

**Bliss Galore from Tagore**

Ei Korechho Bhaalo Nithur Hey, Nithur Hey,  
Ei Korechho Bhaalo, Emni Korey Hridayey mor  
Teebro Dauhon Jwaalo.  
Aamaar E Dhoop Naa Poraale  
Gaundho Kichhui Naahi Dhaale,  
Aamaar E Deep Naa Jwaalaaley  
Dyaye Naa Kicchui Aalo.  
Jaukhon Thaake Auchetaune  
E Chitto Aamaar  
Aaghaat Se Je Paurosh Taubo, Sei Toe Puraskaar.  
Aundhokaare Mohe Laaje  
Chokhe Tomai Dekhi Naa je,  
Baujre Tolo Aagun Korey  
Aamar Jauto Kaalo.

*It is indeed appropriate that one suffers intensely due to the burns from the bogus bifurcation in the inner being. Let 'I-ness' like an incense stick burn! Let false fragmentation burn for the fragrance of wholeness! Let 'no-I' be lit for the light of light to be! When one is ensnared by ambition and aggression, let Holiness be perceived as reprimand as also as reward from the Un-nameable. One is blinded by the obscurity of greed and guilt. Let the thunder and fire of Love banish all these banes.*

Probhu Aamaar, Priyo Aamaar Pauromo Dhauno Hey,  
Chiro Pauthero Songi Aamaar Chiro Jeebono Hey.  
Tripti Aamaar, Autripti Mor,  
Mukti Aaamaar, Baundhauno Dor,  
Dukkho Sukher Chauromo Aamaar  
Jibono-Maurono Hey.  
Aamaar Saukolo Gotir  
Maajhhe Pauromo Goti Hey,  
Nityo Premero Dhaame Aamaar  
Pauromo Poti Hey.  
Ogo Saubaar, Ogo Aamaar,  
Bishwo Hote Chitney Bihaar ---  
Aunto Biheen Leelaa Tomaar  
Nutono Nutono Hey.

*One is now 'no-one' to be awakened to the Wealth of all wealth, to be in Life of all life, to be in the 'no-Path' of the Eternal of the Internal.*

*One is now released from the dualities of the suffering and satisfaction, of the fences and freedom, of the grief and gratification, even of the life and 'life-less-ness'. One has now 'seen' the ultimate sacred movement in spite of all the silly movements of the shoddy little 'me'. One has suddenly now 'seen' the 'Lord' of the Eternal Ground of Love-Energy.*

*Oh, the 'No-one' of everyone; Oh, the Universal-one of the each-one; let Thy purposeless Play be revealed in endless wonderful newness from moment to moment.*

Chokher Aaloi Dekhechhilem Chokher Bahirey,  
Auntore Aaj Dekhbo, Jaukhon Aalok Nahi Rey.  
Dhaurai Jaukhon Daaon Naa Dhaura  
Hridoy Taukhon Tomai Bhauraa,  
Ayakhon Tomaar Aapon Aaloi Tomai Chaahi Rey.  
Tomai Niye Khelechilem Khelaar Ghaurete,  
Khelar Putul Bhenge Gyachhe Proloy Jhaurete.  
Thaak Taube Sei Kebol Khelaa  
Hok-Naa Ayakhon Praaner Mela ---  
Taarer Bina Bhaanglo, Hridoy-Binai Gaahi Rey.

*One has all of a sudden 'seen' a vision beyond the sight of the eye! It is indeed the insight without the need of any spectatorship!*

*When the activities of the mind are dormant, the divinity reveals its dominance. And now one is in the Light, by the Light, for the Light.*

*One was amused with toys in the name of the truth. But then the toys got scattered by the tornado of the Truth!*

*The infantile 'I' (toy) has now subsided, the Infinite has now surfaced. Violin (veracity) of Life is now playing and the toy 'truth' of the separative strings has been broken!*

Ebaar Neerob Kore Daaon Hey  
Tomaar Mukhor Kobirey,  
Taar Hridoy Baansi Aapni Kere Baajaao Gobhirey.  
Nishitho Raater Nibir Surey  
Bansitey Taan Daaon Hey Purey,  
Je Taan Diye Aubaak Kauro Groho Shoshirey.  
Jaa-Kichhu Mor Choriye Aachhe Jibon-Mauroney,  
Gaaner Taane Milook Ese Tomaar Chauroney.  
Bohudiner Baakyo Raashi  
Ayak Nimeshey Jaabey Bhaasi ---  
Aykla Bosey Shunbo Baansi Aukul Timirey.

*Now let this eloquence of the 'me' be silenced. And may the Sacred directly sing in the unfathomable depth of the Innerness!*

*In the stillness of late night, let the moon and the stars be wonderstruck by a strange Flute-Player and His divine Melody.*

*Whatever is scattered around one's life and death, let all this be streamlined by this Melody to surrender at the Feet. Let all the verbalisations of yesteryears vanish instantly and let the vitality of Life listen to the Flute of the Immeasurable (Krishna) in total all-oneness.*

## Perception

Learning or knowing is not the accumulated knowledge, which is operated to earn our daily living. Knowledge remains in the rut thinking there is security in it. But the security is sabotaged! For all knowledge is division! And division breeds insecurity! Can there be freedom from the divisive knowledge in spite of its availability for the daily tasks? Yes, there can be, when one observes from moment to moment in discontinuity, without the pressure and prejudice from the observer, the past. Observer always manipulates observation of what is, the knowing; to reduce it to the knowledge of what should be. And the swiftness and sanctity of learning or knowing is sacrificed at the alter of the brutal accumulation of borrowed knowledge and its agonising burdens, bigotry and battle.

Jai Silence