

Pursuit of Peace and Bliss



Ranganayaki Srinivas

Pursuit of Peace and Bliss

© 2002 Pooja Srinivas

Publisher

Ms. Pooja Srinivas & S. Srinivas

A 23. Chaitanya Vihar

Anand Vidyanagar Road

Anand 388 001

Gujarat, India.

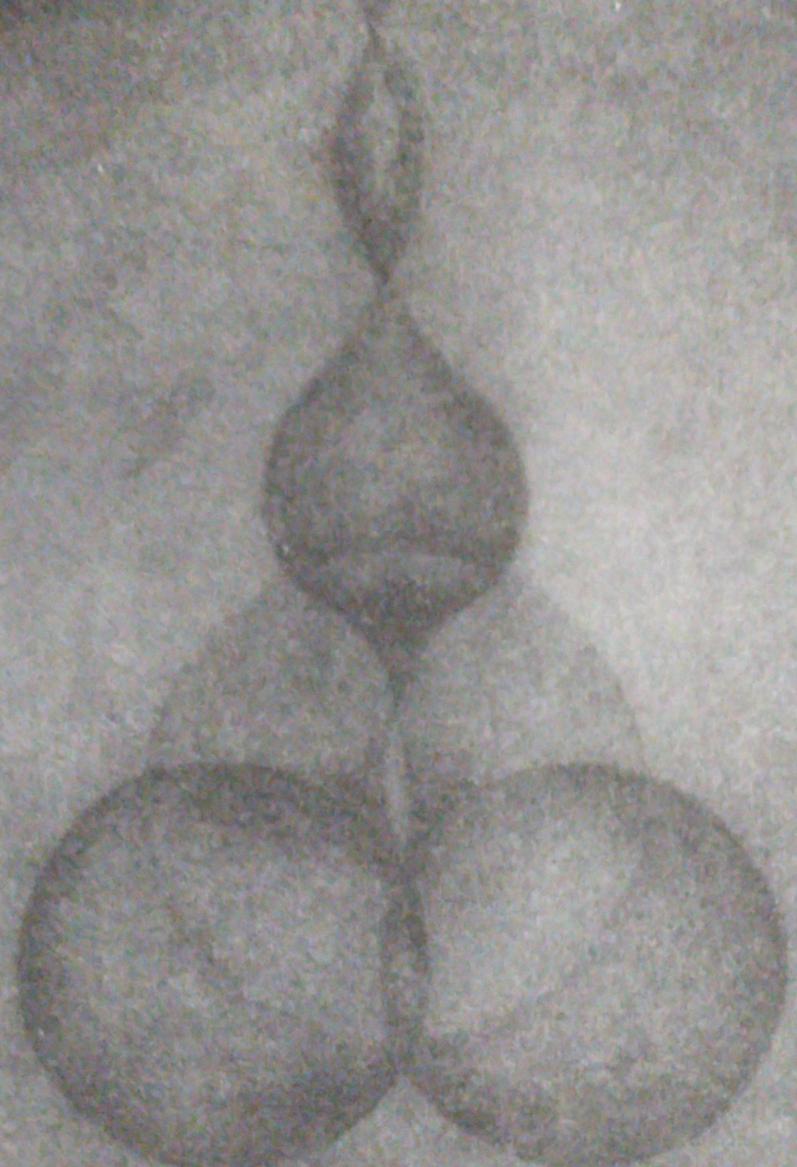
Website: www.want2learn.com

Email: peace@want2learn.com

Cover page & lay out: Pooja Srinivas

Printed at: Anand Press, Gamdi, Anand.

Pursuit of Peace and Bliss



Ranganayaki Srinivas

Contents

1. The Search Begins
2. Levels and Layers
3. Is This Peace?
4. Who and How Far am I?
5. What am I?
6. Thirst Unquenched
7. Craving Unearthly
8. The Beastly Thinker
9. The Watcher Within
10. Where am I?
11. Glass Eye
12. Chaos
13. Ulta-pulta
14. Movement
15. Learning to Live Living to Learn
16. Action Plan for Peace
17. Action Plan for Bliss
18. Cook the Crook
19. Waiting for the Lasting Peace
20. Do You Smell the Stink?
21. Self Evaluation
22. What it boils down to...

23. Spare Time
24. I am Busy
25. Journey
26. Musings of a Musician
27. I have got to wait
28. The Tale of the Trip
29. Return Journey
30. On the Way
31. Self Learning?
32. Point of View
33. Crash Course
34. Gol-mal Ke Bol
35. Is that Clear?

The Search Begins

There is someone within me
But I know not who is he
I have a feeling he is there
But I know not exactly where.

When I am in he is out
When I am out I see none.

If I know but yet someone
Who is both out and in
He can tell me who is who
But I know not that one too.

Who can tell me who is who?
Who can guarantee my release?
Who can guide me all the way through?
Who can grant me lasting peace?

Levels and Layers

Levels of peace and layers of existence
Need a seeker with enormous persistence
No need to take up these tasks
Unless ready to peel off the masks
And attach oneself to a pursuit
Not caring for worldly repute
This trapeze hung between Pind and Sat
Relocate you to worlds of truth
A fatal trip to piece
Or a final trip to peace.

Is This Peace ?

What is this thing they call peace?
Look into the dictionary, if you please.
When does it prevail?
When fightings cease
or should fighters cease?
Where does it prevail?
With the living among the dead
or the dead among the living?
Look into the news, if you please.
It says peace prevails,
just a stabbing or two.

Who and How Far am I?

I am not one
at least two, if not three.
The watcher and the player
pull me from different ends
tearing my flesh at the weakest parts.
The thinker as the mediator
goes between the two
threatens to break any time.
From time immemorial
I must have started the disciplining process
of my craving body and mind.
Will I hold together
to find the enormous strength
of passion unreleased
suppressed steam
bursting at the seams?
How far am I from the cherished goal
which can be won only by a
three-legged race
all the way through?

What am I ?

Let me peel off the thickened skin
from the depth of my heart
to let it grow a fresh unbiased look
at the watcher, the thinker
and the all time player,
the three men in my tub.
Let me turn myself inside out
to clean the pockets of dirty stains
of imposed ideas that stick like
plastered bandage on third degree burns.
The more I scrub, the more I peel,
the more it sticks, the more it bleeds.
I cannot see myself in all this mess.

Thirst Unquenched

My burning flesh
ever growing warmer
with life piercing through
and sticking out at the ends
slowly being roasted
on the desirous fire
with its upturned vision
watches the darkening clouds
ignoring the pots of water
available at beck and call
forever ready to kiss the raging wishes
and cool the thirsty love.
Would the showers be sent
before I am overdone?

Craving Unearthly

I lie at the seashore
with my silvery lips
opened slightly to reveal
a peck of dust on a lowly worm
twisting and turning rolling in desire
not caring for the salty vast
gently caressing, bewitchingly tempting
I crave for that tiny droplet
drenched in love
from the eternal lover
beyond the earth within my eyes
who holds the key to the secret of
turning the worm into a pearl.

The Beastly Thinker

My beast is out of the den
It is basking in the sun
The chain that ties its legs
To the age old rotten pegs
Is made of sugar and fire and tears
And devouring waves of imaginary fears.
My thinker is out to work out
Its gnawing everlasting doubt
Considering ifs and buts and could and should
Getting tangled up in the beastly wood
Forever wishing to reach someone above
Drinking its own blood of animal love.
The cattle pull and the ambitious push
Have ploughed to plant a peaceful wish.

The Watcher Within

My watcher is out to observe
The what and why and how of things
Power of love, desire to serve,
Master within who pulls the strings
Messy problems out and in
Ways and means to shed the skin.
Fight between the opposite poles
Balanced view of different goals
Amount of fun the players deserve
Need to check the passion springs
Drown in cravings frozen preserve
To transform the beggar into the king of kings.
My watcher with the well-wisher beside
Is my one and only guide.

Where am I ?

Neither young enough to live
Nor old enough to die
That is the time I dived
To find the pool dry.

Neither well enough to work
Nor weak enough to resign
That is the time I woke
To find the broken design.

Neither soft enough to break
Nor strong enough to stand
That is the time I browsed
To find a place to land.

Neither spiritual enough to rise
Nor material enough to sink
That is the time I reached
To find a peaceful link.

Neither I seem to be in control
Nor can time be the decider
At all times of conflicts
Who and where is the rider?

Neither you will come down to tell
Nor can I wait for ever
Is it not time to tear
And throw this mortal cover?

Glass Eye

Two eyes I have both half blind
Two halves are said to make one
Nerve tracks reach up to my mind
Beyond, the goal remains to be won.

I do see better with the contact
A source of power, self contained
Oh! Wonderful is the impact
A touch of sight, so unstained.

Merging, almost invisible
I know it only by the feel
Not many think it possible
To few, I care to reveal.

I return it to its hold
Just before I fall asleep
Waking I would get it I am told
At times I doubt and I weep.

Only problem I do face
Is to wash it free of dust
Once lost it is hard to trace
On divine help depends the rest.

One I lost just the other day
One eye clear and one blurred
Hardly could I find my way
Squinted, strained, pain incurred.

Cursed and raved and blamed myself
Wished I hadn't woken up
Combed the whole of earth itself
Every inch down and up.

Groping hands tuned back
Fed up with the hope that lingers
Then an insight filled the crack
Found it stuck between my fingers.

Chaos

I confess I know nothing
All I see is confusion
As far as my eyes can reach
Almost to the tip of my nose.

I cannot see but only feel
The sticky flesh, the bloody mess,
Laid bare by mental claws
Looking for God knows what!

I do not feel but know from others
The soft little spots neatly slit
The stinking trails of dripping blood
That once belonged to me.

I am yet to know but firmly believe
You are there in and around
To help me see and feel and know
The meaning behind all this mess.

I am still confused but hope to pray
And keep my love and faith intact
To actively learn and patiently wait
Till you find me fit to know.

Ulta-pulta

The chaotic order
Organised mess
My laughter of pain
Tears of joy
Knowledge of ignorance
Freedom bound
Craving hatred
Spiteful love
Unwanted desires
Unseen sights
Fill my confusion
Empty the nothingness
The strength of my weakness,
I am sure,
Lies in my everlasting doubt.

Movement

A crab I am fragile and tenacious
Two steps ahead and two steps back
Forward and backward and sideward I move
The intricate patterns so arrived
Is worth the confusion of
Backward progress and forward regression.

Learning to Live Living to Learn

Frankly I know nothing much
Still I am groping beyond reach
This was just brought to my notice
As I resigned tired of my duties.

Make your guesses right or wrong
You are free to write your song
This is like a language game
Wherein you learn all the same.

There is a teacher true and fair
He has knowledge all to share
He has a bit of task for each
A tiny problem within your reach.

All that you are asked to do
Is to work and balance too
Loss or gain take not to heart
Step aside play your part.

The tissue cover, the thinking mind,
Has a problem that suits your kind
Let the processor work on it
As long as he thinks it fit.

A better get up or pretty letters
Is not going to free your fetters
He has a vision far more clear
He knows how much you can bear.

There is nothing good or bad
None is either happy or sad
Rules are made to get things done
Beyond the border all is one.

Drift along as you please
Waiting for the lasting peace
This is a course full of fun
You can enjoy as you learn.

Action Plan for Peace

Tune your mind
Do not over wind
Be gentle and kind
Peace you will find.

The finer the tune
The clearer the picture
Work as a peon
Or study the scripture.

Chances of missing
Are about the same
Count on His blessing
Enjoy the game.

Action Plan for Bliss

Crush your mind
Paste till grind
Surat you will find
Shabda with you bind.

The finer it sounds
The farther you go
The higher it mounds
The better you know.

No one should miss
To pursue the quest
Taste the eternal bliss
And enjoy the rest.

Cook the Crook

I have cut myself to pieces
sprinkled with tears and a dash of nectar
put it in the pressure cooker
on the mind, powered by Kal's gas
be merciful and release the extra pressure
check the safety valve, do not let me burst.
All hungry seekers are invited
to this grand feast, salty sweet.
I hope the fire is put out in time..
Or would it be my fault if I am over done?
How many screams are expected?
How many whistles for the hardest dish?

Waiting for the Lasting Peace

Oh! when will that time be
When I merge myself into Thee
When I shed this stinking rag
This leaking, soiled leather bag?

Oh, I hope you do want me
When I from myself wish to flee
Swinging between bliss and boiling cauldron
I impatiently scream and pray
And hope you will one day say
Come up my dear it is all done.

Oh! Will that time ever be
When I remember none but Thee?

Do You Smell the Stink?

He stands there

towering above the eighteenth floor
with His feet on the muddy ground
and at every floor subtler and purer.

The millions of dwarfs with swollen heads
blinded by the diffused muddy feet
hardly visible on the dirty ground
cry in anger, jealousy and unfound hatred,
'Look how he lets others worship him,
however tall he may appear!'

The worms from the gutter
slowly crawl towards His feet
and unknowingly clean themselves
with the dust of life giving nectar
and grow into dumb buffaloes.

They climb out of the dirty pool
covered in filth and their own dung.

They gaze at Him stupidly
a mocking admiration of dazed wonder.

The mosquitoes and flies
eating merrily the filthy treat
leave the buffaloes and reach His feet.
They sing His glory, pestering Him
by their constant nuisance.

He stoops low so as to meet
eye to eye with the blind creatures
and covers Himself with layers of dust
to let them see Him in comfort.

He teaches them His own worship
[and gives a chance for mud slingers
to enter the impregnable abode].

He praises them as great devotees
who sacrifice all this filth for His sake
wonders at their act of devotion
the staining of His immaculate dress
and showers the abusers with
appropriate gifts which eventually
add them to the list of filthy devotees.

'Is there not a single soul
who can understand this love
for the fallen, for the undeserving,
for the idiotic, for the beastly,
this selfless unconditional love
where the giver takes up the receiver's
burden and has nothing to gain?

Is there not a single soul repenting
its inability to worship Him
with love and gratitude?

This world stinks of madness
and my nose is growing bigger',
says the tear filled skunk
leaving a trail of unbearable
odour of unearthly pain.

Self Evaluation

Oh! What a torture
this self evaluation is!
I wish somebody else would
give me a pass or fail
or a number of out of something
so that I could resort to cheating
or just sit back smugly
complain and hide behind
a shell of mud slinging
I wish I could escape the
guilt feeling of not having put in
enough effort to free myself
of being such a dirty bitch!
Oh, dear! I can not bear this pain
of seeing myself as I am
stripped bare to the root of my evil mind
If I were not me
I would hesitate even
to touch me with a mile long stick
and push me down the flush.
I am bound to myself
with Archie's comic class knots.
All the efforts put in to unfurl
the slippery mess
strengthen the ties.

What it boils down to...

I am eating myself bit by bit
the taste is awful, the dish is hard
I am stuck in my own throat
a sickle cannot pull me out
a spear cannot push me down
choking, gasping, looking up,
breaking, burning, shedding blood,
I pretend to be brave and suffering.
Who can I fool when my own knots choke me?
Who can pour down a bit of acid
to dissolve my hardness and clear my way?
Any new product in the market
to clean the drainage pipe?

Spare Time

It takes time to learn

The pigeon head knocking the window pane
incurring pain instead of freedom
curses the creator's kind creation.

To give up an old habit

to learn from experience

to get bored with what I have

to learn from useless efforts seeking pleasure

to feel depressed, caged, lost

to begin the experiment within

to find the order beyond the chaos

I need time to sit and brood

amidst noisy crowds

alone, in absolute silence.

I need to understand

good gradual growth

gains momentum naturally.

The innumerable ways

I fill my mind with empty noise

the ultra modern gadgets I use

to escape from loneliness

steal away my precious time.

The time I could have spent

In becoming a soul scientist

I am wasting in becoming a

garbage dumb gathering filth.

I am Busy

A busy schedule eats your time like
 a giant head with a never satisfied tongue
 vigorous faces spitting out meaningless words,
 holding you, munching you, pushing you in,
 down the drainage pipe,
 leading to a furnace of poisonous gas.
 Burn by the seconds, plan your destruction,
 well in advance, be prepared for the result
 the stinking end of the journey.
 Get buried under the earth
 feed a million more lives
 go through the circle eternally
 till you contact the Shabda
 and drench your schedule in nectar.

Journey

The journey is too long
 I am not very strong
 Whether I am right or wrong
 I will know before long.

With an unseen goal in view
 Chasing an half heard clue
 I board an electric train new
 To merge the sun and the morning dew.

Musings of a Musician

Easy to say stay tuned
when you are not the sensitive
instrument shrinking and expanding
with the changing weather
being twisted and turned
hammered stuffed or emptied.
How differently the advice
affects the musician,
the accompanying artist,
the audience waiting patiently,
for the contest to begin.
How much more complex
for the mono actor
shifting roles constantly
to keep himself intact
merged in the music of
the majestic mansion!
That supreme song alone
can tune the instruments,
the musicians, the accompanists,
the stage, the hall, the audience,
the earth, the universe and beyond
with that self resounding sound
flowing forever from the first musician
of the entire creation.

I have got to wait

Have you felt waiting is tiresome
more so than working furiously day and night?
Have you waited for a telephone call,
a letter, a money order or cheque?
Have you waited at bus-stops,
in delayed trains, parks or parties?
Have you waited in hospitals,
on the operation table or outside?
Have you waited in burning buildings,
terrorists' dens, crashing planes?
These are trick simulations to teach
the art of waiting with patient impatience
when you pray for something beyond.

The Tale of the Trip

Covered in a chaotic creation
merged in the musical mansion
I travel along the tricky path.
The deadly life and the lively death
meet and merge and murder my mirth.
A thousand ties trap the train
connecting me to pleasure and pain.
Oh....to hang on to the hidden one!
He loves and lights and lifts and leads
pulling me, pushing me,
kicking me, drawing me,
prodding me, checking me,
nagging me, dragging me,
Ignoring my cries, exposing my lies,
mercilessly murdering my mind-boggling ties.
I grown I moan, I win I lose, I rise I fall, I yell I cry,
Shhhhhh.....I give up and die.
The mind of the bound, the Surat and Sound,
the chaos and mess, the mercy and bliss,
go hand in hand, away from the land,
across the canal, all through the tunnel,
Surrender, surrender, surrender, surrender,
I am crazy, I am crazy, I am dizzy, I am dizzy.
I sing a dance, I dance a song
the silky skies, the milky rise
the rose petal path, the peaceful bath
Sssssssssooooooo sweeeeeet is this bliss.

Return Journey

A melodious house is being built
 beyond the worlds,
 a tiny bit out of the footpath dweller
 is taken all the way to his original abode
 and returned with the added wisdom.
 Till all the pieces are awakened
 till it is time to shift wholesale
 he has to put up with the painful experience of
 conflicting changes
 levels of existence
 uncompromising truths.
 He has to break to piece
 his own peace of mind
 to transform himself and merge
 in the eternal reservoir of
 infinite peace and bliss.

On the Way

Who is that hanging on to the musical rope
 climbing up with practised ease?
 Who is that down below wallowing in mud
 carefully planning each and every stroke?
 Who is this standing in between looking at both
 contemplating, comparing and contrasting?
 How many parts have I been split into?
 How on earth would all this end?

Self Learning?

All the donkeys standing in a row
look at the huge carrots hung from the sky
the hungriest, greediest and the most stubborn
ignorant of the beatings showered on the way
runs in great haste towards the goal.
The very first blow brings it to a standstill!
Looking back and forth it wonders..
Thorns are sprinkled on the path covered
the front is made brighter still.
Hesitatingly it steps ahead with
a pellet now and then to remember the taste
and as a reward for steps taken.
Heavier blows kill the motivation
no way to go back, no place to rest.
A few crackers at the legs should do the trick
Still it would not move
Kicks its legs restlessly.

A shower of praise on its bravery
a lecture on its great parenthood
takes it a few painful steps ahead.
Looks both ways and finds the
distance to be covered
less than towards the starting point
with beatings to be borne both ways
movement forward is better than backward.
Having taken the wisest decision of its life
after careful consideration
daringly dashes shutting the senses.
Having reached where it could get
looks back and thinks I must walk this path again
and record my experiences to aid other donkeys
it would be a great help to the entire community.
How stupid can a donkey be!
There is a rumour that it is to be ostracised
and sent beyond the world.
It is accused of indulging in vicarious pleasures.

Point of View

The little Mina looked
fondly at the heap of dung
full of swarming little insects.
Its mouth began to water
inhaling the delightful odour
it pecked at the smooth, soft emerald.

The well-dressed two-legged
pleasure loving creature
felt like throwing up
watching the Mina
gulping with glee.
Holding his scented handkerchief
to the tortured nose
covering parts of the mouth
carefully avoiding a corner glance
stepped around the filthy hill
lifting up his beautiful dress.

The smart little busy business man
rushing to the share market
to make yet another heap of money,
saw him with a glass of silky wine,
acidic dancers packed in spicy flesh.
'How stupid he is to waste his time
with this dirty wine and filthy flesh!'
he commented without slowing down.

The serious contemplator planning
his next book, next verse, next image,
saw him rushing down the street.
'Money, money and more money!
Is that all these people want?
Why don't they wake up and
look at the beauty of nature?
Why don't they carve out a place
for themselves in this world?'
he sadly poured out his thoughts
in a beautiful verse.

The saffron clad rigorous looking Sanyasi
apparently religious from head to toe
returning from a pilgrimage
having observed all the rituals
handed down by his great,
great, grandfather
saw him and wondered,
‘Why should he write stupid books
and hanker after name and fame?
Why can’t he sacrifice the world
and earn some punya for the next birth?’

The simple looking helper of all
the saviour of the poorest of the poor
looked at him and exclaimed,
‘Why should people like him waste
time in meaningless rituals? Why can’t he
help the poor to serve God? How stupid
he is not to understand that
serving the poor is service to God!’

The contemplating yogi, the meditator
walking the internal path with the
power of the mind
looked at him and smirked.

'Such people never learn.
Why waste all the energy in
outward activities? If only he
could save his energy and
practise meditation, he
could have helped himself
and others.'

The disciple of the Sant,
the lucky one who had found,
the saviour of all saviours
looked at him with great sadness.
'Alas! If only you had found a person
who knows the highest goal
whence there is no return!
How far will you reach with the
help of the mind? How long will
you last there and in which animal
kingdom you may be born again?'

How I wish everyone could find that place
where there is no mixture of
the mind with soul!

How I wish everyone can find
a person who can awaken the
Surat, the unmixed soul,
who can take us to the
ultimate goal whence
there is no return!

How I wish everyone can
develop love for that goal
and look at all other achievements
as filthy as a heap of dung and
stop pecking at them!

How I wish the Mina could become
a Sant one day!"

The Supreme Sant
forever merged with the
Supreme God
the God of all gods
who knew the level of each and
the time required to make them fit
to receive the Bliss
kept mum with a
smile on His face.

Crash Course

I enter with a head load of
abilities, talents, virtues and vices
I have collected them from ages and ages
His long hands reach out
the impregnable corners
to draw out the millions of seeds
each egg filled with millions of lives.
When I feel empty, drenched in fire, weak,
incompetent, horribly clean,
not able to live or die, laugh or cry,
move up or down, right or left,
I pretend to pray with false humility.
He pats me with nectar hands
melodious fingers gently draw out
the never ending blue prints of
the best of the best
the worst of the worst
I struggle, scream, groan and moan
pray, beg and repeatedly implore
let me go, oh...please let me go!
If I climb continuously for four births
how many lives would I need to die
each second of each minute of each hour
to dispose of the crores of impressions
accumulated through aeons of births.

Gol-mal Ke Bol

The industries set by Kal and Dayal
beckon the souls confusion bound.

'Buy now, pay later', says Kal
making a profit out of the instalment interest.

'Pay now, buy later', says Dayal
insisting Gurubhakti is all in all.

'Come out and enjoy the gift', says Kal
offering a discount and a bonus.

'Go in and enjoy the music', says Dayal
snatching away their eyes and ears.

Kal is ready for cut throat competition,
Dayal prefers to hide his name board.

Kal disguises himself as Dayal
and preaches wisdom and devotion.

Dayal covers himself with Kal's clothes
and pretends to be a common man.

As days pass and as the buyers mature,
the IN and OUT boards are tortured,
the balance sheet is confused,
evaluating the safe and sound choice.

Is that Clear?

What a strange way of purification!
 Is he irritated? Irk him more
 Is he nervous? Frighten him more
 Is he doubtful? Confuse him and confound him
 Is he devoted? Give him the impossible task
 The way of Kal and Dayal
 are as different as Samsar and Paramarth
 Kal lets the mind find justification
 for its own acts by following a path
 which appears a balanced routine.
 Dayal makes it go to the extreme
 and arrive at the opposite side
 and then find the middle of the middle.
 The calmness before and after a
 nerve-wracking experience
 can prove it to anyone
 how sound the latter is and
 how shaky the former is .
 The extremes meet and make
 you roll back nearer the middle
 and when you are pulled up
 If you care to look down
 you can see all the confusion
 left behind as clearly as still water.

Kal's Curriculum

Calmly collect the contradicting concepts
Colour the comfortable corners of confusion
Compare, contrast, clarify continuously
Corrupt the contented carefree kings
Catch and corner their concentration on the
Content of the curriculum, a course for crooks
Can their capacities, corrode their comprehension
Cajole and control with clever communication
Cut off their contact with the current of creation
Cover their conscious core in classic culture
Chaotic customs and coded characters
Completely crush their claim for cosmic condition
Create cravings to be carried on as karmas
Convert the kingly cataract to cups of kicks
Compel to cough up the costly course fee
Come as incarnation to keep the cord of
Creation confirm to crooked crushes
Cash in on covetously cultivated cunningness
Communal clashes and creative cravings
Cast the cob-webs of corruption, comfort
Confinement kickbacks and clutter the
Crown with calculated creepy creatures
Crush the crazy cowards kidnapped and kept
Crucify the crusaders of the cool current
Cruel but comprehensive, of course, is the
curriculum of Kal.

Dayal's Curriculum

Simply focus on the Surat and Sound
 Suppress the senses and release the Surat
 Silently, sincerely seek the Sant
 Surrender, serve, master the skies
 Sing the praises of the supreme Sound
 Sight the soul sitting in the eyes
 Swing between the sorrows and supreme peace
 See for oneself what is best what is sensible
 Slip on the everlasting suit of Sound
 Separate the self from silly habits
 Sit on the Sound and soar towards
 the reservoir of bliss
 Somersault selfish acts into supreme service
 Sacrifice the best of the best, the worst of the worst
 Savour the seconds of mercy and grace priceless
 Salute the selfless Sant saviour of the universe
 Sound-incarnate crusaders of the supreme master
 Soft and strong superman to destroy Kal's schemes
 Seek support to exhaust karmas
 Subtly separate the simple, sweet Surat
 Slowly, slowly raise it by the Sound
 Spend some hours practising Satsang
 Spiritual endeavours for lasting peace
 Stick to the sayings of the present Sant
 Self directed seeking supported by the saviour
 Blissful and superior, certainly, is the
 curriculum of Dayal.

Wake Me up from a Sound Sleep

I am still searching for peace..
The leaking tap and the ticking clock
measure my roving mind with icecream spoons.
The turbulent silence and the reticent lecturer
munch the chips of the nomadic computer.
The impregnable gates up above
creaking doors down below
jerky jokes of the laughing fridge
constant hum of the muffled trees
melodious music flowing out of my ears
electric nectar brimming with love
gently drenching the muddy mind
spreading the fragrance of rain
through the entire creation
none of these allow me a
moment of rest, I say
I am ready to blow my top!

To be continued.....

The pursuit persists
The course continues
The end is probably near
Just a couple of births more.

