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Suzdal, Vladimir Region (Russia), 11 May 2015

Saint Tukaram of Maharashtra (India)

He was a 17th century rural poet who sang Abhang Vani (messages from division-free awareness of life) — not the mischiefs of sermons from the divisive consciousness of the shoddy little myth called mind. He was in Swachchanda -- the Rhythm of the real Self, the Life, the Divinity. He was not available to the reactions and repetitions collected by the material entity (ego) of the mind which generates only a false and apparent self, the 'me', the 'I'. He belonged (by birth) to the low 'Sudra' class, but had blasted into the sacred dimension of sainthood without any trace of separative psyche whatsoever. His Abhang melodies, sung by the famous classical singer (late) Bhimsen Joshi are very dear to music lovers all over the world.

Songs of Sant Tukaram

The 'No-I'

Take, Lord, into Thyself
My sense of self; and let it vanish utterly.
Take, Lord, my life,
Live Thou my life through me.
I live no longer, Lord,
But in me now
You live.
Between Thee and me, my God,
There is no longer room for 'I' and 'mine'.
Let there be only 'THAT'!

Chanting

He who utters the Name of God while walking
Gets the merit of a sacrifice at every step.
He who utters the Name of God while eating
Gets the merit of a fast
Even though he has taken his meals.
By the Power of the Name
One will know what cannot be known,
One will see what cannot be seen,
One will speak what cannot be spoken,
One will meet what cannot be met.
Tuka says.
Incalculable is the gain that comes
From repeating the Name of God.

The Chief of the Yadavas (Cream of Yoga, Consummation of Vijoga)

Just beyond us we see that purple luster – how glorious!
With His noble crown of peacock feathers stitched together.
As you look upon Him, fever and illusion vanish
Adore then the Prince of the Yadavas, the Lord of Yogis.
He who filled with passion the sixteen thousand royal damsels,
Fair Creatures, divine maidens.
He stands upon the river bank with the luster of one million moons.

It is fastened in jewels on His neck
And merges into the luster of His form.

This God who bears the Chakra is the chief of the Yadavas.
Him the thirty three crores of demigods adore.
The demons tremble before Him.
His dark blue countenance destroys sin.
How fair are His feet with saffron stained!
How fortunate is the brick that is grasped by His feet!
The very thought of Him makes fire cool.
Therefore embrace Him in the existence of your Own.
The sages, as they see his face, contemplate Him in the spirit.
Tuka is frenzied after Him; His purple form ravages his mind,
Blasting him into 'No-mind'.

When I lose myself

When thus I lose myself in Thee, my God,
Then do I see, and know,
That Thy entire universe reveals Thy beauty,
All living beings, and all lifeless things,
Exist through Thee.

This whole vast world is but the form
In which You show us Yourself;
Is but the voice
In which You Yourself speak unto us.

What need of words?
Come, Master, come,
And fill me wholly with Thyself.

Words vanish, only Wonder remains!

Where does one begin with you?
Everything I tried went wrong.
You've used up all my faculties.
What I just said vanished in the sky
Says Tuka my mind is stunned:
I can't find a word to say.

Oneness of Humanity.

All men are god-like Gods!
Eyes no longer see
Vice or fault.
Life on this suffering earth
Is now endless delight;
The mind is at rest, heart is full.
In the mirror, the face and its reflection —
They watch each other;
Different, but one.
And, when the stream pours into the ocean...
No more stream!

Jai Sant Tukaram