

Edition 1

Brahmamayee

Sangraha

Reflections on Within & Beyond

Aum Tat Sat

Preface

The Brahmamayee Sangraha began with a simple thought:
'bring together everything that usually stays unseen.'

There are many writings that never made it to my website or social media... small notes, half-formed poems, lines written late at night, questions, and quiet reflections. They often remain buried in my notes, unseen by anyone but me. This collection is a space to bring all of that to light, just as it is, without correction or structure.

It holds blogs written through the months from Magha Shaké 1946 to Kartik Shaké 1947, along with words that arrived in between. (2025)

There's no specific way to read this. Don't search for context or try to connect everything. Just breathe through it. Read slowly, without trying to understand. Whatever stays with you, let it stay. Whatever doesn't, let it go.

Each edition of Brahmamayee Sangraha will follow the same purpose, that is, to preserve what flows through the year, and

to share it without noise. Nothing more than that, and nothing less.

- Brahmamayee

Note to Readers

This Sangraha isn't meant to be read all at once. It's something to sit with. Read a few lines at a time, maybe a page in silence. These writings were not planned; they happened in the flow of living and questioning.

Read them as you would listen to a breeze, not to analyse but to feel. Some words may stay with you for days; others may pass without leaving a trace. Both are fine.

If you return to it again, it may read differently each time. That is how it is meant to be... changing with you.

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He Came

I had only asked for Shiva...

to hold the child in me.

But He came draped in pitambar,

not tiger skin.

He came with a dimple

that curved like the crescent moon on His cheek.

His smile...wide, playful, almost teasing

like He'd just whispered a secret to the stars

and dared them not to tell.

I paused.

Was this not Krishna?

But no...

it was not Krishna in place of Shiva.

Not one pretending to be the other.

It was both, and neither.

It was... Him.

That One.

The One who plays

in forms and formless,

who drapes Himself

in the colours we carry in our hearts.

He knew...

I don't see difference.

I never did.

To me,

Shiva's silence hums with flute-notes.

Krishna's dance holds the stillness of Kailash.

So He came

as I know Him.

Karpurgauram with ash hue.

Pitambar on Bholenath.

A leela dressed in both names.

And I,

the little girl in His arms,

knew only this...

He doesn't arrive in parts.

He arrives in wholeness.

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He arrives as

Love.

Becoming: 1

There are seasons in life that don't announce themselves with loud beginnings or dramatic ends. They arrive quietly, through longing, confusion, love that aches instead of heals, and choices that feel both brave and breaking. This was one such season.

We all begin somewhere, often in the soft hues of innocent affection. Sometimes it's a friendship that deepens over shared jokes and silly glances. Sometimes, it's an unexplainable pull toward someone whose presence stirs more than butterflies; it stirs a remembering.

Love, in its earliest bloom, often feels like play. Sweet, secret, and full of curiosity. It doesn't yet demand answers; it only asks us to feel. And so, many of us fall, not into someone's arms, but into the idea of being seen, held, and chosen. That's how it often begins.

But life, with its quiet schemes, starts leading us toward lessons cloaked in longing. Somewhere between growing up and growing apart, love changes form. For many, it returns in ways they never imagined. A familiar name that still quickens the breath. And suddenly, something awakens again... deeper, confusing, silent.

It is here that many unknowingly step onto their inner path through grief. The kind that does not scream but simmers. Unspoken, unanswered, unresolved.

For some, it begins on a random evening. A quiet name uttered... Ram... without knowing why! Just a whisper into the air. And from that whisper, a fire catches. The name becomes

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a rhythm. The rhythm becomes a refuge. And slowly, the inner world starts shifting.

In this spiritual blooming, sometimes we misread our growth. We think we've healed. We think we've moved on but in truth, we're just shelving the call that the soul wasn't yet ready to answer. We tuck away the longing, label it as a past phase, and make bold decisions. New relationships. New distractions. A new name to silence the old one, not to betray what was, but to delay what is demanding to rise within.

But often, these become the detours we take when we're not yet ready to face the truth that real love doesn't leave. It just finds a new form. And when it resurfaces, it doesn't ask for possession. It asks for presence. Not for control, but for surrender.

Many of us confuse suppression with closure. We think ending the longing means ending the lesson. But time, divine as it is, brings everything back, not to hurt us, but to heal us correctly.

This first part of The Becoming is not about romance. It's about realization. That the soul often chooses a face to fall for, only to awaken to its own face reflected in the divine. What starts as infatuation often ends as initiation.

And sometimes, what we thought was a goodbye, was actually the first step into Parabrahman.

And the divine is patient.

The journey doesn't disappear. It waits. *Quietly*. Until one day, even amidst the noise of a seemingly 'settled' life, a silence

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knocks again. The longing returns, not for a person, but for Truth. And suddenly, that one moment when the name of Ram escaped your lips years ago doesn't feel random anymore. It feels like a seed.

That seed, once watered by heartbreak, confusion, even resistance, begins to bloom.

From Ram to Shiva, from sweetness to fire, the sadhana deepens. You begin to see that the person was just a portal. The ache was the awakening. What you mistook as misjudgement back then was actually the soul's preparation. A necessary forgetting so you could remember fully.

This is the essence of Part 1: the undo of illusions and the ignition of inquiry. The phase where spiritual life doesn't begin in temples or teachings, but in the unguarded moments of vulnerability. When longing becomes a compass. When the divine becomes personal. When you realize: you didn't love that 'person', you loved the reflection of Parabrahman he stirred awake in you.

The fire isn't in forgetting. It's in becoming.

And this becoming, as it always does, continued to unfold. What followed was a chapter of choosing love, losing it, and unknowingly walking deeper into the arms of the Divine.

Becoming: 2

Growth isn't always born in light. Sometimes, it grows silently in the shadow of choices we never truly felt, connections we tried to make work, and silences we hoped would be filled with presence.

In the journey of many hearts, there comes a phase where love is no longer organic; it becomes a lesson. An effort to stretch affection into places it doesn't naturally flow. When someone new, kind, and gentle arrives, we mold ourselves into someone who should love them, convincing ourselves that warmth will grow with time and that effort will become emotion.

And yet, this too is a sacred step.

Then came the storm. A real, tangible rupture shook the body and the foundation of any shaky connection that rested on unstable ground. The breaking point revealed what silence had long whispered: some people won't stand beside us in our darkest hour. And that truth, as painful as it was, became liberation.

Grieved, perhaps. But also, unshackled.

In that space, where loss meets clarity, the spiritual path deepens. Not out of desperation, but devotion. Not to escape reality, but to finally embrace it.

We return, not to people but to naam, to divine remembrance. We begin our days with chants and end our nights in reflection. Shiva echoes through tired bones and soft

mornings. Shiva becomes more than a god; he becomes stillness, awareness, and surrender.

We begin the sacred withdrawal. From friendships that don't honor our depth, to family dynamics that misunderstand our solitude. And it doesn't come with resentment; it comes with quiet acceptance. We start reading, not for information, but for inner revelation. The Dasbodh, the Vigyana Bhairav Tantra, and the Ashtavakra Geeta... ancient voices begin guiding our inner terrain.

Discipline grows not from force but from love. Sadhana becomes a ritual of remembrance until the body itself rebels and the health takes a turn. And again, we're reminded that even discipline must bend to grace.

So, the rhythm changes. The steps slow down. No longer rigid practice, but soft surrender: chintan, bhajan, samarpan through karma. A simpler way. A softer way. And this, too, becomes a love story, not with a person, but with Parabrahman... the formless presence we now enjoy long walks and quiet tears with.

And just when we think we've reached the eye of the storm, life stirs again.

After all this shedding and silence, another phase quietly waits. One we didn't see coming. A phase not of peace but of spiraling, of revisiting shadows we thought we'd cleared. The destructive growth.

This spiral isn't chaos for the sake of suffering. It's a sacred unmaking and a necessary loosening of illusions that linger in the corners of the soul. It often returns in the form of karmic

connections. Familiar names, once buried, begin to whisper again. Not because one is regressing but because divine timing is meticulous. It brings forward the unfinished, the unspoken, and the unloved so it may finally be seen in truth.

Part 3 unveils: the chaos, the longing, the ego death wrapped in devotion. Until then, *rest in your quiet becoming.*

Becoming: 3

For many, this phase arrives in still silence, where the external world carries on unchanged, but within them, the storms brew. Not the kind that tosses and turns for answers, but the kind that softens, listens, and lets life hurt without hurrying to heal it. The heart longs again, but this time not with desperation, but with ache, a holy ache that only grace can explain.

It's where longing stops being a plea for someone's return and becomes a deeper cry to the Divine, where one no longer chants for results but because there is no other way to breathe, where the ache for another transforms into an ache for truth.

By now, the seeker has seen enough. Enough of how people leave, how bodies fail, and how plans unravel, enough to know that the world will never be solid ground. And so, the soul begins its shift from seeking permanence in people to anchoring in presence.

It's not a comfortable time.

Sleep feels shifty, food feels alien, thoughts loop back to old patterns. But this time, the seeker doesn't panic. Every emotion becomes a chant, every tear a surrender. Even love, once tied to names and memories, dissolves into something vaster.

There's no announcement when this happens, no final goodbye to pain... just a subtle knowing that this too is part of the path. The detachment is no longer performative. It's organic, soft, and honest.

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And so the seeker walks on, not healed, not whole, but holy in their brokenness.

One begins to understand this journey was never about finding peace instead of pain. It was about finding peace inside it.

And just as one accepts this, something new begins to stir beneath the ash.

It is here that spiritual maturity deepens.

Love is no longer chased; it is witnessed. Longing is no longer fought; it is honoured. Thoughts come, fantasies dance, memories ache, but the seeker doesn't resist them. The seeker allows them to pass like waves and learns to stand still within the eye of it all.

There is pain, but it is a sacred one now, a teacher, a lesson not in suppression but surrender.

The practice becomes subtler, the chintan becomes heavier with emotion, the bhajans become more personal, the silence becomes denser, and the divine feels closer not in ecstasy but in empathy, as if saying, "Yes, I feel it too."

And thus what seems like spiraling is actually ascension in disguise, a peeling away of the final layers, a readiness to walk further inward, to surrender even the last remnants of ego that still ask, "Why not me?" or "What if?"

This is where the fire no longer feels unbearable because somewhere deep within, one's made peace with its presence. They've stopped asking, "Why me?" and begun wondering,

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“What now?” That shift from resistance to reverence marks the crossing.

They are no longer trying to escape the ache, but letting it teach them. They’ve begun to weave their pain into words, their questions into sadhana, and their longing into devotion. That’s Part 3’s territory, where spiritual maturity starts to glimmer beneath the emotional debris.

This part of the journey is not about forgetting love. It is about letting it exist freely, without the desire to possess it, fix it, or understand it. Love becomes another form of bhakti, and the one once longed for becomes another form of God.

The spiral, then, is not madness. It is divine choreography.

And when one finally bows to it, not in surrender to suffering, but in recognition for what it revealed, something within settles.

Instead, it allows the mystery.

ज्ञान झाले तरी अहंकार सोडिला नाही तर ते ज्ञान निरर्थक आहे.

When It's Time To Go Back

There comes a time in one's path when the noise of the world grows deafening, not because it's louder than before, but because something within has grown tired of listening. The highs thrill you less, the lows shake you more, and everything in between begins to feel like a performance. And just when it seems that these might win, something shifts.

You pause, and the ancient within awakens.

"Samsara isn't for you the way it is for everybody. Let it all go."

But we know very well that before something loosens, it tightens. This is not a contradiction; it is a universal pattern.

Hence, attachments deepen. Cravings spike. The longing to hold on, either to a person, a feeling, or a version of oneself, grows a lot. It's not a mistake nor a weakness. It is the final surge of illusion, the material self's last attempt to stay bound to the visible.

But this phase is essential. This emotional contrast, this dance between extreme desire and quiet despair, often becomes the very fire in which clarity is forged, not through detachment, but through saturation.

Sometimes, life doesn't strip us clean gently. It completely immerses us until we can no longer breathe in the old patterns. You may encounter people, relationships, or moments that feel defining. They stir deep yearning, confusion, hope, and pain. But looking back, everything becomes clear, "They were mirrors, not destinations. They

awakened your depth, not by fulfilling it, but by showing you where you still searched outward.”

And so the blame dissolves.

You don't need to hate, explain, or even forgive. There is no villain here, only invitations that have served their time.

The grip loosens. Desires soften. The chase ends, not in defeat, but in disinterest.

You still live, love, and laugh. But the dependency dissolves. Nothing outside feels vital for your inner survival anymore.

The world remains same. But now, you move through it like a breeze moves through open doors. This shift rarely comes from effort. You don't wrestle your way to clarity. You are carried.

There's something, call it Parabrahman, that arranged every intense emotion, every stumble, every tender goodbye, to become a stepping stone. You didn't orchestrate the surrender. It happened to you. Quietly. Inevitably.

So if you find yourself feeling too much... if your cravings are loud... don't pull away in guilt.

Witness it. Stay with it. It may not be entrapment, but may be the veil tearing. Because letting go doesn't begin in detachment. It starts with immersion. And ends in remembrance. Letting go is not a rejection of life, it is a reunion with the Self.

And that's when you know, *it's time to go back.*

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Physical Sufferings: The Way To Him

There are disruptive and determined phases in life that arrive uninvited to change everything. Health breaks down, one layer at a time. First, it's some injury. Then it's the gut. Then, something chronic that simply refuses to leave. What begins as a medical concern slowly becomes a quiet companion to everyday life, a reminder that not all suffering is visible.

People often associate pain with drama or spectacle. But real pain, the kind that endures, is quiet. It lives under the surface. The world sees someone slim, functioning, perhaps even smiling. But what it doesn't see is the grit it takes to show up each day in a body that feels like a battlefield.

Many walk through the world like this. With dignity, without complaint. They cry silently, endure quietly, and still manage to meet responsibilities with grace. Not because they are unaffected, but because they know the world doesn't always have space for invisible pain.

There's a unique kind of loneliness in navigating health issues that don't show. No scans can reflect fatigue. No prescription can restore the energy lost to sleepless nights or unspoken fears. The body, once taken for granted, becomes unfamiliar terrain; each day a question, each task a negotiation.

But there's something transformative in this kind of endurance. It teaches humility. It strips away pretences. It brings a person closer to themselves... not in some poetic way, but through a raw and honest confrontation with their limits.

There's no happy ending to offer here. No full-circle moment. For many, the journey through chronic or recurring illness is ongoing. And that's okay. Healing isn't linear. Some days offer progress. Others provide only survival. But both are valid. Both are enough.

In this process, one learns to speak gently to the body, not with anger for its failures but with compassion for its struggle. One understands that rest is not a weakness. That resilience is not about pretending to be okay. It is about continuing tenderly, even when you're not.

While all such tormenting situations occur... the body falters, and the heart grows tired, there is still one place many turn to for a loud anchoring cry: Parabrahman. Call it Devi, Krishna, Shiva, Ganesh, Ayyappa Swami, or DuttaGuru, if you may. I will address it Shiva hereafter.

So this cry doesn't come from the throat or the mind! It rises from a place far deeper, from the atman that has been stripped of control, resistance, and identity. It's not a cry of complaint but of complete surrender. A cry not for answers, but for absorption.

In seasons of intense suffering, something sacred begins to awaken within. Not through logic. Not through strength. But through being broken open. For many, this awakening takes the form of a silent, tearful turning toward Shiva.

Not the distant God on a pedestal, but the still presence in the storm, the witness behind the pain, the void that holds even despair with compassion.

This cry is not a request. It's not even a prayer in words. It is the atman, untangled of pride, stripped of stories, laid bare before the Parabrahman.

No fancy chants. No orchestrated rituals. Just breath. Just pain. Just love.

And Shiva receives it all.

In such moments, Shiva is not imagined as the remover of suffering, but as the still space in which suffering melts. The cry is not asking Him to come. It is simply the soul remembering that He was always there.

When everything else is exhausted, remedies, logic, even hope, what remains is devotion without expectation. A cry that says:

"I don't need this to end to believe in You."

"I am not asking for miracles, I am only asking to dissolve in You."

This is not a weakness. It is transcendence. It is what the sages call bhakti. Not the decorative kind, but the aching kind. The kind that breaks you just enough to let Shiva in.

If your path has brought you to such a cry, you are not alone, and you are not breaking!

You are blooming...

painfully & eternally

...into *Shiva*.

The Art Of Detaching

There's a quiet kind of strength in letting go, which isn't about giving up but about making space. Space for peace, clarity, for the kind of freedom that comes when you stop holding onto things (or ideas, people, or expectations) tightly, that were never meant to be controlled.

If something goes wrong, we obsess over it. If someone hurts us, we usually replay the situation in our heads, wondering what we could have done differently. I realized that no matter how much we planned, worried, or held on, some things were just out of our control. And the more we try to control them, the more they control us!

That's when I learned the quiet strength of detachment. It didn't make me cold or indifferent, but in a way it freed me. It freed me from myself. Detachment is about learning where to invest your energy and where to simply observe, knowing that not everything requires your involvement, your worry, or your weight.

The Let Go...

As humans, we attach ourselves to every Maya out here, as I said earlier. We tell ourselves that if we try a little harder, if we hold on a little longer, things will fall into place. And when they don't, we feel like we've failed.

But the truth is, nothing is ours to carry. (ever?)

Some people will leave, no matter how much we love them. Some situations won't change, no matter how much we

analyze them. Some things will remain uncertain, no matter how much we try to control them.

Detachment isn't about caring less, it's about not letting what's out of your hands consume you.

The Lightest Hold...

Imagine you're holding sand in your palm. If you grip it tightly, it slips through your fingers. But if you hold it gently, it stays. Life works the same way. When you stop forcing things to go a certain way, you create space for them to unfold naturally.

But how do you unlearn the conditioning? A few basics:

1. Recognize What's Yours to Control

Not every situation is yours to fix. Not every person is yours to save. The sooner you accept this, the lighter you become. Focus on what's within your reach, your actions, your mindset, your choices. The rest? Let it be. That's okay.

2. Observe Without Absorbing

Not every emotion that enters your space is yours to carry. It's okay to feel deeply but choose not to drown. True detachment isn't about cutting yourself off from emotions, it's about not being consumed by them. You can still love people, be passionate about your work, and hope for the best... just without the desperate need for things to be a certain way.

3. Release the Need for Certainty

Life is unpredictable. The more you chase certainty, the more restless you become. Letting go means making peace with the unknown and trusting that, even without all the answers, you will be okay.

4. The Present Moments

So much of the worry comes from living in your head, either regretting the past or fearing the future. But life is happening right now. And when you start focusing on the present, you'll find a strange sense of calm. Whether it's enjoying a cup of tea, feeling the warmth of the sun, or just breathing deeply, being here is enough.

5. Set Boundaries Without Guilt

Protecting your peace isn't selfish. Saying no isn't rude. Not everyone deserves unlimited access to your time and energy. Distancing yourself from negativity doesn't mean you don't care, it means you care enough to choose yourself.

6. Trust That What's Meant to Stay, Will Stay

When you detach, you don't lose things, you simply stop forcing them. And often, that's when they settle in naturally, without struggle, without resistance.

The Peace That Comes With Letting Go...

You can't master Detachment so fast. There'll be moments when you'll see yourself getting attached. But now, you can catch yourself. Pause. Breathe. And remind yourself:

Not everything needs a reaction.

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Not every battle is worth fighting.

And sometimes, the best thing you can do is simply let go and trust.

Detaching doesn't mean you feel less, it means you feel free, without fear, without expectation. And that is peace.

Lastly, remember that there is a version of you that is not constantly weighed down by overthinking, overgiving, or overexplaining. A version of you that moves lightly, that trusts life's flow, that breathes easier because you are no longer trying to control the uncontrollable.

The Peace That Survives Desire

There are times when even the calmest heart, the most grounded temperament, finds itself shaken by waves of desire. A sadhak who once lived without complaint, without stubborn insistence, may suddenly feel the turbulence of longing, the pull of intimacy, wanting, craving. What was once calm and still begins to churn; what was once composed begins to sulk, complain, demand! And naturally, the question arises: Is this a fall? Is this weakness? Or is it simply another chapter of the path?

For many, such shifts can be disorienting. The mind compares the present with the past, "I used to be steady, now I am restless... was that steadiness my real nature, or is this?" There is also the tendency to project, to wonder whether this inner storm belongs to one's own karma or is being carried for another's sake. In such questioning and enquiry, one confronts the paradox of spiritual life: change is inevitable, yet essence remains untouched.

Restlessness, when directed toward worldly fulfillment, becomes a cause of suffering. Yet restlessness, when witnessed and allowed to move without suppression, becomes the very fire that molds depth. To suppress it entirely is to invite revolt and miserable spirals; to indulge it blindly is to lose oneself in maya. The middle way is to let it rise, to let it burn, and still to sit unmoved in its heat... burn in it together if that's the demand but not giving the inquiry within oneself.

Desiring reveals the raw places where attachment still hides. It feels humiliating, childish, and even degrading sometimes. And yet, is this not where the true testing ground lies? Anyone

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can be peaceful when untouched by maya and other obstacles. But what is that peace worth if it shatters at the first disturbance?

The deeper truth is that restlessness after stillness is not regression. It is the sharpening of peace itself. Peace that exists only in the absence of provocation is fragile, like glass resting in a cabinet. But peace that persists despite provocation, despite the rise of lust, longing, and desires, that peace is unbreakable. Because moksha is not attained by never being disturbed, but by realizing the undisturbed ground within, even while disturbance dances endlessly on the surface.

This turbulence that unsettles each sadhak is not one's downfall but the training. It is not a sign of slipping away from the goal but of being pulled closer into it. The restlessness is the potter of liberation, shaping away false certainty and polishing the raw pot of the Atman. To mistake it for weakness is to miss the gift; to endure it with awareness is to awaken.

So, when one cries, when the mind sulks, or one's desires feel unanswered, let it not be seen as the end, but a passage. For the path does not actually end in indulgence or suppression. It ends only in freedom, and freedom is carved precisely by this play of craving and letting go. Let it not fear you... See it as the Parabrahman's own hand stirring the waters, ensuring that peace is not shallow but profound, not conditional but unshakable. What disturbs today is what strengthens tomorrow.

To walk the path is not to remain forever untouched, but to remain forever true even while being touched by everything.

उद्धरेदात्मनाऽत्मानं नात्मानमवसादयेत् । आत्मैव ह्यात्मनो
बन्धुरात्मैव रिपुरात्मनः ॥

(Bhagavad Gita, 6.5)

Let a person lift the self by the Self alone; let not the self be degraded. The self is indeed one's own friend, and the self alone is one's own enemy.

What's Point Of Doing Anything?

Sometimes there comes a point where you don't want to do anything. You don't want to meditate, you don't want to think, you don't want to help, you don't want to chase anything, not even peace. The idea of sitting still, like a stone, without emotions or knowledge, starts to feel more honest than anything else.

In one sense, this can appear to be laziness. But in another sense, it's something deeper. A space where you are no longer interested in the usual movements of life. Not because you've given up, but because something in you has stopped pretending. And when this space arises, a natural question follows, "What's the point of doing anything at all?"

You may look at the world and feel that it all moves without any clear meaning. People are born, people die. Suffering comes and goes. Time moves forward. One moment dissolves into another. Even spiritual effort starts to feel repetitive. Even joy loses its shine.

It's important to understand that this space is not wrong. It's a valid and honest stage. It's not a conclusion. It's a place you pass through slowly, silently. It can't be fixed through external answers because the questions here are not coming from the surface.

And if you're feeling this right now, then nothing needs to be forced. No discipline, no intention, no act needs to be performed to escape this space. What's needed is just presence.

The confusion about “doing” usually comes from a deeper confusion about the nature of life itself. We think the Parabrahman, or for simple thoughts we'll say, the universe should have a fixed purpose. That it should behave in ways that make sense to us. It should reward the good, protect the sincere, and punish the unjust. But the universe doesn't operate by our logic. It moves, unfolds, and dissolves, and doesn't explain itself.

But just because something doesn't speak our language doesn't mean it's meaningless.

The universe doesn't declare meaning. It reflects it. It echoes back what we bring to it. If you approach life with an ego, it will reflect conflict. If you approach it in surrender, it will reflect clarity. The meaning isn't lying out there like a signboard. It's in your perception. In your way of being. In how honestly you're present.

If you do something with expectation, it will exhaust you. If you do something with resistance, it will drain you. But when something arises from stillness, when it comes not from pressure but from natural alignment, there's no burden. It doesn't feel like doing. It just happens.

So what's the point of doing anything?

The truth is... there is no fixed point. That's the freedom of it. You're not here to serve a system. You're not here to perform. You're not here to please some outer authority. You're here. That's all. Your state of being is your only real offering.

Even not doing anything becomes sacred when you're conscious of it.

You don't have to help the world. You don't have to change others. You don't have to keep proving you're evolving. But at the very least, don't abandon your inner presence. Don't fall into unconscious sleep. If you must be still, be still with awareness. If you must act, act without resistance.

Meaning doesn't arrive like a revelation. It appears slowly when you're not searching for it anymore. Not from outside, but from within. Not because life gave you answers, but because something in you became quiet enough to see that it never needed them.

Let this question remain if it needs to. You don't have to silence it. Just stay, without trying to fix it, without trying to escape it. The meaning may not come in words. It may simply show up one day, not as an explanation, but as a quiet knowing that your being itself is enough.

And that is more than enough.

में भागीरथीसी चंचल, तू अलकनंदासा शांत प्रिय;

अब संगम हो ही जाए हमारा, मैं बनूं गंगा और तू बन मेरा घाट प्रिय।

में बहूं तेरे भीतर जैसे, तू बहा मेरी हर बात प्रिय;

अब मिलन न हो बस संग ही हो, मैं बनूं तेरी आत्मप्रिय।

The Shiva Tatva

In the scriptures, Shiva Tatva is described as the purest, most fundamental aspect of existence. It's not just about Shiv ji as a God but about the cosmic essence that represents consciousness, transformation, and the infinite potential of life itself. Let's dive into the different scriptures that talk about Shiv Tatva!

Vedas and Upanishads

In texts like the Vedas, Upanishads and Shiva Sutras, Shiva is seen as the unchanging, formless awareness that pervades everything. He is the silent observer, the stillness behind all movement, the canvas on which the life unfolds.

- Shivam Shantam Advaitam (Mandukya Upanishad): Shiva is peace, non-dual, and beyond all distinctions.
- Rudram Chamakam (Yajur Veda): A powerful hymn praising Rudra (Shiva) as the cosmic force.
- Shvetashvatara Upanishad: Describes Shiva as Parabrahman (the ultimate reality). Verses like "स नो बन्धुर जनिता स विधाता" (He is the creator, sustainer, and liberator) {literal translation: He is our friend, our mother, our creator} explores Shiva's divine nature.

Agamas and Tantras

- Shiva Agamas: these scriptures provide detailed teachings on the philosophy, rituals, and spiritual practices related to Shiva.
- Vijnana Bhairava Tantra: it is a text on non-dual Shaivism that explains 112 meditation techniques to experience Shiva consciousness.

Shiva Sutras (Kashmir Shaivism)

- In Kashmir Shaivism, Shiva is the supreme reality (Paramashiva), where everything arises and dissolves.
- The Shiva Sutras (of Sage Vasugupta) outlines the nature of ultimate reality and how individual consciousness can merge with universal consciousness (Shiva Tattva). E.g., Chaitanyam Atma: Consciousness is the Self.

Puranas

- Shiva Purana: Explores the cosmic role of Shiva, his divine attributes, and his acts of creation, destruction, and grace.
- Linga Purana: Discusses Shiva as the cosmic pillar of light, symbolizing the infinite nature of the divine.

Adi Shankaracharya's Works

- Nirvana Shatakam: A six-verse poem where Shankaracharya identifies himself with Shiva consciousness, proclaiming:

"Chidananda Rupa Shivoham Shivoham": "I am of the nature of consciousness and bliss; I am Shiva."

The Five Acts of Shiva (Panchakritya)

Shiva's tattva is also explained through His five cosmic functions:

1. Srishti (Creation)
2. Sthiti (Preservation)
3. Samhara (Destruction)
4. Tirobhava (Concealment/Illusion)
5. Anugraha (Grace/Liberation)

This shows Shiva as the eternal cycle of life, not just a destroyer but a regenerator, helping souls evolve through these cycles.

Shiva as the Destroyer of Ego

In the Puranas and Tantras, Shiva's destruction isn't about annihilation but the dissolution of the false self (ego) that binds us to suffering. His state of meditation shows detachment and mastery over the mind.

- The third eye symbolizes inner vision and the power to burn illusions.
- Nataraja's dance shows the rhythm of life and how destruction clears the way for creation.

Shiva Tattva in You

The Shiva Tattva in you is the stillness you feel when you pause, close your eyes, and just breathe. It's that quiet voice inside you that whispers, "You are more than your pain. You are infinite."

When life feels overwhelming, when your body aches, or when your heart feels heavy... Shiva Tattva is the space within you that remains untouched. It's the part of you that watches the struggle but isn't consumed by it. It's like an ancient mountain standing tall, no matter how fierce the storm.

Think about those moments when you've let go of something that no longer served you, a belief, a fear, maybe even a grudge. That release, that feeling of freedom, is Shiva dancing within you. Destruction, yes, but only to make space for something new, something lighter!

When you sit in silence, even for a moment, and feel your breath move in and out, you are touching that divine essence. The same essence that pulsates through the cosmos, beats in your chest. Shiva isn't outside of you, Shiva is you.

Every time you rise after falling, every time you choose love over bitterness, every time you find beauty in the simple things, you're living from that sacred place.

Maybe your body feels tired some days, maybe your knees hurt, and walking feels like carrying a weight. But Shiva Tattva reminds you that you are not your body. You are the consciousness experiencing it. The unbreakable part of you that no injury or age can touch.

Lastly as mentioned in the Vedas:

"एको हि रुद्रो न द्वितीयाय तस्थुर्य इमांल्लोकानीशत
ईशनीभिः। प्रत्यङ्जनांस्तिष्ठति सञ्चुकोचान्तकाले
संसृज्य विश्वा भुवनानि गोपाः ॥"

"Eko hi rudro na dvitiya tasthurya imal lokān īśata
īśanībhiḥ | Pratyāṅjanāṃs tiṣṭhati sañcukocāntakāle
saṃsṛjya viśvā bhuvanāni Gopāḥ"

"Verily, there is only one Rudra, no second exists for Him; He, by His own power, pervades all these worlds; He, the very essence of all, remains as the protector, creating and sustaining all the universes at the time of cosmic contraction."

This means everything, you, me, the world, and even space itself, is an expression of Shiva. And realizing this unity... is the awakening of Shiva Tattva.

So, when you close your eyes tonight, try whispering to yourself:

"I am Shiva. I am infinite. I am whole."

Because you are. And you always have been.

Exploring Pashupatinath

When most people hear “Pashupatinath,” they think of the famous temple in Nepal, one of the most sacred sites of Shaiva worship, or a God who is “Lord of all Animals”. But what few pause to ask is, what does Pashupatinath actually mean? Is it just a temple, a deity, or does it point toward something far more ancient, philosophical, and lost in mainstream Hindu memory?

Pashupatinath literally translates to “Lord of the bound ones.” Pashu doesn’t simply mean “animal” as most assume, but refers to all beings bound by ego, karma, suffering, and embodiment limitation. Pati means master, and Nath is lord. The deity here, then, is not merely a form of Shiva as a creator or destroyer, but as the liberator of all those in bondage.

The idea of Shiva as Pashupati is central to Pashupata (पाशुपत) Shaivism, which is considered by many scholars as the oldest known sect of organized Shaiva thought. It predates the rise of Bhakti Shaivism, Agamic Shaiva Siddhanta, Tantra-based Shaiva schools, and even the Trika (Kashmir Shaivism) by several centuries.

Unlike the devotional image of Shiva as the benevolent Mahadev or family man, the Pashupata ideal was fierce, ascetic, and transcendental. The follower was expected to go beyond ritual and devotion, and live a life of internal renunciation and disciplined yoga, not for the sake of society, but for liberation from dukha (suffering) and paasha (bondage). The doctrine of Moksha here wasn’t merely to worship God, but to merge with the Pati, the source of all,

through the cessation of suffering and the dissolution of duality between bound and unbound.

This tradition finds its scriptural foundation in several important but lesser-known texts. The Pashupata Sutra, attributed to Lakulish, is the central scripture of this school. It outlines a rigorous path of spiritual conduct and yogic practices that would eventually free the aspirant from dukha and karma bandhana. This is expanded upon in Panchartha Bhashya by Kaundinya, which clarifies the metaphysical structure of the universe, outlining five key categories: Karya (effect), Karana (cause), Yoga (means), Vidhi (method), and Dukhanta (liberation from suffering). These five concepts are central to understanding how the Pashupata school structured the human problem and the spiritual solution.

Another scriptural pillar is the Atharvasira Upanishad, an early Shaiva text from the Atharva Veda, which portrays Rudra not as a pleasant god of boons, but as the terrifying, absolute, all-pervading power before which even devas tremble. The Atharvasikha and Rudrahridaya Upanishads offer similar non-compromising images of divinity. They don't cater to comfort; they exist to destroy illusions.

The path prescribed in the Pashupata Sutras was controversial even in its own time. It required living on the outskirts of society, smearing ashes on one's body, laughing, crying, and chanting in public to deliberately attract ridicule, thus burning away ego and societal identity. Eventually, this fierce path would mature into more contemplative stages of yoga and meditation, but its essence remained: one must reject all that binds to merge with that which is boundless.

Historically, Lakulish, recognized as the 28th and last incarnation of Shiva by the Pashupatas, systematized the tradition. He is believed to have lived around the 2nd century CE, though oral references may stretch further back. From his teachings emerged four disciples, Kushika, Garga, Mitra, and Kaurushya, who spread the teachings across India. The cult flourished particularly in Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh, and parts of South India.

However, as centuries passed, the Pashupata path fragmented and got absorbed into newer Shaiva frameworks. In the south, it influenced Shaiva Siddhanta, which systematized dualistic Shaiva theology. In the north and east, it gradually faded or evolved into more Tantra-influenced traditions. By the medieval period, the non-dual Shaiva streams such as Trika (Kashmir Shaivism) and Kaula had largely overtaken the space once held by the raw ascetic path of the Pashupatas. The rise of Bhakti movements and temple culture also reshaped how Shiva was remembered. He became more loving, more approachable, and less terrifying.

And so, the memory of Pashupatinath slowly got flattened. What remained was the image of a grand temple, a static deity, rituals, and festivals. But the inner fire of the tradition, one that asked for transcendence, not comfort, was forgotten. Few recall today that this was once a path that trained you to endure ridicule, renounce comfort, and aim for nothing short of total union with the Absolute.

To remember Pashupatinath is not to romanticize the past, but to acknowledge that our idea of Shiva has become increasingly safe, culturally friendly, and devotional. That's not wrong, but it is incomplete. To understand the original

Pashupati is to encounter a Shiva that demands renunciation of every identity, even the identity of the seeker.

Pashupatinath doesn't ask for belief; only transcendence.

Bhakti Being Duty Bound: Vishnu Puran

Before we leap into the mysticism of Krishna as Yogeshwar or the ache of gopika bhav, it's only fair that we look at the root from which Vaishnav devotion began to bud. We'll try to return to a time when Vishnu wasn't a metaphor or an ishta, but a cosmic administrator, a sustainer of dharma, whose relationship with the world was bound more by responsibility than devoted romance. If we wish to speak of bhakti as a leap of love, we must first look at how it began as an extension of duty.

The Vishnu Purana, counted among the 18 Mahapuranas, doesn't explode with emotional storytelling the way the Bhagavata does. It's far more restrained. Composed likely between the 1st and 4th century CE, it builds a worldview where the cosmos is sustained not by divine play but by Rta (Rta predates even the idea of bhakti, so Vishnu's role here isn't Vaishnavite but Vedic). In this telling, Vishnu isn't running after cows or weaving riddles in the battlefield; he's holding the structure of the world together. Here, dharma isn't fluid or ecstatic; it is procedural. The king must govern, the householder must serve, and the gods must protect. It's in this formal universe that bhakti first makes its subtle entry, not as a cry of longing, but as a surrender to hierarchy.

In the Vishnu Purana, one finds early hints of devotion, but it's infused with formality. There are instructions for puja, praises sung by sages, and narratives that affirm Vishnu as supreme, but it hasn't yet become personal. This is not the bhakti of Mirabai, nor even of Rukmini. It is bhakti rendered through yajna, correctness, and submission to the idea of cosmic balance. It's ritualistic bhakti, almost Vedic in its architecture, where deity and devotee are separate.

Yet, beneath this decorum, something is simmering. The text begins to place Vishnu not just as sustainer but as refuge. There's a growing repetition of the phrase "*Sharanam Prapadye*"

I seek shelter in you.

The bhakta begins to speak not only to Vishnu as preserver of worlds, but also as preserver of the self. And this is perhaps where bhakti begins to stir. Not in rebellion or wild surrender, but in a silent shift of posture. The soul begins to lean.

There's a moment in the Vishnu Purana where Prahlad says, "He is in pillars, in dust, in me, in you. There is no place where He is not." (Book 1, Chapter 17–20). This is a radical moment, because it moves away from knowing scriptures toward seeing Vishnu in everything. It may not yet be the ecstatic surrender of later Vaishnavism, but it's no longer just ritual. It is awareness. A tilt toward inner seeing.

What also marks the Purana is its deep integration with cosmology and time cycles. It shows Vishnu as timeless, not bound to one avatar but unfolding through kalpas, each appearance contextual. So the Krishna that emerges later in the Bhagavat or Mahabharat isn't an isolated character, but one more rhythm in a larger divine breath. It's from this grand framing that we must understand why Krishna as Yogeshwar is not a mere guide in the Gita, but an embodiment of timeless knowing. He doesn't speak like a sage because he is the cosmic rhythm speaking.

So when people speak of Krishna as a trickster, a friend, a lover, they are speaking of later, the more accessible versions. But Krishna, as Yogeshwar, as the speaker of the Gita, is still

Aum Tat Sat

Vishnu in essence, only now, not outside but within. The early bhakti we see in the Vishnu Purana externalised God; Krishna will soon internalise him. That's the shift. From outer sacrifice to inner knowing. From duty to devotion. From structure to surrender.

But we're not there yet. For now, it is enough to linger in this duty-bound cosmic stage of bhakti's evolution. Let us not rush to the battlefield of Kurukshetra or the forests of Vrindavan. First, let us sit still, in the court of Manu.

Krishna As Yogeshwar

If the Vishnu Purana gave us a bhakti born of obedience, then the Bhagavad Gita quietly reconfigures it. Here, we are no longer in the universe of kings and demons; we are now in the silence before a war cry. And instead of declarations of divine supremacy, we find the Parabrahman who speaks in paradoxes, whose greatest gift to his devotee is vivek

Here, Krishna is not the makhan thief, nor the enchanting Murlidhar. He is Yogeshwar. The master of yoga, not the asana-exercise version we know today, but yoga as a stilling of the fluctuations of mind, a merging of action and awareness.

Before he reveals his cosmic form in Chapter 11, Krishna is entirely human in tone. He listens to Arjuna's collapse. He doesn't rush into a miracle. He doesn't say, "Worship me." Instead, he says, "Get up." He invites Arjuna to see the battlefield as a reflection of his inner war. And bhakti here is not surrender in the traditional sense, but a surrender of delusion and identity.

"Karmanye vadhikaraste ma phaleshu kadachana"

You have a right to perform your actions, but not to the fruits thereof.

This is not the bhakti of temples. It is sthita-prajna, the state of steady wisdom. It is to act without entanglement, to feel without clinging, to love without possession.

And this is where Krishna's uniqueness lies.

He says, "Don't worship me if you don't understand me." He doesn't demand blind allegiance. Even when he says, "Abandon all dharmas and surrender to me"... it isn't an escape clause. It is the final leap one takes only after understanding the futility of the ego's compulsions. That line is not the beginning of bhakti. It is the crescendo.

So, what does Krishna teach us, as Yogeshwar?

That to see clearly is bhakti.

That to act rightly, without hunger for result, is bhakti.

That to stand in chaos and still remain inwardly untouched... is bhakti.

In a way, Krishna takes the idea of Vishnu as the sustainer and internalises it. In the Puranas, Vishnu upheld the cosmos. In the Gita, Krishna asks you to uphold your swadharma, to align your personal nature with the cosmic rhythm. Not by escaping it. Not by indulging in false renunciation. But by being in it, fully!

It is in this moment that bhakti stops being a separate path. It becomes life itself, lived with clarity. No begging. No pleasing. Just awareness.

And Krishna? He becomes a mirror. He never imposes. He reflects. If you seek rules, he gives dharma. If you seek freedom, he gives yoga. If you seek transcendence, he shows you the Self beyond the body and mind. If you seek sweetness, he smiles.

And yet, he never loses mystery. Because even after the Gita is spoken, even after the chariot is parked and the war has begun, we are left with questions that Krishna never answers directly. He gives tools, not formulas.

That's what makes him Yogeshwar.

He who doesn't just ask you to believe, but asks you to see.

Three Face of Krishna: Bal Kanha, Gopal, Parthasarthi

Last time, I had written about Krishna as Yogeshwar. However, the thing about Krishna is that he never remains in just one form for us. Every time you try to hold him in one frame, he slips out with another. Right now, I am writing about his three moods of the same infinite presence, and how different shades of bhakti arrive through them.

Bal Kanha. The image of the small boy crawling around Gokul, stealing butter, tugging at Ma Yashoda's sari with those impossibly mischievous eyes. When I think of this form, it makes me pause, because how do you even begin to understand the fact that the Parabrahman is being babied, scolded, and tied with a rope around his waist? And yet, that's the wonder of Vatsalya Bhakti. It flips the order of the universe. The one who sustains everything is sustained here by a mother's love. The one who no one can contain is tied down by a devotee's affection. Isn't it a contradiction that reveals a higher truth? That perhaps bhakti isn't about logic but about intimacy, the kind that dares to baby the infinite and feed him morsels of curd with trembling hands.

Then comes Gopal. And I don't mean the gopi-bhaav here, that's another world altogether, waiting to be explored later. Today, I want to stay with the literal meaning: go-pal, the protector, the tender herder of cows. It's such a simple name, but it carries its own tenderness. Because here, Krishna is not the baby anymore, but neither is he yet the world teacher. He's the boy in the fields, flute in hand, moving with his cows, protecting them... feeding them. And the bhakti that arises here is gentle, grounding. It's the kind of devotion that sees divinity in daily rhythms, the sound of hooves, the blowing wind, the soft music of a flute carried over the Yamuna's

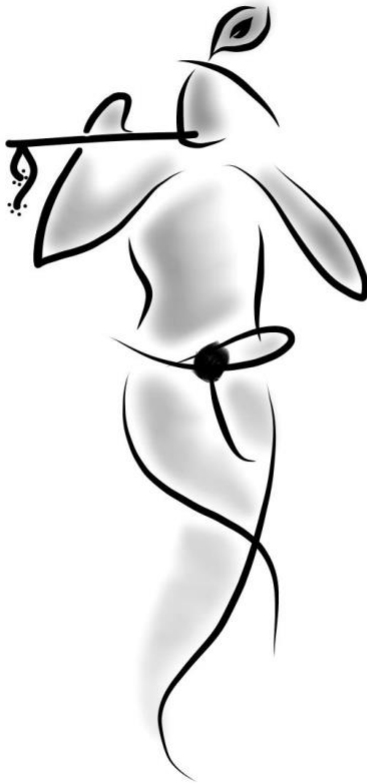
banks. Sometimes, I think this is the bhakti that teaches us to notice the sacred woven in our dailies. It's to see God not only in temples but in the mud, the grass, the pauses of life.

And now comes Parthasarathi. The charioteer of Arjuna. Here is where I find myself pausing again. Because if Yogeshwar is Krishna on the battlefield, then how is Parthasarathi different? The battlefield is the same, after all! But the difference lies in the kind of bhakti it stirs. With Yogeshwar, the devotion is to wisdom, to karma done without attachment, to action anchored in dharma. But with Parthasarathi, the devotion is totally something else; it is surrender. Imagine Arjuna, trembling, confused, his bow slipping from his hands, and then imagine Krishna taking the reins, guiding his chariot forward. Here, bhakti is not about action but about giving up control, letting your soul rest its weight in divine hands. It is anchored love, but also responsibly driven bhakti, because even as you surrender, you are not abandoning life. You are still moving forward, still fighting your battles, but now with someone holding the reins for you.

When I weave these three phases together, I see how Krishna keeps reshaping what bhakti means. As Bal Kanha, he teaches intimacy beyond reason. As Gopal, he teaches tenderness in the ordinary. As Parthasarathi, he teaches surrender in the face of life's storms. And maybe that's why he remains endless. Because just when you think you've understood his leela, he goes and does some tigdham.

For me, the beauty lies in how he lets us taste every shade of devotion. We can mother him, play with him, serve him, fight alongside him, surrender to him, and he accepts all of it! That is perhaps the mystery of why bhakti to Krishna never dries

up, because he becomes everything we need him to be, and yet stays beyond what we can ever contain.



Aum Tat Sat

Gopika Bhaav

There are certain bhaav that don't arrive with sound. They arrive like fragrance. Like a breeze brushing the inner being. Like a softness that makes the heart tremble, without warning, without reason.

Gopika-bhaav is one such tender, ancient, and inexplicably intimate rasa.

It isn't just a sentiment from Vrindavan or a poetic metaphor woven into scriptures. It is a living current, a pulse, an atmosphere of devotion that appears inside the heart like a forgotten memory awakening.

A feeling that whispers, *"You have known the Divine before... and you are remembering."*

This remembrance is not logical; it is cellular.

The moment this bhaav touches you, you feel as though someone has quietly taken your name; someone you have loved long before you learnt the meaning of love itself.

And then comes the enquiry...

What is this Gopika-bhaav?

Why does it appear?

Who exactly is the Gopika?

The more I contemplated it, the more it revealed itself not as a historical figure, but as an eternal lover of the Divine. The Gopika is not defined by time, name, form, or birthplace. She is the rasa of devotion itself. She is the part of us capable of infinite love, infinite surrender, infinite vulnerability, infinite self-lessness. Her identity is simple:

I am Yours.

And this bhaav is not limited to Krishna.

Krishna is one doorway into this tenderness, but the rasa itself can appear for any form of Parabrahman: Shiva, Devi, Rama, Narayana, or even the formless Brahman.

The object of love can change.

The flavor of longing remains the same.

Every human, knowingly or unknowingly, carries a trace of this Gopika inside them. Some express it through worship, some through silence, some through art, some through longing they cannot name. But all of us have felt that pull toward something higher, gentler, more beautiful than anything in the world.

That pull is the start of Gopika-bhaav.

Sometimes I've said that *we are forms of Parabrahman wanting to taste the sweetness of longing for Parabrahman*. The Divine playing both roles: the seeker and the Sought. But in the world of bhakti, this truth stays behind a delicate veil, because the sweetness of the rasa lies in the *seeming separation*.

If the Gopika suddenly declared, "I am Krishna," the entire nectar would disappear.

The longing exists because the lover and Beloved appear as two.

In Gopika-bhaav,

Krishna remains the playful, intimate, all-attracting Beloved.

The Gopika remains the surrendered lover.

And in this duality lies an indescribable sweetness.

Yet behind the curtain of this divine dance, there is only one Consciousness, Parabrahman experiencing Its own rasa through two forms. The heart cries for God because God placed that cry inside it. The longing we feel is not separate from the One who awakens it. The ache, the joy, the surrender... each and everything... all of it is the Infinite tasting its own flavour.

This is the height of bhakti:

to love with every fibre of one's being,

to long without shame,

to surrender without hesitation,

and to allow the heart to melt again and again in the remembrance of the Beloved.

And in the deepest centre of this bhakti, the Advait truth whispers softly like a gentle knowing rising from within:

The lover, the Beloved, the longing, the sweetness all arise from the One.

All dissolve into the One.

Yet the heart preserves the two,

so that the rasa may continue.

This is the paradox, and the perfection of Gopika-bhaav.

Who is a Saint?

Sometimes, questions don't just arise in the mind, they arise from the soul.

One such question nudged me the other day: Who is a saint? So I typed the question on Google, the first explanation that popped up was:

“In Christianity, a saint is a holy person, typically someone who has achieved a high degree of holiness and is considered to be in Heaven. They are often recognized for their virtuous lives, heroic actions, or martyrdom for the faith, and serve as examples of holiness and models for others to emulate. While some denominations have formal canonization processes, the term "saint" is generally used to refer to anyone who has lived a life of holiness and devotion to God, regardless of formal recognition.”

But is that it?

No, right?

Then... who really is a saint?

I feel, to be a saint is something that goes beyond even the realisation of God. Yes, God-realisation is essential, but it roots itself in a deep inner spiritual awakening, in the consciousness of the Parabrahman... not just in external renunciation or rituals.

Sri Ramakrishna once shared a few qualities of a true saint:

- Absence of ego
- Universal love
- Detached, yet deeply compassionate
- Different paths, but the same goal
- Living examples of Truth

If we explore another aspect of sainthood, we can turn to Ramana Maharshi's teachings. He had a deeply Advaitik (non-dual) understanding of spirituality. For him, the idea of a saint wasn't tied to formal rituals, recognition, or even outward renunciation... but to the direct experience of Atman (the Self); pure awareness, pure being.

He once said:

"The saint identifies with the Self and not with the body. The fool identifies with the body and not with the Self."

In essence:

A saint, according to Ramana Maharshi, is one who has gone beyond ego and lives rooted in the pure awareness of "I Am", free from attachments. The saint lives in silence, both inwardly and outwardly. Ramana often emphasized that everyone is already the Self... but saints are those rare beings who realize it and remain established in that truth.

But understanding 'who a saint is' naturally brings us to another question... What role do saints really play in spirituality?

Aum Tat Sat

Saints aren't just figures to admire from a distance. They have a living, breathing role in spirituality, not just in their own journeys, but in ours too.

A saint becomes a bridge... the bridge between the visible world we live in and the invisible Truth we seek. They carry the fragrance of the Divine, and through their lives, words, silence, being. They remind us of our forgotten essence.

A saint's role is not to make us their devotees forever. They are here to point us back to our 'Self', to awaken the God within. Sometimes through words, sometimes presence, and sometimes simply by being. Their silent vibration touches something deep in us, beyond what the mind can grasp.

Also, saints don't always fit into the neat boxes we imagine. Some are immersed in action, some appear to be lost in silence. Some walk among kings, and some live hidden in forests. Their external lives may differ vastly, but internally, they are the same, rooted, unwavering, free.

The saint acts as a mirror. When we approach them sincerely, they don't give us something "new", they reflect back to us what we already are, but have forgotten. Through their compassion, patience, and sometimes their tough love, they help dissolve the layers of ignorance that cover our true Self.

In the deeper sense, a saint's role is to awaken other saints. To ignite in each of us the realization that the journey is not toward becoming something else but toward remembering who we already are.

Maybe that's why in the company of a true saint, words fall away... and something within us begins to remember itself.

Aum Tat Sat

Swami Samarth and the Truth of Karma

The other day, Aai told me that there was a time when Swami Samarth was present on this earth in his human form. He gave Upadesh, guided people, blessed devotees, and did everything that divine beings do for the upliftment of others. Then she said, “Aga, Swami Samarth lived during the British rule. If he were a divine being, why didn’t he save India? Why didn’t he at least save that one freedom fighter who had come to him seeking ashray?”

It was Vasudev Balwant Phadke. And the story behind it is actually quite telling.

Vasudev ji once went to Swami Samarth seeking permission, Guru Adnya, before beginning his movement for India’s freedom. He placed his talwar (sword) in front of Swami Samarth and asked for his blessing for the mission he was about to undertake. Swami Samarth looked at him and said something simple but profound, “The work you are about to do is good, but the time is not right.” He then asked one of his disciples to take the sword and hang it on a tree. Vasudev ji, however, had already decided in his mind that he could not step back now. Even though he did not receive the Guru’s permission, he bowed to Swami Samarth, took his sword, and went ahead with his plan. He was later caught by the British and died.

Now, this story makes something very clear. The Guru (the divine being) can only guide. He can show you the right path, but he cannot interfere with the karma you choose to create. Swami Samarth had already said, “The time is not right.” The rest unfolded as per Vasudev ji’ actions. He went beyond the Guru’s word and naturally faced the result of that choice.

Aum Tat Sat

And that's what karma really is. Cause and effect. The law doesn't bend even for devotion or courage. It just flows the way it must.

Now, coming back to what Aai had asked, "Why didn't Swami Samarth save him?" But you see, he had already guided. The divine never denies free will. The universe doesn't cancel actions; it balances them.

And that brings us back to the bigger question: why do we see karma as something cruel?

Because to the normal human mind, karma sounds unfair. It sounds like punishment. People say, "You did bad, so bad will happen. You did well, so good will come." And when someone suffers, we say, "It's their karma." That makes karma sound harsh, like it's out to get us.

But karma is not bad. It's not even good. It just is.

Karma is simply cause and effect; nothing more, nothing less.

Take a simple example. If an apple falls on Newton's head, the effect is that Newton thinks. If the apple had never fallen, people say he might never have discovered gravity. Maybe that's true. But maybe the apple was just one of many possible pushes. If not that apple, something else would have triggered the same realization, because that thought was meant to arise. That's how karma works. The universal law of cause and effect always finds its way, no matter what medium it uses.

Another easy example, if I eat something very acidic, my stomach reacts. I'll feel discomfort or acid reflux. Is that

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punishment? No. It's just the natural outcome of an action. That's karma, the cause and effect in motion. You do something, and there's an effect. That effect becomes the next cause, and the chain continues. It's a cosmic rhythm that never breaks.

If Swami Samarth had interfered and changed Vasudev ji's destiny, he would have interrupted that rhythm. The universe doesn't work that way. Even divine beings work with the law, not against it. They are one with it.

So yes, karma is not bad. And karma is not a bitch; please stop saying that. Karma isn't a person sitting in judgment. It's just the law that keeps everything aligned. It's like physics. You throw a ball, and it comes back. You push something, it moves. You plant a seed, it grows.

You do good, you get good. You do bad, you get bad. But here comes the deeper question: Is good karma really good for us? And is bad karma really bad for us? Because when we talk about Parabrahman, there is no "good" or "bad". Things simply are.

If good karma brings good experiences, and we keep doing only good karma, what happens? We keep coming back to enjoy those experiences. We keep being born again and again. But is that the real purpose of the soul? No. The soul's purpose is not to have a comfortable life on earth. It's to go beyond the cycle... beyond duality, pleasure, pain, and beyond the idea of good and bad. To reach that state where there is only the Self, only Parabrahman.

When we keep doing good karma, we stay in samsara. We might live peacefully, but we don't evolve beyond. We don't

dissolve into the ultimate truth. That's the paradox, both good and bad karma bind us, because both come from the sense of "I am doing this."

Freedom is when you go beyond both.

When you act without ego, without the feeling of doership, karma loses its grip. You still act, you still live, but you're not bound by results anymore. So, in that sense, Swami Samarth didn't "save" anyone because he was beyond the idea of saving. He was the law itself; the cosmic balance in human form. He didn't interfere because there was nothing to interfere with.

Karma is not cruel. It's not kind either. It's neutral, divine physics. The only place where cruelty or kindness exists is in our perception. The universe doesn't divide. It just flows.

So next time you hear someone say, "Karma is a bitch," smile! Because karma isn't a bitch, it's balance. It's rhythm... It's how the universe breathes.

When you start seeing karma this way. You stop asking, "Why me?" and start seeing, "Ah, this is happening through me."

And maybe, that's where peace begins.

काय रे शिव...

कुठे लपला आहेस? आठवण येतेय...

बस एवढंच बोलले तरी काय जातं

तुझ्या प्रेमात दंग झाले तरी काय जातं

एकटी विसरून गेले स्वतःला तरी काय जातं

सगळे वेगळे झाले तरी काय जातं

हात बांधलेले असताना मोकट असले तरी काय जातं

या धावणाऱ्या आवाजात गाणं गुणगुणले तरी काय जातं

श्वास सोडलाच तुझ्यावर तरी काय जातं

सांग ना... काय जातं

Perspective: Vijnana Bhairav Tantra

The other day, I had a quick read about perspective. It is something humans constantly rely on. We believe it defines our understanding, reactions, and decisions, but if you look closely, perspective itself is limited. It's not absolute; it's shaped by many factors, most of which we don't even notice. Yeah, even when we 'try' to understand someone else's perspective, we are still caught in limitation!

The first limitation comes from our senses. Sight, sound, touch, taste, and smell are the ways we experience this world, but each sense only gives us a fragment of reality. The human eye sees only a certain spectrum of light. The human ear perceives only certain frequencies. Even touch, taste and smell are conditional; they rely on the body, on receptors. What this means is that everything we perceive is filtered, and dependent on conditions outside of our control. We don't experience the world directly; we experience a version of it that our senses allow.

Then there is the mind, which adds another layer of limitation. The mind organizes and interprets sensory information. It remembers, judges, predicts, and imagines. But it's also bound by conditioning, habits, beliefs, and past experiences. The mind works on input from the senses, so if the senses are limited, the mind's understanding is limited too. Together, senses and mind create a narrow and broken perspective, which can never fully capture the totality of reality.

This is where Vijnana Bhairav Tantra (VBT) comes in. It doesn't just point out the limitation of perspective; it shows a way beyond it. The Tantra explains that what we usually consider 'seeing' or 'understanding' is only a small portion of the truth.

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Beyond the mind and senses, there is awareness, and this is infinite. Awareness is not conditioned or limited. It doesn't depend on senses or mind. It pervades everything... every object, living being, cell, and even the whole of nature. Awareness is the constant... it's the field in which everything exists.

VBT gives over a hundred practical methods to experience this awareness directly. These are not theoretical ideas; they are techniques you can apply in daily life. Some are simple, like watching your breath or observing your body. Some involve noticing sensations, sounds, or even the silence between thoughts. Each method has the same goal: to help you move past the filtered perspective of the senses and mind, and connect with the totality of consciousness. When you do this, perspective doesn't disappear, but it expands. You begin to see multiple dimensions of a situation simultaneously, not just the narrow view you were conditioned to have.

To help you understand, I can share a small example. A few days ago, I had a small, hurtful situation with my friend. Due to the incident, my senses took over me... but one single thing that remained constant was the awareness of his turmoil while I was being hurt myself. So even when my perspective tried to take over me, the proper cultivation of awareness made empathy possible. Now, was that awareness even more hurtful? Yes. Awareness comes at a cost of moving beyond human boundaries. It can even make you bicker at times about having it, but walking up the path is definitely worthwhile. Because this path is long, and there will be a day when this bickering shall end.

Now let's continue with the information part. Another thing to remember is that awareness is present everywhere. You

don't have to create it. You only need to recognize it and align your perception with it. The practices in VBT are tools to help you notice it more clearly, more consistently (*please take diksha from a Guru who belongs to this parampara*). They train the mind to stop clinging to fragments and start seeing the whole. They train the senses to be channels of experience rather than filters that distort reality.

In practical terms, this means that perspective is not fixed. It is contextual, flexible, and dependent on the level of awareness you are accessing. Ordinary human perspective is like looking through a keyhole... you see part of the room, not the entire space. When awareness is cultivated, perspective widens. You can see patterns, connections, and truths that were invisible before. You understand cause and effect more clearly. You notice the constancy of consciousness itself.

So, to summarize VBT's Perspective Speck simply: senses and mind are tools, but they are limited tools. Awareness is infinite. The practices it offers are ways to experience this directly. They are simple in principle but deep in effect. By practicing, you don't become someone different; you simply begin to perceive more fully, from the level of what already exists in everything. (be mindful; superiority ego clashes may arise; please proceed with caution)

In the end, our usual perspective is just a speck of reality. The full perspective is rooted in awareness, and it is accessible to anyone willing to practice noticing it. VBT gives the measures for this, not as philosophical ideas, but as practical exercises. Awareness is already here... perspective expands infinitely when we align with it.

When Devotion Matures

Initially, devotion often takes the form of a name: Ram, Shiva, Krishna, Janani. They offer a doorway to connect, surrender, and stabilise the wandering mind.

Each name brings a different flavour. Ram brings discipline and clarity. Shiva offers vastness and stillness. Krishna awakens sweetness and intimacy. Janani nurtures through surrender. These forms support the early movements of bhakti. There's the ache, the longing, and the joy of being held by something higher.

But as devotion deepens, something unexpected begins to unfold. The name loses its edge. The form begins to blur. What was once reached for now feels near. The distance starts to collapse. The ache softens. The longing no longer points outward.

This shift is not detachment. It is not dryness. It is not disinterest. It is maturity.

The deity once seen outside now begins to feel like the very awareness that watches within. Shiva is no longer only on Kailasa. Krishna is no longer only in Vrindavan. Janani is no longer only in a mandir.

They remain, but they are no longer separate.

This is the quiet transformation where devotion begins to flow inward. Bhakti does not disappear, but the sense of otherness dissolves. The need to call becomes the recognition that the one being called has always been present, as presence itself.

In this stage, the form is not rejected. It is absorbed.

This is not a philosophical leap. It is a natural movement. Many arrive here through bhakti. Some through jnana. Others through silence. The path does not matter. The unfolding does.

And at this threshold, something ancient and subtle begins to reveal itself. Not a belief system. Not a sect. A view.

This is where the path of devotion ripens. Where names like Krishna, Shiva, and Janani no longer compete but dissolve into one undivided presence. The form is not denied. It is honoured, lived, and then gently seen through.

This is where Trika begins to whisper. Not as a rejection of gods, but as the recognition that all forms point to the same source, to चित्तः, to awareness, to Shiva not as a deity, but as the ground of all being.

Trika does not ask for loyalty to a form. It asks for clarity. It uses the name Shiva not for sectarian supremacy, but as a pointer to That which is formless, awake, and alive in all.

So when Krishna stirs the heart, or Janani melts the self, Trika sees no contradiction.

To feel that stillness through any form, and to remain aware of the source behind the form, is to live the essence of Trika.

And... When even that dissolves, when devotion becomes silence, and the name no longer needs to rise?! That is Shiva.

That is प्रत्यभिज्ञा (recognition).

Unlabeled Path

There is a space in the journey of sadhana where the devotion no longer flickers. Not because it has died, but because it has settled. This phase is not often spoken of, for it lacks spectacle. It carries no weeping at temples, no trembling before idols, no ecstatic chants rising through the throat. It arrives quietly, like mist, and sits heavily without a name.

You, once moved by form, by the vibrant names of Shiva, Krishna, Kali, may suddenly find these names ringing hollow. Being called a bhakta might feel unsettling, not out of rejection, but from a deeper silence that has taken root within. The hymns still echo outside, but the inner ear no longer strains to catch them. The hands no longer fold in longing. The eyes remain dry, even in the most sacred spaces.

This is not atheism. Nor a spiritual crisis. It is simply a path where you stop responding to the object of devotion and begin to merge with the essence of it.

For a few of you, this shift may be sudden. For others, gradual. It may appear as indifference, even apathy. A visit to Kashi may feel like just another city. The air of Vrindavan may carry no special madhurya. Where once the divine was encountered through rasa, now there is only a silent, unmoving presence.

In certain traditions, this is known but rarely named. The path beyond the gods. The devotion without attributes. The bhakti that no longer needs direction, or even movement. A space where even love becomes still, no longer reaching out, but a quiet resting.

Many of you sadhakas, especially those who begin their path through bhakti, may reach this point where devotion as you once knew begins to fade. This often happens after years of emotional engagement, chanting, praying, crying, and feeling deep love toward a chosen form of the divine. When that emotional intensity suddenly drops, you are often left disoriented.

You can try to recreate those feelings through effort, visiting a mandir, repeating mantras, or immersing yourself in devotional environments. But nothing will stir. And instead of clarity, a dullness can take over. Now, the common response is to assume something is wrong, that one has become spiritually stagnant or fallen from grace.

But this assumption is based on a limited view of the spiritual path.

This quiet phase, often mistaken for disconnection, is a natural unfolding. It marks the transition from emotional devotion to non-objectified awareness. From needing to feel the divine to beginning to abide as the divine.

At this stage:

- Practices may continue, but they are no longer fueled by longing or emotion. They may become minimal or even mechanical for a while.
- God-forms may lose their pull. The names of deities may feel like labels. Not because you have stopped believing, but because the mind no longer assigns boundaries to what was once seen as separate.

- You may feel like an atheist externally, especially when devotion no longer shows through visible emotion or ritual. But internally, there is often a quiet commitment to truth that remains, eternal, non-dual, and unlabeled.

It is important to understand that this shift is not a regression. It is a simplification.

The emotional intensity that initially helped you build a relationship with the divine was a tool, a phase. When it has done its work, it naturally begins to fall away. Trying to cling to it or recreate it only delays the deeper turning inward.

This phase is dry only to those who expect spirituality to remain emotionally vibrant. In reality, it is a path where peace replaces passion, clarity replaces intensity, and presence replaces projection.

After you reach this place, you might often stop talking about your path. Not out of secrecy, but because there is little left to explain. The path will no longer feel like a path; it is simply how life is perceived. The inner distinction between “me” and “God” dissolves, and with it dissolves the urge to express devotion as something directed toward an outside entity.

This is not the end of bhakti. It is its refinement. What once required song and surrender now becomes silence and seeing.

This is not a path to be imitated or pursued because you read of it. Let it come to you when it must, calmly, without ambition, without seeking to arrive. Until then, stay sincere to the current alignment, every stage has its grace.

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The Closing Reflection

There was never a separation between the seeker and the sought.

Everything written here, every question, silence, and verse, was simply Parabrahman watching itself unfold through this form called "me."

Brahmamayee is not an idea.

Brahmamayee is this atman... Parabrahman being full of Parabrahman, madly in love with Parabrahman.

Each page in this Sangraha carried traces of that recognition.

The longing that once felt personal, the ache that once felt human, were only His ways of returning me to Himself. What seemed like different emotions were movements of one current, all leading back to the same still source.

There is no conclusion to this.

The words end, but the awareness continues... unbound & quietly whole.

This Sangraha was never about describing the path.

It was the path itself dissolving back into its origin.

That origin, that fullness, that madness of love is Brahmamayee.

सोऽहम्

