

Hypertension Hymn

Think of your daily life and what it brings,
And those ten thousand useless things;
Then a thousand things tomorrow
Make another day of sorrow.
Freedom can never be found
In that dreary weary round:
Fragmented life you cannot mend,
Where even death is not the end;
Only another birth and pain,
And those ten thousand things again.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath