

Poetry Series

Raman Savithiri
- poems -

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Raman Savithiri(22-May-1969)

A devotee who chants lalitha sahasranama and few verses from abiraami andaathi daily.

Cleaning mind and tries go beyond the body by Isha yoga daily.

618. Jaggi - Our Dear Jaggi

Floating thousands of miles away
Touches the cool Moon ray
Pretty pool Lilly to unfurl
Its soft petals to sway!

Though his physical presence
Is far away beyond my sense
As a fool girl fallen in deep love
I go mad imbibing his each move

Raman Savithiri

620. Morning Lullaby

Before the Sun rise
The touch of its rays
Sky's shower in various colors
Making birds flutter and tweeter
Owls and snakes retire hidden
Darkness fades and goes away
Light comes dancing all the way
The unveiled globe is an alarm
And I wake up from bed warm

Oh! Mother Maya
What a lullaby You sing!
No one knows its meaning.
Do I wake up blinking? !
I know You make me
Fast asleep keeping my eyes open!
Ego wakes up to carry me on,
Fasten by senses five hosted fine
In Your mysterious dance and song
It is, after all another deep sleep.
But what is the purpose behind?
Why do You put me asleep?
Failing to know, I maintain my pace
Wearing a smile on my face
As a sheep among sheep
While people of world sink
In Your spell bound magic!

Raman Savithiri

621. Arranged Love

To fulfill social norms
Parents the cause my form
Arranged him as my love.

I wondered in private
If love could be cultivated
Though by the drive of hormone
Our bodies unite in harmony
By love, binding two hearts
Was then a question mark!

But if I see back the gone years
Emotions move me into tears
Of gratefulness and bliss
To think of his greatness
To take my burdens
On his shoulders
To make me happy
The slog he goes by
As a poor male tailor bird
Toils to build a nest
Going pale when she tests
Awaiting what may fall upon
Ready to build again again
To satisfy her taste!
Is that love arranged?
Is that only to mate?
Can't say quiet so!

In my treading spiritual path
He tries always to spread
Red carpet for a touch of my feet
Though he himself does not bother
To know what is his might
Blinded by material sight
Works abroad day and night
To feed me and our kids!
What shall I boast
Upon my daily practice

Of yoga, mantra and dhyana?
He humbles me
With his simple heart!
Oh Devi,
If at all You ever wish to shower
Your grace upon me
To reap the benefits of sadana
Do keep a share for my husband!

Raman Savithiri

621. Heart – Is It Fruit Or Flower?

Absolutely no problem to offer
Unto Your blossom feet
A fresh fragrant flower
With little effort - it
Came off its plant

Absolutely no problem to offer
Into Your lotus palm
A sweet smelling fruit
With little effort - it
Came off its tree

But.....
Hardly I am skilled
To pluck my heart from its
Worldly ties to offer to You

Absolutely no problem to offer
A ghee lamp at Your side
With a help of glass
The flam is kept up
One pointed with little smoke

Alas! How can I make mind
One pointed to You?
It is like the fumes in wind
As they raise to spread out
From nice incense sticks!

Raman Savithiri

621. Shiva The Coolest

Abode is cool Kailash
Above plays pale Ganga
Adoring moon spills chill
He is Shiva the coolest

Chose to be so
To put up the fire of samsara
Saving jeevas from getting fried
He is Shiva the coolest

Lives disguising Himself as Jaggi
Gives oceanic heart to one and all
Thrives to feed his grace by yoga
He is Shiva the coolest

Sits in the form of Dhyna linga
Sowing spiritual seed silently
He is none other than Sadguru!
He is Shiva the coolest

Raman Savithiri

622. Song Among Atrocities

Hunger teeth will not spare
Tender sapling out of its pod
Breathing egg waiting to hatch
Wobbling newborn breast fed

Ever going food chain
Cares not creatures' pain
Yelling out is mere vain
This is the truth plain

Millions and millions of years
Countless bloodshed earth bears
One who witnesses this cruelty
Is sure to be moved into tears

And what to tell about human ego
The havoc it made since long ago
From the time of mahabharat epic
To modern age what does it depict?

The atrocities made by malice mind
The injustices done to female kind
The brutality committed to lower casts
Will make any one to bleed in heart

Caught in the same whirlpool
Pressed by the age-old social life
When violence stages its play
How does helpless anger will display?

Howling unto unseen Lord
Drying tears by friend's words
Dissolving pain into sky vast
Trying meditation where 'I' is lost

What can a pathetic one do?
When a day begins a question strikes
Why this monstrous life and strife?
Ignoring it, the ignorant tails daily chores!

Raman Savithiri

623. Under The Tyranny Of Possessive Mother-In-Law

He calls me!
To be held in his warm gentle hand
With a longing heart when I stand.
There is an inevitable call from her!

He calls me!
I await a lonely moment to rest
My head on his wide caring chest.
But she never lets me alone near him!

Days and months roll on
Tears of separation too roll on
If my tender breasts are forbidden
To hug his broad handsome shoulders
If my lips are not lucky
From which my love could be served
If my elegant curves feminine
Not felt by his thirsty touches
Why this life futile?
Let me on the least hurl
Myself to his glance to wither away!

An urge to merge within triggers me!
I sit aside closing senses five
In my surging mind silence to thrive
But life for bread shatters my posture!

An urge to merge within triggers me!
With a twinging pain of separation
I shed tears to search Self beyond myself
But life with kith and kin hinders my quest!

To undress my name, fame and identities
To tear off my form of million contours
When I use gears and ways
Yoga, bhajan and satsang
If I succeed a little
Life for bread blocks a thousand times!
If this body of seven chakras

Is not used least to reach within,
To go beyond the physical means,
Why to hold this until old age? B/12/13□

Raman Savithiri

624. Yell From A Well!

All lives from microbes to giants tied by food chain
Driven by hunger, hunt ruthlessly other beings!
To give birth to millions, mothers take much pain
Only to leave them in this world to live a life vain

Though man seems to be away from jungle,
He is more hunted by anger, jealous and hatred!
Vanity and pride; creations of his own ego entangle
Him with monstrous society, where all evils mingle

To break this meaningless cycle of birth and death
Mahatmas many tried and succeeded like Buddha!
Out of compassion few live with us on this very earth
Those bright stars shower little light on my path

But still the agony of ignorance does not tear me!
Oh! Still my stony heart does not melt to bear
Devotion to Devi, the only slayer of my bonds!
And for Her, still my wooden eyes don't shed tear!

Though I have little awareness to do yoga every day
Though I don't let a day to pass without Your names
Depression attacks me to blind my progress on my way
Doubtful mind mocks at me telling others are in joy

Devi, am I wasting my life? How hard should I seek You?
Will a mother ever test her baby for its true love?
To cross the seven chakras I don't have strength!
Be kind to lift this infant which only knows to bow!

□

I know not sit cross legged for hours together;
My mind is not free from anger and evils other;
I only chant Your names and if You don't bother
To liberate me from bondage, who else will Devi? 190213

Raman Savithiri

625. Will A Mother Ever Demand?

200812

If I strike a match stick to lit the lamp
It instantly burns though at times it is damp.
If I pluck few flowers from my terrace garden
They fill aroma though they bow like a maiden.

If I bring few fruits, for puja, in a silver plate
They are ready with syrupiness to satisfy palate.
If I place a glass of water on the pulpit
It remains ever cool ready for Emeto's effect.

The fragrance sticks let out pleasant smoke.
As it is said You like five hospitable means,
Daily I arrange all these; but You don't wake
For my pitiable yells and to my childish tears.

And they say You demand one more precise item,
Above all these five adorable things.
That is my one pointed mind to hold Your form!
Tell me Devi where from will I get it? 200812

Raman Savithiri

626. To Be Grateful To You 230712

The whole life span is not adequate
To be grateful for the gifts
Thou have showered upon me
For the complex but perfect body
The awful miracle in the creation!
For the health I have been enjoying
Even a small scratch on a little finger
How it troubles with a pain that lingers
But among the countless accidents
Nothing dares to touch me in any incident
Among the numerous variety of diseases
Only a few curable ones play their roles!

A nice life companion who fully supports
My spiritual quest and quenches my inner thirst
Very good kids not nagging for trivial things
Helping mother who blesses my spiritual musings
Peaceful home; constant flow of Laxmi's grace
What else is needed to tread Your foot trace?

But the pull of my ego and its strong stages
Anger, hatred and lust upon which it dances
Inside my mind and heart and its intentions
Are beyond my little logic's grasp
It stings me like a deadly wasp
I am tortured by its whips
Only grip is Your name on my lips

Devi what is the use of Your gifts many?
If You please take them away
Give me only one thing - WISDOM
To go further to enter Your kingdom
This ignorance I can't bear anymore!
Without which I know not being grateful! ! 230712

Raman Savithiri

627. A Lunatic's Reckoning

200712

These are my daily tricks to catch you
Long before sun rise I wake up
To chant Your names I take bath;
While doing household chores
I hear and sing devotional songs
Letting Your glory to fill my tongue;
After a while, I practice yoga
And sit in the name of dhyana
For an hour or two as a stone;
Evening or by the day end
I make sure I rolled the beads
Of my japamala a thousand times;
Recently I added kriya else given by
Jaggi to separate body, mind and real I

In between these practices
Many a times losing my logic witty
I slip into hatred, anger and lust in a jiffy!
I know not how to prevent them
The sea of samskaara has no fathom!
It is immaterial if troubles come
From within or without.
It is only a shame for Your glorious names
If the world will mock at my customs

I admit I am neither an avatar nor a saint,
I do not have a lineage of orthodox parent,
I am born in a caste of crude passions,
Definitely which only I deserve,
Since I too must go a long way
To cultivate myself to be Your fan.
But where is my voyage to You found?
While climbing to reach Your abode,
If I ascend one step the steep mount
I slide ten steps down, losing my route!

I sit aside and utter Your names still loudly
For, I know not what to do sincerely;
I don't want to run behind the crazy world

See Devi, when the whole world is busy
Catching prey or making money
I sit lonely and chant Your names
While tears roll down to drench my chest
Bearing sharp pains in my heart;
Am I a fool Devi? As the world says?
For, neither have I seen You
Nor I crossed my body needs
When will a ray of grace from Your compassion
Fall upon me to lift from all pitfalls? 200712

Raman Savithiri

628. Save Me By Slaying Me! 010612

Why this monstrous life?
Why here so much strife?
A tree deep rooted in soil
Cannot run off its life of turmoil
A deer which goes for water
Might be hunt by awful alligator
In fathomless sea dark and blue
There is no place void of blood hue
Sky be it infinite gives no shelter
To any bird sought by life battle
What if you be a celestial body
Black holes wait to eat you one day

Mahatmas say blissful is the creation
May be so, like the other side of coin
But for me, being a jeevaatma still
Existence of universe is terrible!
In this place of countless changes
So vividly birth and death dance
Before I could catch the glimpses,
I am caught in life's clutches!
Before I could sense the chains
That bind me are my own pains
Taken by my own senses five!
In the name of love, Ah! The betrayal
Foolishly how I was vulnerable!
Before the wound is healed,
Married! to be in this atrocious society
Layer by layer my ego skin is peeled!
Oh God! See! You who are in my core!
Justice won't You restore?
Where is the outlet for my anger?

Enough I saw injustice through
My eyes screened by feelings
Of anger hatred and ruthlessness.
How I badly wanted to slap and thrust
Some animals in the form of humans
Terribly ungrateful, shockingly dishonest;

Worse than thieves and murderer s
For at least these anti socials
Are straight to be punished!
But what to do with ugly hyenas
Hid under the cow's skin?

I just howl and bark unto You
Because I am a woman
Less powered than men
And have to put on masks many
Good wife, mother etc., to face society
I come to You the Omnipotent
Shedding tears, uttering Your names
Though You never showed Your face
I bang Your entrance by beating
My own chest which hosts
All unwanted feelings
Of anger, hatred and resents
To shake them off, to make a place
For Your feet to stand in my heart!

Devi! Now my complaints turn inward!
I am more afraid of the animals getting
Stronger and stronger inside!
Won't You protect me from my own
Anger, hatred and resents
Which are fed lavishly by my own ego?
I am so confused to make any complaint now!
For because I am unable to sense
Where exactly my enemies reside
Whether inside or outside
My logic and brain work not
My heart is clouded by emotions
I am not wise to find out the cause and effects
I know not tomorrow what will fall upon me
I am too ignorant to catch You continuously
Save me by slaying me Maa!
Why this meaningless life? 010612

Raman Savithiri

629. Tides Of Pains

020512

Though gifted with all necessities
Some emptiness is always felt within
Pain of ignorance overpowers as sadness
Weight of impotency presses the core as anguish
I don't try to get rid of this sorrow and pain
Let them capture my whole being
Let this misery swell like sea in full moon
And let the waves of my own agony swallow me!

I will not let go this pain to dissolve
In amusements gratifying five senses
I will not spill this overflowing anguish
In social gatherings puffing my own ego
Let this pain become heavier and heavier
To press my heart to bleed
And pave way to your abode

In privacy let this agony liquefy into tears
And my tears should melt your rocky heart
Devi!
Let your lotus eyelids unfurl to throw
A ray of gracious gaze upon this wretched creature
That single ray should drive away my ignorance
To reveal what I am in this infinite creation!

Raman Savithiri

630. Breaking Waves - Iii

110412

Though I change my residence often,
Though I change my intimate relations,
Devi!
I had been watching the steps,
Of eluding ego's dance decades together.

As a fish is surrounded by water
And as a tree is enclosed in air
Devi!
I am covered by numerous thoughts
Of present place and pressing dealings

Though I have not achieved anything
Though I feel utterly useless at times
Devi!
I see that achieving something
In this delusive world is also worthless

The only interesting business for me
Is to see my own colour, but
Devi!
Can a chameleon see its own colour?
How can it stop reflecting its background?

Though I daily yell out your sacred names
Though I daily practice yoga to hold you
Devi!
Where is progress amidst daily chores?
When the mind will cease to see you?

The thick mind prevents chanting mantra!
The stiff body sits not more than an hour or two!
Devi!
If I struggle like this to pass preliminaries
How am I to face hard tests and temptations?

Am I to die like futile worm?
Am I to come again to this world?
Devi!

Won't you pacify my aching heart?
Show me little grace you ocean of compassion!

110412

Raman Savithiri

631. Prattle Of A Newborn To Its Mother 170212

Will a rose shrub become mere bush of thorns?
Won't it sprout buds escaping animals of horns?
Won't snow breeze fan to unfurl petals of rose?

In the barren hot concrete yard should it end
As a pot plant drooping in sizzling sun?
Won't it get a foot of earth to root and stand?

Some flying creatures cut its leaves for their nest
Some crawling caterpillars eat its leaves to their best
Some sticky insects spoil the buds drinking its essence

The burning air of summer simmers the whole plant
Yet it genuinely tries to bloom to please gardener's heart
I am the doomed rose plant and You are my keeper Devi!

Raman Savithiri

632. A Flute In Firewood Bundle!

It is all for You I bear this life!
Before these identifications found me to trap
I tried to escape them by breaking conventions.
You know how I am notorious for being uncommon
With blunt boldness how I used to travel to unravel
The ties with relatives running to mutts and mountains
Without bothering what would befall on me
Though I used to be fairly good-looking
And in the most vulnerable female body
Even the surging emotions did not urge
To find a man to merge seeking bliss of physical union
I remember how I was entangled to
Talks of a handsome youth talking about You
Job! ? I used it to run hither and thither aloof
Like a slippery creature to elude bonds!
Money though it amused me a lot
I was not capable of catching it
For it was more slippery than what I was.
And my unending queries took the toll
Ultimately I did not become anything!

As the roots of floating lotus
I could not root to any place
The only steady path I tread continuously
Is the inner road with twists and turns.
While walking against the so called
Normal social life it became inevitable
To clash those who walk straight!
How many enemies?
To protect itself as the rose shrub
Produces too many prickly stems
I too became "pricking" to my society
It is for You I go against my kith and kin
Though I bleed in the fights for my rights
Though they heavily misunderstand me
Though I am unable to find even a hole
In their tightly closed hearts
To inject the beauty of You
I go on fighting with tired limbs.

And I walk alone!
This solitary striding I relish a lot!

But there is a small regret!
Wont this pricking rose plant bloom one day?
When? How long I go on producing thorns alone?
Won't I get good companies to talk about You,
As lover loves to talk about the heroisms of her hero?
As a beautiful flute is taken with firewood
How long I should be with this barbarous community?
When flesh of fish, birds and goat they relish
How can speak to them the taste of pranic food?
When they worship money, land and lust
How can I disclose what is yoga and mantra?
When they enjoy noise to recreate themselves
How can I tell them to go beyond noise to enjoy silence?
When 24 hours a day and 7 days of a week are not sufficient
For them to seek money and pleasure for five senses
How can I ask them to devote few minutes a day
To sing and meditate the beauty of You to be in bliss? 180212

Raman Savithiri

634. Mortification

The very helpings you did to your relatives
Will be enough to kindle the fire of jealous
In their ignorant minds to turn them ungrateful
Like changing chameleons and cunning jackals

If you disclose your secrets trusting a friend
Later he may change into a foe and threaten!
If you lean over your kith and kin to unload burdens
They may change into enemies causing more torments

When you enter a house the people live there
May drive you away by asking, 'Why do come here? '
When you try a person's cell after decades during a crisis
'Why do you call me? ' he might ask and show his offense

Even you may wish to end your life instead of
Going through all these humiliations for daily bread-loaf
But is there a worse dishonor in the earth to live
Like a walking corpse without realizing 'who am I? '

Raman Savithiri

635. Kitten's Mewing

Neither devotion nor Love do I have on You
But daily I chant Your numerous names
Neither focus nor revere do I have in tune
But daily I chant Your gorgeous names

Like a greedy trader I expect a great profit
A pure mind full of bliss of a realized
I ask in turn though I am unlikely to get
A pure mind void of distress of a realized

I merely cling to the power of Your names
To wash my dirty mind where I am bound
I take refuge in the divinity of your names
Save me from my own mind faster than wind

I know not if my enemies are within or without
But I suffer from the pangs of hatred and anger
I know not where my enemies are. I fail to find out!
I know Your thousand names only. To them I linger!

Raman Savithiri

637. Sailing Along The Wings Of Wind - 280211

Whatever befalls on me,
Whether good or bad,
I have none other than thee!
I will call You as mad!

Whatever bubbles up in mind,
Whether kindness or hatred,
I have only one thing to remind
Myself that to utter Your name sacred

Ma! Nothing is in my hand
Sure; I cannot control the world
And my own mind is faster than wind
Only in lips I whisper Your name

I know not if I could be a winner
Of Your grace to enter realms inner
Or victim of Your wrath to be hurled
Again and again in the ruthless world

280211

Raman Savithiri

638. Be A Sea!

070211

Oh mind!
Become a swelling vast ocean
On shore all dead are thrown
Out all garbage are flung
No dirt is kept for a long

Oh mind!
Become a swelling deep ocean
Though giant whales jump and leap
Though great waves frighten to sweep
Limitless water remains inside its coast

Oh mind!
Become a swelling blue ocean
Though gigantic titanics tear its surface
There is no scar in its marvelous face
Its merry waves dance in mystic bliss

Oh mind!
Become a swelling profound ocean
Though volcanoes burst inside
It never burns out eternal water
No pain is displayed outside

Oh mind!
Be a sea! Don't be perturbed
By trivial words from persons petty
Be a sea! Don't be disturbed
By daily episodes of this life dreamy!

-- 070211

Raman Savithiri

639. Karma Logic Or Fuzzy Logic? 300111

To protect from pack of jackals
Sharp horn if a deer pokes
In a belly of its predator
Will it be a crime?
To defend myself
If I use my quick tongue
Will it tighten
My karma chain?

When doing my duties
As a householder
To tackle clashes
If I have to fight and defend
And at times by the nature
Of my rotten mind if I hit back
Will my karma bundle increase?

Whatever I do to fill my stomach
And to appease the rest of my senses
Becomes utterly meaningless!
The only thing I do with
Little sense in my opinion
Is chanting your names
To purify my heart
And practicing kriya
To purify my mind

I begin each day with your name
At the end of the day
I search You in the intervals
Of my irregular breaths
In between whatever happens
Let it happen...and nothing is in my hand
However my karma tosses me
I know not anything
Except your name to yell
Though I be in hell

300111

640. Can'T You Help Me?

200111

Why life is almost a war?
There is war in mind and so in world
From womb to tomb struggle and struggle
Before and after death 'what am I'
Is hidden behind the dark screen of ignorance;
And now too in wake state I know not who I am

Which can be considered as wisdom?
The universe which is felt through the senses five
Gives wisdom or hides wisdom?
To satisfy the senses days are gone in war
Is there no end for this mad run?

Where is peace and silence,
While surfing in mega waves of material life?
When will I cross the waves to reach centre
At bottom where the movements of waves
Cannot even finger to mar the stillness?

Why do anger, hatred and reprisal enter my heart?
Is there no power in Your dominant name?
Through my lips won't Your name
Enter my heart's very core
Making these devils run helter skelter?

If You and Your name are one and same
And when You sit in my heart as a king
How come these petty agitators
Still harass me in numerous ways?
Will a mother let her baby
To be torn by hyenas and wolves?

Know not where from a blow would come
The thrashes from all nooks and corners
Make me afraid to step forward
Can't understand what is wrong with me
Can't foresee the movements of relatives and friends
Is there a single day in which I am not beaten by world?

I don't know the workings of my own karma
Pushing me hither and thither in world's drama
Each day I realize how foolish I was yesterday
There is no end for the errors I commit every day
I wish to quit the world
But I remain still blind
To find a way out of universe
Can't You help me? 200111

Raman Savithiri

641. Am I Mad?

190111

A lover returned after few years
To his sweetheart's town
Lost her address in time
Knowing only her name
As years changed her form
Desperately to find her
Yells out her name alone
In the streets going mad

Realizing true love is You,
After many years of futile wandering
Behind the things of no value
I too badly want to come to You.
Knowing not Your whereabouts
No idea of Your disguising forms
I daily yell out Your thousand names
With tears dripping to my chest
Where the longing to meet You
Twirl my heart to bleed inside

Am I mad? 190111

Raman Savithiri

642. Daily Query After A Pilgrimage

Badly wanted darshans of Mahathmas and mantra Mountains
Went for a pilgrimage in spiritually radiating Southern India
Spent few days in fulfilling my wishes

Had wonderful darshan and well wishes
From dear Amma Amritanandamayi Devi

Then on another day went for Girivalam
Rounding the sacred Mountain at midnight
Though mind chattered, Keeping mouth shut tight
Sat for sometime in the holy hall of Sri Ramana
To dive deep in Silence but pulled reverse
To the ruffling surface by family and relatives

One more day was usefully gone in Isha
Twice sat inside meditating caves
Touched by powerful energy waves

So happy that all the three dear gurus' grace
Descended on me in few days,
I returned the arduous path with delight, but
Dashed on stinging nettles and scratched on thorny bushes

I mean the inevitable meetings with human relations
To whom all these are waste save money and possessions
Happened to use my sharp tongue to defend

Now at home surrounded by the vast silence of desert
A suitable place where meditation is a possibility
But I wonder which is more powerful
The grace of my dear gurus or the stinging nettles
The itching and scratching still come as surging thoughts

When will my mind become quiet?
Can't I redeem myself from my caste character?
When will this fighting nature disappear?
Can a dog get rid of barking and howling?
Was that not true that a hunter turned into Valmiki a great saint?
Was that not true that a hunter turned into Kannappar a great devotee?

Won't I become a true devotee to keep God in my heart and nothing else?

Why so many unwanted things in heart to sting me forever?
Aim of travel is lost in competing for food, clothe and shelter!
What and all one should do to live in this world?
How time can be spared to catch and hold God?

Days are lost and now counting down started!
To search unstable things all my life is gone?
When will I reach the source of stable joy? 150111

Raman Savithiri

643. The Long Waiting After Waking Up! 101210

I am a fake and others too are fakes
And why does this fake make proofs
To prove its false image to other fakes?

Ephemeral bubble of changing colors
Unto coming and going waves that crumble
Why to cry? Why to bewail? Why to grumble?

Why to bother societies that raise and fall?
Why to get flatten or bloated by people?
Listen carefully within! There is a tender call!

When to depart from this drama of social life
To hurl away thick mask and heavy costumes
To see who am I really without all these strife?

The kind voice says there is a stable base
On which these millions of changes dance
The 'I' is not all these but something else

Don't worry if all things slip and go
Don't worry if all relations break and go
And that is where and when grace descends

Wait in stillness! Waiting only can be done
Attend only basic needs and in doing so
No more masks to turn away the true Lover! 101210

Raman Savithiri

644. Chameleon Mind! 241110

Early morning touching the horizon
Pleasant red is the color of the baby sun
When it is above the head how hot
The sun turns to be dazzling a lot!

One day black and invisible is the moon
Another day bright and beautiful as a boon
Some days quarter or half is the crescent
Opening the petals of lily to expel scent!

Seasons change from one extreme to other
How many garments and how many ornaments
To wear in a year they give to earth the mother
And see her changing face moment to moment!

As the time wheel reels from era to era
Mountains and oceans shift from place to place
Continents too move and change their shapes
Either expand or contract the territorial gapes!

In this changing universe from second to second
What is the wonder if man too changes often
Trying many masks of different emotions?
How would any relation be constant to bind?

Friends and enemies change their spots
Love and hatred emerge from a same heart
Is there a steady spring to fill my hollow pot?
Is there anything stable to rest my weary feet?

Why this caging in the world of changing mind?
What is hurting is not the world but my mind!
Devi! Shelter me under Your nameNay
Melt me in the flame of Your name!

241110

Raman Savithiri

645. Realization!

191110

Many mad lads came to me
With dark red rose in their hand
Reflecting their passions in heart
Mystifying me by their love seem to be eternal
Bluffing unto me even sky is not sufficient
To hold their love unconditional

Taking a helping hand of time
I shattered their little hearts
Showing how shallow
And how tiny their love
Like mere tradesheer deal
By revealing my other faces

Many ran away unable to withstand
My selfishness, sharp deadly tongue,
My poverty and thus no ground in society,
My bad reputation to spoil their situation,
My great expectations taxing their relations
My trivial naggings claiming their baggage
My becoming old, my ugly nature....

Only one was always behind me
Not seeing my flesh and bones
Not broken by limitations and barriers
But breaking my limitations and barriers
Lifting me always from petty pits of world
Trying His best to peel out my holds
Though I bleed and plead to let me

When I realized all in this world are unreal
And when I understood His Love eternal
I turned to see His face
The moment I turnedI lost myself merging in Him! 191110

Raman Savithiri

646. Written With Invisible Ink!

191110

Lofty thoughts whether told or untold
Invoked by the experiences in the world
From deep layers of the conscious mind
Are like the stars buried in eternal time
Sparkling and twinkling with some theme
Beautiful and meaningful, swaying the universe!
Softly and subtly like that of blossoms of wild!

191110

Raman Savithiri

647. Query At The Day End

051110

Why is this day too unlucky that I could not shed tears for you?
Why my heart is not melting but remains a stone to your name?

Is it because I overate?
Is it because I watched TV?
Is it because of oily food?
Is it because of fatty ego?

Why did one full day go waste like this?
As soon I utter your name why not eyes cry?
Why not my mind melt and heart wriggle in the pain of separation?
What good I got today in this world to be happy like this?

051110

Raman Savithiri

648. Thoughts To Slay Thoughts

051110

The entire cosmic things dangle
In a filament invisible and subtle
Of my breath from mysterious source
Which I could feel well in my heart

If the string is cut
If my breath is out
What will happen to me?
Cosmos is snatched from me!

And nothing will happen to cosmos,
The giver of pain and pleasure!
Why am I still vulnerable?
Knowing this truth plausible?

The scenes and sounds will vanish
The relations and friends are no more
The painful ties with enemies too perish
And what will be me without all these?

051110

Raman Savithiri

649. Meditation And Vanishing Thoughts

051110

As the emperor enters the inner chamber of queen,
The maids bow and vanish away from scene,
When You appear in my deep heart,
Thoughts bow and vanish away into void!
As the queen gives her entire self at his feet
When I surrender and merge my self little,
Peace is born with enchanting ecstasy smile! 051110

Raman Savithiri

650. Money! Money! Money!

081010

Like a bee of hive honey,
Tirelessly each runs after money!
At the maximum what it can bring?
It aggravates the hunger of senses five! ?
Me, my spouse and children first
Who bothers about the world rest?

For every tiny action
There runs a calculation
In inner mind, 'what is the benefit? '
If no profit, that action becomes unfit!
Even the love with sky as the limit,
Vanishes if lover does not benefit!

Man may be a tap or tunnel
Money runs through the funnel
Like water flows in brook
Or in a grand undying river!
Some rivers are cyclic
Some are alive once in a year!

Where does from wealth come?
Where does it ultimately take?
Where does it slip and set off?
No one can define its fuzzy path!
But without wealth and health,
How can one sit quietly to meditate?

Maa! Give me, just enough wealth
To run my social life on earth.
But on money let me not fix my mind!
Don't make me a dust carried by wind!
Tie my mind to the pole of Your name.
You alone are the goal of my tiny life! 081010

Raman Savithiri

651. A Wise Fool! 011010

Who is the fool that takes a poisonous cobra
And shelters inside his pocket?

Who is the fool that takes a stinging scorpion
And cuddles in her jacket?

Who is the fool that keeps a stinking dead rat
Among ornaments of his wallet?

It is me ...I shelter anger in my heart

Though it is deadlier than anything

It is me ... I cuddle hatred in my bosom

Though it stings me to ruin my wellbeing

It is me ...I keep past rotten resentments

In my memory to spoil lovely present moments

011010

Raman Savithiri

652. Aim Of Life

070710

What if the vessel is crooked or cute?
What if the vessel is golden or earthen?
What if the serving place is hut or palace?
What if the server is Brahmin or chandala?

Look at only what is served? !
Nectar! Immortal life giving nectar!
Don't be a spectator of other things
Quick! Drink from your vessel!

What if I am male or female?
What if I am high caste or low born?
What if I live a life of struggle or of success?
What if I take the path of wisdom or devotion?

Look at only what is served? !
Only in human body one can attain freedom
Don't be a spectator of other things
Quick! Drink the divine! Be it Himself or His name! 070710

Raman Savithiri

653. Separation 040710

My cage bars are my own body, mind, actions and emotions!
Relatives, friends and enemies form a net in which I am caught!
How shall I perceive You crossing all these?
As even jewels are burdens when making love
My small tiny thoughts too ruin the union with You!
How many days go for fulfilling the needs of body?
How many days go for satisfying kith and kin?
How many days go wasted in fight and regret?
How many days go just to keep the pull of world?
I am so unlucky to get even a single day for You and You alone.
Not even single moment is available to be in the warmth of union.
Sailing the body boat I unfurled the mat of Your divine name.
But I stray only on coastal waters.
When shall I go deep to find pearl?
When I shall find and join You?

040710

Raman Savithiri

654. Need Of Peelings 080810

At first banana's peel is thick and hard
It is very much needed to safeguard
The banana not yet ripe but still raw
One needs knife to separate the fruit core!

Who can cook such delicious food
Not polluted but tasting so good
Except nature pervading in and out
Kind and wise but shows up not? !

The green peel protects and feeds
The white substance not yet sweet
But when the fruit is ripe and soft
The yellow peel still shields but detaches!

Who can teach me lessons of wisdom
Only by silence not tainted with boredom
Except Mother Nature the omniscient
With countless lessons hidden in her skirt? !

My relations, possessions, above all my body
All form the green peel to nourish my soul
As I am not yet ripe I am attached deeply
To all these but I am sure this peel is not my goal!

Maa! Save my family and the sustaining world
Save all creatures that are seen and not seen
Save all celestial bodies by which life is mould
Without their welfare where is salvation to me?

Maa! Let peace surround me! Let bliss fill me!
When I become as sweet as the ripe banana
Detach all these as easily as the yellow peel
And gulp me so that I will become one with You! 080810

Raman Savithiri

655. Meditation – A Run Away!

020810

Like a girl has deeply fallen in love,
Is ready to leave all her relatives and friends,
Not bothered about her inherited property and jewels,
Does not care for the collapse of her name and fame,
Blindly willing to catch her lover's hand,
In this world, which is her only bond,
Stepping down from her palace deceiving all,
Runs away with him never ever to return back...

I sit closing all senses, secretly opening a door
Placed in my heart into Your world of deep silence,
Leaving all my connections in this temporal world,
As this body itself is a bubble among infinite creations!
What to speak of properties, positions and relations?
Deceiving the ego which follows me like a shadow,
Fall into trance merging with You,
Never ever to return to my senses! 020810

Raman Savithiri

656. Downfall!

Even a bud unfurls under the scorching Sun rays
But my mind remains closed even under Your grace!
Whatever I do it never opens the door to silence
And I am unable to cross the noisy thought waves

My Mother is so ruthless! I wait my whole life time
Near the door steps; sometimes yelling out Her name
Sometimes sobbing for Her mercy; tears running down
To drench me; Is She deaf? Where has She gone?

She too never opens the door! My daily prayers
Have changed into mere rituals! And why should I pray?
When eyes see, can a mother hurl her baby to vultures?
She has thrown me unto anger, lust, and hatred to torture!

Let them tear me into pieces to quench their hunger
Let them peck my life and gulp my faith unto Her!
And let Her enjoy the sight of Her own child's vulnerability!
I only wonder 'Is She Mother or devil? ' that will show pity? 250710

Raman Savithiri

657. Possible Impossibilities

For how many days a Tiffin box can contain food?
What is the use of training a parrot to tell 'God'?
When a cat catches, the bird screams and becomes dead!
For how long can I tell myself that anger is not good?
Unless the Sun of wisdom rises to expel anger and hatred
Is there any meaning in my training myself to be good?

How can a monkey sit motionless closing its eyes? !
How can my mind settle ceasing its thought waves?
Isn't it ridiculous to sit in meditation when my mind
Is boiling with anger and hatred, gone lunatic and blind? !
How is that the flame of my little logic will withstand
the storms of all these selfish feelings spring from ego?

Unless the tsunami of Your compassion breaks the castle
Built by ego in which all these demons dance and whistle
How can I take my voyage deep into silence to meet TRUTH?
When I am a captive under ego the terrible cunning brute,
When enmity pervades and spreads poison in my heart
How can I meditate to make a seat there to hold Your feet? 220710

Raman Savithiri

658. Renunciation!

If an intestinal worm is kept
Inside a flower of sweet scent
Will die soon in a jiffy!
If a dust travels towards sun
A tiny ray itself will burn
It into negligible ash!

Thinking if You come near me
I too will die before I see You,
Do You hesitate to appear?
Maa! Don't worry about that!
You! Millions of glowing suns!
Burn me into ashes!
That is my only wish!
No more I can bear this trivial life!

200710

Raman Savithiri

659. Booming Bamboo!

Thousand times the world has beaten
But I have been going to the world only
In search of food, clothing and shelter
Maa! Can't reach your lap
If ointment for birth ailment is in the moon
How would a lame reach in swoon?
How would I get to Your heights?
Unless Your grace descends?

A booming bamboo is going to perish!
My hairs started thriving into grayish!
Death is approaching quickly everyday!
No answer to my tears and to my cry!
No end for the sufferings of this body!
Maa! Maa! Maa! I will go back into soil
By uttering Your name to let go my breath
Only tomb welcomes with stretched hands!
My blind eyes cannot see Your feet!
If I am born again out of this earth
I will cry again! That time at least
Come and stick to my lips! Maa!

200710

Raman Savithiri

660. Daily Prayer

Give me a heart free from hatred and anger
To hold You and to catch Your aroma to linger
Weed out impurities in my heart to grow lilies
To hold Your tender feet to preserve Your bliss

Break myself to hatch Your form
As I vigorously chant Your name
Tear my body; tear my heart; tear my soul
To manifest Yourself by breaking my shell

130710

Raman Savithiri

661. Breaking Waves – Ii

Why do I get pleased with flattery and parched with abuse?
Why am I happy to get and why am I sad if people snatch?

Why among 100 relations 50 go bondage and 50 become enemies?
Why this life net catches my legs stopping my flying into skies?

Why bending and kneeling down or touching some feet?
Why spreading ego hood and speaking words so hot?

Why puffing off self-esteem and breaking the inflammation?
What more relations yet to be met? What more humiliations?

Who are these people? And above all who am I?
When did this drama start? Where does it end?

How did I come to this earth?
How many times should I come?

If I am not here what is this world to me?
I want to break this 'I' the mirror of the universe

How? How? How?
Maa! Tell me now!

120710

Raman Savithiri

662. Breaking Waves.

Daily I offer flowers
At least one day wont you take one blossom
By your petal fingers to soothe my bosom
Heaving daily to see you?

Daily I offer scented water
At least one day won't you take a few drops
To your lips for a sip, to dry my tear drops
Rolling down to see you?

Daily I offer a few fruits
At least one day won't you take a bite
Showing your pearl teeth as a sight
To my eyes waiting to see you?

Daily I offer incense
At least one day wont you smell
And tell me 'o nice' to fell
My heart writhing to see you?

Daily I lit the lamp
At least one day won't you show
Your form in the flame as they say
You reside in the divine light?

Years together I do all these
Won't people laugh at me
Telling 'what a foolish goose! '
If you continue to hide?

Am I worshipping mere picture?
Who will tell me the way
And address to find you?
Maa! Are you not here nearby me?

I know my search will be in vain
If it is done in the universe
I can only call out your names
Tears roll down and heart is in pain

You are said to be ocean of compassion
Then why do you discard my love and passion?
Which language do you understand?
Your indifference I can't withstand!

Like a goat under the custody
Of a butcher finds no other way
I am under the custody of Time
It grows my 'I' to eat one day

I utter your names secretly
Is it not up to your grace
To leave me to butcher
Or to save me from this Maya?

100710

Raman Savithiri

663. Fight For Rights? !

When thoughts are based on the false 'I'
When emotions are based on the false body
When these truths are seen very vividly
Why do you fight for rights? Oh my mind!

When small fish is swallowed by fish bigger
When beloved is also deserted by dearest lover
When these facts are bitter truths on earth cover
Why do you fight for rights? Oh my mind!

When this birth is to let go past karmas
When you come across injustice or betrayal
When you have to unload your bundle
Why do you fight for rights? Oh my mind!

When you know all solutions are at your Salvation
When your home is at the centre of your own heart
Why straying here and there always on thoughts?
Direct yourself to the core! Keep still oh my mind!

07/07/10

Raman Savithiri

664. Let Problems Surround Me As Waves Around A Ship!

As a ship goes on the waves
Depending totally on Your grace,
On problems my life moves
Bestowed solutions from Your hand!

As a peel covers a fruit
And helps its ripening
Universe covers my self
For inner enlightenment!

Whatever happens on the crust
Of the earth to affect my shell
Is to create effects to push
Me inside to reach the core!

Fate may push me this side or that side!
But You guide my journey inside.
And its direction is always one side.
Towards deep centre where You reside! 250610

Raman Savithiri

665. How Do Fear And Faith Exist Together?

If You are at my home
Accepting my petty offerings
Making me worth to fathom
Your grace sheltering from sufferings
Letting my heart to melt
In Your sweet names
To shed tears as Your presence felt
Though You hide Your forms

Why still fear resides in my heart?
Why the insecure feeling is felt?
Why worry about children's safety?
Why worry about husband's longevity?
Why worry about tomorrow?
Why worry about karma's arrow?

Ma! first give me faith
Somehow convey to my monkey mind
That You pervade earth
Moon, stars and space like that of wind
Surrounding me all the time!
Let the faith fill me to the brim!
Removing all my fear- roots! 190610

Raman Savithiri

666. The Deadlock Key

I know not if You are real or unreal
But I am sure that the world is unreal
I know for certain the position I sustain
In this society is mere disguise
I and my possessions are the prison bars
Blocking my union with space holding stars
I try to open the deadlock 'I'
By Your name as the key! 190610

Raman Savithiri

667. Infant In The Arms Of Mother

I tell my troubles unto You and You alone
Eyes shed tears in front of You and You alone
My heart trusts You and You alone
I unload my burdens unto You and You alone

Though You speak not You answer my prayers
Though I am blind I perceive Your presence
When You are sitting at my home
Why should I fear anymore?
When You are always abide near my side
In my heart how any worry would reside?

Like an infant in the arms of mother
I cling to You and I am not bothered
Of attacks of outer flies or inner worms
Your grace will protect me from any storm

120610

Raman Savithiri

668. Blind Wants See His Guide!

230410

Through this world of unreality, real is to be found!
Through this body of bondage, liberation is sought!
Through this life of false I, truth is to be searched!

As a blind left in deep jungle I stumble
In life which is mere a problems bundle
I don't know the track to travel

Problems are only available in my hand!
Your solutions I wait but I don't understand
I walk step by step lead by Your hand!

But as I feel the warmth of Your hand
The desire burns me to see Your face
Wont You show Yourself at least once?

Raman Savithiri

669. Only One Wish Maa! - 120310

You keep all Your secrets with You
Deep seas, cosmic sky, brilliant sun
Whirling galaxies, flashing stars
Cool moon, Milky Way, black holes
Nothing I want know
Disclose only one Truth unto me
Who am I? Tell me! who am I?

Miracles of all nature You keep with You
Atom cut down to its bottom
Fetus journey in dark womb
Afterlife post reaching tomb
The ever whirling time wheel
All I want not to know
Only one Truth You disclose to me
Who am I? Tell me! who am I?

You keep the secrets of unseen worlds
The nether lands, heavens and hells
The world of demons or angels
Kailash or Vaikunda or Brahma loka
Nothing I want to know
Only one Truth You disclose to me
Who am I? Tell me! Who am I?

You keep all things spring
From Your magic stick
I will not ask You
Property or Longevity
Diamonds or sovereignty
Name or fame or things momentary.
All I want is wisdom to understand
Who am I? Insight to know who am I?

Enough of Your dances
To feed always my senses
I am fed up. Feed my inner quests
How long You will continue
Your magic spell upon me?

Remove Your veil. Let me see!
Who am I? Let me know who I am!

Keep all Your hi-fi things with You
I want not to learn Veda or Yoga
I am afraid of stories of Kundalini
Seven chakaras and types Samathi
Don't even talk about them
Reveal to me only one item
Who am I? Devi! Who am I?

Ever if You want to hide
Your form unto this child
Keep it with You by all means
Show it to those who do penance
I know I don't deserve to see!
But...can't You make me
Eligible to see my own True Form?
Who am I? Devi! Who am I? .

Raman Savithiri

Even if a weightless thought
Thought to hit anyone
Is bound to make a bond
To make one more knot
In the karma string,
Won't the mind bind
Me to the cycle of birth?

Yes... yes... mind is a hindrance
If it is fed by ego and ignorance

But mind is a powerful tool
Towards your salvation too!

Feed it daily with divine names
A few minutes daily in beginning
Then both morning and evening
Then all day kindle the longing!

Let the love fire catch Your heart
Then whole day the mind is alert
To hold only Your Lord
Like a girl fallen in Love!

Yes... yes... mind is a hindrance
If it is fed by ego and ignorance

But mind is a powerful tool
Towards your salvation too!

You shall fall and fell people like Hitler or
You can a rise and help pupils like Buddha!

Yes... yes... mind is a hindrance
If it is fed by ego and ignorance

But mind is a powerful tool
Towards your salvation too! ...

671. Come Down From Your World To Mine 100210

Lord Shiva came down to earth
In the form of mother pig
To feed pitiable piglets
When they ran hither and thither
In search their expired mother!

Oh Maa!
In which world do You dwell?
How much ever I yell
It seems nothing reaches Your ear!
This indifference I am unable to bear!

Why am I not able to see You?
What should I fulfill,
To win Your pity?
What sin did I commit?
Why this unending fury?
Why am I not able to sense You,
If You dwell in every nook and crook?

Which sense do I lack?
Which door should I knock?
Won't You convey a message
In a language, which this
Little mad could realize?
Won't You take a form
In front of me, which this
Little fool could recognize?

Oh Maa!
In which world do You dwell?
How much ever I yell
It seems nothing reaches Your ear!
This indifference I am unable to bear! ...

Raman Savithiri

672. Ship And Small Boat

070310

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How am I to cross the ocean of transgression
By this brittle body boat?
Surrounded by karma everywhere
Know not which track to take
Know not which stroke to make
Simply I sail the boat for the sake of sailing
Simply I live the life for the sake of living

As years roll
As age turns me old
I am afraid if I could reach the coast
Before the body boat is worn out!

Millions and millions of boats around me
Deluding my path by their directions
Confusing me by their foolish actions
Drop a veil and block my eyes!

By ignorance they fill their boats
With 'I' and 'mine'
And with heavy metal thoughts
Of slick wealth and relatives delicate
And lo! They sink howling!

I, knowing the cause
Try to unload my boat
Each day fling out 'I' and 'mine'!
As I lighten the boat
The sea winds drag
My boat to a big ship!

That ship is You, My Master!
At last I found You!
I just attach my life
To Your lotus feet
And I keep quiet
No more fret

I only see to that
Further loading not!
I know for sure
You will drag me
To the shore of Liberty!

Raman Savithiri

673. My Enemies Reside Inside – 260210

I agree honestly my love is not absolute
For I know not its taste!
True devotion, then, how will I radiate?

Tears flow as I chant Your thousand names
Not because of true devotion
But out of fear and frustration
Save me Maa, not only from evils external
But also from hidden enemies internal

I am still vulnerable!
I fear disasters natural
Like flood, fire, famine,
Tsunami, tempest and tremors,
I fear demons in form of humans,
Thieves, murderer, robbers,
Rowdies, womanizers and kidnappers
I fear diseases, accidents, treachery and betrayal
I fear even jungle creatures like tiger, bear and jackal
Cunning animals like fox, hyena and monkeys

Above all I fear my own enemies reside inside
Anger, envy, lust, greed, grievance and hatred
And the root cause EGO of all these

The movements of external enemies are seen
But evils of EGO are hidden within deep
Before I sense they hit me and I bleed!

You always spread Your wings of warmth
To protect from all evils outside!
But alas! Where will I shelter myself
To escape the evils that reside inside?
I surrender at Your divine names!
Kindly drag me to the core,
As I chant, cover me under the Power
Of Your name! I take refuge in Your name
Shield from both in and out!
Om Sakthi! Om Sakthi! Om Sakthi!

Raman Savithiri

674. A Long Love Letter To You - 210210

Every second is accountable,
How do I use each to reach You!
The thoughts I roll,
The words I speak,
The actions I commit,
Each jiffy of my life is accountable!

In millions of words
I utter around to affect my surroundings
I must be selective
Not to hurt others
Not to be away from truth!
Helping me and others to reach centre
Soothing sweet words I must scatter!
And the most pleasing language of Silence
Which fails not in meaning I must practice

In millions of sermons
I must be selective
Not to induce my appetite
Of searching wisdom out
But to direct my foolish straying
To the centre from world betraying,
For wisdom comes from within!
Dhakshinamoorthy's feet I surrender
My ego, let him slaughter
By His sermon from deep silence
Where words are in trance

In millions of programs
I must be selective
Not to boil my thoughts
But to settle them to the core
By keeping eyes away from cinema and serials
But to attend with attention Sages and sathsangs,
Which will open my third eye
To see inward to get a glimpse
Of Your sight of million lights
To make me blind not to see

Any more trivial things out!

In millions of food stuff
I must be selective
Not to eat meat stuff
But only veg to reach You
That too to keep my body
Clean and tidy daily
To sit in posture easy
For introspection and meditation!
Fruits with fiber in morning,
Rice and cooked vegetables
Of positive energy at noon,
A handful of nuts at night
For a sound sleep
To wake up very early
To take my inner journey
Before sun peeps below the horizon!

In millions of books
I must be selective
Not to read to divert
But to converge to the centre
Like RK or JK
Or to imbibe Amma or Jaggi
The gospels or little Gita
Or some drops from Bhagavata
Or to shed tear drops
While treading lines from
Divine Tamil devotionals

In millions of mentors
I must be selective
Not to divert my path
But to shorten the distance
Between You and me
Like Patanjali for Yoga
Or like Amma in devotion
Like Ramana in Enquiry
Like Krishna in Karma
Like Rama in Dharma
Like RK in all

Even if I try to be selective
The tsunami of my karma effects
Hits often to shatter my efforts
The depth of ocean of transgression
I know not. And I know not
The posture good, how to sit
How to keep my spine
The degree of chin
The mudra of hands;
I know not how to surrender
How to catch Your feet
In my heart located right
How to watch my breath
The source where it begins
And the end where it blends

With uncertainties pressing every side
My voyage goes on surfing tides
My success is in Your grace
I know not if I am lunatic mime
Neither I know my Self nor I know You!
Daily trials bear fruit or go waste?
I don't have a measuring yard!
Do You want me to live
A life of superstitions
By hiding ever Your face?
Accept my love too
Though false it might be
As 'I' itself is false!
Won't You make my life
Significant by appearing in front
Of my false form to dissolve
My meaningless self into Yours?

Raman Savithiri

675. Urge To Merge! - 180210

The spring of love from heart is blocked
By my being a woman unto men
As a subordinate unto chair-person
As a poor unto rich and merchants
As a rich unto maids and servants
As a friend unto a friend with barriers
As a diplomat unto innocent people
As a householder unto others
In infinite terms and conditions!
Finally by the layers of ego
I am blocked and I am locked!

How many masks? ! How many expressions? !
Mutually I block unto myself the Love of Universe!
What a little space I possess,
When the capacity of heart is endless,
To house the ever expanding space!
To the Universe let me have one face!
Let my heart go deeper than ocean!
Let my heart grow broader than sky!
Let all barriers be broken!
In air, as a burst bubble merges,
Let me merge in Universe!

Raman Savithiri

676. Without Your Pity, How Do I Get Liberty? - 180210

Amidst a blooming garden is a lovely palace.
A bee enjoying honey from flowers,
By mistake entered into a dressing space,
Of the palace and wondered its splendors!

When it was tired, it wanted a sip of honey
Tried from all objects from gold to money
Since there are no blooms inside it tried
A way back to garden; but miserably failed!

Reflecting the way out there stood a mirror
The deprived bee saw it as a way out, by error
Hit it a hundred times but never it understood
It was an image and it knew not where the door stood

The Queen of the palace saw its foolishness
For a moment She was moved by its helplessness
She shooed the bee by her hand towel to its horror!
But led it to the real door from the deceptive mirror!

In which way I am better than the bee?
After millions of trials I handover me to Thee
Am I not foolish to seek liberty in world?
Which is just a reflection of my own mind?

Kindly open the secret door of liberation
Show the path beyond mind to realization
Will it take a jiffy to demolish my foolishness?
You Empress! Lead me to God-headedness!

Raman Savithiri

677. Dont Make Reasons Please! -150210

When You stand as a magnet mountain
How is that I am attached to the world?
Can't You drag and me, in You sustain?
How long will I wait near Your threshold?

Don't say please, iron covered with dust
Will never sense the waves of magnet
Don't say please, soul covered with lust
Will not get Your grace, caught in life net

When You glow as a Sun of dazzling flames
Can't You burn my dirt and make me deserve
When You flow as a holy Ganges with foams
Can't You wash me and a place in You reserve?

Don't say please, iron covered with dust
Will never sense the waves of magnet
Don't say please, soul covered with lust
Will not get Your grace, caught in life net --150210

Raman Savithiri

678. Life Trade In World Market 240110

From a blade of grass to giant business man
'Self' 'self' 'self' is the only cry
From a crawl of a worm to deal of a man
'Gain' 'gain' 'gain' only they try

The entire globe is a market place
Even a smile estimates a future profit
The entire life is 'give and take' trade
Compassion? Love? Where do they fit?

The most sacred love of mothers
Itself is reduced down to dust
What to speak of love of others?
My heart shatters; all feelings burst!

What deal do I have in this market?
What should I buy to fill my basket?
I do have only a broken heart
I do have only few rotten thoughts

Maa, I sit in a corner and watch
My little brain does not catch
The tremendous speed of this world
I don't understand the busy crowd!

Maa, I close my eyes and watch
My little awareness does not catch
The mad run of my own mind
And the thoughts faster than wind!

Neither the external nor the internal
I know in totality; what an ignorance!
Maa! You invoked a question eternal
'Who am I?' kindly tell me, at once

Raman Savithiri

679. Meditation

130110

I sit as a question mark
Nay, I am question mark
You come as answer
Nay, You become answer

Is it mere one way love?
I search You daily like mad
If You don't appear
My heart sinks in despair

I sit with agony and doubt
You come as joy and faith
Nay, I am doubt itself
Come as sword to cut myself!

Raman Savithiri

680. The Secret Door! 110110

Ever expanding endless space,
Light and sound dance,
Mind at uneven bounce,
Freedom to me! It sounds!

But, truly, am I not bound?
In the play of light and sound?
Am I not slave to my own mind?
Under five senses that always bind!

I am kept in mystical prison
In all directions it's kept open
No doors to shut or to lock!
No guards round the clock!

Who kept me like this caged?
In what am I foolishly engaged?
Through the Universe gross
The ocean of karma I cross

I found the secret door
To escape endless cycle
It is in my heart core
The key is Your name sacred!

Though the cosmos is endless
I find all things are useless
Except Your sweet name
By which I lit my form!

jan10

Raman Savithiri

681. The Day Is Not Far Away To Meet You! 311209

When I turn inward to see You
The sights I saw outward blur my vision
When I turn inward to hear You
The sounds I heard spoil my mission

When I sit to sing Your names dear
The food I took from out blocks my tear
When I raise my head to meet Your eyes
The slandering I did lowers my eye lids

When I step forward in my inner journey
The foolish acts of my senses five
And numerous attachments to my false body
Drag me outer ending in daily strife!

If my Love is true I will control my eyes
From seeing TV atrocities, net dirties
If my love is true I will feed my eyes
By seeing Your dance in endless skies

If I love You truly I will close my ears
Not to hear backbite in forthcoming years
If I love You truly I keep open my ear
To hear Your name to keep You near!

If I love You truly I will slander no more
But I will chant Your beauties from heart core
If I love You truly I will watch my tongue
Not to hurt anyone by harsh word sting

If my Love is true I will not kill to eat
I will live on fruits, nuts, rice or wheat
I know for sure, You, whom I wish to meet
Will go away if I take any creature's meat!

I hear temple bell; I sense divine smell!
I see the way! I will reach where You dwell!
Not by my will but by Your gracious pull!
I will unite You when my ego is fell!

Raman Savithiri

682. Defeat Me!

311209

I am thirsty
Give me at least
A sip of TRUTH!

Salt is thirsty
Though water will drink it
It wants to drink water!

I am hungry
Give me at least
A bit of TRUTH!

Petrol is hungry
Though fire will eat it
It longs to eat fire!

I am night
You are light
I long to join You

Won't our union be like
That of sweet dawn?
Claiming death of night!

I fall at Your feet
Devour me or dissolve me!
Me You kindly defeat!

Raman Savithiri

683. A Wild Jasmine

251209

Like a wild jasmine in deep wood
My poems blossom from pensive mood
Like the petals draw out to sun rays
My thoughts turn into patterns by Your grace
No one notices its beauty
No one smells its fragrance
Away from mad human race
Jasmine has its merry dance
Wind alone knows its scent
Sun kisses; in Love a day is spent!
In longing for You my life went!
Next day the petals are scattered down
To make manure for forthcoming jasmine then
After my death, if my rhymes
Ignite a longing in another heart
My life is not mere waste
It's manure for next jasmine!

Raman Savithiri

684. In The Flame Of Your Name

121209

When 'I' itself is big false
What is to me grand universe?
What is to me light years space?
What is to me time wheel's pace?

When 'I' itself is a doll of mud
When I cross the river of death
All will dissolve after I am dead!
What will escort me from earth?

When hunger comes I eat
When lust comes I mate
When anger comes I beat
No sense behind any act!

As a beast in hands of circus man
Body drives me; many births I ran
I look for freedom as I am awoken
Hunger and anger how am to ban?

I understand body is a cage
I understand thoughts are the base
Before I am thrown in old age
I take Your name as my refuge!

I also understand body is a boat
To cross the ocean of samskara
Also mind the source of thoughts
Is again a tool to hold Your nama!

Let the petal fingers converge to bud
To worship You; let the heart bloom
Let the straying thoughts come to stand
Me let the flame of Your name consume!

Raman Savithiri

685. Like In A Householder's Cupboard 281109

In a householder's cupboard
Who spends his life abroad
Lots of dress which may fade away
Take up much space any way

But money and gold
Kept in locker inner most
Which never go old
Occupy only less space

When motherland calls him
He leaves away old costume
Takes with him gold and money
By which he pleases his honey

In my mind basket
I carry thoughts many
But in the core casket
I keep Your name holy

Among emotions earthly
I nurture devotion daily
When I leave my body
Me Your name will accompany!

Raman Savithiri

686. Sandalwood In Desert! 281109

Among cactuses thorny,
Stand stiff in many,
In a ruthless desert wood,
I try to grow sandalwood!

Among infinite thoughts vain
Ripple endlessly in my mind
Where devotion is desert rain
I try to plant Your name divine! .

Raman Savithiri

687. My Deed As A Bloom To Your Feet 271109

He goes into dense forest
Climbs up steep crest
Plucks out a rare flower
Comes down to offer to his lover
To make her happy!

I go into society
I try hard an activity
Not to slander in any room
I offer that act as a bloom
Unto Your lotus feet!

Raman Savithiri

688. If A Bud Blooms...251109

Husband is of age eighteen
Wife is below teen
Shiva like handsome hero
Waits for his beloved to bloom

Still she plays with little girls
Attending mother with chores
Attracted by the colors of earth
She knows not his closer breath

When a bud blooms
Who calls a bee?
When she becomes youth
Won't he come to fuse?

I understand You are my Lord
I see many changes in me
In plays I have no more interest
Nights my eyes don't rest
Earthly relations don't have taste
Heart is pierced by separation
Devotion to You and aversion on earth
Grows more heavily as breasts of youth
Lord don't make my life barren
Come soon to take me to join
Your chest eternally wide
And to keep me at Your side

Raman Savithiri

689. Isha And Osho 251109

Isha and Osho sound like rhyming terms
Indeed so; they both are alike streams
Products of Indian soil
Their words help world out of turmoil!

Giant spiritual trees
Their leaves create soothing breeze
To thousands in search of shade
Treading towards TRUTH that won't fade!

Both admire Ramana the SILENCE incarnate
But volumes of their discourses articulate
Catch any logical mind
To drag them beyond!

Any one can find Patanjali in them
In their works he will come
Giving exact mixture of method yogic
To disinfect any mind of vague logic!

Grand mystical lotuses
Attracting aspirants from all lands
Permeating prosperity and peace
Their radiations never ever cease!

Raman Savithiri

690. In My Heart Cobras Too Live! 241109

One can run away from chasing king cobra
From a leaping leopard could escape a lucky zebra
Where can I run to getaway my anger and hatred?
The deadly creatures reside inside anytime to hit hard!

The rubbed match stick is burnt by its own head
My own ego burns me and my goodness is dead
As a coma person babbles, I utter Your name
Know not if I will be saved to glorify Your fame!

Raman Savithiri

691. How Many Mahatmas To Save Me! 001009

In teens the flame in Vivekananda's eyes in his mere picture
Planted another flame of inner search in my heart to nurture
Divinity little amidst emotions that cause earthly life torture
Making my voyage of exploring inner self a real adventure!

The same flame that I found in Bharathi's eyes and poems
The blaze in Ramana's eyes and the blaze in Amma's smile
The fire in Jaggi's yoga and the fire in Osho's themes ☐
Multiply the flames of my inner search mile after mile!

My karmas are devoured in the flames of the inner search
Divinity throws light on my path as in mining helps a torch
All realized stay with me in some or other form day and night
Which calamity dare to touch me against the Divinity's might?

Raman Savithiri

692. Chisel 'i' To 'you'!

001009

Farmer blocks the holes in channel
Water won't flow into rat's chamber!
Stream goes directly to paddy field
Making paddy grow to a wealthy yield!

Boatman unties the boat from a shore nail
Pulls out the anchor and detaches from tie
On vast ocean now the boat will take a sail
From coastal mad waves to peaceful mid sea

Gardener cuts and throws some branches
Though they have bud and bloom bunches
Leaving the main stem not harmed to shoot up
To a grand tree housing birds of cheer at top

You cut me from kith and kin and make me thin
I have nothing to do; I know finally you alone win
You omniscient know well than what I shall!
Make my life-stream flow straight to Yourself!

Raman Savithiri

693. As The Secrets Of Married Women....201009

The father is able to see the other side of a tall wall
The child is unable to see beyond as it is too small
Unless father lifts the child over his mighty shoulder
The sight behind the wall is a secret to the toddler

The realized could see beyond the cosmic world
I stumble over the objects as my vision is blurred
Unless a realized Master bestows me the third eye
How my blind eyes both will have a holistic view?

The bliss of joining the firm handsome chest
Starting with honey of love from lips and the rest
How an unmarried girl would know the sweet nights
Unless she finds her mate and with him she unites!

All great words of realized, like 'Love' and 'Compassion'
'Total Surrender' of a devotee and faithful 'Devotion'
To me sound like secret codes of married women
I fail to know exact meaning as I still remain a virgin

Raman Savithiri

694. At Your Mercy....191009

Twice a day I sit for yoga.
Once in a day in my mind I trace,
Your thousand powerful names!
These too happen by your grace! !

That is all I could do a day.
You save me or throw me away
I know not any other sanctuary
In this earth which is not stationary

I know not how to sustain a relation!
I know not anyone to lean upon
I fail to understand the colors
Of relations changing as chameleon!

Friends changing into foes
Challenging to fulfill a vow
To prove that they are correct
All of a sudden stand erect!

Sometimes foes changing into friends
Extending hand with timely help
To make life with inevitable errands
Smooth going without making any yelp

Kith and kin too come closer sometime
As accident repel and go farther at times
I know not how to swim in society
I take refuge in Your names verity ☐

I know not the movements of my karma
I know not next moment what will befall
I know not what I should do in my dharma
I prostrate at Your feet by letting me fall

Raman Savithiri

695. Each Time I Come To Earth....151009

In the gap between each of my death and birth
Before I find a womb again in revolving earth
Eternal time drastically changes earth's surface
Each time it shows a unique stunning face!

Might be I was just a stone used in an Yagna
Might be I was just a sand particle in grand India
Might be I was touched by sages in search of Gnana
Might be I was just a bead counted in a holy Japamala

Might be I was there as lowly grass in Ayodhya
Might be I was touched by the holy feet of Rama
Might be I was a tree on the banks of Yamuna
Might be I got drenched in the flute of Krishna

Might be I was a crow lived in a Temple of Tamilnadu
Might be I was a snake adoring Shiva the Lord of beast
Might be I was an untouchable cared by Ramanuja
Might be I was a cow came across Ramana a day at least

Might be centuries back I came to hear Tamil devotional
Might be decades back I came to hear Vivekananda emotional
May be I have come again to drench in Amrita's devotional
May be I still have to come again and again to reach the eternal

Millions of times I would have come here
Millions of times I may have to come here
To let go my karmas and to make me pure
This changing earth is just a lodge in my tour

I do have only one aim in all my countless forms
Reaching the centre is the only concern out of countless norms
Modern face of earth can never sway my aim
What can quench my heart in undying flames?

Raman Savithiri

696. Is That Meditation? 121009

Little girl was asked to buy a matchbox
Bidding bye to mother she left for a shop
While going in wild jungle she lost her way
Inevitably forest became her place of stay

Though she is amused by the beauty of jungle
She knows her mother's lap is the sweetest thing
Though she is scared to pass nights being single
Hope to meet her mother keeps her well-being

She searches the way back by tracing foot-prints
At times she would sit simply chasing her thoughts
Recollecting what for she came into deep woods
And reminding herself to escape the jungle falsehoods!

-

Little soul was given a seed of karma to enter universe
Bidding bye to Consciousness it left for games diverse
Being caught into the mess of time and space
Lost its way by getting entangled in the 'I' maze!

□

Though I am amused by the beauty of cosmic miracles
I know my comfort lies in centre not in eternal circles
Though I am afraid to walk alone my way back
Hope to meet Consciousness pushes away my aches!

Sometimes I find foot-prints of realized to burn my zeal
I simply sit to look deep to escape the time-space wheel
Recollecting what for I came to this spinning earth
And reminding myself to go beyond the cycle of birth!

Is that meditation?

Raman Savithiri

697. Let Me Hold Everybody!

051009

Unless I feel one with all,
How can I love equally all?
When my 'I' stands as wall,
How can I expand and swell?

If a finger bleeds, eyes will cry.
If a wounded fellow beings to cry,
Why does my heart become dry?
Why no tear drops in my eye?

If a finger wears a ring gold
Eyes also glow with proud!
If a neighbour gets more wealth
Why my heart shrinks beneath?

If a rotten finger smells bad
Will I cut and throw as mad?
Won't I try my best to cure?
And make my part once more?

Criminals are also my part
Why do I push them apart?
Why hatred hidden in my heart?
Won't I make them worst?

If a finger pricks my eye
Will I punish it by any way?
If a person makes an ache
Why do I spring to hit back?

Unless I feel all in my being
As how finger is related to body,
How can I wisely behave?
Unless I hold in me everybody!

Raman Savithiri

698. Make Me A Drunkard! 041009

They say, 'be happy and be away from people unhappy'
But how can I pretend to be happy when I am not happy?
I wonder how joy will spring from my heart
When I have not realized truth but in dark?

To be joyful and to give joy, they say
Love is the only means; but to my dismay
I have not tasted true Love in this world
To my eyes all relations are mere trade!

Cinderella's misery was no more as she met
The prince with true love and a heart wet
She jerked away all her relations false
To unite the prince in a private place

I know my dearest beloved! You are within!
I shut all the doors made up of my thick skin
The five senses and the brain store of thoughts
To make my heart a lovely bed for sweet nights!

But! Alas there stands always a third person
Between You and me hindering our union
The ego the source of all my thoughts and births!
The more I try to repel the more adamant it becomes!

Oh prince of my soul! Find a way to drive away
This ever present and resolute ego stands midway
Let my thirsty lips taste Your true eternal Love
Let my heart be filled with pure oceanic Love

Then You send me to this earth or any hell
As I could carry the ocean of Your Love
I will make a heaven, as if by a magic spell,
Since I would be a drunkard of Your Love!

Raman Savithiri

699. It Hurts Me A Lot....240909

Jack and Jill went up to school
When teacher asks questions
Jack listens and answers well
Jill shrinks into inferiority cell

Lack of knowledge causes pain
As a plant withers without rain
Child too droops down within
If it can't understand something

A sensitive teacher would find
The difficulty piercing kid's mind
Extra troubles she would undergo
Ignorance the child would let go

I too know not many things
Ignorance ties down my wings
Who would help me in life?
How would I come out this strife?

The cause of universe I know not
The cause of my life I know not
The karma cycle I don't understand
This unawareness I can't withstand

Why am I in this monstrous society?
Looking at Brahmins get inferiority
Looking at Sutras get superiority
Why am I a tiny in cosmic variety?

Beyond five senses I know not
Limit of blue sky I know not
Is there any one who knows all?
Who can break my prison small?

Finding for me, it is utter waste
To explore the universe vast
If I turn my search inside
There stands ego blocking my ride!

Still I know not my mind's depth
Time cuts down life's length
It hurts me a lot to realize
I know not even 'I' very close!

Raman Savithiri

700. As A Newly Wedded Bride... 230909

People wonder what I do at home
They call me a mad of bad doom!
They try to take me out
To parties of yells and shouts

But as a newly wedded bride
I always want to sit at Your side
To drink the nectar of Your love
Alone at privacy just earth above

When I am alone only You come
Your Love is beyond any one's fathom
I find no way to tell them my madness
In crowd new bride hides her sadness!

New bride serves her in-laws
But her heart is fixed in spouse
She mingles with all at new place
Since they all are husband's links

In this earthly life, I too mingle
Since You are there in each particle
Meanwhile solitude to be in Your eye
I long to merge in You skinning my 'I'

Raman Savithiri

770. Thought(S) 210909

Thought
A thought
A single thought
Just a single thought
Just even a single thought
Is enough to toss
From the center of soothe
Into ocean of samskara!

Then what to say about
Ocean of thoughts? !

I am about to drink the nectar of peace
Reaching the center ready to give ease

But alas!
In a hair split of time
Thoughts arise to spoil all effort
As it happened to a calf
Reaching its mother's udder
Was dragged and devoured by wolves!

Chased by thought waves
I take refuge in Your name
If I let loose my awareness
I drown into my own mind!

Raman Savithiri

771. In Search Of You (Ii) 210909

Know not who I am
Know not who You are
Daily 'I' come to 'You'
Pleading Your grace
Seeking Your defense

I can literally understand
When I know mySelf
When You reveal YourSelf
I won't be there to see You
As it is the same with
A salt doll searching
Sanctuary in Ocean!

Raman Savithiri

772. In Search Of You! 140909

From the day I was born
In a search I have been

□

I searched You in mother's bosom
As she took to her lap like a blossom
In toys and plays when I grew
And in nature green, in sky blue!

I searched You in butterfly's flutter
In summer rains, lightening and thunder
And in endless horizon expanding ever
And in falls, thrilling myself under shower

I searched You in flowers bright
In twilight walk and in moon lit night
In sweetheart's hand and in his might
Below blinking stars near mountains height

I searched You in extending heart to poor
Taking others' pains that are within my power
And also in being selfish to quench senses five
Under the tyranny of ego within eternally alive!

I searched You in making money
In mating, in begetting progeny
In expanding I into grand-children too
In endless trials to get glimpse of You!

I searched You in accumulating abundant wealth
In gathering knowledge universe beneath
In orators tongue and in feelings of poets
In discussions, debates and in arguments

I searched You in conquering others by words
To puff 'I', in getting applause from the world
To be in society's mind, in finding social status
In the sympathy of Goddess Laxmi on red lotus

I searched You in sublime arts - music and dance

In paintings those which will take me to trance
In teaching facts to little students full of bliss
In writing poems pleading Goddess Vaani's grace

I searched You in exploring lovely landscapes
In traveling alone bestowed with narrow escapes
From dangers of society and technical accidents
In the protection of Devi Durga's invisible trident!

I searched You in waves of surging seas
In rivers' currents and in Himalayan peaks
In sand beds of desert and in Manasarovar Lake
In my vista to gulp endless universe as an intake!

I searched You in Temples in grand India
In devotional songs of countless devotees
In the faces of great sages emerging from India
In the presence of living Gurus full of parities!

As I now realize the search should go inward
I search You turning my journey inward
Ego stands on the way with forms awkward
Mind by habit drags me always outward

As I now realize You are buried alive
Under my thick mind with ego's drive
I try to release You by digging thoughts
I attempt to untie, tough self-image knots

I know not if I am making the situation worst
Helpless to redeem You from my own crust
The longing to meet You now make me burst
Into tears that flow down to drench my chest

The trials I make daily bear fruit or not?
Yoga to unite with You will help or not?
Painful tears will change into blissful or not?
Tearing my ego is within Your power or not?

I search You now within intervals of breath
Take even my breath but make this life worth
By showing Your graceful face at least once

Dissolve me into You to die in eternal silence

Oh! Eternal TRUTH! Unveil Yourself unto me
Oh! Endless BLISS! Stay undyingly with me
Oh! Lasting LOVE be compassionate unto me
To let go my karmas merging me into YOU!

- 140909

Raman Savithiri

773. The Best Help To The World. 160909

Oh self! dig your mind
Light years deep to find
The roots of rage and greed
Where from lust too breed

Dive deep oceanic thoughts
To reach the dark bottoms
Merging diversions to one
As in black colours are none

When you yourself are slave
To your mind and senses five
What good could you thrive
To the world in endless strife?

When you are chased by hunger
And suffering from your own anger
Won't it be sheer ridiculous
To talk about world peace?

Keeping your home untidy
Do you try to make street tidy?
When you are not yet awake
How to arouse world? ! You fake!

As a blind trying to guide
Travelers in a busy road side
You limited fragment physical
Try to solve problems eternal!

To the world the best service
Could be to have one's
Own mind crystal clear
Free from rage and desire

Thus try hard to cleanse!
Sing with tears divine songs.
Or sit motionless to watch
Mind to let purity hatch

Let the ego spikes fall
To make you a smooth ball
So that when you roll
Your hits make hurts nil

This is the best help to world
Practice this wisdom age old
Other services have no roots
They are just like clay boats!

160909

Morning I started this poem(?) after my meditation(?) . Due to guests I could not continue after 8 lines.

Evening I met my old friend who still talks vigorously about the evils of caste system especially domination of Brahmins and corrupted politics of India.

Fortunately my mind is far away from these things striving daily to purify myself. I am able to see the beauty of caste system especially the great Brahmins from whom I have been getting timely helps since my very birth. (I was named after a Brahmin lady who helped my mother during my birth and she was who gave me 'seanai' – touching the tongue of a newborn by finger with honey.)

And to talk about India!One should go beyond logics. When I think of my nationI become speechless. Who can fully understand India's glory? And why to be blinded by social problems of India? To see its beauty one should go beyond these things.

Raman Savithiri

774. As A Man Thinks!

Though I am unable to see Your face,
Though I am unable to hear Your voice,
You always take care of me;
As a mother unto womb baby!

Though there are evils in the world,
Though I am vulnerable, not bold,
Your powerful auras surround me;
Attracting good people around me!

Though I use to feel weak and meek,
Though I waste time in material-seek,
Your hidden hand brings me strength
And feeling worth living this life-length!

Though anger, revenge and jealousy ripple,
Though selfish thoughts I can not repel,
Your name dwells deep in my heart,
Dragging gentle people near is Your art!

Oh mind! at least once think His name!
Oh Tongue! at least once sing His fame!
He will make a heaven on this very earth.
What else is worth to do in this birth? 09/08/09

This happened during the Kailash-Manasoravar Yatra. On the first day stay at Kathmandu we went to Pasupathinath temple. It was Saturday. Too much crowd. So we could not go near the inner sanctorum. After return from Kailash we stayed again in Katmandu. About 18 members of our group wanted to take Everest-Flight trip. Though I had a strong desire to take that flight the desire to see again Pasupathinath was more. So I decided to go to the temple. Nobody from my group to accompany me.

Early morning before dawn I started from Hotel Shankar. I asked a lady the direction to the temple. I wanted to go by walk. Since early morning I felt taking a taxi is not that safe. Being a lady I had my own told to wait in the near by bus-stop and to catch a bus. I thought it was also ok. I waited.

About 20/30 minutes passed. No sign of bus. I got frustrated. Then an aged man came to the stop chanting loudly 'Om nama Shivaya!' He talked freely with other few people at the stop greeting 'Om nama Shivaya!' I asked him if I could get bus to Pasupathinath temple. Though he could not understand English and I could not understand Hindi we spoke! He told me, 'come I am going there only by walk'. I followed him with much trust on him.

Two other gents also joined with him. They were also of his age.

While we passed through main roads I could remember my way. But after half an hour the path became narrow and much complicated. He took me through the ups and downs of Nepal hilly lanes. I was sweating. I started doubting if he was taking me to temple or somewhere else. I asked, 'When will we reach the temple?' He must have read my mind.

He gave a comforting smile and told, 'in 10 min we will reach.'

When I was exhausted in next 15 minutes to my relief the temple bell rang. Finally we reached the temple after about 45/50 minutes brisk walking. I thought hereafter I could make my way. But that Nepali did not leave me. His friends went on their own way.

He accompanied me to the temple and took me to the chapel-stand asked me to leave my footwear. He took the token. He entered the temple asking me to follow and offered prayers with Nepali methods at each sanctorum. Sometimes he paid money too. I wanted to go alone in the temple. My aim was to sit silently and do meditation in that thousands of year old temple. He didn't leave me. He took me straight to the entrance of inner sanctorum first and then a circumspection around Lord Pasupathinath.

I thought he must be of some priest caste aiming big amount of money from me for doing all rituals for me. I took hundred rupees and gave him telling, 'enough of guiding. I want to sit alone!'. He refused to take the money. I wondered how much more he wanted. When we came near the 'Bhajan mandapa' a glance at Shiva's picture deeply moved me. I was about to cry. But this man did not leave me anywhere to keep open my Bhakthi.

After finishing the circumspection I sat in a place and closed my eyes. That man also sat and waited.

It was a nice experience to sit in place full of Bhakthi vibrations. I could hear devotional songs one side with deep feelings. Another side the mantras in inner sanctorum. Noise of devotees in the temple from all sides. Bell sound. Aroma

invoking the feeling that Lord Shiva is right there. Oil lamps and other good fragrances took me to some other world.

I sat letting my mind to depths to mingle with divine names. For about half an hour. The man told 'enough. Come we will go'. I got up slowly and followed him. He showed me another near by 'Ma Bhuvaneshwari temple' and again did few rituals for me.

I wanted to return back to hotel. After drinking the nectar of Lord's Divine name I was not interested in anything else.

He showed me a taxi stand. I asked him to come with me so that at leaste I can help him back in reaching his place easily. He joined me in the taxi trip too. Now again in a thankful mind I tried to give him money. But again he refused, telling me, 'I don't need money, I am a rich man owing 4 buildings in Kathmandu'. I asked him if he was a Brahmin. He said he was a Kshathriya.

He left me near Hotel Shankar. The impression created by this good man was deeper than impressions of Manasoravor Bank and Kailash foot meditations.

In this kali-yuga people like him are real miracles to me. Whenever I had taken travels alone from my young age God comes with me in the form of such good people except one or two minor hurting incidents. Compared to the few hurting people, the soothing people who touched my heart-core are many.

Raman Savithiri

775. Insult 180609

Expectations-balloon is pricked
Image-mirror is shattered
Pride-face fades away
Faith-heart shrinks to the core
At that weird moment
Just watch deeply inside
Self gets up from long slumber
After all one layer of ego is peeled out! 180609

Raman Savithiri

776. Line Blocking Love! 160609

(As I live in desert, my heart will melt when I see countless plants are burnt up in this hot summer. When I see workers toiling under sun fully covered suffocating at 50 degree Celsius temperature I really do not know what to do for them. When I return from school I smile at workers whom I come across, to soothe them. That alone I could do. If they are females I don't have any uneasiness in smiling. But if they are males, I should draw a line....I don't want that subtle line too which blocks my love towards them.)

Bestow taintless heart connected to oceanic love.
As I walk love-spring should gush at all my footsteps,
Drenching the roots of desert plants to bloom above!
As I see love-breeze should swing with new dew drops!

As I spill my smiles upon workers under hot sun,
Their aching hearts should be soaked in Atlantic ice!
Their breathing air should be filled with merry fun,
As I scatter few kind words through my lips or eyes!

But remove the danger of identifying with body.
Let me not waste my looks on handsome men!
Like great saint Suka should I cross the body,
Let me not taste temporal love of egotistic gent! 160609

Raman Savithiri

777. Snake And Ladder

It took many life times to make out that
Freedom is inside and I am outside shut!
Being a medley of thoughts, aside I sit
And search a way to reach within, but...

My own senses hinder the way
My own mind does not obey
Could not withstand their play
I search someone to stand by!

Omnipresent or Master a disguised form of God
May help my soul shoot from mind-pod
But unwavering faith is what they demand
From a true heart which I am deprived! ☐

Through body with five senses and mind
Must I realize that they are themselves void!
Being caught in the beautiful universe
Must I transcend all dimensions diverse!

As a butcher feeds a goat just for his meat
World feeds me just for life-cycle feast!
Will I too die like a pathetic worm
Without realizing what is my true form?

In this snake-ladder game of karmas
If I ascend a few steps there comes
A downfall right to the beginning step!
Could I ever reach goal at the top? 010609

Raman Savithiri

778. Under The Tyranny Of 'I'!

Want to collect my straying thoughts
To make a string of word knots
To let go emotions that of heart's

Whether it is a social service
Or it is deadly deed of malice
There stands 'I' with iron seize!

Even in a room tightly closed
Even in meditative posture isolated
There comes inside 'I' fully armed

Decades together the battle goes
Even in exhausted body's snooze
In dreams creepy forms of 'I' gaze!

I eat and drink to fulfill 'I'
I mate and breed to fulfill 'I'
I hate 'I' only to strengthen its tie!

Is there a way out?
Helplessly often I shout!
Tears only stream out! 300509

Raman Savithiri

779. Wake Up Truth!

Take my body
Take my mind
Take even my spirit
But...
Wake up TRUTH!
Make me worth!

As TRUTH sleeps
My soul weeps
In clutches of mind
Under senses that bind!

Therefore
Take my body
Take my mind
Take even my spirit
But...
Wake up TRUTH!
Make me worth!

My spirit clings
To life which flings
Me in earth hither and thither
As TRUTH snoozes ever!

Therefore
Take my body
Take my mind
Take even my spirit
But...
Wake up TRUTH!
Make me worth!

270409

Raman Savithiri

780. Work 060409

As far as I can not melt myself in Meditation,
I surrender to work at hand with attention!

As long as the ceaseless dance of ego goes on,
From His hand to my hand let works flow on!

The mistakes in work show lack of concentration,
Thus my refusal to surrender totally to occupation!

If I were asked to repeat, I learn I should not regret,
Rather with recovered passion give a good start!

Though it looks the work comes from boss,
I realize it is always from Divine Providence!

Though it looks too trivial like cleaning lavatory,
I realize it is no less to executing royal authority!

As a tree is measured by its produce,
I will be by my work's completeness!

Expecting and demanding money for any work,
Is like giving a gift to Him with price label stuck!

When I complete it to my full contentment,
I just enjoy the beauty of accomplishment!

As an artist takes pleasure in his completed art,
I once, twice, thrice ... many a time look at it!

Then I feel that it is ready to be offered to Him,
To same Providence where from it came to me!

Unwisely I ask God to show his Divine form,
When He kindly presents Himself in work form!

I searched Him away from work, foolishly running,
In Temples and in the intervals of my breathing!

But He has been with me in some work form
With physical eyes how can I see Him?

He demands me totally, in work, to lose
If I indeed need to perceive His presence! 060409

Raman Savithiri

781. Good Books – Entrance To Trance!

Comics full of graphic pages
Would drag to different ages,
Of wonderful worlds wild,
When I was mere a child!

I started Mahabharata after twelve,
Even at forty I'm unable to delve!
Its enormity and depth of wisdom,
Is understood by anyone seldom!

The heart touching love story
For epochs sustaining its glory
The Ramayana came to me too
Giving every time a valve new!

Thirukural by-hearted in school
Now helping me to swim life-pool
As a mentor always ready
Sitting in book-shelf steady

Kalki's novels kept me awake
Lively characters that would make
Cherishing memories of teenage
Reading constantly page by page!

When endless query like
'Who am I?' sometimes strike
Bhagavad-Gita will rescue
Helping mind to renew!

Vivekananda's volumes fell in my hand
Comics and novels could not withstand!
Trivial books bid good-bye silently
Like autumn leaves dropping out softly

Through Naren's wise window
I could see RK the mystic rainbow
Perfect mixer of all religions
Stirring the hearts of millions!

Western books too influenced a lot
As potters spin clay into pretty pot
Epictetus, Emerson, Thoreau, Allen
Helped to reform my heart broken!

From middle-east came Gibran
Only one line struck my life-span
'Work is Love made visible'
To fortify me who was once feeble!

Realizing, most of authors of West
Draw their insight simply from East,
Now I stick just to Indian Books
They are enough for all outlooks!

Do you really want to checkup
Your heart's receptive setup?
Do read Tamil devotional.
Must you get tears emotional!

Thiruvaachagam cleansing the soul
Hundred times more powerful than
Tagore's Gitanjali, would accompany
My life-voyage giving me company!

If you fall upon Ramana's words once,
To which other book would you bounce?
If you come upon Amma like living sage
Won't all books get down from stage?

Meditation will lead to inner silence
Books will take to entrance of trance
For, nevertheless, the books by saints
Are their meditations, cleaning stains! 030409

Raman Savithiri

782. A Hair In My Porridge! 160309

Is it my carelessness?
Or is it my unluckiness?
Each day when I wish,
To give you my ugly dish,
With a porridge meager,
Mixing love and eager,
Somehow a hair falls in it!
You neglect my ugly kit,
Giving priority to plates silver,
From hands that not quiver,
Holding pongal that entices,
With aroma of ghee untainted!

Is it my unawareness?
Or is it my unworthiness?
Each day when I chant,
Your thousand names great,
In my mind untidy,
Bubble up thoughts worldly!
You neglect my offering repulsive,
Giving priority to minds sportive,
But unwavering aim to win,
Your love eternally divine! 160309

Raman Savithiri

783. Global Warming (Ii) 140309

When I brood more over the external problems of present world I see, I unnecessarily waste my time in things that are not in my hand. When Almighty's compassion is there to protect the world since era after era, why this trivial queries? The only useful query is self-enquiry.

Global Warming (II) 140309

Do I fear Global warming?
Or Do I fear my passing?
Do I worry for my children's end?
Or do I worry for my extensions end?

When the ego veils my eyes,
In forming some or other type,
When I am not free from ego,
My sympathetic wit is zero!

Let the eternal Parents Uma and Shiva,
Break their heads to protect all Jiva!
Or let them dissolve them including me,
Liberating from earth to their lotus feet!

Why should I bother about things,
Beyond the reach of my tiny wings?
Rather let me engage my little self,
In hide-and-seek game of ego-and-Self!

A child going after a candy pursuit,
Will ever engage in a street dispute?
When my only job is to go within,
Why should I look at outer demon? 140309

Raman Savithiri

784. My Torments In Fragments! 060309

Even a beggar won't stagger near
A home where from comes no alms.
I – the most unashamed one
Knock Your door daily,
For people to mock at me,
In spite of Your not inviting me,
Even after Your pretends
To neglect my torments!

I linger at Your door,
No other way to this poor!
But my hungry senses get angry;
To satisfy them I move away.
Mother Maya is always ready,
With feast to my senses not steady

Some say I must open
And cross gates seven,
From muladhara to sahasrara,
Each chakraa like a flora,
To see You face to face!
But still I wait at first gate! !
When will I touch Your feet?
Why are You far away to reach?

Some say You are very close.
Closer than one's own heart!
But to see You face to face
One ought to have child's heart!
Tell me where will I get it?

Some say You are with form
Most beautiful enticing form!
But to see You face to face
Inner eye-sight needs light!
Will I ever see You in this life?

Some say You are without form.
Can I sense Your formless form?

For I being a form of mind.
How will I ever go beyond?

All Self-realized souls
Were born with goals
To realize Self primary
To awaken others secondary
Any God-head man or woman
Were born with fabulous wisdom
Buddha or Ramana or RK
Thirtha Rama or Jaggi or JK

.....

Endless avatars of India
All were born with hidden
Insight just to hatch out!

But I am the most ignorant fellow,
Don't know any way to follow!
Will I die like a worthless worm,
Without seeing Your endless form,
Even after having got Your sweet name,
In my lips, in my blood and in my heart? 060309

Raman Savithiri

785. Global Warming – (I) 280209

When I came to know by this century world population will reduce in the ratio of 7 billion to 1 billion due to global warming I became totally upset since the forthcoming world will be a battle field for basic resources to our children. How our kids will survive?

785. Global Warming – (I) 280209

On what basis should I continue to live?
What do I have for the world to give?
Should I become a victim of global warming?
Or witness others trapped in before warning?

Having crossed half of my life
Being a cause of world's strife
Indirectly cutting many trees
So far I have not raised any tree

Saints say "in happiness, you be rich"!
Should I tuck my head like an ostrich?
Not seeing the evil side of humanity,
Continue to search pleasures in vanity?

Have not found yet reason for my birth;
But by giving births to children many,
I increased the burden of mother earth.
Is there a way for the survival of kids any?

Being chased by technology and science,
Seeing the terrible effects like global warming,
Maa, I surrender unto your lotus feet at once;
How world peace and bliss be my aiming? 280209

Raman Savithiri

786. Which Is Real? Inner Or Outer? 260209

Thousands of eyes won't be enough to enjoy
Countless colours displayed in Nature's joy
Thousands of ears won't be enough to listen
Countless songs composed in Nature's whistle

Five senses along with mind are too less
To drink the nectar splashed in Her dance
Endless births taken to taste Her, gone waste
Without even touching the wear of Her waist

Enough of this trial! Find what is real!
Shut your senses! Let go your fences!
Take the right route! Make out mind root!
Though the path is dark, thou will see dawn!

Go to Himalayan peaks or Niagara Falls
Peace and joy there you sense are false,
For real bliss won't fade away in moments.
That lies deep within, not in Her fragments!

Grab books CDs and net to dump your brain
All will go vain as a desert gets heavy rain
Unless you blend inner quest and wisdom thirst!
All are secondary but Self search should go first! 260208

Raman Savithiri

787. Negotiating My Dream....With Amma 210209

Let my Self-quest lead to self-burst
Then to the world void of all thirst
Transform earthy Jeeva into worthy being
Rejuvenate third eye for an inward seeing

Shutting me inside this tiny fragile body
Oh! Compassionate Ma! Why do you deny
The thrilling bliss to be one with you?
How will I sense the full cosmos through?

Let me be one with Sun; and one with moon
Let me become ocean deep and vast soon
Free from my mind let me dance with wind
Let me find a place to stick to your heart kind!

Make me a tiny proton to run within little atom
Take me to shiny stars to spin in galaxy bottom
Running or spinning let my aim be winning
An elfin corner in your empathetic heart shining

Whether tinier than the tiniest particle indivisible
Or greater than the greatest cosmos inexplicable
Bestow me to feel the unison with one and all
Destroy the wall of 'I' to be with big and small

Ease or disease let me sense you in pleasure and pain
Life or death be with me as you are my only gain
Without union with you where is freedom from fears?
Come! dissolve me into you before my eyes dry out tears! 220209

Raman Savithiri

788. Friend? ! Mirror Of My Ego! 190209

I come across some friends(?) who always expect me to give, but not ready to give. Also they are quite ungrateful. It hurts. But I question myself 'who is getting hurt and why? '

--~---~-----~-----~-----~---

788. Friend? ! Mirror of my ego! 190209

Friend? !

Let your rude words prick my heart mad;
Let your unthankful act make me very sad;
After all you are mirror of my ego bad!

Friend? !

Asking is your right; giving is mine
Counting my gifts secretly in mind
I may refuse too, reflecting ego behind!

Friend? !

Let your stingy hands give me nothing
Why should I expect in return anything?
Even 'thanks' will add to ego something!

Friend? !

Be shrewd; be clever; be cunning;
Each blow you give that is stunning
Will beat my ego to let Self winning! 190209

Raman Savithiri

791. Call Within

- 010109

791. Call within

- 010109

As I am blinded by the sight of the world
I search for the source of light within to unfold
As I am deafened by the noise of the world
I search for the song of silence within to unfold

As I am a prisoner in the eternal time and space
I search for the freedom within beyond mind maze
As the 'I' itself is the biggest untruth that I've seen
I search for the truth within by shattering what I've been

When I am tired of finding the joy real and lasting
I hear a call within so sweet and boosting
That call deep in me urges to be private
As a lover's call to his sweetheart to mate

The call commands me to strip off 'I' cover
To help me find Self which I long to discover
But to take off costumes, as a new bride refuses
Tightly I catch hold of my 'I' and 'mine' dresses

Husband patiently tries and wins the bride
She surrenders merging in him with no pride
Hope is there that the call within me will win
One day or the other, self and Self will join! 010109

Raman Savithiri

792. Mother 291208

(Living in Kuwait a parched land in middle-east desert, just for money sake, where people float around, where I could hardly find any relations with true love, if I want to taste pure love I contact my mother living in India. Her voice itself is enough to bring bliss into my heart.)

***** _*****_*****_*****_*****_*****_*****_

She is the only
Window of my dark selfish room
Without which I can never assume
The sky of unconditional affection!

She is the only
Candle that melts and burns ever
Till her life on earth gets over
To alter my gloomy days brighter!

She is the only one
Having broader heart to pardon
My thousands of blunders done
But to cherish my value even one!

She is the only one
Having a mind that won't calculate
Things from her hands immaculate
Surpassing even my life-mate!

She is the only one
Who wishes always my prosperity
Who can never bear my scarcity
Spending her days in austerity!

She is the only one
Who Blooms in my bliss
Withers away in my distress
Waving petal hands to bless!

She is the only
Window of my dark stinky cell

Through which breeze with smell
Of pure love flows to distil! ८१1208

Raman Savithiri

793. Tug Of War 211208

As earth turns towards the Sun
The ups and downs are well seen
When night falls with null Moon
Dark hides the true sight soon.

As mind awakens to sensible logic
The do-s and don't-s appear realistic
When desire rises with heart's panic
Ignorance overrides brains as magic!

The Self patiently pulls me inside
The self hastily pushes me outside
As Earth is bound to day and night
I am tossed amid self and Self might! 211208

Raman Savithiri

794. Cheerful Meltdown – Song Of Love 181208

All of a sudden
Life becomes more meaningful
Nature's display is more beautiful
Birds' tweets are sweeter
Heart's beat is rhythmic
I become but a psychic
As Love which upholds
The world floods out!

Bliss of blossoms
Dance of waves
Stare of stars
Moon so cool
Rain in plains
Snow fall over hills
All are words of Love

Glow of sun
Blow of breeze
Flow of river
Fluttering butterfly
Glittering dew drops
All are but sign
Of Love divine

No worry touches as
The soul soars high as
An eagle carried in the storm
Above earth and its bedlam
Infinity holds my little soul
The space reducing me
Into negligible creature
And ardor of the moment
is Love leading eternity! 181208

Raman Savithiri

795. Relations Wobbly And Rootless 'i' - 171208

While swimming
Amidst seething sea
Of selfish karmas
Seeking for coast
To rest my aching legs
I found a tiny land!

With a heavy relief
I docked my feet.
But alas!
It slipped and sank
Into selfishness!

Hurriedly I took
Refuge in another rock
The same thing went on!
Thus walking on
Moving stones
My voyage goes!

When the search
For something stable
Turns inside me
My own 'I' derides
Being a chameleon itself
With numerous shades!

Where is the root of 'I'?
Am I this body
With thick emotional skin
Covering my foul feelings?
Am I this mind
With whirling thoughts
Centered at illusion?

171208

Raman Savithiri

(Sometimes I have come across few Indian Christians who love western nations more than loving India. Some non-Hindu Indians mocking at Indian idol-worship, the great heroes Krishna and Rama; Laughing at chastity of Mata Sita and heroine Panjali. Some Indian Muslims will rejoice when Pakistan wins in India-Pakistan match! This really hurts me and will hurt my Mother India also)

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Is India identified

By its boundaries in geography?

Or by its enduring biography?

Or by its cricket and cine heroes?

Or by its technically skilled fellows?

India's spirit lies

In art, literature and culture,

In Self enquiry path venture,

In eternal epics depicting

Rama and Krishna long-lasting

India's strength lies

In lofty Himalayan sages

Starting with mediating Siva

In purity of Holy Ganges

Gushing with chanting Veda

India's feminism lies

In reverence to mothers;

In pure devotional tears,

Flowed into divine songs,

From many devotee gangs.

India's courage lies

In Dadichi's giving backbone

As Indra needed a weapon;

In Meera's flinging herself

As a fuel in the fire of devotion

India's Wisdom lies

In its timeless tales,

In drama, dance and songs
Flourished to full extent
With Spirituality as target!

India's Pride lies
In her tolerance and fortitude
To rise conquerors' religions too,
In her lap of sacred varieties hue
Though she is orthodox too.

Her Language lies
In boldness of Sanskrit
With science and subtle skills
In sweetness of Tamil
With tender feelings and good wills

How an Indian
Will truly love India
If he ridicules Her Veda?
If he mocks at Her custom?
If he neglects Her wisdom?

How an Indian
Be a true Indian
If he loves other pilgrimage
More than loving his holy land?
If he likes other tradition
More than liking Indian convention? 141208

Raman Savithiri

797. As An Infant Cries, I Cry, I Cry And I Cry.

021208

How will I tell my sorrow?
To whom will I tell my sorrow?

Heart breaks, body shudders
Throat blocks, tear pours.
I find no words.
Heaving chest drenches,
In stream of tears.

I find no way,
To break this cage.
Am I an eternal jailbird?
Knotted in a cage made by myself!

Unable to loosen the clutch of ignorance,
Unable to find the root of 'I' the ego,
I pretend to be wise,
By walking among the sheep,
As another sheep.

Know not where to go,
Know not what to do,
Pursuing external knowledge,
When the heart is dark,
With thick clouds of feelings.

From the brain a storm
Blows with thoughts,
To fan the burning ego.
The ever burning flames
Of Sun may die one day.
Will the ego die some day?

Where does the world go?
Where do I go?
What is the intention
Behind the monstrous universe?

What am I?
What is world to me?
Pushing away these
Problems of crisis
I pretend to be very busy
In making money and making love

At times the honest heart
Mocks at my hypocrisy
Knocks me from inside
To wake me up

Unable to bear the hits
Unable to tear the skin
I cry I cry and I cry
As an infant cries
To express its twinge! 021208

Raman Savithiri

798. Like A Tamarind Fruit

-Nov '08

The ripe tamarind fruit
Touches not the shell
Yet protected by the same shell
Hangs aloof having seed inside.

Make me detached from
Relatives and daily routines
Stand aloof brooding
Over inner Self!

-Nov '08

Raman Savithiri

799. Muddy Bath 081108

A gentle little elephant,
Went to a dirty pond,
And had many nice douses,
To rinse dirt and louses.
Splashed the muddy water
all over its kiddy body!
But, multiplied its difficulty,
By getting dirtier stupidly! !

To get rid of karmas
A little soul came
To spinning globe
But...alas!
Karmas multiply day by day!

Mother...
Is it ever possible
To get out of karma cycle,
Unless Your grace settle? 081108

Raman Savithiri

Chacha Nehru's Birth Day
Achcha... It is Children's Day!
November fourteenth! Remember all of you!
It is Children's Day – a Cherished Day

Today....
Kids' minds fly as birds in wind
Kids all display as buds in band
Their sunny smiles comfort
Teachers' sweat and effort

Do teachers teach lessons' meaning?
Or kids teach the way of teaching?
Children and teachers portrait - that
They are in each other's pocket!

Today...
Hum and sing songs of delight
Bop and hop without fright
Take a vow to make a better world
By good thought word and deed!

Chacha Nehru's Birth Day
Achcha... It is Children's Day!
Bachcha...Bachchi all enjoy
Such a nice day today! 021108

Raman Savithiri

904. Avataar Aanandamayi - 06 - Granny's Call 281008

Sudha's Grandma sent word
To Dhamayanthi to send
Little Sudha to attend
Chores at her end.

Granny's home was
Six kilometers away.
Sudha would go by
Boat, feeding her eye
With blissful blue sky.

Her mind would dance
With waves' merry glance.
She would enter a trance
Singing devotional songs

One fine day when
Sudha asked for boat fare
Dhamayanthi showed no care.
But asked 'Who you are?
A college student to ask for
Boat fare! ...walk hereafter.'

Sudha was not upset!
She thought mother might be right.
She never felt bore,
While walking by shore,
Singing from heart core
To attend Granny's chore.

As she walks all alone
Noticed by no one,
She would call out,
'Krishna! Abandon me not!
Come running to lift
Me from this dirt
Of pleasures and transgressions.'

She would writhe as fish
Out of water and wish
To join Krishna as inundation
River gushing towards ocean!

Unable to bear the separation
From her beloved shepherd-
Krishna, she would fall flat
On shore abiding waves' beat!
Mother Ocean would sprinkle,
By her wave hands wrinkle,
Salty water on Sudha's face,
To bring her to normal pace!

Thus Sudha would reach,
Granny's home through beach,
After having a divine drench,
To do backbreaking tasks. 281008

Raman Savithiri

905. Avataar Aanandamayi - 05 - Continuing Ordeals 210708

Sudha would sneak milk
Or home products of milk
Like Krishna wearing silk
With empathetic heart bulk.

She would give others,
Her mind never bothers,
The pains she would get,
By the effects of her act!

Though Dhamayanthi would thrash
Little Sudhamani by beats harsh
She never let know
To whom she stole

This weakness was misused
By her brothers and sisters.
They would steal besides
But Sudha was accused!

She would not utter
Words to prove better
Her innocent side, instead
Bore the blows rained!

Sometimes Sudha would doubt,
If angry Dhamayanthi, in fact,
Her mother or mother-in-law,
By her treating Sudha too low!

Who could calculate
This girl immaculate
Someday would mug
Whole world by unique hug?

Who would pre tell
Her love would swell

Into endless swabbing
Of the world's suffering?

Today through her hand
Millions of money flood
For a glimpse of her love
Billions of people long!

Sudha at days early
Was tortured cruelly
Though her ordeals were horrifying
She took them as Divine providence

In the dark night
This dark daughter
Would call dark Krishna
and ask, "being dark is sin? "

Tears rolling along
She would sing
"Krishna my darling
End my suffering

None could know me;
Selfishness reigns supreme;
People seek only their,
Happiness and pleasure

I desire nothing but want
Oneness with you complete
These miseries are nothing to me
But separation only is killing me

Thy feet are my eternal support
I offer only tear-flowers rapport
Please rid me from the heavy
Burden of speech mind and body" 210708

Raman Savithiri

906. Avataar Aanandhamayi - 04-Tribulations 160708

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Dhamayanti, having given
Birth to nine children
Was chronically sick
And turned wicked
Only unto Sudhamani!

She overloaded
Sudha's small shoulders
With never-ending chores
Just because she loathed
Sudha's dark skin tone.

Her pleasure had no measure
As Kasturi, the first daughter
Was college going butterfly
And as Subagan, the first son
Was school going caterpillar

Sudamani, who was dark
Who got always first mark
Could not win parents' care
Thus given household chore.

From morning three
To night eleven, without free
Sudha toiled unaided
Her cries unheeded!

Her endless duties
Include
Cleaning abode, sweeping compound
Fetching water, cooking food
Tending cows, washing dresses
Attending kin and brushing vessels....

Her hands toiled

But mind boiled
To reach Krishna
To find end for anguish

Chased by toil
The tiny girl
Could not reach school
Promptly in time acceptable.

Teachers from their part
Made her stand out apart.
Standing out of the class
Learned lessons, little lass.

When she was graded
To class five
Her fortune degraded!
She was enforced
And was enslaved
To abandon schooling
And to become housemaid

While doing all
Domestic duties well
She would sing
Krishna's names
Or devotional song
Describing His games!

At times
She would be absorbed
In her devotional mood
Forgetting totally external world
For others' thinking her as mad!

If she overslept
Due to overburden
Damayanti would not
Hesitate to pour out
A bucket of water,
Upon the girl little!

Though Sudha made
All works without fail
If Dhamayanti found any error
She would turn Sudha's terror
Corporal punishment
Would be definite.

Sudha badly wanted
To have her dress dried.
Which were always damp
Due to fetching water,
For house and cows.
Her top head turned bald
Due to heavy water pot load

But she forgot
Beloved Krishna not.
Sudha's only solace
Was Krishna in her lace.
She would shed tears
Together for many hours.

Night when others rest
Her only time best
To talk with Krishna
She would not be slept

Neither rest nor sleep
She wanted only to weep
Unto her Krishna beloved
Pouring out agonies untold

"The time spent
In thinking God alone"
Now also she tells,
"Is utilized well
All other spans
Which are spent
In worldly acts
Are mere waste".160708

907. Avataar Anandamayi -03- Oceanic Love Unto Krishna. 130708

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Like Buddha  
And Vivekananda  
Sudhamani, like many avatars  
Disclosed many characters  
Of God-realized giants.

Her greatest feeling,  
To house all being;  
Her startling memory,  
To recollect any story;  
Her by-hearting power,  
To recap words-shower;  
Amazed teachers, parents,  
Later globally people-torrents!

From childhood she knew the art  
Of utilizing time to the most.  
Time she could not waste.  
She would always utter,  
'Krishna' – the thief of butter!

At her hut,  
The cow-shed,  
Her favourite place,  
Where she could dance,  
Singing devotional songs,  
Like Krishna full of pranks!

Kids were attracted to Sudha,  
As Gopis towards Krishna.  
She would engage them,  
Singing divine names.  
Or she would encourage them,  
Playing various games.



Little Sudhamani in village,  
Among people of different age,  
Was  
Lotus in a muddy pond,  
Diamond in dusty hold.  
Nobody knew the heights,  
Of her spiritual tides,  
In that age of seven  
She lived in heaven  
Created in her mind  
Where Krishna was bound!

When she was eight  
She tied Krishna tight  
By love deep and vast.

She would cry wailing  
'Krishna my darling!  
This world is complete  
With pains and plights.  
Please forget not  
This tiny tot.  
You, I am always calling.  
Won't you hear my yelling?  
Won't you come to play with me? ' 130708

Raman Savithiri

## 908. Avataar Aanandamayi -02- Surprising Childhood! 110708

Months six over!  
No crawling, no gurgling,  
No toddling, no stumbling.  
To everyone's surprise,  
Straight away, one fine day,  
Sudhamani walked swiftly!  
She talked Malayalam slickly!

Not even her age was two.  
She started singing,  
Devotional songs too,  
Apart from saying,  
Krishna's names all the time!

□

She began by age four  
Composing divine songs  
With devotional fervour  
In front of Krishna picture!

By age five  
Like Radha of Madhura  
Like Meera of Mevaar  
Like Aandaal of Tamizhagam  
Sudhamani longed and flushed  
To see Krishna in the flesh

The little Krishna snap  
Which she had tucked in top  
Was drenched by tears rivulet  
And was dried by burning heart

While other children  
Were engaged in childhood playoffs  
Sudhamani would be found engrossed  
Inwardly motionless, many a times.

What she was looking into

The backwaters' tiny waves?  
What she was searching  
By her stare in endless skies?  
What she was seeing within  
By sitting still with closed eyes?  
As a star of brood  
She astounded village crowd!      110708

Raman Savithiri

## 909. Avataar Anandamayi -01- Prayer To Lord Ganesha.

Amma,

Leaving your glorious Himalayan abode  
Devi Parvathi! You have come to abide  
A life on earth to redeem bound souls  
Of devotees living material life of fouts!

You gave light to my blind eyes  
To make out the source of light  
In this murky world of karma  
Emerging from Your heart, Amma!

On the way to reach that light  
Crawling like a snail without might  
I find all my deeds bear no fruit  
Except thinking of Your frame!

My mind is not interested in making riches!  
Not interested in new readings or researches!  
Only interest is to be with You ever  
To drench my 'self' in Your grace shower!

To pass time some people watch TV  
Some meet friends and chat in party  
Some take adventures on incredible earth  
I try Your divine story diamonds worth!

Bless me to write Your life full of miracles  
To radiate Your glory at least in tiny circles.  
Come into my heart as rhyming words...  
As divine music from Vaani's Veena chords!

Amma! being all inanimate and animate things  
Being all deities and angels with wings  
Ye! Take the form of Your son Ganesha also  
To sanctify me to finish telling Your story!

050708

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Avataar Anandamayi - Miracle number nine 090708

In India the land of spirituality,
In Kerela the mountains beauty,
In a small village Idamanneal,
Where blue sea water turns pale,
As entering in curvy land,
There lived pious pair,
Sugunandha a Kadakkali star,
Dhamayanthi a devotional par,
Both descending from prehistoric
Caste famous for sage Parasara.

Sugunanadha though a fisherman,
Had a purer heart than a Brahmin.
His unfailing daily duty,
Worshipping Krishna beloved deity.
Dhamayanthi made herself
A Brahmin female
By her fervent fasting frequently.

To others' wonder,
Coconut trees dropped,
Coconuts tender,
When Dhamayanthi pondered,
How to pluck coconuts tender,
To finish her fasting!

When Dhamayanthi conceived
For the fourth time, she perceived
Divine dreams daily.
In a dream she received
A golden Krishna deity.
Meantime Sugunanadha dreamt
Universal Mother's dharshan.

On 27-9-1953
At 9 o'clock, after dawn
In Karthigai star
Sudhamani was born

With a smile beaming
And lotus eyes gleaming!

Like Krishna she had
Dark blue complexion
Fingers at hand formed Chinmudhra
Legs were crossed in Padmasana!

As per numerology
Birth day's number
Is nine...the time nine!
The poem's number is nine!
And the submission date is nine! 090708

Raman Savithiri

910. Street Girls

290608

Scavengers cease to exist?
Cleanliness takes its exit!

Street girls totally are wiped out?
Virtue of family women stamped out!

If some girls do not become the victims,
Where would gentlemen outlet passions?

If some girls do not become the gadgets,
Who would be the tainted love targets?

Men's temporary love or tempted lust?
A girl becomes a prey then turns a waste! 290608
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Once I read in Swami Vivekananda's book: - prostitutes are the shields of virtue of family women. If they do not exist men won't leave any woman to have virtue.

Raman Savithiri

911. Ye Girls! Be Wary And Wise! 290608

The present trend of young guys is to have girl friend(s) just to enjoy the life before marriage. For married life, they seem to be obedient to parents, just to enjoy wealthy wife with grand social status. This culture spreads like a forest fire from west to India too.

The use of birth control devices, the number of abortions done by unmarried girls, the number of children thrown in dustbins are increasing day by day in an alarming rate.

Being a mother of two daughters I am bit worried about all girls in world.

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Guys...

Sparkling eyes, mesmerizing smile,  
Pointing some co incidents and alike thoughts,  
Pleading for a walk, sharing heavenly topics,  
They start a new relationship!  
Ye girls! Be wary and wise!

Guys...

Aiming to enslave you,  
Arresting your whole heart,  
Making you mad to ignore world,  
They tense up the hold!  
Ye girls! Be wary and wise!

Guys...

Under celestial bodies star and moon,  
Sensing your tender body soon,  
Hypnotizing that, that is true love,  
They craft a graveyard for you!  
Ye girls! Be wary and wise!

Guys...

Jumping in sky for winning you,  
Boasting unto friends like Romeo,  
Until they receive their parents' whips,  
They may mark on you by thrilling lips!  
Ye girls! Be wary and wise!



Guys...

Viewing their chance glorious,  
Estimating caste and dowry lavish,  
Weighing you and spouse novel,  
They bury you alive ruthlessly!  
Ye girls! Be wary and wise!

Guys...

Killing their pricking conscience,  
Holding armor of arguments,  
Leaving un-discloseable injuries in you,  
They start a happy married life with wife!  
Ye girls! Be wary and wise!

Guys...

Telling you to continue unearthly tie,  
Taking the hand of practical wife,  
They fling you as a used plantain leaf!  
You are torn in his thoughts till end of life!  
Ye girls! Be wary and wise! 200608

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Comment on comments: Of course it is true because of good people's existence world gets rain. But can any one explain why there are so many natural disasters in the world in this short span of 50 years more than that of the world witnessed in thousands of years? Please open your eyes and see. Why in China there is tremendous ice-fall which was not seen before. Why there is heavy rain fall in many places to create floods? Why terrific tsunami created untold destructions? In Kuwait this summer there remains sand storm for days together which was not witnessed before. Why we buy the most basic need – water- for money? Scientists say if another world war comes it will be due to drinking water!

For all these effects the direct cause is man's ignorance and his sins. Will you agree? Human society consists of both rich and poor. Always the poor suffers just because the rich are greedy. (I do not exclude myself) . On the other hand woman is part of man. If one part is suppressed then sure the whole man will suffer. The same holds true for the entire human society. I know in many of the families how women folk suffer. City people will never know the pain of a farmer who gives all his product of toil, still does not have enough food to feed his family. Similarly haughty men will never understand the sufferings of women.

Raman Savithiri

## 912. Mother! Save The Pickpocket Too! 260608

Yesterday I came to see my mother from my in-laws place. While getting down from the town bus in steps my purse(with some valuable items) was pickpocketed in a sec. I have been traveling long distances alone, sometimes even at midnight. I was always proud telling my friends and relatives that no ill-fate touched me so far. But this incident shook my pride.

I wondered at the pickpocket's skill. During the prayer time my mind prayed for him/her too. I understood no one can be totally free from the evils of the world in which one lives.

That day I took Sri Ramana's life history book and read the episode of showering the grace on a thief who did harm to Mahrishi.

\*\_\*

Who are you? Dear pickpocket!  
Male or female? Child or old?  
Like a lame tiger you endanger  
Yourself by your sheer hunt  
Among humans of nature inhuman

Did your mother cruelly desert you on streets?  
Did your father thrash you driving to streets?  
Did not you find other bread-winning tracks?  
Did not you learn skills other than these tricks?

Did no one tell you the effects of such act?  
Did no one teach you how to use good tact?  
Did not even our Bharatmata tell you that,  
If you steal, in future, will reap fatal fete!

Haven't you ever tasted the lure of pure mind?  
Haven't you ever enjoyed the joy of working hand?  
Haven't you ever desired to gain uplifting wisdom?  
Haven't you ever heard about heavenly kingdom?

My sister or ye my brother! Dear pickpocket!  
Turn your eyes! Let them meet Her eyes of elegance!  
Let your sin be washed away on the flood of Her grace!

Om! Lokah samastah sukhino Bhavanthu! Om Santhi!

Raman Savithiri

## 913. Mother! Pick Pocketing Your Child! ? 260608

\*-----\*

Yesterday I came to see my mother from my in-laws place. While getting down from the town bus in steps my purse(with some valuable items) was pickpocketed in a sec. I have been traveling long distances alone, sometimes even at midnight. I was always proud telling my friends and relatives that no ill-fate touched me so far. But this incident shook my pride. Still I feel the shock.

\*-----\*

Maa, May I know the reason behind?  
Why was my (?) bag stolen at hind?  
Though your names were in lips,  
Why did fate send severe whips?

You know why do I greatly worry?  
You know why do I feel sorry?  
Won't people mockingly poke at me,  
Saying devotee and deity are false?

When kith and kin tell me to be careful,  
I was always proud of your eyes mindful,  
Which followed me all these years twenty,  
In all my weary travels far and wide lonely!

Why did this happen? To burn out my ego?  
I know you started melting 'I' long ago!  
Why did this happen? To shatter my faith?  
How are you going remake my heart pains?

Though a mother beats her child, where it would go?  
In reality, though a lover deserts a lady of true love,  
Where would Indian lass go? As always the foolish ego  
Is after the world, my soul is after you, where can I go?

May I know if it was an effect of my past karma?  
May I know if it was the result of my lack of care?  
Bearing the blaming of world I catch your feet  
I ever surrender unto You whether victory or defeat! 260608



## 914. A Range Of Forms Of Female! 180608

Almost behind each child  
There is a lady behind  
As a motivating mother  
Showering unconditional love

Almost behind each boy  
There is a girl behind  
As a motivating sister  
Sharing and caring with unreserved love

Almost behind each lad  
There is a lass behind  
As a motivating sweet heart  
Appearing as an angel of love

Almost behind each man  
There is a woman behind  
As a motivating wife  
Sustaining family-bond by love

Maa,  
I stood in all forms of a female  
Permeating love around me  
As You created me with  
Some purpose that You alone know.

But...

Mother You are behind  
The whole world of creation  
As a motivating force  
Standing as the meaning of love

Should my love be bound to  
The soft cheeks of my own kids?  
Will it not expand to kiss  
The whole world as You do?

Should my love be bound to

The thirsty eyes of my own students?  
Will it not expand to stimulate  
The whole world by a mere smile as Yours?

Should my love be bound to  
The honest heart of my husband?  
Will it not expand to serve  
The whole world by tiresome toil as Yours?

Take me as a dust stuck to Your feet  
If not, how my love will expand  
To accommodate whole Universe  
Until I stick to this body and mind? 180608

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Raman Savithiri



## 915. From Era To Era...self-Study Never Changes! 170608

From cart wheel to mouse wheel inventions are countless  
From era to era the leap in science and skill is boundless  
Get along with the stream of human progress endless  
But stick to the search of Self the only one changeless!

The talents practiced by Raman or Dharman may differ  
But in search of Soul even epic heroes never differ  
Self enquiry by Socrates of West or Buddha of East  
Or Ramana or Confucius ...is the same in the present or the past!

Vedic Time - learning Veda just to earn money is of any use?  
Computer Era - training a robot to meet ends of life is of any use?  
Life was there before birth and it is to continue after death too!  
What skill will accompany you all life like unwashable tattoo?

It is Self-Knowledge gained by always asking 'Who am I? '  
Or it is the wisdom gained by surrendering unto God the full 'I'.  
Do remember your assets or kiths will bid bye one day!  
Don't forget only Self will accompany you always all the way! 170608

Raman Savithiri

## 916. Mother! 'i' Is So Close To Me; But I Know Not 'i'! 150608

The ocean with depth of  
Thousands of miles smiles at me!  
Telling  
'Your mind is still deeper and darker! '

The star with a sparkling snicker  
Thousands of light years away teases at me  
Telling  
'You crossed still lengthier way to take this birth! '

The earth with many ups and downs and  
Thousands of disasters makes fun of me  
Telling  
'Your mind is a store of still worse disasters! '

The sky alone calls me with care  
Accommodating all celestial bodies  
Uttering  
'You are boundless and blissful like me! '

Maa!  
'I' is so close to me; but I know not 'I'!  
The pain of ignorance kills now and then!  
I am unable to bear ignorant ego's burden!

Maa!  
Where are you? Help this blind child!  
Your neglecting me makes me wild!  
Eliminate ego by your single touch mild! 150608

Raman Savithiri

## 917. Mother Maya! Open My Third Eye! 120608

Though I have freedom  
To move anywhere in space eternal  
I am in prison!  
Am I able to cross the magical bars  
Of my mind that mars my freedom?

Though countless colors  
My eyes see in nature's range  
I am a blind!  
Am I able to see the beauty of Soul  
Within me, opening mystical mind door?

Though I quench thirst  
With sweet nectar of fruits favourite  
I am still thirsty!  
Am I able to take a sip  
Of bliss stream in my mind dip?

Mother Maya! Help out!  
Open my third eye!  
How long You will trick me  
By Your endless eye-catching dance? !  
By which You keep the world in trance! 120608

Raman Savithiri

## 918. Children 060608

Buds are they make worth a plant standing in garden of life?  
Dynamic current are they sustaining the flow in river of life?  
Brushes are they painting a rosy picture of strife?

Mother from a woman emerges just by birth of good kids.  
The young mother's heart beats with new divine love notes.  
The more the infant vulnerable the more mother's love binds!

Like the twinkling stars in deep blue sky with amusing smile  
Like the teasing waves in light blue sea extending mile and mile  
Kids! Perennial source of imagination for poets since long while!

Sages like Ramakrishna and Jesus derived inspiration from tots,  
Since children are seen Gods with pure heart without any spots.  
They might be moulded to great persons as clay into pretty pots!

What do you want? Non-attachment or to be in present or faith...  
Take your role model as a child; its nature ye should cherish!  
Anger, brooding, greed...all the ugly characters will perish!

The future of any nation sleeps in good minds of toddlers  
A land is identified only by its patriotic children of toilers  
Parents, teachers should take the task of good kids peddlers! 060608

Raman Savithiri



same audience was not moved by the same 'Dear sisters and brothers' told by other speakers too?

Raman Savithiri

## 920. 𑀧Burning Heart! 𑀧0508

Amma,

Stars amusingly blinking eyes from Milky Way,  
Noisy waves playing just a few meters away,  
Full moon spreading its creamy rays over bay,  
Cool breeze hugging softly all sea and scenery,  
The longing to meet You in such a place lonely,  
Burns my heart! Maa, won't You emerge to pacify?

You being the Queen of the universe limitless,  
Certainly do have errands to be done endless!  
Push aside Your duties some time Maa dear,  
Take me for a walk holding my hand in yours.  
The longing to toddle silently by Your side,  
Burns my heart! Won't You come to abide?

Take me near a crystal clear brook in deep woods,  
Or take me to moon or to stars of different moods,  
Or take me light years away from earth that spins,  
Or take me to Himalayan peaks where none comes,  
The longing to be with You in absence of thoughts  
Burns my heart! Maa, won't You fulfill my wants?

Glancing into your gracious eyes, drinking love holy,  
Silence being the language, imparting wisdom sunny,  
Destroying ignorance source of all suspicion and sorrow,  
Your sacred presence I am badly in need of, right now!  
The longing to meet You face to face deep in my mind,  
Burns my heart! Maa, Won't You hear me carried by wind? 300508

Raman Savithiri

## 921. An Endless Trial? ! ॐ0508

Mustard seeds scattered from a mountain peak could be collected!  
Mind full of thoughts running hither and thither could be collected?  
Sitting an hour to chant Your names after social duties of each day,  
To concentrate on Your charming form, Tell me is there an easy way?

Each day I watch my mind going after lifeless things like a vulture,  
Thousands of trials to keep the mind on Your names bear failure.  
There was no day in which thoughts fled from Your lovely structure.  
Though thoughts roar like waves, will I thrive in mind-melting venture?

Digging the mind I find only thoughts and thoughts forming I frame  
I, being the personification of thoughts, try to remove thoughts the same  
By focusing the thoughts on Your enchanting form and powerful name.  
Will I succeed at least by the end of this life to add luster to Your fame? ॐ0508

(Every day I chant Lalitha sahasranaama (Devi's thousand names) . But almost all days mind will stray in daily duties or will converse with some one or the other. Very rarely it sits still to enjoy the sweetness of Divine Naamas.)

Raman Savithiri



## 922. Mother! Thank You For Giving Me Problems! 260508

If I were given good parents  
How I would have come to You?  
Thank You for making me understand  
That Your love is the true parental love!

If I were given the beloved whom I liked  
How I would have come to You?  
Thank You for making me understand  
That You are the true lover of my soul!

If I were given the job which I hunted  
How I would have come to You?  
Thank You for making me understand  
That seeking a place in Your heart is the best job

If I were given good health  
How I would have come to You?  
Thank You for making me understand  
That Your grace follows me surely when I am ill

If I were given abundant wealth  
How I would have come to You?  
Thank You for making me understand  
That excessive wealth is the graveyard for the soul

If I were given no severe problems in life  
How I would have come to You?  
Thank You for all my problems and strife  
Without which how I would have come to You? 260508

Raman Savithiri

## 923. Mother, Help Me To Help! □ 220508

Might be, the blowing wind could stay still!  
Mighty sea waves could become immobile!  
Mind - Thoughts after thoughts ever bubble;  
Mother! How do I yet switch them into nil?

Snake's trial to swallow itself from its tail,  
And a child catching its own shadow will fail!  
Can anyone comprehend mind of thoughts full,  
By reasoning, again generating thoughts null?

Though it seems mind control is impossible,  
Ramana had shown a way of enquiry logical;  
Ramakrishna told the only way is devotional;  
I am confused, Mother, I the ignorant stumble!

To help the world some may build huge hospital;  
Some to stimulate young students may run school;  
Some to spread spirituality may assemble temple;  
But is there an act, not tainted by 'I' even a little?

I understand the only best help to world in roll,  
Is to stop the thoughts in mind which always coil.  
Without Your grace how it will become feasible?  
A touch by Your toe is enough; at Your feet, I fall!

Hint: Almost all days when I sit in spiritual practices, I sense the never dying 'I' trying to dominate others or trying to prove itself over others. 'I' hinders others progress definitely in a subtle way. I feel, to help the world one must become totally humble. Like Ramana like Buddha, like Amma, Like Jesus... like so many Mahatmas. That is not possible without God's Grace following severe penance.  
220508

Raman Savithiri

## 924. Compliment To A Dear Colleague 230208

One of my colleagues is remarkably extraordinary for her wit and wisdom without her our staff room would not have tasted joy in job. She co-ordinates parties without hurting anyone's feeling. Bold to present our problems to higher authority...yet not haughty. Our staff room remains always as a merry place by her endeavour to have family atmosphere. She is a Christian; her husband is Hindu. Her mind is a blend of both religions radiating philosophy too.

Happy birth day to Mrs Queene Yadav  
Her wisdom driving away any boredom,  
Sprinkling philosophy and philanthropy!

Happy birth day to Mrs Queene Yadav  
Her jingling words mingling with care and love,  
Changing any gloomy place into a blooming palace!

Happy birth day to Mrs Queene Yadav  
She is the binding bond of staff band  
Arranging table party is her stable duty!

Happy birth day to Mrs Queene Yadav  
Her boldness pulling legs of even baldheads (Like Mr. Yadav) ,  
Protecting the feelings of her fellow beings!

Raman Savithiri

## 925. Amma, Am I Dim-Witted? 𑌛0508

925. Amma, am I dim-witted? 𑌛0508

People have something or other to cling upon earth  
Amma, tell me any thing except You which is worth!  
My mind finds nothing permanent to hold upon living  
Amma, tell me something which is ever bliss giving!

People spend days and nights amassing ever more money  
I seek Your love which scriptures say sweeter than honey!  
As days roll...As I am approaching the end of my little life  
I am afraid, had I wasted my life in seeking you with strife?

I am hurt to see wise people victorious, happy and joyful  
With all accumulated money and prosperity in plentiful  
When my eyes are still wet with tears in search of you.  
Amma, am I dim-witted? Will I die without seeing you? 𑌛0508

The war between Devaas and Asuraas. 𑌛0508

Amma,

The more You churn my mind, it vomits more poison,  
As that of the mythical Devaasura churning milk ocean!  
As how Lord Siva gulped toxin and blocked in his throat,  
Swallow the poison lest I and my environs will be spoilt!

You use both my good and evil nature to stir my brain,  
As how Vishnu used both Devaas and Asuraas to churn!  
Hope is there one day or other, there will appear nectar,  
As how Devaas got eventually nectar to achieve rapture!

(Amma says: If one advances initially in spiritual practices, there will appear situations that reveal that we are bad. One need not worry about it. When a floor is moped after a long time, a lot of dirt will come. But after two three trials the floor will become spotless clean. Same thing holds true with mind too. Our mind

must have had all the dirt as it was not cleaned for a long time. Through meditation, bhajan or by japa when one cleans it initially he/she will notice so much grim coming out of mind!)

Note: Devaas – gods; Asuraas – demons; All Hindus know the famous fabulous story of Churning the Milk Ocean by Devaas and Asuras - 180508

Raman Savithiri

## 926. Dumb Child's Cry! ☒B0508

Some say my writings are not clear;  
Some say my writings are out of gear;  
Some say my writings are from tears;  
Some say my writings have many errors;

Yet I continue to write from my heart;  
I know You will not toss them as waste!  
Words may betray my emotion and pain;  
I know You will not fling them as vain!

My lame language tries to build a hidden bridge,  
Between our hearts where love is the only wedge.  
You, being compassion hearted mother of all,  
Will never push my poems away however small!

As a cripple desires for honey on top of a hill,  
I the most undeserved crave for Your love still,  
Even an earthly mother responds dumb child's cry.  
I know You too will soothe me; thus I ever try! ☒B0508

Raman Savithiri

## 927. Internet 20508

It is always a wonder when we ponder Internet,  
Its oceanic services, always we have to learn yet.  
In olden days, months it took for a mail to travel,  
Email takes just a few minutes; what a marvel!

Worldwide students study at Virtual Class Rooms  
Friends with the same heart beats, meet in Chat Rooms  
Efficient Matrimonial columns link brides and bridegrooms  
We buy anything in e-shopping, name it blooms or brooms

Surfing in Sea and surfing in Net; both are yet thrilling  
Waves drench the body; Net wets the mind with data whirling!  
E-conference brings people of various places together.  
Current news also ever available like forecast of weather.

Can anyone point out a field in which Net is not used?  
For want of any information always Net is only mused!  
Can anyone point out an object which is not misused?  
Never browse fatal filthy sites; then the soul is diffused!

Growth of animal or plant is only at gross physical level,  
Man's emergence in two dimensions-physical and intellectual  
By all means, we can use the Internet to develop the mind  
But soul grows beyond the narrow lanes of net wizard 20508

(Written for computer subject assembly in school)

Raman Savithiri

## 928. My Pranams, Oh My Dear Mother! 110508

Mother, Anandamayi!  
Hugging any child  
Whether Young or old  
Whether mild or wild  
Whether poor or rich  
Whether angel or witch  
Whether sickly or healthy  
Whether tidy or filthy  
Whether woman or man  
Whether valuable or vain  
Whether westerner or easterner  
Ye implant the spiritual seed  
Into the heart, each soul's need.

Your eyes penetrate body and mind  
Reaching each soul front or behind  
Shedding grace that washes away  
All transgressions of lives many.  
Sitting for even nineteen hours  
At a stretch, neglecting natural calls  
Without water, food and sleep  
Hugging children many who weep  
Mother, won't Your back ache?  
Won't Your arms take a break?

Emerging from Himalayan dwelling  
Compassion from Your heart swelling  
Paarvathi, Great Princess!  
Why this simple form in garment white?  
Hiding Your beauty and majestic might?  
To kindle faith in worthless mortals like me?

Without You how would I know  
What is that called 'Mother's Love'  
What is that called 'Unconditional Love'  
My heart trembles to think of an existence  
That had not come across Your embrace  
That made me worth living on earth!



Your mutt is single  
Accommodating all  
Bhrammacharinis...Bhrammacharis...  
Householders... sanyasis  
Emitting Atma gnana  
All over the globe  
Remains as the only tourist place  
For me, giving harmony and solace!

Ye my real Mother  
Ye Siva my Father  
Ye my nation Bharath  
Ye Sanadana Dharma  
Ye my world  
Ye my friend  
Ye the Universe  
Ye the Space  
Ye All in all!

My pranams, Oh my dear Mother! 110508

Raman Savithiri

## 929. Wings To Paradise - Mother's Bhajans!

090508

(Swami Amritaswarupanandapuri visited Kuwait as a representative of Amma. I attended his bhajans on 7th and 8th May. There was Tamil song too. The bhajans ended with a song 'Amma bharamma' a kannada song which I like the most. This was the first time I attended Swami's bhajan though I had attended Amma's bhajans many times.

Swami's bhajans are no less to Amma's. In fact, I was greatly moved by his divine voice filling the hall and overflowing into the vast desert and into the ever-expanding sky around.)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Amma,

You know very well I was hungry for years,  
Waiting to be served, with eyes shedding tears.  
Though it was late, what a splendid devotional feast!  
Bhajans! Ye arranged with spiritual aroma of east! !

You know very well I was thirsty in scorching sand,  
As a desert plant waiting, a touch by Your cool hand.  
Though it was late, what a lavish outpour of holy-rain!  
Bhajans! Drenching soul-roots removing all life-pain! !

You know very well the past pangs of my sorrow,  
Shutting my heart's doors, made my mind narrow.  
Though it was late, what a grand miracle of divine task!  
Bhajans! Filling each body-cell, shattering ego mask! !

Oh Mother Ananadamayi, being bliss-river ever flowing,  
Capable of filling beakers or barrels, with divinity glowing.  
Though it was late, Ye filled me too with overflowing joy!  
Bhajans! Sea of glee in which my mind floats as a tiny toy! !

Divine names or devotional songs: the sweetest things,  
Lifting any soul above muddy earth by invisible wings,  
Though it was late, Thou bestowed me too an instant flight,  
Bhajans! Taking me to paradise from temporal-life fright!

090508



## 931. Oh Gratitude To Sri Hanumaan 010508

(This poem is to express my thankful heart to Hanumaan, The famous God of Hindus, who amazingly removed the obstacles on the way to progress, in my husband's carrier, followed by my chanting 'Hanumaan Chalisa' 100 times on a recent Saturday.)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Vallmiki, Kambar and ThulasiDas,  
The greatest poets of India,  
Composed verses incomparable,  
On Your virtues unparallel!

What will I sing with my donkey's voice,  
Oh Hanumaan! Ye, gallant monkeys' Lord?  
Your very name brings celibacy in mind,  
Oh Hanumaan! Ye, son of God of wind!

Sita may bind Rama, in her heart which loves!  
Where is the wonder if wife worships spouse?  
Your love indeed is always amazing and single  
Being servant Ye bind Rama, in him Ye mingle!

The meaning of 'devotion' takes figure from Thee!  
Your fidelity melts anyone's heart, like in fire, ghee!  
All evil thoughts vanish from mind as one thinks,  
Your very name just once, by the time eye winks!

Health, wealth, courage, diplomacy and wisdom,  
Oh Hanumaan! Ye, who restored Vibhishna's kingdom,  
Are sure to follow Your devotees with mind pure!  
Rama too will shower his grace by his kind hand! 010508

Raman Savithiri

## 932. The Mystery Of Three States. 240408

King with seven heroic sons,  
Ruling many vast regions,  
Decked out by his side,  
Queen lovely, wisdom wide,  
Attended by ministers radiant,  
Possessing all four army valiant...

Was woken up,  
To dismay hope,  
Was told, his only son,  
Died all of a sudden!

Traveling on dream wings  
Just then as a king of kings  
The man astonished....

"To whom should I cry  
For loss of seven sons in the dream?  
Or loss of one son in wakeful state? "

-Example from Sri Ramakrishna's teachings. (to explain wakeful state and dream state)

A mother in her lap, child lovely,  
Traveling in a van for a tour holy,  
With a sathguru caring,  
Enjoyed bhajans singing...  
But her mind fixed on baby!

As the time passed,  
The mother fell asleep,  
Sleep a deep sleep,  
Her hands holding the toddler,  
Became unconscious deaden!

As the van jerked,  
The baby fell down,  
Crying aloud,  
Bringing a hasty chaos.

The mother too woke up,  
Gone panic,  
Checking if something happened,  
To her dear child...

“When slept deeply,  
Where those ‘I’ and ‘mine’ had gone? ”  
The sathguru asked,  
Safely handing over,  
The baby to her.

From Mata Amritanandamayi’s life. (explaining deep sleep state and wakeful state)

Soul witnessing all the three  
States of mystery, stands free!  
How do I reach the Soul  
Being caught in, as a fool  
In any one of these states? 240408

Raman Savithiri

### 933. Horizon (3) 220498

Mind delights in horizon, of its very sight,  
Ever eluding from my walk on vast desert!  
Is it God, whom I search here and beyond?  
Or is it ecstasy, for which, life I yet spend?

Why don't I realize the horizon untainted,  
Loll under my feet too, as always sustained?  
Does not God pervade inner and outer ever?  
Can joy lie out of Self? That happens never! - 220498

Raman Savithiri

## 934. Eternal Tides Of Time And Me. □ □ 220408

You desire to write your name in world's history? □  
If you can write it on sea waves, yours is victory!  
Nothing could escape that tidal TIME could destroy!

You desire to have a lasting relation with anyone?  
If you can bind sand bits in beach, I say you will win!  
Untying and joining various bits, are TIME's idyllic fun!

You desire to be good and congenial to one and all?  
If you can remove world's duality, you can thrive well!  
TIME has revealed even Jesus had to face people cruel!

You desire to be unselfish to do nishkamiya karma?  
If you can swim in sea being a salt-doll, yours is jaya!  
When TIME melts your 'I' away, whom do you do seva? 220408

- \*\*\*\*\* -

Nishkamiya karma – Action done without any selfish motto

Jaya- victory

Seva – service

- \*\*\*\*\* -

Simple Meaning: Desire to have name and fame is foolish wish. Trying to withhold any relation (even mother-child!) and to be good to the whole world is impossible. Becoming unselfish to serve world is the greatest paradox. Body is personification of our selfish desires. When one becomes totally unselfish there is no separate identify for him/her from the universe. He/she becomes one with world. When such is the case how to serve the world?

Raman Savithiri



## 935. Oh My Mind, Where Is The Hope To Be Free? 170408

Meat dressed in aromatic spices zest;  
Hidden blood and raw flesh of disgust,  
May quench appetite; that curry-digest  
Makes the body and environs nastiest!

Lady dressed in silken velvet fragrant;  
Hidden blood and raw flesh of disgust,  
May quench lust, but corporal contact,  
Makes soul pinned down to abysmal act!

When one strives to get out of body,  
If one indulges in these acts unworthy,  
Where is the hope to be free? I pray – Oh my mind,  
Do not entangle more in works of body! ! ☐

-  
-

(Simple meaning: Any meat curry pollutes the mind's purity. However it is dressed with spices, its odor is always unbearable. After relishing meat, sensitive ones can feel somewhat the dissatisfaction unlike in vegetable food.

☐ Sex too, though seem to be attractive, pollutes the mind's purity. However we dress it with love, lust shows its repulsive true colours. While practicing meditation or bhajans one can sense the mind does not concentrate that easily after such acts.

That's why Mahatmas like Mahrishi Ramana tell us to restrain from meat (including eggs) and any sort of acts pertaining to body that lead to karma) ☐  
☐70408

Raman Savithiri

## 936. Mother, Grant Me More And More Faith. 160408

Mother, grant me more and more faith  
Though misfortune chases me till death.  
Faith is never experienced in lucky days,  
But it comes when I tread fateful ways.

When on lucky peak climbing so high,  
People talk heartily about faith and joy!  
Mother You teach me the real meaning  
Of faith in gloomy life with no blooming!

Though You shut me in dark room;  
Though You beat me by ugly broom;  
I have none other than You to cling upon.  
Faith on You is enough to go on and on!

Let each of my step stumble on sorrow;  
I gain vigor again from faith the marrow.  
Your names chanted with flowing tears,  
Stretch faith roots that my heart bears! 160498

Raman Savithiri

## 937. Horizon – (2) 090408

From deep calm marine and from far away the horizon  
Tiny waves peep out carrying the message of peace  
But alas!

When they reach the beach, how huge and thunderous  
They turn to be, knocking the coast fiercely with noise!

From deep my heart and from the pains of life I face  
Feeble self queries arise carrying some common sense  
But alas!

When feelings fuse with mind, how prayer with words  
Betray my sorrow, churning the heart to break-out tears! 090408

-----

(Many a times, when I sit for prayer, the pain of separation from God will press the heart one side. Other side the sorrow of life will squeeze. I know not how to frame sentences to make my prayer. Simply tears will flow. Hope is there – God will understand me, though I am unable to tell Him what I exactly need.)

Raman Savithiri

## 938. Mother, I Am Here; Find Me! 090408

All my life, all over world I search for,  
Someone to love me deeply without expecting anything from me!  
Who else it could be Oh Mother other than Thee?

All my life, all over world I search for,  
Someone to accept me with all dirt accumulated throughout all life!  
Who else it could be Oh Mother other than Thee?

All my life, all over world I search for,  
Someone who won't calculate my usefulness based on caste or belief!  
Who else it could be Oh Mother other than Thee?

All my life, all over world I search for,  
Someone to cool down my heart holding volcano of emotions fierce!  
Who else it could be Oh Mother other than Thee?

All my life, all over world I search for,  
Someone who is ready to forget my fault but to remember my value!  
Who else it could be Oh Mother other than Thee?

All my life, all over world I search for,  
Someone who is both wise and kind to lead me through all my strife!  
Who else it could be Oh Mother other than Thee?

Thinking thus rational, I surrender at Your feet.  
I know not if You are visible or hidden.  
I know not if You would reciprocate or neglect.  
But is it not wise, not to waste my life,  
Behind illusive relations seem to be true?  
Is it not wise to shrink meekly to lie at Your abode,  
Though You don't appear to be real as the world? 090408

-----

Fixing the heart on God alone is the only act of wisdom, though God appears or not, though God accepts or not. All other deeds will lead to karma causing life-cycle.



## 939. Horizon 030408

Children, youth, adults and all at beach,  
Enjoy the ferocious restless waves reach. - Beyond  
Calm mid-sea and eternal horizon touch,  
But, none is captivated to sit and watch!

Waves endlessly dance to catch eyes,  
They always roar at ears filling noise. - Beyond  
Endless horizon radiates always peace,  
But, none is interested to see its face!

Mind too is full of thought waves,  
Rippling and knocking down always. – Beyond  
Deep within smiles eternal silence,  
But, to reach its realm none paves! 030408

-----

(Recently we had a staff picnic to a beach. I wanted at least for 30 minutes to sit and enjoy the horizon touching the mid sea far beyond. But I could not, due to my friends' and kid's intrusion. I had noticed whenever I go to beach there is an urge in me to meditate. But so far it never materialized for I am a lady. I had many times noticed my thoughts get reduced by the awful sight of sea and horizon and I had sensed the joy of mind at peace.)

Raman Savithiri

## 940. Mother, I Am Ashamed And Embarrassed! 280308

Amma,

The smallest one-celled creatures to broadest banyan,  
The tiniest amoebas to largest whale are Your children.  
I too being minute part of vast varieties of Your creation,  
Should be a person to possess brotherhood with everyone!

But, I am ashamed and turn into embarrassed –

When I need to quench my hunger and thirst,  
While many starve to death in famine burst!  
When I walk head upright with costly dress  
While many are seen in rag and in distress!

I am ashamed and turn into embarrassed –

When I send my kid of my blood to school dignified,  
While countless are not having any chance signified!  
When I feed my children with splendid food everyday  
While several are living on dustbins and leftover hay!

I am ashamed and turn into embarrassed –

When I delight in fine arts like music and dance,  
While countless are wedged to be blind and deaf!  
When I study and preach Veda and high philosophy,  
While several toil till end and in want of philanthropy!

I am ashamed and turn into embarrassed –

When I see dead birds because of plastic, in pacific,  
While still ruthlessly I continue to use fatal plastic!  
When I know global warming is caused by pollution,  
While I stop not being after cars, fridges, air condition...!

I am ashamed and turn into embarrassed –

When atomic and nuclear bombs are outcome of technology,  
While I earn my livelihood by teaching the same methodology!  
When mankind forgot the meaning of sublime brotherhood,  
While I still continue to be the part of harebrained mankind! 280308  
(\_\_\_\_\_)

There are many situations when I felt very guilty. A few are below to explain the poem.

1) Few years back I had been to Quilon in Kerela to have Amritanandamayi's Darshan. There were around 5000 people waiting. I got my token and I was about see Her after around 400 members.

That time I noticed another lady was suffering from fever, too waiting. She had a little daughter also with her. Her token number was around 2000. She did not ask me directly my token. But her condition was miserable. I got up from my place and went to the volunteer who was in charge of allowing us to the line towards Amma. I explained that that lady was suffering, and requested to let her in the line as soon as possible. But that volunteer was very strict. She did not allow that suffering lady.

What I must have done? I must have given my token to her. But my desire to see Amma was so strong, that I neglected my intuition to help her in that way. I left her to her own suffering and went to Amma when my turn came. Normally when I go for darshan Amma would ask me to sit near Her for sometime. That time she did not. I knew the reason. Till today I feel very shame on my selfishness.

2) I got married before my closest friend got married. I knew my friend did not feel happy due to her binding economical situations. Whenever I spent time with my good husband, I used tell him, "See, I feel for my friend, when she is not bestowed this joyful married life I am not entirely happy to be with you." That was something like, that I alone relished some dish when she was hungry. She got married next year to my relief.

(\_\_\_\_\_)

This poem is to correct myself, not to command God. In this so advanced technological world, there are chances many to share things and live happily. There would be no situation to let any one go hungry. Nature produces for all. We spend millions of dollars to war and war related items. We spend millions of dollars to get a stone from a distanced planet. But why do we leave our own



mankind to hunger and thirst? In this era of transport and communication could not we feed all mouths daily by distributing the products evenly to one and all?

Raman Savithiri

## 941. Mother, Lead From Darkness To Light ☐270308

Amma,

As I move with many of my sisters and brothers,  
If any one tries to dominate, my mind bothers!  
Whether to become aggressive to subdue others  
Or to forgive by having a heart that of mother's?

Practical life-holders tell me to be aggressive.  
Spiritual path-leaders tell me to be submissive.  
I know not which action to be taken as decisive.  
I look for You to guide me in each step delusive!

My karma leads me to be entangled in family life.  
My dharma is not clear to me in birth-cycle strife.  
Whether I have to add layers to my binding ego  
Or to peel ego off which started long long ago?

When situations dim my sight to make me stumble  
Seeking You, I heap my hands above my head humble.  
When thick clouds shadow over me blocking Sun light  
Lead me ever with Your Mother's Love and Delight! ☐270308

comment on comment:

It is obvious, as Mr. RajaRam says, if one sows words and deeds of love and affection ultimately he will reap the same. No doubt.

But this poem is out of my personal experiences.  
I had worked in many institutions. As I am from Mukkulaththaar(warrior) family, naturally I am aggressive. I used to have a sharp tongue. I realized it was not good. I practiced to be meek and humble beyond my natural flavour. But my practice turned myself to be a submissive snake of Swami Ramakrishna's famous story.

People see my meekness as weakness and take advantage of it. Being a person in computer department I have to do small and big MS-OFFICE helps to colleagues. The management will also give me lavish work without any extra pay. At these junctures I really do not know what to do rather than doing that works with great difficulties sometimes even giving up proper sleep for days

together. But after striving too much also I had seen the relationships slipping from my hand for unknown reasons!

So I use to think why I turned to be soft unlike my natural aggressiveness at young age.

To my disappointment when the relationship breaks in spite of my great struggle I turn towards God.

By trial and error I found a way out of this struggle.

Whenever I sense that something is wrong in any of the social relationship, instead of trying to make it alright by my trial, I will say all to God, and keep quiet. However a person humiliates me, I will not retaliate; I will not fall at one's feet too, but handover the same to God. But I need to be very patient (sometimes even 6 months) . To my surprise in many cases the relationship became sweeter! ! . This poem is based on such dilemmas and their sweet end after total surrender. 270308

Raman Savithiri

## 942. Mother Removes A Pressing Thorn By Another Thorn! 210308

As I walked alone in Life,  
Enquiring the meaning of grief,  
With accompanying twilight waft,  
Under dim sky full of blinking stars,  
Forgetting my Mother's warning,  
I entered a risky path but charming!

Not even a few steps...I went.  
A deadly thorn pricked my foot!  
As I yelled and moaned,  
As I swelled and hobbled,  
As I repented my oversight,  
She rushed to me straight!

Taking another thorn in Her swift hand,  
Holding gently my foot then bled,  
She jabbed the pressing thorn by another!  
It was more painful and much sorer! !  
But, I ought to go through with cooperation,  
For soon there will be relief after operation!

Thus all pains and sorrows of living,  
Are to be borne with total yielding,  
For She the most sympathetic strives,  
To remove all our noxious karmas!

Bear with valor as far as you can  
Any poverty, any befallen sin,  
Any disease, any separation,  
Any humiliation, any dejection,  
Even death approaching...  
Bear with total surrender!  
After all these are nothing but,  
Waiting to see a glorious light,  
Following a long gloomy night!

She is the Mother of all creatures!

She never gives poison to one kid,  
And sweet porridge to another kid!  
Just look at your bowl and drink!  
Even if it is bitter, it is for your betterment!

210308

Raman Savithiri

## 943. Univeral Mother's Child I Am; No Evil Will Touch Me!

170308

My Mother is all powerful  
Yet dwells in docile hearts!  
The sovereign of the universe  
Yet the most compassionate!  
The supreme omniscient  
Yet a child with pure mind!  
The invisible omnipresent  
Yet ready to take any form!

When such a Mother is there  
How dare troubles ever touch me?  
Let the Sun be sucked by black hole;  
Let the earth go away from its path;  
Let the seasons fail to cycle in order;  
Let the volcanoes vomit hottest lava;  
Let the sea bulge to swallow land;  
Let the Himalaya demolish down;  
Let Artic and Antarctic melt away;  
Let the forest fire burn for years;  
Let any deadly disease break out;  
Let the humanity add more disaster;  
Let the Kali-yuga come to its peak;  
When my Mother takes me to Her lap  
None of these things could finger me!

She is the only Mother in all my births  
Though I realize it or not!  
She stays in the hearts of loving parents  
Taking all the pains to raise me;  
She is in the form dear friends  
Soothing my aching heart any time;  
She comes as a life companion  
Merging my soul beyond body;  
She plays the role of my kids too  
Making me to possess a mother's mind;  
She learns logics as my students  
Teaching me the interests of teaching!

She ever holds my hand  
As I toddle on life's road  
Guarding me safely from pitfalls!  
She leads me step by step  
Protecting me from accidents  
To the destination of life's journey!

170308

Raman Savithiri

## 944. Settle Down, Oh My Mind!

-160308

Leaping vast sea and many countries,  
People travel to find lump salaries.  
They wish to expand their boundaries,  
Like the great Alexander victorious.

In a feast if dominant fills his plate,  
With all dishes to quench his palate;  
To that party, those who are bit late  
And who are meek will take what?

Life on earth is attending a feast.  
Be moderate and take only least.  
See that nothing goes as a waste.  
There are many waiting to taste!

The more I enjoy the world treasures,  
The less I leave for others' pleasures;  
Wealth ample I have is just but gestures  
Of my greed, rising Poor's pressures!

Alexander felt at the end of his conquering,  
That nil would convoy from his acquiring.  
Oh mind can't thee learn a lesson enduring,  
It is of no use to hold external things alluring!

The only road in which you hinder none,  
Is your inner mind and you set off alone.  
Forget about settling in a city or town.  
Find way to settle your thoughts down!

-160308

Raman Savithiri



## 945. Mother, Is There A Device To Clean My Mind? 120308

Just open the computer and connect to the internet.  
Anyone can call anybody, anywhere in a moment!  
Science and technology so far to my astonishment,  
Have found no way to link at once Self the innermost!

Human mind penetrates earth to find boiling lava!  
Travels far and wide in sky to locate whirling nebula!  
Will it tell me a way to strip off ego, masking Atma,  
As I have piled upon me costumes of life's opera?

Microscopic tools are there to see infinitesimal cell.  
Prominent telescopes are there to study stars as well.  
In my body, where do unseen feelings exactly dwell?  
Is there a device to locate and purge my thoughts all? 120308

Comments on comments: To my dear readers:

It is well known that Soul can not be sought out. One who is in search of the inner Soul will definitely come to know all external search which humanity has termed as science and technology will not help even a bit to find the Soul. In fact all our knowledge about the world are really hindrances in the search. Even our five senses and the very ingenious mind also will hinder in the search. This is what I convey in my poem.

Next, mind is a bundle of thoughts. Body is picture of that mind. If one wants to 'see' the Soul one should go beyond body and mind. This process definitely will take us to realization. There is no fear of becoming lunatic person, as everyone thinks. Ramana Mahrishi is a great example to this. He told, 'I do not have thoughts, yet I do all worldly karmas with at most care! '

Raman Savithiri

## 946. Mother, I Love You! There Is No Other Way! 120308

Amma,

Let people mock at me that I worship just a picture!  
Let my heart bulging with devotion accept a puncture!

Let my tears go waste as a monsoon in desert!  
Let the years roll fast without bearing any fruit!

Let me remain blind to Your heart-stunning form!  
Let me stay deaf to Your mind-melting song!

Let my nose go insensate to Your maternal aroma!  
Let my body hold not You as I act in worldly drama!

Let me befall a lunatic incurable in search of Thee!  
Let me fall in love with You as in fire leaps a tiny bee!

Amma,

Let the whole life be spent to gain Your love at least a fraction!  
Let the mind become single pointed causing ego-destruction!

I will rise and tell thousand times with voice loud and bold,  
There is no other way to live a happy life in this toxic world! 120308

Raman Savithiri

# 947. Mother Bhuvaneshwari! Beautiful Mother Earth! 050308

947. Maa Bhuvaneshwari! Beautiful Mother Earth! 050308

Being mother of all inanimate and animate things,  
Flying in the sky around the Sun with unseen wings,  
Thou present protection and provisions for all beings.

For millions and millions of years each of your child,  
Whether giant dinosaur or mighty whale or anything wild,  
Did no harm to mar your charming face motherly mild.

The only wicked child – human but intellectual and developed,  
Ruins your amiable face and spoils its splendor, enveloped  
By synthetic stuff tons many, day after day used and dropped!

His mad running along with vehicles, joy outer the illusion,  
So far only brought all air, blare, river and marine pollution,  
To squash your gentle heart by depression with his delusion!

Cutting edge technology finds no way to inner tranquility  
Putting nutty effort in science gets away from spirituality  
Your child gratifying all his six senses lost center serenity!

Ancient society to modern, folks hold frantically in war  
Staining your body with the blood of your children dear  
Using fatal weapons from their crooked mind full of horror!

Cities with erect factories standing against your natural glare  
Impart his own society with unanticipated man made disaster  
Global warming is entering blindly into mouth of a monster!

In the name of comfort he invents things bringing discomfort!  
Plastic only is enough to damage all creatures' life without effort!  
What to talk about things like mercury, radium and atomic effect! !

To live a contented life when you always donate basic needs  
Food, clothing and shelter what is the search behind his deeds?  
If it is really happiness why he is raising foolishly mortal weeds?

Forgive him since mother you are personification of persistence  
Teach him the way to happiness going within, with perseverance  
Give him the transports to reach the ultimate by love and tolerance! 050308

Raman Savithiri

## 948. Mother, I Have No Other Way! 290208

You materialize in front of eyes or never appear even in dreams  
I have no other way rather than adoring Your delightful deity  
You take pity to shower Your grace or toast me in cause and effects  
I have no other way rather than chanting Your heavenly names

To attain skilled archery, low-born Ekalaiv adored Drona's monument.  
Assumed Guru out of faith immeasurable, brought out much more talent,  
Than that of real Guru who loved Arjuna of high caste and potent!  
The untouchable disciple surpassed the prince so gallant and valiant! !

Maa,

You are also after Yogis, Munis, Rishis and devotees capable!  
Abandoned me since am I neither orthodox in caste nor valuable.  
At least bestow me with tremendous faith as that of naive Ekalaiv.  
Let me too reap the fruits of Bhakthi in this very birth when alive! 290208

Raman Savithiri

## 949. An Easy Way To Realization! 250208

Oh mind! Surrender forever unto Her lotus feet!  
Never depart Her abode built deep in your heart!  
Merge your breath with Her divine name sweet!  
You will see all thoughts stand distanced apart!  
Any sin or even cause of your deeds touches not!  
Shady ego vanishes, unable to withstand Her sight!  
Bhakthi is the simplest way to attain mukthi! - 250208

Raman Savithiri

## 950. Mother, Demolish My Identity! Let Me Go Out Of Ego Cover! 040208

Amma,

As a floating balloon traps air from atmosphere  
My little self is ensnared by 'I' encircling sphere!  
Prick the wall! Let the air out to be one with sky  
Crush the 'I'! Let the self out to be one with thy!

As a floating sealed earthen pot of water in Ganges  
My identity blocks all way that self with Self mergence  
Break the pot! Let the water mingle with Holy River  
Demolish my identity! Let me go out of ego cover!

As the charismatic silence is being the language of Love  
Why the stupid mind is always engaged chattering loud?  
As blissful state is my true nature in vigilance full  
Why am I chased by sorrow pertained to body small?

As the ever expanding space is my dwelling place  
Why am I bound in a fragile body with nine holes?  
As all the objects under universe ever belong to me  
Why am I after trivial things, bound by senses five? 040208

Raman Savithiri

## 951. Mother, As A Child In Supermarket! ..... In Whirlpool Of Desires! 230208

Toys, games, little friends - boys and girls not knowing any sex,  
Dutiful parents, sisters and brothers, sincere teachers, some nuts,  
To be away from artificial things, trees, birds to drive away vex,  
To gratify five senses so many gears, logical brain counts as six,

Sea with hugging waves dragging to drench, mountains eye catching,  
Plains being vast and green pulling me down to lie for sky watching,  
Blossoms of countless varieties in numerous colours bliss hatching,  
Twilight prettiness, winking stars endless with my desires matching,

Millions of natural miracles, attracting human soul till elderly age,  
Sweet heart, super job, marriage - hunted trap, with kids life voyage,  
Position, prestige, lingering caste, happiness external after a mirage,  
Assets, shares, shelters, cars, computers... defining destined self cage!

Amma,

Like a child in supermarket myself being in a world of many enticing fun,  
Caught in a whirlpool of desires, knowing not what to obtain what to shun,  
Look for You to lead me, shelter me as a chick under warm wings of hen,  
Kindle faith in Your guidance to accept the things from Your hand divine! 230208

Raman Savithiri



## 952. What Did I Commit To Take This Birth Of Ailments? (20208)

(Ramalinga Vallalar was a synthesis of great philanthropist, reformer, devotee, a poet.....He enquires himself what sin in the past birth he committed in a poetic verse. I too read the same to introspect and to clean the mind by dropping tears. These sins of ordinary people he puts on himself intentionally to awaken normal people mind. In fact he was a pure soul not stained by any sin)

What did I commit to take this birth of ailments? (20208)

- Did I make saints' hearts to tremble?
- Did I desert any hand in mid river?
- Did I intentionally pull any one to court to humiliate?
- Did I block any path of transport?
- Did I stand to stop offering from charitable one?
- Did I waste things overlooking morality?
- Did I divide dissolved friends?
- Did I give clue to crooks?
- Did I deceive mind-merged friendship?
- Did I increase taxes to deprive citizens?
- Did I spoil drinking water pool?
- Did I make Poor's stomach burn?
- Did I say 'no' to beggars?
- Did I help murderers?
- Did I relish flesh of other creatures?
- Did I say lie, desiring any worldly object?
- Did I demolish any public building?
- Did I cheat any one after promising?
- Did I reduce wages after increasing chores?
- Did I destroy any tree, giving shelter from hot sun?
- Did I overlook hungry faces?
- Did I destroy crops after developing enmity?
- Did I slander and ungroup a family?
- Did I betray one who hid trembling for life?
- Did I join a woman not virtuous?
- Did I ruin the chastity of virtuous women?
- Did I destroy protected virgin?
- Did I enjoy aborting foetus?
- Did I grumble at learned ones?

Did I keep bound a calf without feeding its milk?  
Did I stand ashamed to be humble in front of Guru?  
Did I forget to give Guru thakshina?  
Did I cage a bird shuddering?  
Did I find fault in saint's songs?  
Did I mix and sell sand grains and paddy grains?  
Did I humiliate who do penance?  
Did I keep temple door closed?  
Did I hiss and scold Siva's devotee?  
Did I debase people of pure wisdom?  
Did I stand rebuking my Mother and Father?  
Did I neglect my parent's advice in life?  
Did I tell off God and attain vain pride?  
What sin did I commit? I do not know that what it was! (220208)

(source: Manu Murai Kanda Vaachagam from Tamil Thiru Arutppaa by Ramalinga Vallalar)

Raman Savithiri

## 953. Spring Flowers - My Mother's Smile In Multifold 140208

Last summer you all departed  
Fading to see the fuming sun.  
All of you were not seen around  
Until merciless autumn was over.  
Where were you hidden in lifeless soil,  
When winter wind blew to freeze desert?  
Amusing spring is getting you back  
To redecorate the barren expanse!

One by one your faces opening to twinkle  
Here and there like twilight stars!  
In mid spring you all will fill till horizon  
This arid land like countless midnight stars! !  
You all make me smile with your radiant smile  
Filling heart with peace and contentment  
Bringing a heaven down to earth! ! !

You all remind Mother's smile in multifold,  
Her unseen heart under even scorching sand,  
Her fragrance carried along with dusty wind,  
Her darshan once in a year with cuddling hand!  
I wish this blissful spring should not leave  
But hot summer and bitter winter weave  
Crucial time to add splendour to spring  
And to mould the soil and scenery for your being! 140208

Raman Savithiri

## 954. Are You Stone-Hearted Mother? 20208

Being low-born, poor, ugly and hostile  
Prone to make hundreds of bumbles  
I always become unfit to win affairs.  
People weigh my love against situations!  
In the balance my nutty heart descends  
And is thrown into sacrificial flames!

Maa,  
Scriptures and saints have been yelling,  
You forever being ocean of compassion  
Are ready to receive me with no condition.  
Knowing this I try to set a path to reach You.  
Alas! I know not where You are!  
And I know not how to come to You!

Like a lost kid in a jungle I cry,  
To attract Your attention I try,  
Calling out Your thousand sweet names!

Scriptures say Your eyes penetrate everywhere.  
Your ears are capable of hearing even pin drops!  
If so...  
How is that possible for You to quietly sit  
Hidden, stone hearted and not moved a bit? !

Raman Savithiri

## 955. Mother Bharath! 080208

Maa Bharath!

To alleviate money-making disease  
You exiled me to a foreign desert.  
Could You reduce flames by petrol?  
The disease goes beyond any control!

Maa Bharath!

Take me back to Your pious lap comfort  
Which alone can heal even birth-ailment  
Where wind sings songs of divine names  
To elevate the soul from temporal frames.

Maa Bharath!

How I was happy to hear splendid Ramayana  
And the world's longest legend Mahabharata  
From Your perpetual lips sweet and skilled  
Mixed with judicious ethics vital and valued!

Maa Bharath!

Which land had ever seen an Avatar like Krishna  
Fusion of all fine personalities world witnessed  
Sweet child, witty friend, winner of hearts, warrior,  
Orator, Karma Yogi, Lord still rules many followers?

Maa Bharath!

Buddha carried message of Love churned out of Veda.  
Ramanuja opened to downtrodden the path of Dvaita.  
Sankara brought out the hidden precious treasure Advaita.  
Countless gems of spirituality took birth from Your lap!

Maa Bharath!

In my teens, I was stirred by Vivekananda a holy lion  
All my time I must read Ramakrishna's Gospel line by line  
My life's ambition to achieve even a tiny fraction of Love  
That of Amrita Devi embodiment of Your mission and motto.

Maa Bharath!

You being the heart of earth emitting waves of wisdom  
Sending Your children of genius like Gandhi to inform

The value of non-violence and renunciation to the world.  
Shelter foreigners who come in search of spiritual gold.

Maa Bharath!

Forgive me who forgot You in search of asset.

Let me lie as a tiny dust at Your saintly feet.

Take me again to Tamilnadu a part of Your land

A nation of temples, devotion and devotees band! 080208

Raman Savithiri

## 956. Mother, How Am I To Find You In This Very Life? 050208

How am I to pass time of life?  
In the lovely place earth in sky  
Waiting ever for You to appear  
Smiling at people who cross me  
Stirring the hearts who rest near  
Stinging accidentally who touch me  
Knitting web of affairs to trap self  
Dreaming a new world of future  
Trying to unwind the loops of past  
Making the situation still more worse  
Losing the eggs at hand too  
Knowing all these are not to be done  
Let me ask You Maa!  
How am I to pass time of life?

How am I to find You in this very life?  
Spending just twenty minutes a day  
Shedding tears just two days a week  
Introspecting just few a days a month  
Coming to your Mutt just a day in a year  
Grasping Your name the only salvation  
Keeping Your sweet form in sight  
Hoping these trials will bear fruit  
Enduring the laugh of world at this mad  
Neglecting the search of wealth and welfare  
Trying to break the hard shell 'I'  
Knowing all these are not sufficient to hunt You  
Let me ask You Maa!  
How am I to find You in this very life? 050208

Raman Savithiri

## 957. Maa You Are So Near I Know No Fear!

As a child lets its mother to grasp its tiny hand,  
I let my life to be designed by Your arty hand!

I know not where the days lead me,  
I know but Your hands ever hold me!

I know not what affairs days give me,  
I know but Your hands ever grip me!

I may stupidly go near devouring fire,  
Your hands are there to drag to secure!

I may run madly into sea ready to drench,  
Your hands are there to push me to beach!

I may be about to fall from a peak very steep,  
Your hands are there to track me and stop!

Though I often delight in worldly enjoyments,  
I always keep an eye on Your crimson garments!

Feeling the soft sarry touching me occasionally,  
To make sure that You are with me continuously.

When Your all pervading eyes watch my play,  
When Your heart is on me, I touch no worry!

(\*\*\*\*\*)

(written on 17-8-07 posted on 1-2-08)

(\*\*\*\*\*)

Raman Savithiri



## 958. Maa Grant A Vista From Premier Position!

Take me above the world to a highest place.  
Highest Himalayan peaks and lowest seas,  
Are seen alike on the same smooth surface.

The pleasure which takes one to highest happiness  
And the pain which sinks another to deepest depression  
Are seen alike in the same social existence.

Where is the difference between  
Rich and poor?  
King and subjects?  
Brahmin and low-born?  
White and black?  
Courageous and timid?  
Male and female?

....

Duals are just sides of a single currency.  
All diversities are particles of same creation!  
Maa grant this vista always as a convention  
(\*\*\*\*\*)

(written on 31-8-07 posted on 1-2-08)  
(\*\*\*\*\*)

Raman Savithiri

## 959. Where Is The Soul Among These Fragments?

I –

A child who drank love from my mother's brimming breasts;  
A toddler who ate affection from father's tiresome turmoil;  
A student who gulped facts from master's marvellous minds;  
A youth who tried to steal a heart of same thump and rhythm.

The 'I' is a group of bits and pieces of love and affection!  
Where is the soul among these fragments? A true detection!

I –

A daughter supposed to serve parents old age by my own hands;  
A mother indebted to give my breasts to toothless mouth of kids;  
A wife obliged to give my heart to my spouse as honestly he bids;  
A teacher dutiful to restore my brain to young lasses and lads;

The 'I' is split into bits and pieces of love and affection!  
Where is the soul among these fragments? A true detection!

Amma,

Why this trade of relations masked under name of love?  
All giving and taking the rules of humanity should I bow?  
The way out of this ever whirling karmas you should show;  
Total surrendering to this tiresome soul your grace must bestow!

(\*\*\*\*\*)

24-01-08 (Thursday)

(\*\*\*\*\*)

Raman Savithiri

# 960. TAMIL ` BHOGI ` AND ` BHAKTHI ` BONFIRE!

Comes once in a year, festival Bhogi;  
Homes sweet are scanned thoroughly;  
Amassed out are ugly and useless outfits;  
Consumed they are in bonfire flames!

Dwellings then are decked with  
Fresh fragrant flowers from forest;  
Golden grains gush out giant granaries;  
People put on new dresses on Pongal!

Amma,

Let your lotus feet step into my heart once a year at least,  
To purge away all unwanted names and forms utter waste;  
Let your pure love make a blazing bonfire and burn away,  
All these useless thoughts which make my mind sway!

Let your lotus hand pour ever green Bhakthi sweet;  
Let pure devotion fill all nook and corner in my heart;  
Help me to undress petty 'I' off my little soul tiresome;  
Help me to put cosmic 'I' on and make it handsome!

19-08-07 submitted on 15-01-08

(Mata Amritananda Mayi Devi visits Madurai to give dharsan to devotees on every 14th or 15th Jan. People would go and take her divine hug to remove their samskaras and to receive blessings.)

Raman Savithiri

# 961. MY ` M O T H E R ` T O N G U E ` I S ` S W E E T ` T A M I L !

(This trial fails to measure the height of TAMIL and TAMILLAND in all its dimensions. Tamil literature is vast. Its depth is immeasurable.

I tasted just a drop! From time immemorial Tamil land clasps all, till today, whoever comes to make an esteemed living. Tamil Temples and related arts could not be spoken by me. I am just like an ignorant frog which does not know anything about lotuses though it lives with them!)

\_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \* \_ \*  
M y ` m o t h e r ` t o n g u e ` i s ` s w e e t ` T A M I L !

Into which history fails to pierce;  
Mother of languages many other;  
But Her age never trips teens;  
Is my mother tongue – dear TAMIL!

Siva elevated Her in sangam;  
Uma loves to hear the twangs;  
Skantha stays in, hillocks echoing  
Sweet TAMIL, forgetting Himalaya!

Thoughtful couplets Tirukkural,  
Four line verses Naladiyar and  
Invaluable diamond KambaRamayana  
Deck Her crown – TAMIL literature!

More than half of Indian inscriptions are Hers;  
More than half of Indian temples are Hers;  
Prose, music and drama are Her elements;  
How could I tell TAMIL's beauty in English?

River Kaveri ripples Aandals ThiruPpaavai;  
Bay of Bengal replicates Vallalar's ThiruArutppaa;  
ThiruAnnaMalai silently sings Ramana AtcharaMaalai;  
Entire plateau is pride of TAMIL Auvai's Aathichudi!

"Everyone is my relative and  
Everyplace my native land"-

Embraced the entire mankind,  
TAMIL proverb years 2500 before!

Do my feet deserve to touch,  
TAMIL soil where Nayanmar 63  
And Azlwar 12 walked,  
Singing unique devotionals?

A dropp from Thiruvaacagam  
Is more than enough to  
Intoxicate my little soul, causing  
Tears touching TAMIL land!

Heart's love beats in AgaNaanuru,  
Soul's truth hunt in PuraNaanuru,  
Are TAMIL's treasures precious,  
That tidal time could not perish!

Hosting is Her eminent nature! – In Her lap,  
Thiyagaraja, famous Telugu poet flourished,  
Mahratta Sarabhoji's kingdom was established,  
Even today actors of all states boom and zoom!

A rock, peeping out of wild waves at TAMIL tip Kanyakumai,  
Gave days 3 mediation and vision vibrant to Vivekananda!  
A royal, keeping above feral desires, Bhaskara Sethupathi ^,  
Paved way to Vivekananda's speech starting from Chicago!

This tiny drunk mortal, drunken the sweet nectar TAMIL  
Tries to tell on the only living classical language of India!  
Trial ends as a prattle! Could I explain how sweet honey is?  
Blessed am I, given that, lustrous Tamil is my tongue!

Maa, Uma, if I have anymore birth, throw me in TAMIL land alone!  
Let my heart bleed to clean karmas, with Manivacagar's tears devotional!  
Let me too feel oneness with Ramalinga who withered with plant withering!  
Let me sing Abiraami Andaathi with Pattar to become Your child cherished!

- \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \*

^ Initially, it was Bhaskara Setupati as the Raja of Ramnad, who had earlier decided to go to US to attend the Parliament of Religions as the representative of Hinduism. But after conversing with Swami Vivekananda,

he decided that Swamiji was the right person to attend the conference. It shows the great hearts of TAMIL kings from ancient Athiyaman (who offered life-extending gooseberry to Auvai) to modern kings.

(started on 5th Jan) 8-1-07

(ref: and Hindu religion)

Raman Savithiri

## 962. Bestow A Boon! Never To Return To The World Of Karmas

Amma,

Bestow my ears a boon to hear

Your honey tone that flute and veena vie in vain to outshine  
That all tuneful tools and all seven sweet notes fail to beat;  
That delights the mind and merges into undying speech of silence;  
That bulldozes the burly 'I' into dust, by its mere pulsation!

Then let my ears hear not, anything else in the entire universe!

--

Bestow my eyes a boon to see

Your divya rupa with wilting wreath of bright blossoms bees sought;  
The beaming beauty with a crescent decked crown and jingling jewels;  
The motherly motion in radiant red silk, smiling and coming closer;  
The outspread arms to padlock me in your love, enveloping eternity!

Then let my eyes see not, anything else in the entire universe!

--

Bestow my nose a boon to smell

Your maternal aroma, firing up faith, that you are always around me;  
From which rose, sandal, jasmine and all drag fragrance in fragments;  
From which words 'sacred' and 'sanctified' got significance or sense;  
That which alone could spell out the stinking stench of my secular life!

Then let my nose smell not, anything else in the entire universe!

--

Bestow me a boon

To enter your abode where holy lamps deck with light and scent;  
To turn into little toddler crawling towards your lap soft and comfort;  
To be fed with your divine hands the milk of wisdom and insight;  
To sleep in your lap for ever and never return to the world of karmas!

Then let me not take anymore birth!

--

1 - 1 - 08 0hrs 5 min

Raman Savithiri



## 963. As Far As 'i' Is There, Let Me Cling To 'you'

While gulping foodstuff in variety,  
With my spouse and children only,  
Forgetting about million folks,  
Who hunger for a single feast,  
Let me not talk of ADVAITA!

While dressing my filthy body,  
By silky dress worth much money,  
Forgetting about countless sisters,  
Who long for a sarry just to alter,  
Let me not talk about ADVAITA!

While dousing the fire of lust then and now,  
With my sweet heart in the name of love,  
Forgetting about numerous hearts,  
Who wait to be noticed their love beats,  
Let me not talk about ADVAITA!

While I am prone to hurt my associate,  
If I cowardly test ADVAITA the vast,  
By piercing a dagger into another heart,  
Telling 'body can not be cut or burnt! ',  
Let me not talk about ADVAITA

Amma, is it not wise to worship You,  
Though it is of primitive run through,  
Rather than wasting devotional twilights,  
With friends fatal and mortal 'I'?  
Let me practice DVAITA only!

As far as I bleed and mourn even a needle's prick,  
As far as I am numb and hard to feel the pain  
Of my fellow being when a thorn pricks him,  
Let me stick to You and You alone.  
As far as the 'I' is there let me cling to 'You'!

28-12-07



# 964. M A A ` A M R I T A N A N D A M A Y I ` D E V I!

As a second Himalaya She stands on India's south tip;  
As a second Ganges Her love flows for anyone's dip!  
As a second Moon She spreads wisdom around globe;  
As a second Krishna She chooses pure hearts Her abode!

She is RamaKrishna an ascetic to merge in Kali;  
Sri Sarada is also She, as purity has taken a form.  
Vivekananda is also She in spreading 'Sanadana Dharma';  
She is many in one – Amrita! , what an incomparable enigma!

Caste and creed take their wings in Her holy presence;  
Waste and vain turn as craft in Her moulding hands;  
Millions and billions are moved by Her unique hug;  
She emits Love even to those who find only bug!

Life seems to be functional after having met Her eyes;  
Her touch made valuable this body but a bunch of lies;  
Even a thousands of times let Her touch. Will it bore?  
When multitudes wait, the pain of parting, I must bear!

Maa, Come like a charged dark cloud to shower Your Love;  
How long I sustain my little life in the desert of separation?  
Days roll fast. My life goes waste without Your grace;  
Delay not! Come quickly! ! I need badly Your embrace! ! !

Raman Savithiri

# 965. KINDLE ` THE ` FIRE ` OF ` LO VE

Let a spark from your compassionate eyes  
Kindle the fire of devotion that never dies!  
Let the devotional fire gulp all gathered dirt,  
In all birth and death cycles millions left!

Let not dancing fierce flames are quenched;  
Until all grunge and grime - dry or drenched,  
Are consumed - nothing should be left,  
Except love that makes a burning heart.

Meera disappeared into immense love unto Krishna.  
Aandal dissolved into dedicated love unto Ranga.  
I am not an avatar like them, yet I wish  
You to burn me up, by Your love, into ash!

Raman Savithiri

## 966. A - H U G E - B A N Y A N - T R E E !

Trifling mushrooms flourish in one or two nights.  
Tomatoes bear crimson fruits in some fortnights.  
Little trees become fruitful in a year or few.  
But palm takes many years to give its due.

I am a huge banyan tree at its sapling nature.  
It may take even a hundred years to mature,  
And spread my invisible vines far and wide,  
To embrace the entire cosmos now and ever.

Neither am I jealous at mushrooms swell;  
Nor I look up on them down or small,  
I am what I am - a huge banyan tree!  
The innermost spirit that is ever free! !

Let my roots reach the inner stream still,  
And let my branches reach the sky eternal.  
My gardener is Mother Kali the most passionate  
My garden is Father Siva the most compassionate.

Raman Savithiri

## 967. J U S T - T O - H I D E - T H E - N U D E !

Wear a dress is to hide the nude.  
Why so many hues and shade?  
Why so many stuff ready made?  
Just to attract the lunatic world!

'Travel inside' is the call from kind God.  
'Draw the world' is the yell from mind mad.  
As it revolves its centre 'I', the gorgeous rod,  
No evolution is done on inner joyous road!

Why there is yearning for appreciation?  
Can't you do things to your satisfaction?  
The eternal soul watches in continuation.  
Don't crave temporal earth's admiration!

Write a poem to pour out feelings of heart.  
Be contented even if the readers are inert.  
Try to attract Almighty who is forever alert.  
The only inventive POET is GOD ever the great!

23-12-07

Raman Savithiri

## 973. We Are Inseparable.

I searched some deep friends to talk about my Mother;  
No one is interested!  
I come out stand in vast open ground.

Oh dark cloud! You resemble my Mother Syama.  
You speak about Her wet heart of true compassion.

Oh green dale! You resemble my Mother Maragda.  
You speak about Her everlasting prosperity.

Oh blue sky! You resemble my Mother Neela.  
You speak about Her never ending bliss.

Oh crimson lotus! You resemble my Mother's silk.  
You speak about Her passion to Her devotees.

Oh profound sea! Your depth resembles my Mother's serenity.  
You speak about Her deep love to Her children.

Sun speaks about Her brightness;  
Star Her nose ring; moon Her cool nature;  
Chirping birds Her jingling anklets;  
Expanding space Her heart to accommodate all;  
Fragrant flowers Her radiant smile;  
Flowing river Her clasping hands;  
Mountains Her lofty spirit;  
Desert Her fierce anger;  
Fire Her evil-destroying wrath;

I stand and turn round and round.  
Wherever my eyes go;  
They meet only Her forms in limitless diversity;  
She surrounds me as Air;  
She fills me with prana;  
I am in Her; She is in me;  
We are in each other's pocket.

Raman Savithiri

## 974. Amma, You Are The Judge Of Global Life Cycle!

Every cause will have its own effect;  
Who could stop any befalling fate?  
Let me gain courage to accept any doom;  
As an effect of my own past karma;

Amma, let any one hurt me to any extent;  
Let me not retaliate; Let me not complain;  
I will bear the pain,  
By just sitting at Your feet  
And silently dropping tears;  
After all, my karma bundle is diminished!  
I can never take the post of evaluator;  
I don't want to prove myself too;  
If I am innocent, I know;  
You will punish those who did harm;

Even the holy Mother Ganges' son,  
The great archer with unequal armour,  
The great celibate with untainted heart – Bhishma,  
Could not escape the tears  
Dropped from Panjali's lotus eyes.  
At least at the end of his life,  
He was penalized to be in awful arrow-bed,  
For many days together until his repentance.

Your justice is beyond human perception;  
May be delayed, but never denied;  
Sinner may enjoy for the time being;  
Might be – he reaps his good karmas.  
But the day will certainly come-  
That day-  
He will become the focus of his sins too!

Raman Savithiri



## 975. Amma, Save From A Quagmire Of Mundane Life!

I slowly immerse in a terrific quagmire of secular life.  
I try to take my legs out of the marsh!  
Try to catch some grip out of the sticky mud!  
Alas! My own trails push me down and down.

I recognize some mighty force alone can get me out!  
Given up all my trails I call out - Amma!  
Who else is mightier than You?  
Come fast! Lest, I may be entirely devoured up!

I trust no one but You!  
I trust not my mind – after all, it is a bundle of thoughts;  
I trust not my body – after all, it is a picture of mind;  
I trust not my affairs – after all, they are related to fragile body;

I know, Your motherly heart could not stand my pathetic sight.  
I know, Your motherly instinct will not let me go down.  
Hold my hand in Yours;  
Drag me out of all – even out of body and mind;  
Wash all the grubby mud;  
Make me deserve to enter Your celestial castle.

Raman Savithiri

## 976. As A Soaring Eagle.

Majestic, high soaring eagle,  
Shoots down the sea's seething surface,  
In a sec, a big fish writhes for life,  
In the strong clutches of its claw.

Booming eagle flies towards a tree,  
To have a feast of fish flesh.  
But where from so many crows,  
Follow him to snatch his prey?

In the struggle he dropped the fish.  
With the falling fish,  
The numerous crows go!  
The eagle again soars high,  
Without those silly birds' nuisance.

The moment you hold an object,  
Troubles are sure to encircle you.  
As the hold is flung away,  
Those troubles too are also gone.

Morning, when you wake up,  
Bundle of your thoughts too rise with you.  
When you drop your self in deep sleep,  
Where those niggling thoughts are gone?

Do you wish to be free as the soaring eagle?  
If so, drop all your wishes!  
One way to let go wishes is -  
Love deeply Mother Universe!

Raman Savithiri

## 977. Amma, Why A Beggar In The Throne Of A Queen?

Amma, Why a beggar in the throne of a Queen?

It was told You would visit any devotee's home,  
Who is really pure minded.

Though I knew I would fall only at the end of devotees' line,  
I could not control my greediness to  
Have Your magnificent feet touching my home too.

I woke up unusually earlier that day,  
Cleaned each nook and corner of my little home;  
Decorated the entrance with colourful patterns;  
Lit the lamp which symbolizes Your presence;  
Added scent sticks also to welcome You.

With devotional songs in my lips;  
With lingering happiness in heart;  
With day dreams in my mind;  
I prepared a sacred sweet pongal for You,  
With overflowing love, in plenty.

I arranged carefully a seat for You to sit;  
Kept a glowing golden plate.  
Then I waited for Your arrival,  
As a loving wife would wait for husband's return;  
As a dear mother would wait for her child from school.

Time passed.  
I waited to hear Your jingling anklets;  
Waited to have Your darshan in a radiant silk;  
Waited to see Your beaming face.

But there appeared a beggar,  
With weary feet touching the colourful patterns,  
In muddy and grubby robes,  
With gloomy face and weak cry 'Amma! '

With a reluctant heart,  
I permitted him to take the seat decorated for You,  
I gave the sacred pongal prepared for You,  
In the golden plate kept for You,  
To his unwashed hand for days together.

He relished and went away ... but,  
Till today I do not know,  
Why didn't You appear in a form as I expected!  
Till today I do not know,  
Was that You only came in beggar role!  
I convince myself that, that was You only,  
Lest, who would sooth the pain of collapsed expectations?

(One wished to become a sanyasin,  
But, turned to be a householder!)

Raman Savithiri

## 978. Amma, Are You A Business Minded Mother?

Amma, Are You a business minded mother?

Why does a camel eat the thorny cactus,  
In spite of its mouth bleeding, while chewing?  
Since it is not given any chance to relish,  
Soft and green plants! No amma?

Though I know for certain,  
Delight in enjoyments, lead to trouble,  
I'm unable to find other way!  
Why do I feed myself on earthly food?  
Since You are not ready to give me divine food.

As soon I was born,  
You left me in a wild jungle,  
And returned to Your glorious fort.  
I was fed by wild wolf;  
Brought up by the hands of untamed animals;  
It is really a miracle that I was not devoured by the forest!

As I grow, every day,  
I realize that my home is not here;  
I really want to come to You;  
But is that easy to cut the ties  
With the maternal harsh earth –  
Which, I still feel, is more compassionate than You!

Why do, always, my five senses drift after worldly pleasures?  
Since as a business minded mother You never care for me!  
You are always busy with Your great children -  
Yogis, rishis, great aspirants, and others!  
You are so impatient to bring up a new born!

If not,  
Why don't You come near me with a mother's fragrance?  
Why don't You show my eyes Your enchanting form?  
Why don't You sing lullaby to my thirsty ears?  
Why don't You lift me to Your bosom?  
Why don't You feed me Your holy milk?

Why? Amma, Why?

Don't say I am not deserved!

Is Your love too conditional, like the world's?

Raman Savithiri

## 979. Hope Is My Only Hold

If a gurgling baby grows as a world's greatest orator,  
If a girl with spinal cord trains herself as a non-spinal gymnastic,  
If a dirty pond could be filled with lovely crimson lotuses,  
If an ugly caterpillar transforms into a beautiful butterfly,

Hope is there for me too;  
I'll become your beloved child!  
Hope is there for me too;  
One day you will bedeck my revolting heart!

Hope is there for me too;  
Your sweet name will capture my whole mind!  
Hope is there for me too;  
Some day my little self will dissolve in Your Love.

Hope is my only hold.

Raman Savithiri

## 980. I Stand Empty Handed!

Amma, I stand empty handed!

I really did not know  
What gift should I select for you.  
Money or honey?  
Milk or silk?  
Flower or fruit?  
Sweet pudding or tender coconut?  
....

You smiled at my silliness! And  
You asked the whole heart of mine.  
I was very happy that you asked for such a simple thing.  
At once tried I to take my heart –  
To offer unto your lotus feet.

Not once, twice or thrice  
I have been trying for years together  
To lift my heart against the gravity of the earth  
But I am unable to separate my heart  
Which is strongly attached to the world.

I tried all tricks to isolate it.  
Meditation, Mantra, Prayer, Yoga...  
Failure; utter failure!

I stand, in front of you, empty handed

Raman Savithiri



## 981. May You Be A Date-palm!

A Desert date-palm  
Is, of course, rough and tough,  
To endure the desert climates.  
Hard and prickly are its leaves,  
To save itself from its ruthless environs

But fruits of date-palm  
Are sweet and delicious!  
Not a bit of bitterness of desert life! !  
For a traveler in scorching sand,  
Date-palm offers revitalizing shade.

Though many troubles encircle you,  
As that of a desert palm,  
May the Almighty bestow you,  
Patience and forbearance,  
As that of sweet fruits of date-palm.

Though you are seated in a place,  
Where you ought to tackle,  
People with entirely different natures,  
May God grant you wisdom and mercy,  
As that of shade of a date-palm.

Raman Savithiri

## 982. Prayer For Universal Peace.

It is an ever busy highway.  
Above shines the hottest Sun of July.  
Hardly any cloud passes by.  
At its sides, sand spreads endlessly.  
Rooted in scorching soil, stand plants,  
With blooms without any protest!  
PEACE glows on the faces of  
Even those desert flowers! !

It is a serene dawn of Himalayan jungle.  
Orange rays peep above snowy peaks.  
Tigers and antelopes;  
Hawks and doves;  
Snakes and rats...  
Await another day of struggle,  
For food, shelter and even for lives!  
PEACE glows on the faces of  
Even those forest creatures! !

PEACE prevails everywhere;  
Even in  
Ever heaving deep Sea,  
Ever blowing blue Sky,  
Ever shining hot Sun,  
Ever whirling Galaxies of millions of Stars...  
But, alas!  
Man alone is cursed with NO PEACE.  
All disharmonies, conflicts, chaos  
Trek from human mind to Earth!

God!  
Bestow PEACE in human minds,  
By eliminating greed and conflicts,  
Which are the root cause of,  
His eternal problems.  
Let him perceive the UNIVERSAL PEACE,  
That already reigns the entire Universe! !



## 983. Eradicate Ignorance And Unawareness

You can see me; You can hear me.  
But, I am blind and deaf.  
I am unable to see Your enchanting beauty,  
As I am absolutely ignorant.  
Unable to hear Your honey-sweet voice.  
As I am entirely unaware.

Even an earthly mother,  
Can not bear her child being sightless and heedless.  
How do You stand my pain of being vain?

Even an earthly mother,  
Would spend her whole life,  
To serve unsighted child of hers.  
But, Oh! compassion-hearted Mother,  
How can You turn to be stone-hearted,  
Not ready to spend even few minutes a day,  
To this helpless blind kid of yours?

Even an earthly mother,  
Would strive her level best,  
To bring light into the blind-eyes;  
Would seek all means,  
To sing songs of love to the deaf-ears;  
Oh, All powerful Sakthi!  
Is it a hard task to You,  
To cast away my blindness – ignorance?  
To purge away my deafness – unawareness?

Raman Savithiri

## 984. Of What Use Am I Born?

Amma, of what use am I born?

The beatings from a blacksmith's expert hand,  
Received by an iron piece,  
Turns it into a sparkling swift sword.

Year after year,  
You too beat me with all kinds of suffering;  
But, still I turn not to be of any useful thing!

The persistent burning of a raw gold piece,  
By the hand of a creative goldsmith,  
Makes it pure and ever shining ornament.

Year after year,  
You too burn me in severe ordeals;  
But, still I become not pure!

The enduring gardener, nips the sick stems,  
Cuts and throws away surplus twigs,  
To make the plant bear fruit soon.

Year after year,  
You too weed out futile desires and relations,  
But, still I bore not any fruit!

Of what use You tenderly rendered me?

Raman Savithiri

## 986. Is Not Love Mutual?

In each part of India, there is a true story of devotee.  
Each nook and corner has given devotional experiences to many.

Many had visions; heard voices; □  
Many had seen You in disguised forms;  
Many had seen You at least in dreams;

It seems even animals, sinners, lepers  
Had enjoyed Your divine love.

But why don't You even look at me?  
Is there any tragedy worse than,  
Waiting for love from one who never talks with me?  
-He who never cares for me?  
-He who never even glances at me?  
Can love flow in one-way? Is it not mutual?

Raman Savithiri

## 987. My Petty Gift.

Amma, My Petty Gift.

I wish to offer this diary unto your lotus feet.

But I'm ashamed to give this petty one,  
As You bedeck the throne,  
Crowned as the Queen of the Universe.  
The Goddess of wealth and  
The Goddess of wisdom,  
Both Rama and Vaani are at your service.

How will You treat this poor child?

Kuchela brought the flattened rice,  
To the Palace of Sri Krishna.  
He was embarrassed to give it.  
However Lord took that bundle voluntarily.

If I stand in front of You,  
Without knowing how to disclose this,  
Will You take this from my hesitant hands?

But I know not if my love is pure like Kuchela's  
How will You measure my dirty heart?

Raman Savithiri

## 988. You Are Their True Mother

Amma, A True Treasure – Your Thousand Names.  
Unto my children, I've told that, You are their true Mother.

Most of the parents – for their children,  
Seek and save enormous wealth. Or  
Strive hard to get best education. Or  
Find rich nation's citizenship. Or ...

But, I carve your thousand names,  
On the tender minds of my children,  
As a true treasure; as a true protection.

In their little hearts,  
I try to kindle the flame of faith,  
Till I'm alive I will not let go the flame.

I'm sure that You are the only Guide,  
To show the right path both internally and externally,  
For my innocent children.

Raman Savithiri



## 989. What Is Solitude?

Amma, What Is Solitude?

World is always busy.  
Blind mind too busy all the time.

I seek a place to be in solitude,  
To brood over the meaningfulness  
-of the existence of the world;  
-of the existence of the mind.

On hill tops,  
On river sides,  
On vast deserts,  
On sea shores,  
In green vales ...

Wherever I go,  
Both world and mind follow me ever.  
Can't get rid of these shameless ones.

What is the meaning of SOLITUDE?

Raman Savithiri

## 991. Give Me The Pride Of Being Your Child.

You bestow

Some people with pride of having best parents.

Some with pride of inheriting immense wealth.

Some with pride of being born in high caste.

Some with pride of possessing an extraordinary talent.

Some with pride of controlling a great mass.

.....

For me, You denied all these.

I too don't regret.

In fact, I thank You

For not having added all these

To my already taxing ego.

But, don't deny Your uplifting love.

Give me only one pride.

The pride of being Your child!

Raman Savithiri

## 994. Slay Both Me And My Mind!

Rani Rasamani had the luck to be slapped,  
By Ramakrishna's divine hand,  
When her mind drifted about business,  
As she was in front of the Deity.

A teak merchant had the luck to be pointed,  
By your kind words,  
About his mind thinking his teak trade,  
As he was in front of You meditating.

Why don't you correct me,  
When my mind too wanders away?

Slap me! Or Stamp me! Or even Slay me!  
But release from my own mind! !

Raman Savithiri

## 995. Give Me Heart Void Of Thoughts

Amma, Give A Heart Void Of Thoughts!

I wait to have  
A pure heart void of thoughts,  
To sing your thousand sweet names,  
But it is like waiting to bath in sea void of waves.

I wish to be obedient to you.  
But my mind is not obedient to me.  
I wish to bind it by your thousand powerful names.  
Alas! Like an ugly fly, it slips and goes after trivial things.

I want to engrave your thousand names in my heart.  
But, this body is embodiment of thoughts.  
Is it ever possible to eliminate all thoughts,  
Without the physical heart demolished too?

Raman Savithiri

## 998. Solve This Paradox

Amma, Solve This Paradox!

In the mind of crystal clear water,  
If no thought waves arise,  
It is said,  
This exhausted child can see your beloved face.

But you know very well,  
Only by your appearance,  
My mind full of dirty water,  
Will become crystal clear.

Thus I wait evermore,  
Struggling with ever rising thoughts,  
To see your beloved face.  
Will you solve this paradox Amma?

Raman Savithiri

# Eating The Husk

The ever expanding universe remains as a mysterious door  
I try to enter Your palace finding my body to be a secret key

.....

How long....how many ways .....how many methods  
I try and try ....standing at Your door  
Old age is approaching  
Don't know if can succeed before nightfall

You remain as a precious pearl  
Under the deep waters of black sea  
I stray in the coast floating on the waves.  
Could I ever see You by surfing on surface?

If the flow of my breath is cut  
The things which seem to be mine are no more mine  
Why do I cling to them?  
As a lover waiting for his sweet heart  
Plays with the pebbles,  
I amuse myself with these things  
The moment You come, I leave them  
To hold Your hand my Lord!

Who wants the peel to relish  
If sweet jackfruit is given?

Raman Savithiri

# Take Me With You

In my heart of hearts, I know You are the only beloved.  
In the journey taken to come to You,  
On the way mesmerizing world made friends with me.

Initially She delighted me,  
By wonderful sights and awful experiences.  
But soon I realized She trapped into a muddle of thoughts.

Thoughts become multifold with each event;  
I know not how to cut infinite loops from innumerable bonds.

Amma, with sheer helplessness, I cry.  
Come; let me free before I am totally lost on the way.  
Take me with You and never let me here.

Raman Savithiri

# Your Name My Sanctuary

Thoughts the vicious eagles chase after,  
My soul the pigeon with wings flutter,  
Your name is the sanctuary to surrender!

Neither my home of relatives nest  
Nor my husband's handsome chest  
Give me rest as Your name, the best!

Within my mind deeper than the dark marine,  
Defeating sun, there shines sweet name Thine,  
Defending me from hazards of mind mine!

As a worker's body needs to be cleaned by water,  
My spinning mind's dirt accumulated as gutter,  
Melts away before Your name flame, as butter!

As single bullet shatters birds many or more  
Your only name is enough from mind core  
To drive away all thoughts helter shelter!

Raman Savithiri



## Your Name My Sanctuary – Ii

What do I want as needed the most?  
Except your caring name the dearest!  
Before I was born it was in my heart.  
By torment of life, it surfaced out!

Your sweet name has been with me,  
Throughout my evolution-steps many,  
Pulling me inward, towards silence,  
Though I am insensitive long since!

Your divine name will lead me,  
After death, to other worlds any!  
Or will dissolve my little self,  
To merge into eternal thyself!

When I am ordained to obtain,  
Your loving name alone for certain,  
After life on earth to take away,  
Why should I wish things that sway?

When I am awake closing my eyes,  
Looking deep into my mind abyss,  
This truth flashes as lightning,  
For a jiffy, gloomy life brightening!

When I open my eyes, blind I turn.  
I often stumble on desires that burn!  
Is it that hard for You to bestow,  
A stable vision to see truth now?

Raman Savithiri

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Raman Savithiri

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Raman Savithiri

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Raman Savithiri

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Raman Savithiri