

The Flight of the Swan

You will never find OM in the temple,
Or ever learn the truth from those who preach:
You join the crowd and become one of them,
Yet never to know your real divine Nature.

The real man of wisdom dwells in secret;
You must find him: he will not seek for you.
When a man becomes popular and famous,
You will know he has not the true teaching.
Those willing to distort the Absolute
Always attract the greatest following;
Those who really know the truth do not preach,
For who cooks food only to throw to dogs?

When a guru wins popularity,
He knows there is error in his teaching:
That somehow the truth is now polluted,
To make it suit the palates of the beasts;
This his way of life is now defective,
And brainwashed clods now love his ways too much;
The real yogi-guru of perfection
Is left alone, unwanted by the world.

Living only in pure Absoluteness
Is the equipoise of the plenum.
Who can visualize the universe
Like a dewdrop on a blade of grass?
Can you imprison the wayward wind
And put it in a glass bottle?
Words from the mind are only gas
Which roars when you open the throttle.

Maya has mixed the milk with the water;
Now who is there to separate it?
Can you drink the milk from such a mixture
And only leave the water in the glass?
Only the Supreme Swan knows the art,
And this, for him, is still the greatest craft;

He can take the Absolute true wisdom
And throw the errors back from where they start.
—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath