

Message 209

Moscow (Russia) – Zaporozhye (Ukraine) train, 22 March 2011

A subtle Kriya-yoga song in Tagore style

Aaj Jyotsnaa Raatey Saubaai Gyachhe Boney,
Basanter Ei Maataal Samirauney.
Jaabo naa Go Jaabo naa jey
Thaakbo Porey Ghaurer Maajhey –
Ei Niraalaei Raubo Aapon Koney,
Jaabo naa Ei Maataal Samirauney –
Aamaar E Ghaur Bohoo Jauton Korey,
Dhutey Haube Muchhte Haube Morey.
Amaare Jey Jaagtey Haube,
Ki Jaani Sey Aasbey Kaube,
Jodi Aamaai Paure Taahaar Monai.
Jaabo Naa Ei Maatal Samirauney.
Aaj Jyotsnaa Raatey Saubaai Gyachhe Boney.

All have gone out to be involved in the sensuous centrifugal pleasure movement. But a strange intensifying alone-ness is arising within this body and one declines to step out in order to delve into one's own self deeply. One realizes that a profound cleansing must happen in the centripetal. One has to wash and dry out the horrible filth of the fake fragmentary contents of consciousness comprising of conditioning, of borrowed inputs and ideas, of beliefs and bigotries, of paradoxes and perversions, of greed and envy, of fear and guilt, of dependencies and delusions, of conflicts and confusions!

And all along one has to be very alert! Because in the cleaning work of the house outside, there is the facility of dichotomy between the cleaner and the item to be cleaned. But for the house within, the filth itself props up a fake cleaner "I" and this spurious split spreads the stink even more, endlessly and everywhere!

When cleaning happens in this extraordinary Energy of Understanding, the Unmanifest may manifest, the Immortal may touch the mortal body, but not allowing the shoddy little ego-experience structure or the fanciful framework of borrowed knowledge to touch it even!

Commentaries:

1) Once J. Krishnamurti was walking behind of a group of sanyasis in Kashmir. "There was a marvelous blue sky, clean air, lots of wild flowers, and the air had the scent of the hills and the groves and the valleys; there was the smell of the earth. And the sanyasis, about a dozen of them, never looked at the trees. They had their heads bent and were chanting something or the other, muttering, and they never took notice of the beauty of the earth. And mile upon mile they never looked at the trees. There was a stream flowing by, chattering, making music; the flowing stream had clear, unpolluted water, but the sanyasis never looked at the water, nor at the trees, nor at the blue sky, nor at the mountains covered with snow. Because they think

their sensory perceptions might lead to sensuality, might lead to all kinds of desires. This happens also in the West with the monks”.

One thinks, through borrowed knowledge, that one must suppress the senses to find God! But one never sees directly who is the suppressor! Is it possible to eat good food without becoming a slave to the taste? If one has the fertile sensory perceptions – not touched by the menace of the ‘thought-thinker machinery’ – then out of that may come an Extraordinary Beauty beyond all measure and calculation!

2) There was a great Spanish painter Goya; he was 95 or so when he said, “I am still learning”! To be in ‘Swadhyay’ or in ‘Adhyatma’ is to be constantly in the movement of learning – not accumulating knowledge and projecting ‘I’ therefrom! But unfortunately in Spain now there is only the separative ‘I’ and its pursuits in so many varieties and vulgarities including imitation of Indian and Chinese conditionings as also compulsions!

Jai Kriya-yoga song!