

आदिकविश्रीमद्वाल्मीकिमहर्षिप्रणीतबृहत्योगवासिष्ठः

BRAHADYOGAVAASISHTAM

JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM
[DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

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निर्वाणप्रकरणस्य उत्तरार्धम्

SECOND HALF
OF
NIRVAANA PRAKARANAM

SIXTH SECTION
'THE NIRVAANA STATE'

PART FIFTY SEVEN
[PAASHAANAAKHYAANA (22)]
(STORY OF THE SIDDHA)

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi

Narayanalakshmi (Shubhalakshmi), an ascetic spent most of her life in the Himalayan terrain, engaged in the penance of knowledge. She is well-versed in all philosophies and is a scholar in Sanskrit language. Her mission life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth. She is from Bangalore, Karnataka, India

वसिष्ठोवाच
Vasishta spoke

अथैवंरूपसंविनेः परावृत्त्य प्रयत्नतः तमम्बरकुटीकोशदेशमागतवानहम्।
यावत्तत्र न पश्यामि स्वदेहं न क्वचन स्थितं पश्यामि केवलं सिद्धं कमप्यन्यं पुरः स्थितं
उपविष्टं समाधाननिष्ठं इष्टं पदं गतं सौम्योदयमिवादित्यं दग्धेन्धनमिवानलं बद्धपद्मासनं शान्तं
समाधाननिरिङ्गनं गुल्फद्वितयमध्यस्थवृषणं विषयातिगं मृष्टसौम्यसमाभोगस्कन्धबन्धुरकन्धरं
सुस्थितोदारविश्रान्तस्फारकस्थितिसुन्दरं नाभीनिकटगोतानपाणिद्वितयदीप्तिभिः हृदयाम्भोजतेजोभिः
बहिष्ठैरिव भासितं श्लिष्टपद्मेक्षणं क्षीणसर्वेक्षं स्वच्छतां गतं सरो निमीलिताम्भोजमिव सुसं दिनात्यये
अविक्षुभितमाशान्तमन्तःकरणकोटरं दधानं धीरत्या वृत्त्या शान्तोत्पातमिवाम्बरम्।
अपश्यता निजं देहं तं मुनिं पश्यता पुरः इदं मया चिन्तितं चारुचेतसा।

After the experiences of such unique nature, I made effort to come back to my Vasishta life-state, turned around and arrived at the space-point where the hut was, (where I had started the practice of Samaadhi, and left my physical body in the state of Samaadhi); but I did not find my body anywhere there; but saw some other Siddha, in front of me.

He was seated in Samaadhi, and was absorbed in some meditation of his fancy; he was like the peaceful rising state of the Sun, was like the fire which has its fuel consumed off; was seated in the lotus posture; was tranquil and motionless in that stabilized state of the mind.

His 'Vrshana' was in between the ankles; he had crossed over all the sense attractions.

The shoulders were shining with ashes; were steady and equally placed adding to his majestic disposition; and were adorned by the steady state of the neck in the middle (as befitting a Yogi).

His mind rested in the most magnificent state of all. A light smile adorned his face; and his head appeared charming (like a rising sun). The luster of his 'heart-lotus' shone outwards and appeared like 'two bloomed lotuses' in the form of his 'upturned palms placed near the navel'.

The eye lashes were tightly closed and covered his lotus-eyes; all the outward sights had vanished from the eyes, and they had become cleansed of all the impurities.

His face was like a lake where the lotuses had closed down at the end of the day.

He firmly held the inner hollow of the mind which was undisturbed and quiet, with the steady meditation; and appeared like the 'quiet sky after the heavy downpour'.

I did not see my body; but saw that Sage in front. I with my anxiety-freed, mind thought like this:

अयं कश्चिन्महासिद्धः संप्राप्तोऽस्मिन्दिगन्तरे विचार्याहमिवैकान्तं विश्रामार्थी महाम्बरं समाधियोग्यमेकान्तं
लभेयेतीह चिन्तया कुटी दृष्टेयमेतेन सत्यसंकल्पशालिना।मदागमनमेतेन ततोऽचिन्तयता चिरं तं स्वदेहं
शवीभूतमपस्येह कृता स्थितिः।तदिहास्तमहं यामि स्वं लोकमिति निश्चयं यावद्भ्रन्तुं प्रवृत्तोऽस्मि तावत्
संकल्पनक्षयात् सा निवृत्ता कुटी तत्र संपन्नं व्योम केवलं स सिद्धोऽपि निराधारः पतितोऽधः समाधिमान्।
स्वसंकल्पनसंशान्तौ स्वप्नसंकल्पपत्तनं यदा सा कुटी नष्टा मत्संकल्पोपशान्तितः।स पपात ततो ध्यानी
जलोत्पीड इवाम्बुदात् खादिवानिलनुन्नोऽब्द इन्दुबिम्बमिव क्षये।वैमानिक इवापुण्यशिखन्नमूल इव द्रुमः
खात्यक्त इव पाषाणः स पपात ततोऽवनौ।अहं यावदियं तावत्कुटिकास्त्विति कल्पने क्षीणे कुटिक्षये जाते
स सिद्धः पतितः क्षणात्।

'This is some great Siddha who has arrived at this edge of the directions, that is inaccessible to the ordinary people. Like me, he must have searched the ends of the sky seeking solitude, so that he can rest in some undisturbed contemplation; must have been thinking about a quiet place fit to sit in Samaadhi; must have seen this hut, since he is a Yogi with true Samkalpa; must have waited for me to return for quite a long time; and not expecting me to return ever, he must have removed my dead body (neglected form) from here and sat here like this. Therefore I will vanish from here and go back to my world.'

Having decided thus, when I started to leave that place, that hut vanished instantly because of the 'cessation of the Samkalpa', and there was only the empty sky left back.

That Siddha who was in Samaadhi, started to fall down immediately from there, having nothing else to support him. When the 'dream-Samkalpa' ends, the city produced by the 'dream-Samkalpa' also ends.

When my 'Samkalpa' (of the hut) was gone, that beautiful hut was also vanished; and that Yogi who was absorbed in contemplation, fell down like the water falling from the cloud, like the cloud falling from the sky when blown by the wind, like a moon-disc falling down at the 'time of dissolution'. Like a person in the heaven falling down due to the diminished merits, like a tree axed at its root, like a stone falling from the sky, he fell on the ground (earth). When my Samkalpa that 'this hut should stay on' vanished, the hut (of my Samkalpa) also vanished, and that Siddha immediately fell down.

पतता तेन सिद्धेन ततः सौजन्यकौतुकः मनसैवाहमगमं नभसो वसुधातलम्।
सोऽपततत्पवनस्कन्धवलनावर्तवृत्तिभिः सप्तद्वीपसमुद्रान्ते गीर्वाणरमणावनौ।
प्राणापानोर्ध्वगामित्वात्खाद्यथास्थितमेव सः सृष्टपूर्वोर्ध्वमूर्धोर्व्या बद्धपद्मासनोऽपतत्।
न प्रबुद्धो बभूवासौ विचरं तमचेतनः पाषाणदेह इव वा तूलात्मैवैव वा लघुः।

Feeling concerned and curious, I went along with the falling Siddha from the sky to the earth with my mind itself. (I was in the Aativaahika body only, and could be anywhere at will.)

Rotating like the 'water caught in the dissolution storm', he fell straight into the 'golden land of the Devas' that was situated beyond the 'seven seas'. He was engaged in the upward movement of Praana and Apaana, and was seated firmly in the lotus posture, and he fell down from the sky, exactly as he was, in that lotus posture itself, with his head upwards, as if he was the first one who was produced in the creation, and had been pushed down to the earth, the head pointing upward.

He had not woken up from his Samaadhi, though he had fallen like this. Absorbed in his contemplation he was inert-like, and had fallen like a heavy stone or may be like the light cotton-piece.

मया तदवबोधार्थमथ यत्नवता तदा कृत्वा जलदतां व्योम्नि वृष्टं गर्जितमूर्जितम्।

करकाशनिपातेन तेन तस्मिन्दिगन्तरे मयूरं प्रावृषेवामुं बुद्ध्या बोधितवानसौ।

I wanted to wake him up and so, became a roaring cloud and created a heavy down pour. With the great noises of the lightning and the hail storm, I woke him up from his Samaadhi, like waking up a peacock by the roar of the monsoon clouds.

बभूवाभासिताङ्गश्रीर्विकासितविलोचनः धारानिकरफुल्लात्मा प्रावृषीवाम्बुजाकरः।

प्रबुद्धं संप्रशान्तायां दृष्टौ तमहमग्रतः अपृच्छं स्वच्छया वृत्त्या निवृत्तं परमार्थतः।

क्व स्थितोऽसि करोषीदं किं च भो मुनिनायक कस्त्वं कस्मादलं दूरान्न भ्रंशमपि चेतसि।

His body was instantly filled with life, and his eyes opened wide like a lotus lake blooming up in the rain. After he had woken up, and had come out of his contemplation-state, and seeing him in front of me fully awake, I questioned him like this; 'Hey MuniNaayaka! Where do you stay? What are you doing? Who are you? Why do you not understand that you have fallen from far above?'

इत्युक्तो मामसौ प्रेक्ष्य संस्मृत्य प्राक्तनीं गतिं उवाच वचनं चारु चातको जलदं यथा।

प्रतिपालय मे यावत्स्ववृत्तान्तं स्मरयाम्यहं कथयिष्यामि ते पश्चात्पाश्चात्यं वृत्तमात्मनः।

इत्युक्त्वा चिन्तयित्वाशु स यथा वृत्तमक्षतं स्मृतवान्सायमहीव समाचारितमात्मनः।

He looked at me, remembered the past events of his many lives, and spoke to me like a Chaataka bird addressing the cloud (happy by seeing me) (as if his journey in life was fulfilled my presence).

'Wait till I remember my past story. I will recount my story to you after a while.'

Having said this, he remembered all that happened in the past (of many lives), like the people recalling the day's events at the evening.

मामथोवाच चन्द्रांशुशीतलं आह्लादनमनिन्द्यं च निरवद्यं सुखोदयम्।

Then he spoke to me words (filled with the essence of Vairaagya and Viveka and therefore) cool like the moon rays, pleasing, blameless, unobjectionable, and leading to the blissful state of the Supreme.

सिद्ध उवाच
Siddha spoke

अधुना त्वं मया ब्रह्मन्परिज्ञातेऽभिवादये अतिक्रमोऽयं क्षन्तव्यः स्वभावो हि सतां क्षमा।

मुने चिरमहं भ्रान्तो देवोपवनभूमिषु भोगामोदविमोहेषु षट्पदः पद्मिनीष्विव।

दृश्यन्ग्रामथो चित्तजलकल्लोलहेलया चक्रावर्तोह्यमानेन मयोद्विग्नेन चिन्तितम्।

Brahman! I recognize you now (as the noble Vasishta), and offer my salutations to you.

Forgive this fault of mine, that I have entered your hut without permission.

The nature of the noble men is to forgive the mistakes committed by the ignorant men like us!

Hey Muni! I have wandered in the pleasure-filled gardens of the heavens for long (due to the meritorious acts of many lives), and have been lost in the 'deluding fragrance of the enjoyments' like a six-footed bee in the honey-filled lotuses. Being carried away by the 'whirlpools' in the 'turbulent waves of the Chitta' inside the 'perception-river', I analyzed the 'futility of the ignorant existence' in the world, in this manner.

संसारसागरे दृश्यकल्लोलैरहमाकुलः कालेनोद्वेगमायातश्चातकोऽवग्रहे यथा।

Caught in the turbulent waves of the world-scenes that rise one after the other in this 'Samsaara-ocean', I was filled with anxiety, and in course of time felt disinterested in everything, like a Chaataka bird in the absence of the rains (because of not getting any real joy anywhere).

संविन्मात्रैकसारेषु रम्यं भोगेषु नाम किं अवतिष्ठे गतोद्वेगसंविद्योमन्येव केवलम्।

The pleasures belonging to the world are proved to be joyful, only because they are of the essence of 'consciousness' (because unless I understand them as pleasing, how can they be pleasurable to me)?

What joy is there in them, if I am not aware of the imagined joy?

(And, if the objects do not end up in giving me that imagined joy, I feel disappointed and frustrated!)

I am aware of some sensations, and so I feel happy; then why not stay as the pure awareness itself (without the imaginations of joy? That will free me of all the apprehensions related to the pleasures.

(If 'quietness' alone is really pleasing which I attain at the end of any desire-satisfaction, then why not choose to be quiet only; then I will be always happy! Why make an effort to attain something that is already there as my natural state?)

शब्दरूपरसस्पर्शगन्धमात्रादृते परं नेह किंचन नामास्ति किमेतावत्यहं रमे।

There is nothing at all here other than the 'passing flow of sensations' namely the 'sound, image, taste, touch and smell'! How can I feel any joy in these 'inert sensations'?

(The mind alone defines the joys as connected to the objects; actually, the objects do not have the quality of joy inside them.)

चिन्मात्राकाशमेवैतत्सर्वं चिन्मात्रमेव वा तत्किमत्रासदाकारे रमे नष्टमतिर्यथा।

All that is perceived here is just the expanse of Chit alone (as some conscious-state), or rather it is just the Chit-expanse (the understanding state), and nothing else is there at all other than that!

Then why should I feel any joy in this 'unreal picture' superimposed on the Chit, like an insane person who sees something other than what is there?

विषया विषयैषम्या वामाः कामविमोहदाः रसाः सरसवैरस्याः लुठन्नेषु न को हतः।

The sense objects (or the objects which exist as sensations only) are as harmful as the poison, are contrary to what is expected of them, make one obsessed with desires, are without any essence though appearing with essence! Who will not be ruined by rolling in them?

(The sense objects (as the image, smell, touch, smell and taste) appear as the inert objects and also as the living beings around you, and also as the body which you are identified with!

Attachment to one's form as oneself, attachment to the people related to the body, attachment to the wealth and possessions related to the body, and each and everything that is sensed, comes under the category of 'Vishayas', the objects perceived by the mind. To believe in the realness of any sensed object is considered as attachment to the sense objects.)

जीर्णा जीवितजम्बालजरच्छफरिकामतिः कायं द्रुतगताऽऽदातुं जरेच्छति बृहद्वकी।

(The body that you hold on to as the most precious thing of all, and also love and adore all that is related to it as dear and near, is always ready to perish at the slightest mishap! There is no guarantee of its being alive the next moment even!)

The old-age is like a 'giant female crane' (waiting for its prey patiently); she quickly grabs this body like a 'fat fish' that has been well nourished by its various attachments and obsessions in this stinky life-pond.

कायोऽयमचिरापायो बुबुदोऽम्बुनिधाविव स्फुरन्नेव पुरोन्तर्दिद्धं याति दीपशिखा यथा।

The fragile body is always in danger, and like a bubble forming on the surface of the ocean vanishes the moment it is produced, like an unstable flame.

(The term 'birth' is synonymous to the term 'death'. Anything is dead the very moment it is born; life is just an instantaneous dream that one has at birth which has already ended.)

विविधाकुलकल्लोला चक्रावर्तविधायिनी मृतिजन्मबृहत्कूला सुखदुःखतरङ्गिणी

यौवनोल्लासकलिला जराधवलफेनिला काकतालीययोगेन संपन्नसुखदुःखबुद्बुदा

व्यवहारमहावाहलेखाजडरवाकुला रागद्वेषघनोल्लासा भूतलालोलदेहिका

लोभमोहमहावर्ता पातोत्पातविवर्तिनी हा तसा जीविताख्येयं नदी नदनशीतला।

(The term 'life' looks so enchanting and attractive, but is filled only with struggles, pains, and distress. The river flowing in the desert is so inviting and cool, but when you reach it, there is only the hot sandy ground that burns your body; so is the life with its infinite promises of joys and attractions.)

This (mirage) river called the 'life' (Jeevitaa) is cold only as a sound-form, but is hot in actuality; the life is also said to be some joyful experience that needs to be celebrated, but is filled with the three-fold pains of the body, mind and unexpected events. Ha! This 'life-river' indeed is scorching me!

The 'life-river' is filled with the 'dangerous waves of endless anxieties'; drags one inside many unexpected whirlpools; has many 'slopy hollows of deaths and births' where you slide into very fast; is made of the 'waves of joys and sorrows' which rise one after the other; has the 'slushy ground with the joys of youth-state', where one sinks by chasing the joys as permanent; has the white worthless 'foamy bubbles of old-age'; is covered by the 'bubbles of joys and sorrow's that appear randomly; is filled with the painful screams (dashing sounds of the waves) that rise from the flooding waters of the worldly affairs; is shadowed by the clouds of attraction and repulsion; rolls on the 'dirty stinking ground of Vaasanaa-floors'; is filled with the 'whirlpools of greed and obsession'; pushes one up and down with her 'huge turbulent waves of events'! Alas the pain of life! *(What worth is a life that is lived without the acquisition of 'Jnaana'?)*

अपूर्वाण्युपगच्छन्ति तथा पूर्वाणि यान्त्यलं संसारसरिदम्बूनि संगतानि धनानि च।

प्रवृत्ता ये निवर्तन्ते तैरलं हतभावकैः अपूर्वा ये प्रवर्तन्ते तेष्वथास्थेह कीदृशी।

The ignorant hold on to two things in life, the body-centered relatives, friends etc, and the objects that one owns namely, the precious metals, houses, lands, money etc; both these categories are unstable only; both are like the 'flowing waters of the Samsaara-river', where the previous ones keep vanishing, and new ones keep appearing.

Those of the past which have begun have to end at some time; (anything that is produced in time has to end at some time)! Enough of holding on to the previous connections that have to end!

Those which have not appeared are not at all existent! How can one have attachment to something that has not yet appeared?

(Life is just a sliding state of sense-patterns that is continuously flowing away.

Life is just made up of 'gone' and 'to come' patterns. There is no 'present' at all.

Memories of the past and the hopes of the future; that is all the life is made up of!

What can be held on to as stable?)

सर्वस्याः सरितो वारि प्रयात्यायाति चाकरात् देहनद्याः पयस्त्वायुर्यात्येवमायाति नो पुनः।

The waters of the river go up and become the clouds, and again pour down as the rains from the clouds. The body-river has the life-span (Aayush) as its flowing waters, which of course go off, but do not return ever.

(Do not waste even a second in the wasteful pursuits of desire-fulfillment, for each moment should be considered as the most precious gem; if lost, cannot be regained again!)

शतशः परिवर्तन्ते प्रतिपिण्डं क्षणं प्रति कुलालचक्रकाभावा इव भावा भवाम्बुधौ।

At each and every moment, every 'heap of flesh' (body and its connected objects) (as its world-experience) keeps changing (growing or rotting or perishing) in this 'Ocean of Bhava' (BhavaSaagara), like the 'lump of clay' placed on the rotating potter's wheel.

चरन्ति चतुरास्चौरा विषमा विषयाररयः हरन्ति भावसर्वस्वं जागर्मि स्वपिमीह किम्।

(Usually the thieves rob the people at night, when they are deep asleep; but there are these smart thieves that rob in the broad daylight itself, even when I am fully awake!

They rob us of our precious intellect, the 'Buddhi' itself, and ruin us completely, even when we are awake and are in full awareness of what is happening! I am indeed senseless whether I am awake or asleep! I have not attained the real wakefulness of Jnaana, where these thieves can be kept at bay.)

There are these very smart thieves, who are dangerous and stealthily move around us always! They are the enemies in the form of 'sense-pleasures' (sense objects in the form of family, wealth etc); they rob away all the things that one has (namely learning, self-control, reason, discriminating capacity, etc) (in our quest for happiness in the world)! What matters whether I am asleep or awake here!

आयुषः खण्डखण्डाश्च निपतन्तः पुनःपुनः न कश्चिद्वेति कालेन क्षतानि दिवसान्यहो।

Alas! No one is aware of the days passing one after another with nothing achieved, even as their life-span gets cut into pieces again and again by 'Kaala' (Time/Change).

(Staying absorbed in the worldly affairs, then fall into sleep feeling exhausted, then dream again some idiotic world events; then wake up again to get absorbed in the worldly affairs; that is how the life passes off with nothing worthwhile achieved. No one is aware as to how each day takes them one step nearer to the 'death', and how a precious day has been wasted without acquiring some fulfilling knowledge!)

इदमद्य तथेदं च तथेदमिदमस्य मे एवं कलनया लोको गतं प्राप्तं न वेत्यहो।

'Today this; in this manner it is; and this is in this manner; this will be mine'; in such wasteful thoughts (of family events, wealth acquirement etc), one does not know of the life ebbing away day by day, is not aware of the death approaching stealthily, at the end of each day.

भुक्तं पीतमनन्तासु भ्रान्तं च वनभूमिषु दृष्टानि सुखदुःखानि किमन्यदिह साध्यते।

Enough has been eaten and drunk; have wandered enough in these (world) jungles; have seen enough pains and pleasures; what else can be achieved here?

(Even if a man is drowned in riches, what new pleasures can he experience as permanent, with his rotting body acting as his functional tool for pleasures?)

Even if one is wealthy all throughout his life, has had the perfect pleasures of the family, has mastered all learning, is virtuous and noble, still he cannot conquer the old-age and death, and cannot avoid the tragedies of diseases and ailments.)

सुखदुःखानुभवनाद्भूयो विवर्तनात् अनित्यत्वाच्च भावानां स्थिता निष्कौतुका वयम्।

(What is a life but the array of repeated actions performed day in and day out? What new thing gets experienced any day, but the same old sense-patterns and the same old emotional dramas!)

Again and again experiencing the very same joys and sorrows, and observing the impermanence of the objects (inert and living), we have lost interest in life.

भुक्तानि भोगवृन्दानि दृष्टा चानित्यता भृशं नोपलभ्यत एवाति विश्रान्तिरिह कुत्रचित्।

भ्रान्तमुत्तुङ्गशृङ्गासु मेरुपवनभूमिषु लोकपालपुरीषूच्चैः संप्राप्तं किमकृत्रिमम्।

We have experienced enough pleasures; have seen the impermanence of all.

No permanent peace ever gets obtained here.

(Which place I have not visited, or which pleasure has not been sought by me, in my past lives?)

I have wandered enough among the tallest peaks of mountains (visited all the beautiful places in the earth), the enchanting gardens of Meru Mountain (enjoyed the pleasures of DevaLoka), and the magical worlds of LokaPaalas! What joy is there that is not repeated, or enjoyed by some one else, sometime, somewhere?

Where can one find that (experience-less) joy which is not mind-made (and has not been experienced ever)?

सर्वत्र दारुभिर्वृक्षा मांसैर्भूतानि भूर्मृदा दुःखान्यनित्यता चेति कथमाश्वास्यते वद।

The trees are made of wood; the bodies are made of flesh; the ground is made of mud; and the life is made of sorrows and impermanence only! How can one find any consolation here, tell me!

न धनानि न मित्राणि न सुखानि न बान्धवाः शक्नुवन्ति परित्रातुं कालेनाकलितं जनम्।

The possession of wealth (in the form of lands, houses, money and precious metals), the crowd of friends, the attainment of pleasures, the company of the relatives; none of these have the power to save the man afflicted by death.

जनो जीमूतजठरजलवद्विरिकुक्षिषु यात्यन्तःशून्य एवास्तं पांसूपचयपेलवः।

The people are like the ‘dried up sand-heaps’ that are unstable and fragile (and get blown off by the winds again and again). They are always after the pleasures related to the family, wealth, festivals etc, and are like the ‘water from the cloud falling deep down into the hill chasms’, and vanish off into nothing, for they spend their entire life in worthless pursuits, and die off with nothing achieved in life.

न मे मनोरमाः कामा न च रम्या विभूतयः इदं मत्ताङ्गनापाङ्गभङ्गलोलं च जीवितम्।

‘Desire-fulfillment’ does not please me; possessions of riches do not give me any joy. I have understood well that the life is as fickle as the ‘glance of an intoxicated woman’ (and never to be trusted).

क्वेव कस्य कथं नाम कुत आश्वासना मुने अद्य श्वो वाऽऽपदं पापो मृत्युर्मूर्च्छिं नियच्छति।

Hey Muni! What, who, how, where can be trust placed?

Today, or tomorrow, the evil death will drop any calamity on the head.

शरीरं पर्णवद्भ्रंशि जीवितं जीर्णसंस्थिति धीरधीरतया ग्रस्ता रसा नीरसतां गताः।

The body tears off like a drying leaf; the life is slowly ebbing away; the intellect is caught by uncertainty; whatever was interesting proves to be essenceless.

नीतं मनोरथैरेव नीरसैर्वाऽऽयुराततं न मम स्वं चमत्कारकारि किञ्चिदपीहितम्।

My entire life was wasted away till now through the worthless thoughts about the worldly affairs, by riding my mind-chariot (as my own conceptions and imaginations), and I never aspired for something worthwhile which could magically change my worthless existence. (*I have never enquired about the mystery of the world-existence!*)

मोहोऽद्य मान्यमायातो देहो नेहोपयुज्यते अनास्थैवोत्तमावस्था स्थानास्थैवाधमा स्थितिः।

Now slowly my delusion is weakening through ‘Vichaara-practice’.

The body is no more felt as useful, since I have stopped identifying with it.

I have understood at last, that only the ‘disinterest in the worthless affairs of the world through the rise of true dispassion’ is the excellent state to achieve and that the ‘holding on to such a wretched life as I lived before’ is indeed the worst state of all.

आपदापतितैवेयमहो मोहविधायिनी नित्यमित्येव मन्तव्यं सक्तव्यं नेह संसृतौ।

One should consider the ‘attachment to wealth and family’ as the greatest calamity that has fallen on one, for it deludes one and blocks his path to the ‘Truth’; one should not show interest in the worldly things (by understanding the essenceless nature of the objects).

विधिभिः प्रतिषेधैश्च शाश्वतैरप्यशाश्वतैः यथेष्टं लीयते लोको जलं निम्नोन्नतैरिव।

Even the duties ordained for a man are full of “do’s and don’ts”, and aim at achieving some permanent things (of the world) which are actually not permanent, and the man goes through these ordinances by bending down the rules to his own fancies (beliefs and superstitions), like the water flowing down to the lower ground without any control.

विवेकामोदसर्वस्वं चेतः कुसुमकोशतः हत्वा मूर्च्छां प्रयच्छन्ति विषया विषवायवः।

The sense-pleasures (based on the attachment to family and wealth) are actually the 'poisonous winds' which take away completely the 'fragrance of Viveka' from the 'mind-flower', and give instead some faintness (of irrational thinking).

असदेव तथा नाम दृष्टं सत्तामुपागतं यथाऽसदेव सद्रूपं संपन्नमसदेव सत्।

The unreal (world made of sense objects) alone seems to have become real for us. Since the real (Aatman) is experienced as unreal (not known at all), the unreal has become real for us, (because of the power of Maayaa).

दोलायन्त्योऽवनौ देहं सागरान्सागराङ्गनाः यथा धावन्ति जनता विषयांस्तथा।

Rocking their bodies in-between the two banks, the spouses of the Ocean (Rivers) rush towards the Ocean; similarly the people rush towards the sense-pleasures, even as they rock between the joys and sorrows of life.

धावन्ति विषयाँल्लक्ष्यमुन्मुक्ताश्चित्तसायकाः स्पृशन्ति न गुणान्भूयः कृतघ्नाः सौहृदं यथा।

The 'mind-arrows' are released from the 'bow-string to which they were close', and rush towards the 'goal of sense pleasures', but they never again touch the 'Gunas' (string/virtues) like those who are ungrateful towards their friends and forget them after their purpose is fulfilled.

(A man with virtues, when attracted by the pleasures of family and wealth, loses all his virtues.)

उत्पातवायुरेवायुर्मित्राण्येवातिशत्रवः बन्धवो बन्धनान्येव धनान्येवाति नैधनम्।

The 'Aayus' (life-span) is the 'Vaayu' (wind) that rises up fast and vanishes (even as the days pass off unnoticed); the friends are the enemies (since they force you to waste your time in idle talks and worthless entertainments); the 'Bandhus' (relatives) are the 'Bandhana' (binding ropes) (for a man is always attached to his body-centered relatives); the 'Dhanas' (wealth and riches) lead towards 'Nidhana' (destruction) (for a man attached to possessions is ruined by the 'lack of reasoning power').

सुखान्येवातिदुःखानि संपदः परमापदः भोगा भवमहारोगा रतिरेव परारतिः।

'Joys' turn out to be 'extreme pains'; 'obsession to wealth' is the 'greatest harm'; 'enjoyments found in the worldly activities' are the 'viral diseases of the world-existence'; 'attraction towards the sensed objects' (believing them to be real) is the 'extreme anxiety state'.

आपदः संपदः सर्वाः सुखं दुःखाय केवलं जीवितं मरणायैव बत मायाविजृम्भितम्।

All sorts of riches of various forms like the gold, diamond, land, position, money etc are the 'dangers that lead one towards ruin'; the joys end up only in sorrows; the life is only lived to meet the death at the end! Alas the grandeur of Maayaa!

बहून्कालपरावर्तानिष्ठानिष्ठान्सुखं मनाक् पश्यन्प्रियवियोगांश्च याति जर्जरतां जनः।

Observing the 'liked and disliked things' appearing and disappearing all through his life, and the dear and near ones getting separated (through death or distance), and experiencing very little happiness in life, the man is completely shattered at the end of his life (and is afflicted by mental and physical ailments).

भोगा विषयसंभोगा भोगा एव फणावतां दशन्त्येव मनाक् स्पृष्टा दृष्टा नष्टाः प्रतिक्षणम्।

The 'sense enjoyment's ('Bhoga'- pleasures related to the senses, family, friends, wealth etc) and the poisonous serpents with 'Bhoga' (hoods); both have the word 'Bhoga' in them, meaning 'hood'. Which of the both prove to be extremely dangerous?

The snakes rise their hoods and bite, if touched only slightly (by accident), and you can avoid them if they are seen; but these 'sense objects' are more vicious; for they ruin you even if they are just seen.

(Imagine the state of your mind at the sight of young women, the sight of the friends and relatives, the sight of lands and gold that can be yours and so on! The very instant these objects are sighted, all learning is pushed backwards, and desires cloud the intellect, and you are not in control of your actions; anxiety and anger become your constant companions, and you are ruined once and for all!)

आयुर्याति निरायासपदप्राप्तिविवर्जितैः उदर्कभङ्गुराकारैः करालैः कष्टचेष्टितैः।

Life is very precious indeed, and is worthwhile if only you engage in the acquisition of knowledge; but it flows away like the waves that rise and fall, in the performance of wasteful repeated actions (world-related duties) attended to with extreme effort (and resulting in the exhaustion of the mind and the body), without ever attaining the 'state that is free of exhaustion' (the attainment of 'Aatman Knowledge').

भोगाशाबद्धतृष्णानामपमानः पदे पदे आलानमवलीनानां वन्यानामिव दन्तिनाम्।

The elephant that is chained to the stake has to get satisfied only with the tiny morsels of food thrown at it; so also, the people who are 'thirsty for the pleasures of the family and worldly objects' struggle hard to attain even some minimum joy (in festivals, and other occasions), though humiliated at every step by the pains the life presents them with (as sudden unexpected slaps of diseases and tragic events).

संपदः प्रमदाश्चैव तरङ्गोत्सङ्गभङ्गुराः कस्तास्वहिफणाच्छत्रच्छायासु रमते बुधः।

Wealth and women (family) are as fragile as the rising waves of the Ocean.

Which wise man will enjoy the shelter offered by the 'hoods of a serpent'!

(Which friend or family member, or which kind of wealth will stay with you as yours ever?)

सत्यं मनोरमाः कामाः सत्यं रम्याविभूतयः किंतु मत्ताङ्गनापाङ्गभङ्गुलोलं हि जीवितम्।

आपातरमणियेषु रमन्ते विषयेषु ये अत्यन्तविरसान्तेषु पतन्ति निरयेषु ते।

Maybe the desires when fulfilled, do give some joy on some occasions; maybe the possessions do offer some joy when obtained; but the life itself is so fragile like the wavering glance of a charming lady (gone before it is obtained) (and you yourself will not be there to enjoy anything on a permanent basis). Those who feel happy in the occasional joys offered by the world (as related to the family and wealth) and do not strive to attain the 'stabilized joy of knowledge', fall into the 'hell-like sufferings' which have extreme tragic ends. *(What is life but the continuous information-flow of deaths, diseases, disappointments, treachery, deceit, fights, arguments, irritations, violence, barbarism, selfishness etc etc? Where is the so-called joy that you seek in these wretched patterns of life?)*

द्वन्द्वदोषोपरुद्धानि दुःसाध्यान्यस्थिराणि च धनान्यभव्यसेव्यानि मम जातु न तुष्टये।

One struggles hard to amass wealth, by suffering through the dual-faults of heat, cold, hunger, thirst etc, and spends most of his life-time in struggling hard to complete his worldly ambitions, which even if obtained do not last for long; such a wealth is sought only by those who lack the capacity to think properly, and is never a thing of satisfaction for me (for I have realized the impermanent nature of worldly objects, and do not long for them any more).

आपातमात्रमधुरा दुःखपर्यवसायिनी मोहनायैव लोकस्य लक्ष्मीः क्षणविलासिनी।

The 'Goddess of wealth' (Shree) (with all her offerings of money, gold, position, properties, riches, fame etc) is in your life just for a moment only, and is gone the very next moment. She just deludes; does not give any permanent joy. She is sweet and pleasing when met with; but all that sweetness turns into bitterness at the end, for sure.

आपातरमणीयानि विमर्दविसराण्यति दुःखान्यापत्प्रदातृणि संगतानि खलैरिव।

(The 'objects of wealth' that one owns and possesses do give immense pleasure as the 'mine' sense.

Understand that the sense objects that give you pleasure are like the wicked men who attract you with you with their pleasing talks, to only rob you of all the virtues that you own.)

The 'objects of wealth' are like being in the company of the wicked; for they are pleasant in the beginning, but become contradictory and give pain only, and push one into dangerous situations.

शरदम्बुधरच्छायागत्वर्यो यौवनश्रियः आपातरम्या विषयाः पर्यन्तपरितापिनः।

The 'charm of the youth' is like the shelter sought under the autumn cloud (dissolve off even as they appear). The sense pleasures that are sought in the youth are pleasant when enjoyed, but end up in making you wretched (by losing wealth, health, education etc.)

अन्तकः पर्यवस्थाता जीविते महतामपि चलन्त्यायूषि शाखाग्रलम्बाम्बूनीव देहिनाम्।

The lives for the embodied ones, slide away fast like the 'water drops sticking to the branches of the trees'. The 'Death-deity' stands as an opposing enemy in life, even for the great achievers (for their achievements also are left back as incomplete ones, at their death.) (*Along with the worldly achievements, one should strive for the 'Knowledge' that dissolves off the 'death' also.*)

जीर्यन्ते जीर्यतः केशा दन्ता जीर्यन्ति जीर्यतः क्षीयते जीर्यते सर्वं तृष्णैवैका न जीर्यते।

Even as the body deteriorates in old age, the hairs fall off, the teeth fall off, the function of every organ deteriorates; but the 'thirst for pleasures' never diminishes the least.

भोगाभोगातिगहने सर्वस्मिन्कायकानने परमुल्लासमायाति तृष्णैका विषमञ्जरी।

The 'forest of bodies' (that one owns as his 'unfulfilled Vaasanaa-identities') are filled all over abundantly with the 'dense crowd of hooded serpents' in the form of 'pleasures' (wants).

The entire forest reeks with the hot poisonous breath of these serpents.

No good plant (of virtue) can survive there.

Only the 'creeper of poison' in the form of 'thirst for pleasures' grows well in that poisonous atmosphere.

बाल्यं यौवनवयाति यौवनं याति बाल्यवत् उपमानोपमेयत्वं भङ्गुरत्वं मिथोऽनयोः।

जीवितं गलति क्षिप्रं जलमञ्जलिना यथा प्रवाह इव वह्निन्या गतं न निवर्तते।

The 'childhood that is filled with fantasies' passes off like the 'youth with its own fantasies'. Or rather, the 'youth filled with fantasies' passes off like the 'childhood with its own fantasies'.

Both (the child and the youth) find the world as overflowing with pleasures and joys; both levels do not last long, and are pleasing only for a short time. Actually, both these states are one and the same and cannot be compared as two different states of life. Neither the child are the youth have matured intellects, and are not aware of the pains that hide behind these pleasures! Life flows away like the 'waters held in the hand', and the 'gone-moments' never return like the 'waters carried off by the floods'.

(*The precious time of the childhood and the youth, where the intellect is ready to absorb any knowledge, is wasted off in seeking just momentary pleasures; but later when the life reveals its ugly side of pains and tragedies, the intellect is too worn up to think properly, and any amount of regret will not bring back the lost childhood and youth!*)

झटित्येवागतो देहः कुतोऽप्यर्जुनवातवत् याति पश्यत एवास्तं तरङ्गाम्बुददीपवत्।

The body arrives (as at birth) suddenly like the momentary storm (ArjunaVaata), and vanished even as you are seeing it; and is like the 'flash appearance of the wave, cloud and flame of the lamp' (gone before you even realize its existence). (*The life passes off in wasteful plays in the childhood, in seeking pleasures in the youth, struggling for the welfare of the family in the middle age, and is spent in worries and anxieties in the old age. Where is the time to pause and analyze your wretched state even?*)

रम्येष्वरम्यता दृष्टा स्थिरेष्वस्थिरतापि च सत्येष्वसत्यार्थेषु तेनेह विरसा वयम्।

(*However, I have analyzed well, and have come to this conclusion!*)

I have seen unpleasantness in the things that I believed as pleasing; I have seen instability in the things that I believed as stable; I have seen the falsity of the things that I believed as real; therefore I have lost interest in everything that is connected to the world.

सुखं यदात्मविश्रान्तौ गते मनसि सत्त्वतां पाताले भूतले स्वर्गे तन्न भोगेषु केषुचित्।

The happiness that is attained in the restful state of the Aatman, where the mind is gone and only the Vaasanaa-less state is left back, that 'happiness' is never there in any enjoyment of any world, be it the Paataala, or Bhoomi, or Svarga.

अपि संपूर्णहृद्यार्थाः पञ्चापीन्द्रियवृत्तयः तावज्जयन्ति मामेता भृङ्गं चित्रलता इव।

Even if these five sense-functions present themselves with all their objects in tact, with limitless pleasure to be enjoyed forever, they can only conquer me like the 'painted picture of the flower-creeper attracts the bee'!
(*I will never fall for them anymore!*)

अथ दीर्घेण कालेन निरहंकृतिना मया सर्गापवर्गवैतृष्ण्यमिदमासादितं धिया।

After a long time of scrutinizing the 'essenceless state of the world', I have got rid of the attachment to my form and identity, and am ego-less now. I am now without the least of attraction towards the pleasures of this world and also the next world.

चिरमेकान्तविश्रान्त्यै तेनैतन्नभसः पदं त्वमिवागतवानत्र दृष्टवानस्मि तां कुटीम्।अद्यैतत्संपरिज्ञातं यदेषा भवतः कुटी आगन्ता त्वं पुनश्चेति मया तन्न विचारितम्।तदा त्वत्र मया ज्ञातं कश्चित्सिद्धोयमात्मना देहं त्यक्तेवेह निर्वाणं गत इत्यनुमानतः।एतन्मे भगवन्वृत्तमेषोऽस्मीति यथास्थितं मया ते कथितं सर्वं यथा जानासि तत्कुरु।

In order to rest absorbed in my contemplation for a long time without any disturbance, I came to this very space-region like you, and saw this hut. Now only do I understand that, this hut is yours and I did not think at that time that you will come back here again. I thought at that time that some Siddha had discarded his body and may have entered the Nirvaana state.

Hey Bhagavan! I have told you everything about me, as it is; now you can decide what should be done next.

सिद्धैर्न यावदवधानपरैर्विचार्य निर्णीतमुत्तमधियान्तरशेषवस्तु तावत्त्रिकालकलनं न विदन्ति किंचिदित्यब्जजादि मनसोऽपि मुने स्वभावः।

(The Siddhas and Brahmaas also are of various levels of 'Knowledge' and do not have the same powers like the great Rishis like Vasishta.)

Hey Muni! Even the Siddhas cannot understand the occurrences of the three modes of time, if they have not understood the endless reality within themselves. This is the nature of even the minds of the 'Lotus-borns' (Brahmaas)!

वसिष्ठोवाच

Vasishta spoke

अथ हेममयाकाशविस्तीर्णायां महाभुवि सौहार्दादेव सिद्धस्य तस्येदमहमुक्तवान्।त्वया न केवलं तावन्मयापि न विचारितं आव्याप्तिरहिता नाम न संभवति देहिनाम्।कस्मान्मया तवोदन्तं विचार्यासौ स्थिरीकृता न कुटी व्योम्नि तेन त्वमभविष्यः स्थिरस्थितिः।उत्तिष्ठ सिद्धलोकेषु निवसावो यथास्थितं स्वास्पदस्थितयः सौम्याः स्वात्मसिद्धौ सुसाधनम्।इति निर्णय तावुच्चैरुत्सृतौ तारकोपमौ सममेकपुटोड्डिनौ व्योम यन्त्रोपलाविव। प्रणामपूर्वमन्योन्यमथ कृत्वा विसर्जनं गतः सोऽभिमतं देशमहं चाभिमतं गतः।इति वृत्तान्तमखिलमुक्तवान्स्मि राघव तवाश्वर्यमयीं पश्य संसृतीनां विचित्रताम्।

In that huge region spread out as the expanse of golden luster. I spoke is to that Siddha in a friendly manner, like this.

'It is not just your fault; I should also have foreseen that the bodies should not be left unattended to by their owners. Why didn't I analyze your situation beforehand and make the hut stable! Then you would have stayed in that hut without falling! Get up; let us live in our own Siddha-worlds, however they are. Our own abodes are the best for achieving our ends.'

After deciding in this manner, both of us rose up in the sky like twin-stars, as if two stones had been simultaneously shot in the sky, by the 'stone-throwing gadget'.

We took leave of each other with due salutations; he went his way and I went my way.

Raaghava! I have told you everything that had happened in such an amazing manner.

Look at the weird workings of the world perceptions!