts,
Small, trivial,
More often foolish;
Or, do they really ever
Make a note, record
These things at all?
Why don't we,
Also why can't we
Know something at least
About all these matters,
Petty, little, small may be
All of them concerning
This BIG RIDDLE!
Which we call LIFE!
Our "big" world
The one we inhabit,
Which for other worlds
Non-terrestrial, elsewhere,—
Sure there must be—
Unknown to us,
Is "so tiny"— a fact perchance true—
Is really for us "very big,"
But, for all we know, it
Is like a speck
Lost in space boundless,
Incredibly vast
Wherein, like ours
Million worlds like seeds
Are tossed, and whirled,
And blown about
In HIS PLAYFUL MOOD!
By the BREATH of TIME!
Invisible to our maked eyes,
THIS SPACE!
Of which a lot is said
And written
SINCE TIME BEGAN,
How so vast and spread out —
A fact it may be —
Is but a gossamer
Floating free adown
THE PATH OF ETERNITY,
In twilight dim, dull,
Depressing, vague,
For MAN
A little mysterious even;
SPACE as we know
Forms No BARRIER
Whatsoever
FOR TIME and TIDE
In their movement
To Go AHEAD!
Fellow travellers!
ON THIS ROAD OF LIFE
How little we really know
OF HIM and ABOUT HIM —
THE HIGH DICTATOR ABOVE!
Did SOMEONE CREATE HIM —
Or IS HE THE CREATOR
HIMSELF!?  
And why all this bother
O! GREAT CREATOR!
ALMIGHTY ONE!
PROTECTOR SUPREME!
One who has remained
And will remain ever
TRANSCENDENTAL
TO ALL ELSE!!
V. ELUSIVE MASTER AND MYSTERIES

27

WHERE IS THIS LORD
Of land and sea ond air
OF SUN and SPACE
And ETERNITY
Of man and brute,
And bird and tree
Oceans fathomless, vast,
Mountains sky-high,
Hiding from us — WE
Who are HIS own
Best handiwork
All say so;
We know not why
This hide and seek
By HIM?
This DIVINE CONCEPTION!
Whose is it, may we ask?
Is it the same
In form and content
Since its INCEPTION?
Or is it just a plain,
If not a wonderful
DECEPTION DIVINE? —
Riddles on the sands of Time!
The childish Pranks
Of Nymphs, seraphins,
Cherubs¹⁸ — all of them
HIS OWN CHILDREN
IN HEAVEN!
Are Heavenly lights
Mere specks of
HOLY FIRE and
ITS DUST when put out,
Scattered in space
In sheer disgust?
Or was there A PLAN DIVINE
Conceived AT FIRST
By that FIRST OF FIRST!
How we all wish
We could know for certain
And be the wiser for it?
From minds inquisitive
Of all on this Earth
There is only one query, —
Are there other worlds — "Real worlds" —
Like our BLESSED Earth —
So say some —
Accursed to suffer
From their birth onwards?
Or is there LIFE
OF BETTER WORTH
In some of the many
SHELTERED NOOKS
OF HEAVEN?
Do Such things
Exist somewhere, somehow?
Who can tell?
Again, what kind of life
One wonders,
Is there, if at all it exists,
On OTHER PLANETS!
For all that we surmise,
Do they really know
Of what stuff
We are made?
And vice versa.
Are they also all the time
Really too busy
In wars bloody
Of destruction, death
Total and complete,
As insane as we men
Here on Earth!
O! why can't they now and then
Come down to see us;
Then, in happy camaraderie,
Freely mix with us,
Be really part and parcel
Of what we are,
May be, they too are
All so weak. helpless
Confused, and lost
Adrift at sea,
Or perhaps, were their efforts
Without success?
How on earth can we know
For certain, once for all!
Just a matter of curiosity
And only that,
Were they too born like us,
And do they die like we,
Is every breath of theirs
A sigh! — of forlorn hope?
May be, But then who knows?
Anyway, so let us presume,
They are cushioned
In the soft, comfortable,
 happy
 State of life,
 Contented, at peace,
 Languorous,
 Busy day-dreaming,
 In the soft arms of
 Sweet Love,
 A little intoxicated, perhaps,
 With joy sublime!
Who knows?
Perhaps they sit and watch
And may, to some extent enjoy
Our daily dramas—
All one-act plays—
Of hopes innumerable
Fears, anxieties a-plenty
Our lives of sweat and toil,
Tears of suffering
Our prize of hopes,
That seldom cheers,
But often dejects
And pull us down,
To depths of gloom,
In alleys dark, damp, forbidding
OF HUMAN SUFFERING!
VI. TRUTH ABOUT MAN

35

O! Why is it, we little know
Of what is high, up above us,
And what is down below;
Of whence we come,
Why we came down below
To "THIS BLESSED EARTH"
And whither we go; also
Why on earth this shuttling process;
And not the least; again
This query as well—
Where actually are we now?
Quite surprisingly
It doesn't stop
With these queries;
Do WE REALLY KNOW
For that matter,
As to WHO AND WHAT
WE ARE?
Now we seem to be
On a road of unending querries!
Why not take a few more steps
And go ahead.
Do we in all fairness
Honestly know the stuff
We are moulded from,
And cast to form
AN IMAGE true and fair
OF OUR MAKER?
From whence did we turn up here—
This Earth of ours—,
Was it from a land far off
With ancestry hoary,
Traditions ancient,
Sacred, time-honoured—
A planet afar, high up,
Forgot of old?
Who would know?
All the wise heads
Amongst us oft repeat
That LIFE UPON THIS PLANET—
Our Earth — Is a GOD-SENT GIFT!
This could, at best, be just a guess,
A pleasant surmise
It may even be plausible;
Yet the question basic still remains;
What is LIFE'S BEGINNING
And of course the end as well,
Along with all this talk
OF HIGH ERRAND!
Full with MORAL CONTENT!
PHILOSOPHIC DEPTHS!
The great SANAATHANA DHARMA
Found in scriptures —
Utterances of GOD!
O! THOU FATHER IN HEAVEN!
Did Man actually
"Once upon a time"
From woman’s rib
ARISE AND WALK OUT,
Into the world outside?
Or was it
Truly otherwise?
Perhaps this is just
A pure wishful surmise
Explaining nought —
All said and done,
The whole thing
An enigma for we
The Earth Dewellers!
Who in Heaven's name
Was it, that transformed —
So it's oft repeated —
An Ape to Man?
How then was it
That the Ape was Created,
In case it was;
Above all these,
Who was that blessed one
That caused the rain
To cascade in welcome showers
From the Heaven,
High up, above
Our Earth
Then sow the seed
And plant the crops
That helped "Poor Man"
To reap and store
And "then enjoy;"
Who else, but our
Benevolent Providence
Has, to MAN on Earth given
All these and more.
If this be a truth sublime —
There's no reason to think otherwise —
May WE in faith humble,
Obedience unquestioned,
Pray and request of THEE
To reveal unto us,
The source where from
Falsehood, crime, treachery
Murder, lust, lechery
And the whole of that
"Terrible, horrible gang"
Came into our midst,
This happy peaceful world
Of Love and friendly co-existence,
And sow their vicious, foul,
Destructive sinful seeds
In soil rich
With morality
Goodness,
Tolerance and kindness.
Would there be any one
In this peaceful FLOCK OF GOD,
Who does n’t want to know
THE ONE who helped
NOAH\textsuperscript{19} TO his ARK\textsuperscript{20}!
Was it made of skin or bark?
Or as legends would have it,
Was it spun in fun
From the song of skylark,
When ALL ELSE WAS DROWNED.
Leaving the SPARK OF LIFE
AFLOAT on the wide, wide,
Wide open ocean surface,
In one of those elemental
Convulsions of MOTHER NATURE’S
Stark, naked, frightening
Spasms of demoniac fury!
O! Thow vast and boundless
NOTHINGNESS!

From Nothingness
It stretches to Nothingness;
"The world of creation" —
Fifth dimension —
But then who was it
Who took the pains
To create this awful
NOTHINGNESS,
And from what?
And when? And also why?
These questions
Asked umpteen times,
Answers none except
The one they — the wiseheads —
All have always given
"IT WAS BEFORE THE CHAOS"!

105
Of one thing
All of us are dead certain
The one indelible Truth —
"Nothing was ever born
From Nothing,
And Nothing shall
Ever remain — So HIS
COMMAND ORDAINS —
Forever: Nothing!"
O! everlasting, limitless,
All-pervading NOTHING!
What art thou composed of?
Vague, mysterious,
Frightening, awe-inspiring
SHOONYAKASH® ! ! the abode of
NOTHING! HIS ABODE!
Art THOU the bitter end
Of things we see around?
Of mighty worlds, empires,
Kings and Queens — Superior
Even to the KING OF KINGS; 2 1
The Hopeless goal
Of all beginnings:
Since TIME BEGAN?
How on Earth
Can we know?
And also when?
May be, there’s ONLY ONE
Who knows, and WHOM
We all have to approach
With folded hands,
Prayer devout,
And on bended knees!
So then, FOR US THOU ART
But a timeless, nameless
Sprawling SPHERE.
All that WAS, that IS,
That WILL be,
In the Ages to follow
Is in THINE OWN SELF,
Which somehow, somewhere
Unknown to us
Is bound TO MANIFEST AGAIN,
And thrive and grow
In wonderful, variegated
Bloom and splendour;
How, and when, and where
Who can tell? One thing sure,
THIS WORLD IN EMBRYO FORM
DID and DOES EXIST IN THEE!
VIII. COSMOS AND CHAOS

O! THOU CREATOR!
Of this COSMOS vast
Did THOU create this really
Out of CHAOS bewildering,
After much trial and error?
And on top of all these
Efforts, expenses immense,
ALL FOR THE SAKE OF WE.
The weak, infirm mortals
Who roam this world
Lost, adrift, astray,
Without a clue whatsoever
WHAT A CREATOR!
And what bewildering
CHAOS this picture really looks!
Questions crop up innumerable
In rapid speeding relay
To minds disturbed, confused,
All of them a cumulative effort
Of Mankind,
TO ASK OF HIM
How CHAOS came into being;
And also why its Maker
Hath gone a-hiding?
Also How CAME HE
Upon the scene; —
HE, THE GREAT CREAT OR!
Was it rank fluke?
Or by action
Calculated, deliberate, purposeful?
THIS COSMOS
All around us
In this world, is HIS CREATION!
But then, what need had HE
TO CREATE THIS CHAOS,
At once terrible, confused,
Complex, bewildering
Almost nerve — wracking
And THE ONE WHO COULD
Create chaos, from
Whence did HE arrive
Into this world of ours?
And FOR WHAT PURPOSE?
Was it only to create
For we the ill-fated
Homo sapiens
All these terrible headaches?
What seems THE END
Is THE DAWN OF LIFE;
And what appears
TO BE THE DAWN
Is THE END OF LIFE —
The whole phenomenon
Really incomprehensible!
All this apparent change,
After all,
FROM LIFE TO LIFE
IS HIS OWN LAW OF LIFE
The whole process is strange,
Mysterious, something unique —
This creation\textsuperscript{a}, Destruction\textsuperscript{b}
With preservation\textsuperscript{c} sandwiched in between!
THE WHEEL OF TIME —
What Sages of Ancient India
Termed KALACHAKRAM²³ —
Goes on spinning
Forever and forever;
And why this action?
Because that which had a start
Will never by itself
Stop of its own accord;
THE WRIT IS — “Let million
Worlds roll on forever”
By whose command?
Who knows?
Least of all
Who bothers?
What does move
Needs no order for the move;
And one can be sure
Of this fact, —
That which moves not
Will never move —
The age-old truth
Of "Chalaachalam²⁴"
On this Earth;
About that which moves
It's best to leave it alone;
Why? Because
It will forever move;
This LAW INEXORABLE
By HIM ordained,
Without a thought so much
For "'Poor Man on Earth'"!
Men everywhere
Agree with this fact supreme,
That it may be, true
The way it is;
But then props up this question—
Who did give this universe
Its life and law and order
Eternal, changeless
Without a single flaw
What so ever and anywhere!
To cap this set up
Perfect, unique,
Gifts good, rich
Varied, numerous
Given to Man,
Unasked by him,
In quantity abundant
CAN HE, WILL HE,
Withdraw all this?
If not, then, who gave?
And why and wherefore?
IX. SPARK OF 'LIFE'

53

Ah! thou Human Life!
IMPRISONED IN MORTAL FRAME!
Of flesh, and blood,
Bone and skin
But then, surely
Thow art not
A wingless bird,
A died-out fire
May be thow art
A speck of fire
With difference this much; —
The speck is celestial
The flame tiny but holy
Part and parcel of
Of a flame living, burning,
Shining with depth
May seem changeless, formless
But HIS OWN!
Well, WHERE IS THY NEST?
THY SECRET ABODE!
Art Thou
Realy and truly
As old as Mother Earth,
Suffering in resigned
Patient,
Meek silence
Since the day she came
Into this Sauramandalam,\textsuperscript{24a},
In day-dreams sweet
Immersed, dead to everything else;
And in moments awake
Pining, sighing deep
For her ancestral mirth and fun
Bequeathed from the hoary past,
But now alas!
Well and truly forgot
And now indulging in
A pas time, fruitless, wasteful
One should think a little stupid too!
Rioting in Heaven's Halls!
Did it become a menace to HIM?
MAN! Were you punished for that
Or some other offence like wise?
Then TO EARTH CONDEMNED?
Forever to do penance
As punishment for that sin
What a whim?
And what kind of MASTER
THIS ONE!
As for you what ill-luck
To be pushed
Down into this dead-end
Of a passage, sure depressing;
A real Hell-hole!
Perhaps — mind you, —
This is just a pure assumption —
Who knows for certain;
In HIS GREAT RAGE
HE SMOTE THE SUN;
Then and therc HE FLUNG
YOU AND EVERY OTHER ONE
Of some woxth at least,
Of your progeny,
To bake and fry and roast
IN HIS FIERY OVEN
Oh! and forever!
Ah! what a tragic fate!
And all this time
Where did the elan vital —
THE LIFE FORCE —
Reside? Or hide? Who knew?
Thus it was
That you all whirled
In space so vast, vague
Spreadout to infinity,
In fiery atmosphere
To roast and twitch and squirm
Yet all the time alive
Suffering terribly;
How strange, incredible
A phenomenon sad alas!
Burning, baking on and on
Till million centuries pass
Ah! merciless Fate
Just imagine — till million
Centuries — in Man’s reckoning!
O! Father in Heaven!
Why? How is it
THY HEART hard as flint,
Difficult for us to comprehend!
And then,
O! wonder of wonders!
Things strange
Began to happen
In quick succession!
By degrees slow, steady, sure,
THE FIRE BEGAN TO COOL
Then die out, everything freezing
Little globules — all of vapour pure,
Were formed — to be more correct —
They were born.
A miraculous metamorphosis!
THE SPIRIT OF LIFE
What in Man's nomenclature is
JEEVA CHAITANYAM²⁷
Manifested itself
In creations animate
All across the Earth's surface
In THIS COSMOS Complex
Vast, vaired, wonderful.
X. LIFE AND EARTH

59

For MAN, THE RESULT
Something quite undreamt of
By him, hence a surprise;
The FACE OF EARTH
Enchanted; it appeared to him,
Who so far had remained
Just THE ONLOOKER
Of all this miraculous happenings,
The whole of them
Wonderful to behold!
Life in every atom beamed
A wonder of wonders;
Air, and land, and sea—
For that matter the whole
Of blessed Earth
Teemed with HOPE AND LIFE
Vibrant, virile, pulsating!
The stars up above
In the Heaven serene, divine
Gazed in awe, down below
At OUR EARTH,
Each one of them amazed
Curious, a little amused.
They rubbed their eyes
Once, twice in quick succession
And down they looked
At the BIRTH
OF A NEW WORLD!
Then they raised their eyes
Now filled with devotion deep
Hence shining bright;
In silent prayer
They praised THEIR FATHER
The supreme Lord —
THE GREAT CREATOR
For THIS KIND, LOVING ACT!
O! THOU MASTER UNDISPUTED!
Of all this
Solar complex gigantic
How can we ever even guess
The many million years
It must have taken
For the blazing fire,
Of the Mighty SUN
Smote by THEE,
In thy terrible wrath,
With the powerful celestial
Koumodaki\textsuperscript{28}, to burn and cook
And then cool and squeeze
From souls scattered far and wide
The QUINTESSENCE OF JEEVA\textsuperscript{29}
So dear and vital FOR MAN
THE BEST OF THINE OWN CREATION!
In this way too
There grew up and thrived
This GREAT AFFINITY
Of SPIRIT AND MATTER, —
The SHIVA$^{30}$ — SHAKTHI$^{31}$!
PURUSHA$^{32}$ — STHREE$^{33}$
Concept of Vedas, Upanishads
And Mahapuranas,
The Age-old basic fact.
Of Aarshasamksriti$^{34}$
The source perennial
Of Sanathana Dharma$^{35}$,
From which flowered
The glory, greatness, grandeur
Of OUR BHARATA VARSHA!
From this great, deep source
There had flowed in happy rhythm
LIFE'S great and hectic
Dance of activity —
AANANDA TANDAVAM —
Favorish, full, free, unrestrained
On this wonderful Prithvi
With all its varied riches,
Colours, forms, facets —
All of these created, preserved,
Flourished in splendour
BY THINE OWN wonderful
Divine HANDS!
This way it was,
That man and beast,
And bird and tree,
The weed and fish,
And the busy buzzing
Bumble — bee, —
Why the tiny worm even;
In brief,
All that we see and possess
Right down under
The blazing roof heated
By the fiery racing ball-the SUN;
The cooling milky blue of the Moon.
All of these CAME TO LIFE
And BEGAN TO GROW!
XI. COSMIC COMPLEX

65

Forever high up in space
In the spotless blue expanse,
In full brilliance shines
The Lord of the Day
Unchanging in form and size
In speed and power and
Brilliant effulgence;
So does remain the space
Spread out in pleasant blue;
When the shroud of Night
Falls over Earth after dusk,
The stars in lustre full
Twinkle, twinkle all the while,
In the vaulted velvet canopy
In colour dark sky-blue high above
Shimmering serene and
Shedding starlight on us.
The Sun, the moon, and
Their retinue of Stars —
They all, their allotted distance
Betwixt, keep to exactitude.
They never seem to breath
A sigh of sorrow or pity or worry
Not even a murmur of faint concern
For our Mother Earth,
Who also does belong to their family,
Fixed up in THIS HOME, —
COSMIC SOLAR COMPLEX !
While they all inhale and exhale
Pure, heavenly divine air,
Live and move in brilliance,
Earth down below here
Exist in misery, suffering, pestilence
What a fate !
THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN
Who created
Man and beast
Trees and seas
Mountains and Valleys,
Must sure have had
A definite plan and
A pattern fixed up
To move and guide
And activate all these lives
Working, each in its own groove
SET APART for it BY HIM;
But FOR MAN, what he sees
Round about him
Appears chaotic, haphazard;
The reason for this obvious too;
His view circumscribed,
Comprehension, knowledge,
Awareness all limited
In this set up unique
Of our Universe
With planets, stars,
Galaxies, the Milky way,
All mixed up helter-skelter —
So they appear to us —
But the fact real is
Just opposite to what they seem
To Man on Earth.
HE in HIS OWN WAY
Hath fixed them up all
In their own allotted niches;
Orbits, axis, rotations,
Movements, ellipticals
All in proper place and order
From the time they came
Into existence here.
This Earth — MAN'S OWN ABODE
Forever moves
On its own axis
Inside and also through
Space uncharted,
A space that stretches
Forward, backward
Sideways, upward —
Why, it's everywhere
A Solemn proof
Of the spirit, the power
The Chaitanya
Of HIS OMNI PRESENCE!
XII. EARTH'S MOVEMENT

It is this movement
Unwinged, unhurried,
Unguided, uncontrolled
That to us seem wonderful!
How little are we conscious
Of this delightful movement
Of Earth wherein we live;
Watch this, we cannot
Conscious of it we always are!
Round and round, on and on,
On its own axis, almost gliding
So effortlessly and all the time
With never a jerk or jolt,
With grandeur majestic,
Grace superb,
Earth not worried,
With no anxious thoughts
And tension nil.
This movement rhythmic
Of Earth and all her progeny
Goes on in space, through Time
In wind and rain,
Sunshine, darkness
Full, deep, and grim,
No let up, no rest, no stopping!
How does this miracle happen?
Only through HIS GRACE
Goodwill, blessings on us
In liberal, free, bountiful degree!
The strangest part of all these
Is its recurring aspect;
Through days three hundred —
Nay more, sixtyfive more to be exact
This inexorable
Bhoomi Bramanam²⁹²¹!
A fact more surprising
Is this;
The Earth with her complete brood
All in full strength
And exuberant vigour,
Essentially upon her entuined
Goes on and on
And round and round
Of that terrible flaming
BALL OF FLAME AND FIRE
Which we mortals call
THE SUN!
This phenomenon happens
Only because that is
HIS COMMAND!
Therefore, why fret, thou Man!
Sad and heavy of heart
For YOU ARE ONLY ONE
WHO CAME HERE
On a morning fine
LIKE PLEASANT SPRING!
And spring and Morning
Will, sure as anything,
COME AGAIN!
Who-so-ever born
Into this world
Infinite times;
Will be born again
Infinite times;
IT IS THE LAW!
Unwritten; it is quite true,
But eternal, unalterable
ETCHED BY CREATOR
ON THE SLAB OF TIME!!
Human life on this Earth
Is a regular cyclic wheel,
Of life and death —
Of routine monotony;
We hourly die, and
Are born hourly again;
Our birth is just like
The BIRTH OF MORN;
From NIGHT IT SPRINGS
And back again
To NIGHT IT RETURNS; —
The NIGHT ETERNAL
OF THE COSMIC CIRCLE
Where NIGHT AND DAY
TIME AND SPACE
LIFE AND DEATH
Are all, for all,
One total, all-pervading,
COMPLETE UNIT ETERNAL!
When all is said and done
Who doesn't know
THIS TRUTH UNPALATABLE:—
Life on this Earth
Is a mixture rich,
Thick, heavy, sticky, full,
Of blood and sweat,
And toil hard, grinding.
Back-breaking,
With a spicy dose, thrown in,
Of agony, pain excruciating,
Frustration full,
And to capit all
Sorrow terrible, piteous,
All these MAN'S ALLOTTED SHARE
And the COMMANDMENT:—
"Yours is not to question why
Yours is just to accept and bear!
XIII. MAN TIED DOWN

76

We the mortals, down under,
Each and everyone
Without exception,
Is plummeted into the Earth;
From where, and when,
And what for?
HE ALONE KNOWS!
For company each of us has
A ballast attached
To our navel

- But this umbilical cord invisible,
The ballast
Of weight immense
Enough to smother
The person
But each one of us forgets
A ballast deep inside
Each one of us.
Ten or fifteen times
More weighty,
Something solid,
Real, miraculous,
But mind you, without
A physical form or shape
This weight inside
Devoid of form or shape
Or size or volume;—
It is a NIL under all these heads—
Yet withal powerful
In its intrinsic strength,
Vibrant in awareness;
What then, one may ask
Is this innermost
"Weighty force"?
Well, it is a tiny SPARK OF HIM,
WHO gives weight
And depth and substance
To each and everything
HERE AND EVERYWHERE;
Water, and fire,
Wind and weapon,
Can never wet or burn
Or dry up or wound
This force,
Something DIVINE SUPREME IT IS
This JEEVATMA, which is
PARAMATMA in embryo form!
The problem primary
For Man on Earth
Is only one,
Yet difficult withal,
Also perplexing, taxing to: —
How best to cut 'this cord'
And casty-off the ballast
Of material life
Fixed fast to him;
How to break the shackles,
Spread out the wings
And take off
To HIS ABODE;
How to soar and
Chant HIS NAME
And do the same
Vice versa;
To do both these simultaneously
Like the legendary sky-lark
Of the immortal English
Lyricist Shelley — viz: For MAN
To pray and soar up,
To soar up and pray!
The day that ends
So we all think —
Ends not forever,
But comes again;
Comes back into our midst
Much more brighter
And sharper, within
The very next twenty four hours!
Note again,
There’s No LIGHT
That’s gone forever
Well then, DOES IT REMAIN?
IT DOES,
So they all say
Till DOOMS DAY\textsuperscript{4,3}, for ‘THE WEST’,
Till MAHAPRALAYAM\textsuperscript{4,4}
For we the dwellers
Of this holy, hoary
Bharatavarsha!
"Poor Man" lives and thrives
On sweet hope!
So, with our fingers crossed
Let us all hope
And hope for the best;
That THIS LAND
Once reputed
To have flowed profusely
With milk and honey
In the days of old
Shall with blessings
From HIM, THE GREAT GIVER
Repeat the process!
And lead the way
To Nirvana!
XIV WAY OF DELIVERANCE

81

Fellow travellers,
All of us on the same road,
What then is the lesson
That we do learn
Late though it be,
In this — OUR JOURNEY OF LIFE —
For which, the TIME ALLOTTED
By HIM — "Three score ten" —
THIS TRUTH sublime ;—
Seek ye THE FEET SACRED —
THE RED LOTUS FEET,
THE FORM DIVINE,
THE SMILE BENIGN,
OF HIM
OUR FATHER
IN VAIKUNTA LOKAM !
Very true indeed!
But where to seek?
And when and how?
In this CHAOTIC MASS
Of COSMIC LITTER —
This WORLD OF OURS!
But SEEK HIM, we must,
Come what may.
Seeking HIM is tantamount to
Seeking the PATH OF ESCAPE,
DELIVERANCE, FREEDOM
From the clamorous
Calamitous, exhausting
Birth-death-birth cyclic
Wheel of Janma-Samsara
The crux of MANUSHYA JANMAM!
And what about
All THIS COSMOS AND CHAOS!
Well, the first we have to have —
No choice therein for us —
For we have to pick and choose
— And more the lot
Better the choice to select —
THE GRAINS PRECIOUS,
For our own salvation
From the mountainous
Mass of heterogeneous chaff,
The whole lot assiduously
Collected by MAN
All along the route
In the Bhowthika ratham
In the course of his journey
ON "THE ROAD"!
But remember we must
All the same,
And at the same time
To give as wide a berth
As is possible,
Keep as far away
As we can,
In our journey,
From the second — CHAOS —
Immense, spread out,
Voluminous in size,
Variety, quantity

*Enough to drag and
Drown us
In the deep depths
Of DESTRUCTION TOTAL!
EPILOGUE

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE
THROUGH THIS EARTH OF OURS,
A journey hazardous,
Tiring, aimless, hence wasteful,
Carrying all THIS JUNK
Accumulated through years
Most of it useless, frivolous
In size big, in weight heavy,
Perishable in contents,
And the whole lot drab,
Yet somehow for Man
The home steader of this Earth
Colourful, varied, attractive
All chosen with care assiduous
Attention special
From the STORE HOUSE
Of COSMOS AND CHAOS
Of our Earth
Lying scattered here, there
Everywhere.
Now then, a question does arise;—
Are all of what MAN HAS
IN HIS POSSESSION
Useless, trash, waste?
Well, the answer is
"A DEFINITE NO"
An assessment careful, honest,
Impartial, painstaking
Of OUR BULKY MISCELLANY
Force us to admit the fact
That things of value real,
There are in this voluminous
Baggage of MAN,
The collector of goods and things
All though his life on Earth.
O! GOD IN HEAVEN!
Do have a care
For we, who are
Your own children;
How and where,
And when and which,
To look and search for,
And pick and choose from;
To gather and then preserve,
The treasures, from the trifles
Too many and too attractive
And procure once for all
THE PRECIOUS REAL WEALTH!
A surprising fact
Lost sight of by MAN
Is this:
In MAN ALONE
THE SOLUTION LIES!
The GOD IN MAN,
The SPARK DIVINE,
That great eternal truth,
OF ALL TIME AND AGE
AND CLIME —
"TA TVAM ASI² ² a !
AHAM BRAHMASMI² !"
Is the gold key
The "OPEN SESAME" ² ¹
To unlock this unique,
Mysterious, multifarious
COSMIC, CHAOTIC Cupboard
Of that funny, puny
Householder —
MAN ON THIS EARTH —
Haven't we all heard
From time immemorial
Of the swan legendary,
Sifting from water
Milk poured in to it, and
put before it;
Man as well can become
Another legendary
Mortal swan in his own way
And sift another
Kind of milk from water, —
The TRUE from the FALSE,
The REAL from UNREAL
The GOOD from BAD
The TRANSCIENT from PERMANENT
All these mixed up
And heaped up in plenty
In this HUGE CISTERN!
— The WORLD OF MAN!
When Man at last learns
This sifting technique
Something wonderful
Happens to him inside.
THE LIGHT
— AMARJYOTHI
gets lighted in him;
And this reveals
THE ONE AND ONLY PATH
Which now surely
Leads him on to HIM
The ONE who is
His creator, destroyer
And his preserver as well
The triple functions
Combined all in ONE
AND THE SAME DIVINE
AGENCY!
In fact his EVERYTHING.
To hold his hand,
Guide his steps,
To THE PLACE
Where he does attain
That blessed, pure,
Exhilarating, soul-stirring
Synthesis with HIM —
EESHWARA SAKSHATKARAM\textsuperscript{5,8} —
The be-all and end-all,
The LAND’S END for
Man’s JOURNEY OF LIFE!
<table>
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<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>1 The world or Universe as an orderly or systematic whole, as opposed to the mixed up, jumbled chaotic state with all its full varied and at the sametime numerous things in the original state of creation by GOD.</td>
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<td>2 The confused and disorderly shape and state of things as it were when first created before order and place was assigned to them by GOD.</td>
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<td>65</td>
<td>3 The name by which the supernatural form, in feminine shape, is referred to in Hindu mythology (is referred to also in Vedas, Upanishads and Epics) for the colourful, attractive sights and pleasures material, all of them transient and illusory. She is part of Vishnu, but dealing only with the material side of HIS activities.</td>
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<td>66</td>
<td>4 The vast field of material things and resources available for MAN on Earth and compared to an ocean (Samsaram = World; Sagaram = Sea)</td>
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<td>68</td>
<td>5 Varied riches gifted to MAN by GOD. (Ref: Chapter X, Bhagawat Geeta)</td>
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<td>6 The 4 stages of a Man’s life on Earth viz. Bachelorhood, Married life, Detached meditative life, total reuniication of everything (ascetic)</td>
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<td>71</td>
<td>7 John Ruskin, the eminent 19th century Victorian Scholar, Philosopher, Savant, and art critic.</td>
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<td>8 2nd part of one of the famous works of Ruskin—“Sesame and Lillies”—2nd part “Queen’s Garden’s.</td>
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<td>74</td>
<td>9 The legendary Ocean of Milk in which Lord Vishnu, one of the ‘‘Holy Trinity’’ of Hindu</td>
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mythology—Bhrama, Vishnu, and Siva—is said to lie reclined on Anantha, the thousand—headed serpent.

74  10 The churning of the ocean of Milk (see item above) from which Nectar (Amritham) came up.

75  10a The story is that Good, Bad—all things were thrown in Human Life.

78  11 A paradise on Earth; an area whose name or location is unknown or kept secret.

80  12 Shakespeare’s reference to the stages in the life of Man on Earth in his comedy “AS YOU LIKE IT”.

81  13 The line refers to the long speech of Cardinal Wolsey the Archbishop of Canterbury to his servant, advising him to serve God, instead of serving the King, in Shakespeare’s Play “King Henry the Eighth”.

,, 14 The reference is to the famous Ode—Ode to the West wind written by the famous lyricist P. B. Shelly one of the five great English Romantic Poets of the 18th century in England. Here it is OLD AGE and DEATH.

82  15 The material human life of Man on earth is equated to that of a garden.

84  16 Ocean of material pleasures.

86  17 Happiness enjoyed in Heaven.

94  18 The hierarchy (order of priority) of the celestial beings in Heaven (Equivalent to Yaksha, Kinnara, Gandharva etc. in Hindu mythology).

107 19 A Jewish leader, son of Lámak, and the legendary hero of the Great Deluge (Flood) mentioned in the Bible.
A large floating vessel, almost akin to a boat, used by Noah, (see item 19 above) under the orders of GOD, to carry one specimen of each specie, when the Great deluge came (see item 19 above).

The world of nothing or "the world of creation"; a wonderful world of the highest order consists of nothing (fifth dimension) between anything and the supreme power. In other words nothing is there between anything and Bhramram. This world is the world of creation meant only for the creator itself. This world is everywhere even in the nails and hairs. The centre of the universe, is where the supreme power resides, and controls the entire universe from with in this wonderful world of nothing.

Space

GOD IN HEAVEN

The three stages in the life of things of this world (a) Srishti (b) Stithi (c) Samhara

The equivalent to the concept of the Wheel of Fate of the West. This is also the term referred to the Sudarshana of Vishnu.

Moveable as well as immoveable; animate as well as in animate.

Solar system.

(The Bargoonian Philosophy) The creative force within an organism that is able to build physical form and to produce growth and necessary or desirable adaptations.

The same as Jeeva Chaitanya which can bestow pulse beatings (of life).
Conscious awareness of the SOUL (by Man) which is regarded as part and parcel of PARAMATMA the supreme Brahmmam.

The mace held by VISHNU in HIS left hand — one of the Four of HIS Divine symbols. Legends aver that this was given to HIM by the God of Fire, AGNI, after Arjuna the third of the Pandava Princes had fed him (AGNI) the whole forest of Khandawa vanam and cured his chronic stomach ailment. The mace has supernatura lpower over enemies.

The Soul (Aatman) in MAN

The terms used in Hindu scriptures for modern concept of Energy Matter; Life Force and Nature.

Culture expounded by the ancient Rishees and Sages.

Moral and ethical values of hoary past handed down from generations

The powerful exultant Dance of supreme joy performed by SHIVA (contrast with the Dance of Destruction and annihilation (Pralaya Tandavam) by Siva.

Earth; Earth, in Hindu Mythology is the daughter of King Prathu and hence called Prithvi.

The broad, slightly diffused stream of white band of light seen at night accross the sky visible on dark nights. Actually they are a cluster of millions of tiny stars.

Same as item 27

Revolution of Earth

Shelly's famous poem — "ODE TO Skylark".

See item 14
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