

Verses of Devotion - September 1991



May I wake up with trust every morning
And before any thinking can start
Place in the hands of my guru
The body, the mind and the heart.

Whether Nannagaru's loving smile
Or Bhagvan's in its place
They both reflect in bodily form
The Inner Guru's face

Just look on the face of the guru
With a gaze of longing love
And see in His eyes your own true Self
And this will be enough

In times of grief and sorrow
Remember where solace lies
Take comfort, in your sadness,
From the love that's in His eyes

Sometimes our heart feels cold and dry
And His loving touch we miss
Humbly await the return of our love
And offer Him even this

For if this surge of bliss and joy
Was at our beck and call
The little self would get puffed up
And that's no good at all!

We have to humbly realise
When it seems so far away
That the sun shines always above the clouds
On the gloomiest rainy day

We don't have to travel far away
For the sunshine of his love
Just float up through our self-made clouds
He is ever there close above

The love of the guru's a mystery
That no mortal mind understands.
When the gaze of those eyes falls upon you
You just rest your heart in his hands.

The guru's love and affection
Removes the sting of sorrow.
And its only available Here and Now
Not yesterday or tomorrow

Guru's glance pours grace upon you
He see what were you be
Not the body/mind, but your nature true
Which is already free.

Devotion is essential
For Self-enquiry
Without that offering of the heart
The truth we cannot see

Silence prepares the mind to see
Its source-the inner space
A widening pool of silence
The consciousness of Grace.

O Arunachala the beautiful
This Ego please destroy!
It has fallen into the timer's mouth
Let it die there – killed by Joy

Each time that we chant these verses
My dear guru's face appears
And I smile in relief.
Trusting him-my Self,
Banishes all my fears.

To the Guru

O God how wonderful Thou art-Oh guru dear

Who watches o'er us all to tenderly

And guides our faltering steps through many lives

Until our oneness with Thyself we see.

How patently you watch our desperate search

For happiness in worldly trinkets bright

Slowly we learn the flame of fame and fortune fades.

Within us is the only lasting light.

To live a wise and ego-less human life,

To speak with loving heart both clear and true,

Be merciful and compassionate in our deeds,

With generous and forgiveness ever new.

We are passengers on this puffing train of live

Backs to the engine, the view's already past

We cannot see what is coming, only trust

That You in the cab, will bring us home at last.

The route we take is laid down by our karma

Mysteriously different for each

Sometimes rattling fast through fear and smoke and darkness

Yet trusting our destination we will reach.

And so life often seems-yet it's a dream!
How can our true Self come to any harm?
This is but the frown upon the Baby's face
Sleeping ever safely on his father's arm.

And when there is awakening from the dream at last
It's this present moment that will now unveil
From the mists of mind. It is always here-and yet
There is no-one left to tell the tale.

Trust always our dearest Bhagavan!
The living guru's role
Is to spread the spiritual knowledge
And goodness is his goal.

Then grace burns out ourvasanas
Weeds out tendencies of mind
Which obscure our vision of the truth
So we can leave them far behind.

For any thought that I think is mine
Disturbs the inner peace.

And cloud's the clarity that sees
The truth that brings release.

Dear guru, point me to the truth
Always present in my heart
Then with open eyes I shall realise
It's been there from the start
What effort can the disciple make?
Just trust in him - let go!
Have confidence, he leads the way
Through happiness or woe.

For all that happens to us
Is for the best, be sure.
However hard it is to bear
Accept it and endure.

For trusting him when all is bright
Is not too hard to do,
But to see his face in the fear and hurt
Is the blessing of the few.

Unconditional surrender
Is a magic alchemy
Which transmutes life's sorrows into gifts
And brings serenity.

Our nature true is then revealed
And we attain our quest
By seeking the source of the chattering mind
Through silence-that's the best.

Remember your Self, and the guru
And God, by whatever name
Are all one love! At the source of the mind
That silence is all the same.

By A devotee (Name: Unknown)
Archival Courtesy: Baby garu, Hyderabad