

Birthday 2021
Poem by Sri John Warne

Mother *vaidik* Tamil land, Father Ka in starfire sky,
All or nothing earthborn wonder, for karma's last good-bye.
Unbent by childhood loss and gain, sound and kind to others,
Born to link all Bharat truth, Siva's dance of self discovered.

Brilliant dawn, *homa* blazing, Shastra coursed into him,
Guruji's chant echoed lion pulse he knew and felt within.
Serve and learn, grow and dare, discern the sacred whole,
Solemn path, *saptarshi* precept, wherever Ganga flows.

A jungle hut - dips, snakes, and prayer - Tarananda Brahmasutra,
God-given wisdom swallows world, White Cloud Way unfurled.
Wherefore identity beheld, self-image guise negated,
Diamond reason, *mahavakya jnanam*, infinite unabated.

No claim he made to what he now knew, knew it belonged to all,
And deeply shared Upanishad, probed Maya's potent thrall.
Creation, Darwin, unconscious psyche all accommodated,
Brahman not reached by mind or words, consciousness unmitigated.

Every shame, curse or mistake will to *pramana* yield;
The knower of the whole, the knower of the field.
Recall whenever challenged, a choice to stand or stray,
Expand your vision totally, reckon *satyam* all the way.

He'd made that shift, one he would teach, *jivakarma* left behind;
One absolute, divine repose, reality's design.
Perhaps easy, the shift for some, karmic generosity;
A fool believes himself complete born midst good company.

There's work to do, the work he'd do, his heartwork every day:
Embrace, encourage, protect and nourish all Ishvara's display.
Be not big nor small, a presence sound, a force contained while freed,
Just one behest, that every priest justify his earnest creed.

Starlight will not reach him now, ponder being and non-being,
A hundred years among us, timeless Swami's seeing.
Mark instead maturity, the universal lesson,
Your participation in and devotion to his enlightened compassion.