

The Supreme Swan Song

(paramahansa gita)

The swan is weary,
Time for quiet sitting,
Last words are written,
Wait not for others.

The naked yogi
Mahendra Natha
Truth to uncover
Nothing obscuring.

Naked the guru
No robe attachment
The wise disciples
See this as freedom.

Sky as a garment
Naked and carefree
This is the real life
Nature intended.

Seek the real substance
Nothing else matters
Though it is madness
By worldly standards.

Just to obtain it
Search seems unending
One day to find it
Always there waiting.

Peaceful contented
Patiently sitting
Hardships will make you
Much more determined.

Man are made of it
Created by it
Breathe to absorb it

None live without it.
Live in its silence
Others distract you
Solitude makes for
Ideal conditions.
World is frustration
Lures and delusions
Age will leave tasteless
All you have conquered.
Name and fame poisons
Attachment bitter
Love an illusion
Men prefer hatred.
Can any human
Be a possession?
Love is distorted
Really attachment.
Money and misers
Hidden and secret
All you have hoarded
Others will squander.
Seek the real substance
Nothing else matters
If sought sincerely
Victory is certain.
Life has one purpose
Supreme attainment
One with the cosmos
Yoga united.
Logic and learning
Never attain it
In meditation
Consciousness grasps it.
Cave in the mountains
Hut in the forest
Who can find better?
Life so contented.
Man born in blindness
Sees not delusions
Deaf are not hearing
Meaningless chatter.
Keep far from preachers

Shun their delusions
Voicing their cheating
Just to lead others.

Burn all the precepts
And the wise sayings
What is worth knowing
Cannot be spoken.

Platitudes wither
Mind lives in bondage
Death and the silence
Has the most meaning.

Only avoidance
Trouble for others
But for your own self
Keep only freedom.

Follow true nature
Harmony seeing
Absolute knowing
Sorrow avoiding.

Be without worry
Wander at pleasure
Thoughts are confusion
Everything spoiling.

Nothing comparing
With being natural
Beyond abstractions
Classifications.

Spontaneous life
Has no ambitions
Only the fullness
Of this the moment.

Cosmic conundrums
Brain cells are bursting
Wise are the children
Free from all theories.

Wipe the mind cleaner
Of its confusions
All the five senses
Traps made for trouble.

Without attachment
You will have freedom
Loving and hatred
Are ego bondage.

Words are the symbols
Of all delusions
Let me retire now
Forgive intrusions.
—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath