

An Ode to A Mahatma

When I was told by my Swamini Amma – that I am anadi I am ananta
An urge flared up in my heart, like the raging fire, to experience this ananda
As the craving grew, a mahatma, a jnani – in my life, came
Swamiji he is called but viveka and vinaya - are his true fame
My friends, today I am here to tell you an interesting vishaya
About this Mahatama who knowingly or unknowingly accepted me as his shishya

I am not here to tell you, many of his magnificent traits
Nor here to tell you, that he has earned, two memorable doctorates
And not even to tell you, that he teaches six subjects in one, as he orates
Nor, to tell you, in a century, only one such mind emanates
But I am here tell you, about the things, that he does a lot
How he does those, I know not!!

Light footed, as he walks into this hall, believe you me, the earth shakes
In his resounding voice, when he talks, the entire hall reverberates
Then his loaded words start spreading around, at a rapid pace
Appearing as if they can change, the fate of the entire human race
But how he does it, I know not!!

His words hit us like z arrows, penetrating our hearts
Spell Bound by his voice, his message ever glows in our thoughts
Systematically and forcefully, he uncovers the hidden truth, I surely can tell
In between he narrates a story, and goes into an uncontrollable laughing spell
How he does it, sorry my friends, that I know not!!

With utter selfless passion, teaches He
Whatever he preaches, practices He
Endowed with inner knowledge, what fear is, he knows not
Though showered by constant praises, desires touch him not
How he manages to do all this, I know not!!

At times, he wanders around, tasting the nectar of nature, abiding in the Self
He looks at the meadows, the trees, the river, and the mountain shelf
Lo and Behold, they all disappear, leaving him alone, with his own real Self
At that timeless moment– he feels his inner presence, and nothing else
The all-pervading presence, not different from the Supreme Self
How he does all this, that I certainly know not!!

How he does all this is bugging me more and more
So, here and now, here and now, I start a journey to explore
Explore all the words he has ever spoken
Including the Vastu that makes every thing happen
Wow, I see a flash, that has started to clear my hazy field
Through the four verses, to us, that he once revealed
Vishye Vishye satta daivam
Drishtau Drishtau premeti daivam
Chalane chalane Shakti daivam
Hridaye Hridaye Jiva daivam

The lightening flash from these verses , in my mind, has started going round and round
Fully convinced I am, that the secret of that Vastu, this Mahatma must have found
No wonder, he sees the same Vastu, the same Self, the One Self, all around
Thus, I have figured out how he does all this – just by being completely unbound

As I conclude, I express my heartfelt gratitude to this mahatma, and pay my obeisance
For the love he has showered, on one and all, over and over, at every instance
May his teachings continue to resonate, within our hearts, with his divine presence

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