

Dust & Bones

Dwelling in the lowlands and the mountains,
The naked Avadhoots bathe in the fire,
Turning men's delusions into ashes,
And freeing souls from bondage and desire.

Of the beginning to know not;
Of obligations to owe not;
Against the world not to be;
Mankind's evils do not see;
To save the world, try not;
For other people, sigh not;
Only within is perfect peace;
So inward seek and find release.

Thus, Varma Marga—the Path of Return,
Rejects the world, for money not to yearn:
Eternally, the ancient Gurus taught,
The best of treasures can never be bought.

So, said Mahendranath the Avadhoot,
The words of other men do not refute:
You are immortal soul and nothing lack
In Twilight Yoga, return and go back.

Lose not your mind in revels
Or the petty baser levels;
Awakened Awareness can see
The Cosmic Soul is really thee.

The Soul, a heaven born, enchanted swan
Breaks through its worldly chains and passes on,
And in the realm of purest Bliss to shine,
Now an immortal, once again divine.

The world of artificial scenes and then,
A weary life of which you soon must tire,
When will you see, o foolish tribe of men,
All is a phantom of a dream's desire.

When will they learn to mind their own business,

And will they ever leave mankind alone?
Invent, reform, and the preachers who rave,
Progress which still only leads to the grave.

If all the reformers had died at birth,
And preachers had earlier left the earth,
And most inventors had never been,
A happier world you might have seen.

The nature of mankind was more perfect,
In its original simplicity.
Progress has been the greatest corruption;
Civilization has debased mankind.

People have been spoiled by the improvers,
Because reformers won't leave folk alone;
Thus the rhythm of life has been destroyed,
And happiness is now almost unknown.

Converting happy people into slaves
Has ever been the way of those who rule:
Although they preach of progress for mankind,
They treat each other as though he were a fool.

Physical labour was made for donkeys;
Doing nothing is the best employment:
What is the use if your actions prevent
Contemplative life and its enjoyment?

I only spoke because I did not know,
But now I know, I do not dare to speak:
If once I told, it was as bells are rung,
When moving world of action swings the tongue.

Those who think they can preach Reality
Are but as clowns whose voices croaking creak;
Those who do not know it do the talking,
For he who knows it does not dare to speak.

The turn about way is the Pagan Path,
The esoteric natural way supreme,
And in the calm of Twilight Yoga learn,
Which is reality and which a dream.

In the Alchemy of Twilight Yoga,
The bondage burns but Soul survives the fire;
In this path we terminate obstructions
And see the emptiness of world desire.

Without meditation, all is in vain,
For have not the ancient Gurus made plain
That if Man would his Real Self know and find,
He must first sit quiet and empty the mind?

Around the Zodiac, the Wheel of Life,
Days turn to months and months turn to years,
And life span ends to take you to the grave;
You, unprepared and trembling with your fears.

This is the path you made, no turning back;
Remorse and tears, though heavy as the rain,
Can have no meaning now, and you must face
The seeds you planted; rebirth once again.

The sky is gone and only stars in space,
The weariness of day lies down to sleep,
But all too soon the peace of night must end;
Appointment with another day to keep.

Back to your primitive simplicity,
Environment to be as Nature made:
Avoiding action, only sitting quiet,
The world will vanish—even thoughts will fade.

In the bliss and joy of deep Samadhi,
Yet seeking nothing, only stillness be;
Then will come the supreme Realization
That you are Soul and always have been free.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath