

**COMPLETE BOOK
OF
BRHADYOGAVAASISHTAM**

composed by

MAHARSHI VAALMIKI

**Explained and simplified
in
ENGLISH**

by

Narayanalakshmi

BOOK ONE

VAIRAAGYA/DISPASSION

STORY

OF

RAMA'S REALIZATION

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi (Maa Tejaswini)

Narayanalakshmi, also known as Tejaswini in her ascetic life 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.

NOTE TO THE READER FROM THE AUTHOR

BrhadYogaVaasishta composed by Vaalmiki is a gigantic book made of 32,000 verses.

It is not easy to grasp the abstract ideas of the book, by reading it as verse by verse translation.

The book is a mixture of amazing stories, poetic descriptions, and also profound truths about Reality (as based on the Upanishads).

The English version concentrates mostly on the philosophical sections only, and avoids the lengthy descriptions of the story-parts. It gives you a simplified summary of the six sections for an easy and quick understanding of the book, as relevant to the modern findings of Science also.

Though the study of both the Sanskrit and English versions will render the proper understanding of the Vaasishtam truths for any sincere seeker, the briefed up English version is enough to grasp the core essence of Vaasishtam.

- Narayanalakshmi

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RAMA THE REALIZED YOGI

PREFACE

Rama the son of Dasharatha married Seetaa, went to the forest to keep the promise of his father, killed Raavana in the battle-field, returned to Ayodhya, had two children as Lava and Kusha;
and lived ... happily ever after...? No!

Rama always had to bend down to the rules of his royal status that demanded the sacrifice of all his personal joys; and lived his life only as a recluse attired in royal garments.

How was he able to face the tragedies of his life that started to unfold from his very sixteenth year and why did not he break down at any moment of his life with frustration and disappointment?

What gave him the strength to live amidst ignorant people?

What was the basic support he leaned on to bear the arrows of pains that shot at him from all sides as if ordained by some cruel destiny?

This book of JnaanaVaasishtam is all about the story of how he obtained the elixir of knowledge from his Great Master Vasishtha, before he entered the battlefield of life. This is the story of how Rama became a realized Yogi (Knower) of the highest sort, by the knowledge imparted to him by Vasishtha.

Rama lived the entire life from his sixteenth year to the end of his life on earth, as a JeevanMukta (liberated while living). The knowledge he obtained from his Master turned him into a JeevanMukta within a few days of the discussion that went on between him and Vasishtha, the preceptor for the Raghu dynasty. This knowledge was not imparted to the young prince, in the form of 'profound statements of the Upanishads', or the special method of contemplation or as body-based Yoga practice.

Vasishtha just narrated to him stories after stories that were intriguing, mysterious and amazing. Rama had to just understand the abstract truths hidden in the stories and he would reach his goal of liberation then and there itself in the discussion hall; and that much effort alone was done by Rama and soon he reached the very level of Vasishtha in knowledge; and spent his entire life in passing off this Knowledge to the other seekers he met in his forest-life.

He had attained Moksha even before he had completed his sixteenth year.
He had become free of the world; and the world had ceased to exist for him from that moment.
When the world itself had ceased to exist, where is the question of him facing any tragedy in life?

Life became an amusing ghost story that entertained him.
Life was just a cartoon film, where pain, death etc do not exist at all.
Life was sheer fun.

The arrows of pain could not pierce the armour of knowledge that Vasishtha had equipped him with.
It was far far better than an armour that sticks to your body from birth. (*MahaaBhaarata /Karna*)
The shining metal armour protects your body only; Knowledge armor makes the body itself vanish.
Which is better?
You do not need a deity to give it to you as a boon. You can yourself produce it with your own effort of reasoning.
So easy and yet so distant to all!

Rama never suffered anything in his life actually; not because he was an incarnation of Lord Vishnu, but he had managed to solve the mystery of existence in his young age itself.

Stop throwing flowers at his photos and statues portrayed by the ignorant minds.
Stop worshipping him as a God; but admire him as the best of all men.
Think like him and solve the mystery of the world around you.
Reason like him, and turn into another Rama the realized.
Live like him as a happy person always in this dark jungle of worldly existence.

Best Wishes!

JNAANA VAASISHTAM

INTRODUCTION

What is this book about?

Jnaana Vaasishtam or the Knowledge imparted by Vasishtha given in a concise form of poetry by Sage Vaalmiki is a very huge text containing 32,000 verses in total, divided into six Prakaranas or sections.

To simplify the truths given by Vasishtha in the day-to-day language and present it in a concise form as pertaining to the present century, is the herculean task I have undertaken.

The original text is a treasure house of amazing mysterious stories that teach highly abstract truths.

The philosophy and the stories are intertwined with one another like a bangle with gold.

One cannot be without the other; Therefore,, I have the necessity at least of briefly mentioning the story part of it, to explain the philosophy presented by Vasishtha.

Other than such brief interludes, this book will be mostly a presentation of Vasishtha's philosophy as suited to the modern minds. Story-line will be just the continuing thread in which I have to string the pearls of truths imparted by Vasishtha.

REALITY IS A PARADOX

What is Vasishtha's philosophy?

It is a philosophy that completely denies any philosophy of any mind of any kind.

It is something like a paradoxical statement that says:

'Anything that is presented as a word and meaning is not real.'

That means: *Whatever is presented as an explanation through words and meanings is not real.*

That means: *I am also a statement made of words and meanings; I am not real.*

That means: *All words are false only; do not believe any word anywhere. (So these words are also false.).*

If you believe the above mentioned statement, then you have to disbelieve everything that exists as the explanation of the reality anywhere on earth or heaven; since all theories are made of words and meanings only.

If you believe this statement, then you have to disbelieve everything said anywhere about anything; and stop believing this statement also, since it is also made of words and meanings.

If you do not believe in this statement, then you have to believe in the reverse of the statement:

Whatever is presented as an explanation through words and meanings is, real.

Then, you are forced to believe in the first statement again, since it is also made of words and meanings.

You have to believe and disbelieve in Vaasishtam at the same time.

Vaasishtam itself is a paradox!

It says in all the first five Prakaranas, 'believe in me'; and in the last Prakarana says 'do not believe in me'.

It builds a beautiful philosophy in the first five Prakaranas through reasoning process only; and smashes it also into pieces at the fag end of the book through reasoning only.

Unless you also build the mansion of reasoning brick by brick, you will not get the hammer to break it ever.

This text does not present any special philosophical view; but bases its truth on the Upanishads only.

It converts the mysterious coded statements of the Upanishads into a garland of stories; and presents the truth in the simplest way ever possible.

This wonderful text kills all the other philosophical views prevalent anywhere else and kills its own apparent philosophical view also; and leaves the reader speechless and wordless at the end.

This is the beauty of it all.

It tells hundreds of stories as if real, and makes you think of your life-story also a part of the story, and in the end you are left wondering about the reality of your life itself.

What is the purpose of this book?

Knowledge!

What is knowledge?

That which is not foolishness!

Therefore, you can read the book, only if you think you are foolish.

If you are not foolish, well - this book has no use for you.

If you are foolish and yet you think that you know it all, then sorry - do not come near this book.

This book is worthless for a person who has understood everything and knows that he knows nothing, and also for a person who knows nothing but yet thinks that he has understood everything.
(Somewhere the old wise Socrates chuckles and mumbles "What we know is one grain of the sand; what we do not know is like the endless beach spread across.")

Therefore, read this book, only if you think that you are foolish.
 The paradox is that the fool does not know that he is a fool.
 If a man knows that he is a fool, then he is not a fool.

You are welcome to Vasishtha's world, only if you think you are a fool.
 Truly, you are intelligent.

One more thing about this book; it is not a book of religion or Yoga (of the body).
 If you are still attached to deities and Guru-images real or fake, then please do not read this book. It does not support form-worship of any sort. You have to burn all your Gods and Gurus in the fire of reason, if you want to enter this blazing fire of Vasishtha-knowledge that stands high like the 'flaming symbol of dispassionate Shiva in the Lingam form'.
(Lingam represents the beginning-less and endless form of Reality.)

Even Shiva meets Vasishtha somewhere inside this book and declares the final truth that there is no God.
 Paradoxical again, is it not?
 A God saying that there is no God!
 Of course, Shiva is a God for this tiny Creation; like every man is a master of his little house; but this Shiva the resident of Kailaasa is not any Supreme state of Reality (not Vishnu also; and not any God worshipped anywhere in any temple or any holy place). This book is atheist in that sense.

According to Vasishtha, Reality (Brahman, the swelled up Reality) is not a God.
 Therefore, all those who are the blind followers of religious practices; and those who do not have the courage to burn the God-photos and Guru-photos in their houses; those who cannot get rid of their God-fanaticism and Guru-fanaticism; those who expect Moksha (like a reward) to be a place where they go after death if they are well-behaved here; then do not read this book. It is a waste of time for you; and for Vasishtha also!
 You are better off in your haunted world of Gods and Gurus.

If anybody still shows the bravery of understanding Vasishtha's truths, and come with an open mind, then understand first that the Reality or the Truth we are after is not a God that you can trap inside a statue or photo; and make it fulfill all your wishes like a genie kept in chains.

The purpose of this book is to make the world that you are decoding through your senses at each and every moment disappear as it is, (know that it is nowhere) even when you are living inside it now and here.

That is Moksha for you!
 Do not be afraid. Nothing will happen to you or the world; since you and your world are not there at all in truth.
 Nothing is lost; nothing is gained.
 Everything is lost; everything is gained.
 That is the charm of Vaasishtam.

If you are ready to put at stake your own existence and also the world you are holding on to as your life; then read on, and understand what Vasishtha says; or go back to your genie-world of Gods and Gurus.

*And finally, to sum up Vaasishtam in a sentence:
 It is a book only of paradoxes and reveals only the paradoxical nature of Reality.*

JNAANA VAASISHTAM

[KNOWLEDGE IMPARTED BY VASISHTA TO RAMA IN STORIES]

STORY OF STORIES BEGINS

A story is beginning less; yet has to begin somewhere.

This story also begins somewhere.

A story has to have a problem; or it is not a story.

This story also begins with a problem only.

What is the problem?

The problem rises when you understand that you are foolish and want to get out of the foolishness.

You understand that you are mad and want to be cured of your madness.

Foolishness in this context is the belief in the realness of the world presented by the senses.

(What you 'believe' is never the reality. You cannot 'believe' in the reality.

Reality does not require your belief as a support.)

Knowledge is to detect what is outside of the sense perceptions, that are pouring over us like some non-stop rain.

What is outside of the images that flood your brain through the retina?

What is there as an object, if your brain does not produce any image of the object, when you are looking away from that object? Is the object still there with an image if you do not see it?

You will see the object as existing, only when the light rays fall on the atoms (some empty things with charges) of the object (?) and then enter your retina. *(Retina is the area at the back of the eye that receives light and sends pictures of what the eye sees to the brain.)* If the retina is not active, how can the object have a form? For whom?

What will be the world like, if you are not there to see the colours or shapes?

Touch is another name for the repulsion that keeps every sand particle also separate from the other.

This repulsion character alone makes you hold a tiny leaf even.

If you do not touch it, will the object ever exist as touched?

What is there when you do not touch it?

What is there beyond the smell?

If you do not smell with your nose, how can the fragrance be there?

What will it be to feel that silence, where sounds of all the names and forms vanish off?

If no differentiation of names and forms exist, what will happen?

If a witch with a magic broom appeared and erased off all the lines drawn by the brain around the groups of atoms, what will the world look like?

What will be outside of taste?

What will the sweet dish be like, if your tongue was not there to sense it as taste?

What will be there if we do not sense anything; but stay bare as just pure conscious awareness?

If nothing is there, what will be there?

Man is just a sensing organism.

He may think a little, very rarely also (depends on how much he has evolved from the animal level).

When he evolves from the level of the sensing organism to the thinking animal when he is not just the neural patterns flashing in the gooey mass of flesh inside the skull but can think outside of the brain also without the brain knowing his thoughts, then indeed, he has the vision of the Reality.

Vasishta helps you to think outside of the brain. He provides you with a channel for your own reasoning capacity.

He changes you from the sensing animal to a thinking person without any strain of mind or body.

He tells you stories after stories the sort of which are not found in any corner of earth or heaven, the glorified worlds of mortals and immortals.

RENUNCIATION OR ACTION – WHICH IS BETTER?

Coming back to the story-telling section of the Vaasishtam text, the problem was whether the path of renunciation is necessary for detecting this Reality, or can any person understand these truths, by staying as a householder tied up to a family and the responsibilities attached to it.

A Brahmin named Suteekshna presents this question to Sage Agastya.

Sage Agastya tells him about another young Brahmin named Kaarunya who also had the same doubt.

Kaarunya's father AgniVeshya tells him a story of an Apsara named Suruchi who works for Indra in heaven.

This intelligent girl who knows that she is foolish, meets a messenger of Indra who tells her about a king named Arishtanemi who refused to accept the reward of a life in heaven.

Indra sends the foolish king who wants a cure for his foolishness to Sage Vaalmiki.

Sage Vaalmiki tells him about the story of Rama's realization, which he had told his disciple Bharadvaaja.

And the main story begins here...!

Your life-story also is one tiny part of a big story of the universe.

If you become one with the story of the universe, your story vanishes off by itself.

That is how Rama made his story vanish off; but we – the form-addicts- still hold on, only to his ordinary life-story and have thrown off the story of how he made the stories vanish off.

*“The man of wisdom who analyses the subtle stories at the beginning,
and the means of Moksha as suggested by them,
does not get born again.”*

How to get rid of the story of life?

Vaalmiki suggests:

Forget the story.

Forget it like forgetting the blue colour of the sky; because blue colour is not the colour of the sky.

Blue colour of the sky is seen by our earthly-eyes because of some play of sunlight with the dust particles.

We see colours because our eyes have the capacity to see the colours.

Colour is produced by the brain-vision.

You cannot get rid of it.

Blue colour is not outside in the sky; but inside your brain.

For that matter, any colour anywhere in the world is inside the brain; and not outside.

World is colourless actually.

Brain paints the colours; not to add beauty; but to help in the survival process.

If you have a brain and the eye, you will see the blue colour for sure.

If you were on some other planet you will see some other colour of the sky.

Blue colour is produced by the mixed reactions of you eye, sunlight and dust.

It is seen; but is not the real thing.

You cannot get rid of it also; unless someone cuts off your head or blinds your eyes with burning charcoal.

How then we make the blue colour go off?

Why make it go off?

It is beautiful!

It is a beautiful colour painted by Nature on the canvas of the empty sky.

Lucky that you are alive; and have eyes; and see the beautiful blue colour!

Enjoy it; but do not fall for it, believing the blue sky to be canopy made by some benevolent God just for you.

Do not think too much of yourself that a God has no other work but to care for you.

If he is there, he may not even know of your existence like you do not know of the existence of the dust mite that hides in your bed.

If you want to be free of the blue colour, ignore it and have the basic knowledge always that the sky is colorless.

Similarly, if you want to get rid of the world, ignore it as a fiction inside a book or film, and have the basic knowledge that the world you see through senses is a brain-concocted picture only; and not real.

THE MAIN INSTRUCTION OF THE TEXT

[Vaalmiki says to Bharadvaaja]

*“O Saadhu (person of excellent virtues)!
I am of the opinion that the ‘complete forgetting’ so as not to remember it again
is the best remedy for the delusion of this world which appears like the hue of the sky.*

*Hey Anagha (sinless one), though this world-delusion gets seen,
it will be experienced as non-existing like the colour of the sky,
through the process of reasoning that is given in this Scripture.*

How to get such knowledge?

Maybe, the blue colour of the sky is easy to ignore; but not the life that you live as somebody.
How can you ignore the existence of the solid world around you?
You need dispassion.

How to get dispassion?

Develop good Vaasanaas.

What is a Vaasanaa?

‘Vaasanaa’ is something which lingers in the mind like the stink that remains after something has rotted inside your mind; and the unpalatable truth is that you are so used to that rotten stink, that you cannot bear to be without it even for a second!
Actually you spend your entire life in keeping your house filled with that harmful, bacteria-filled stink, enjoying it thoroughly like a worm living inside the drain-hole!
This stink is the Vaasanaa!
Every action of yours, every breath of yours is infected by this stink called Vaasanaa.

First step in the cleansing process of your mind-house, is to throw away the rotten flowers and fill it with the fragrant flowers so that the stink of many years of rotting objects gets removed.

What is this stink in the mind-context?

Vaasanaas!

How did it appear in you first of all?

Whenever you do any action, good or bad.., when the urge rises in you to do it again, then it is a Vaasanaa forcing you to do act that way, where your wisdom stays bound in chains.

Anything which is needed excessively, again and again is a Vaasanaa.

[Vaalmiki again says to Bharadvaaja]

Hey Brahman!

*The Complete Renunciation of Vaasanaas alone is the excellent state of Moksha;
so it is stated by the wise.*

That alone is the flawless means, Hey Brahman!

Vaasanaa is said to be of two kinds - pure and impure.

The impure Vaasanaa is the cause of the birth; the pure Vaasanaa destroys the birth.

*The wise speak of the impure Vaasanaa as endowed with a form thick-set with ignorance;
possessing dense egoism, and leading to rebirth.*

VAASANAA – THE LINGERING WANT

A Vaasanaa cannot be seen or known, because every action of yours is not a ‘you acting’ but a ‘Vaasanaa acting’.

From morning to night, you do the same actions daily because of these Vaasanaas only!

Every day of your life is spent in the repeat of the same actions only; all the days are exactly same like Xerox copies made by the same Vaasanaas!

Same eating Vaasanaa, same dressing Vaasanaa, same sex Vaasanaa, same reproduction Vaasanaa, same child-love Vaasanaa, same money Vaasanaa, same possession Vaasanaa, same wealth Vaasanaa; same same same ..all the time.
Nothing new! Same old rotten life lived day in and day out!

Again and again, the same old repeated sense experiences which exhaust the body than reviving it!

Aren't you sick of it all?

Our life is not a life lived, but a prison built by the bricks of Vaasanaas!
 And you don't even know it! What a wretched state!
 You take birth as a slave; live as a slave; and die as a slave only, fully under the control of these Vaasanaa-masters who stay invisible all the time; but keep whipping you again and again, forcing you to do actions that they want!
 Aren't you ashamed of your slave-status?

How to get rid of these slave-masters, the Vaasanaas?
 You cannot fully be out of them, since our very existence depends on maintaining some Vaasanaas at least.
 You need to eat, work, enjoy, and lead a normal life!
 As Lord Krishna says, you cannot remain still without doing any action; at least you must 'want to live' so that you can breathe even!

Observe minutely all your actions and try to divide them as good and bad.
 Being a student of philosophy, that much at least you must be aware of as to what your weaknesses are!
 Even a thief can know that he is doing a wrong action when stealing some one's wealth; why will you, a Saadhaka not know where you are wrong?

After understanding which Vaasanaas are harmful and which are not, try to repeat only those Vaasanaa-actions which lead to your welfare only.

What is the greatest welfare?

Freedom from this Vaasanaa-prison!

Change the bad bricks of the walls and replace good bricks in their stead.

Want to read? Read good wisdom-filled books only!

Addicted to films? See those films which touch your heart and make you wonder about the smallness of your life!

Want to eat? Eat healthy food which does not bring harm to any living thing.

Want to live long? Keep the body fit with fitness work-outs.

Want to have sex? Understand it as only a chemical-induced action monitored by genes, and try to reduce it; it is nothing but some Karmendriya-based action like excretion or breathing or eating; so says Shiva Puraana! (Too much of it will kill your brain power too!)

Control; control; control; at all times!

Nothing in excess is the rule suggested by Geetaa.

*“That alone is called a Pure Vaasanaa
 which is the Knowledge of ‘That which is to be known’,
 which is maintained only for the sake of the body
 and remains like a crushed seed having lost the sprout of rebirth.”*

Slowly replace the Vaasanaas rising out of attachments and attractions into Vaasanaas that raise the level of dispassion and detachment in you.

The main Vaasanaa that you should develop is to understand the rottenness all around you and within you; and decide to change for the better.

Develop a Vaasanaa to free yourself from the clutches of Vaasanaas which exist in the form of desires, wants, selfishness, attachments, greed, etc etc.

Act against the chemicals that ooze in the brain!

Act against the genes which move every cell of you body at their will.

You are of course, a cell which has learnt to think in the process of evolution maybe!

You are just a chemical scum growing on the earth-planet, like a fungus may be!

But you are an amazing brain which can reflect the entire cosmos within it!

You are indeed great as a thinker that can think of anything.

You are a Knower, who can know things!

You are not a slave! Understand that!

You can outgrow the control of genes and chemical actions of the body, and stay as the essence of knowledge only.

How to come out of this stinking heap which is all around you like a dense package material?

Read on and find out how Rama found a way out of this garbage-heap called the world!

You can follow his foot steps of thinking, and be free of this entire stinking-existence!

Just want to be free! That is all! You will be free!

Have a Vaasanaa for finding the real 'you' who have been buried for long, deep inside the mountainous heap of the 'stinking Vaasanaa-garbage'. This fragrant Vaasanaa like an air-freshener will get rid of the stink that fills your mind; and exhaust itself in the process. Later in the end, there will be neither the smell of the rotten garbage, nor the unnatural fragrance of the air-freshener; but only the pure oxygen that will give you a healthy life. You will then be labeled as a JeevanMukta; one who got free while alive!

A JeevanMukta sees the world as it is. He has X-ray eyes of Knowledge.
Learn to see the world as it is, without the painted make-up of joy and perfection.
Rama was able to see through the makeup; and he indeed got disgusted with the ugly face of the world.

[Vaalmiki spoke to Bharadvaja]

*"If the cleansing of the perception occurs by the enlightenment
that the 'Seen (Drshyam)' does not exist',
then there arises the Supreme bliss of 'Nirvaana'.*

*Otherwise for people like you who are ignorant of the Supreme Reality
and wallow in the pits called Scriptures (and have only the intellectual grasp of the knowledge),
the final emancipation (Nivritti) will not be possible even in many Kalpas."*

WHAT IS DRSHYAM?

The world around can be defined in one word- as the 'perceived', as the 'seen', or as the 'Drshyam'.
The world is what you perceive through your senses (by receiving the sense-input) and gets explained by the mind (the information-processor).

That which you hear with your ears as the sound (Shabda), that which you feel as the touch with your skin (Sparsha), that which you see as images with your eyes (Roopa), that which you taste with your tongue (Rasa), that which you smell as fragrance (Gandha) with your nose; all these information-patterns in the totality-state are understood as the object-filled world.

World is nothing but a continuous flow of speeding sense-information, and is not an absolute solid independent Reality existing inside fixed time and space boundaries.

The collected information brought by the senses is given an explanation by the mind as 'objects'.
The idiot mind does not stop at that; it likes some objects, dislikes some objects, wants some objects, and imagines some objects and so on.
Mind is actually a super-sorcerer who can construct a huge solid world just through the limited information produced by the senses. And the explanation given by the mind exists as the 'Drshyam' (perceived) for all.

Vasishtha compares this Drshyam to the blueness (or blackness) seen in the sky.
Colour is not the quality of the sky; yet how do we see the blue colour in the colourless sky?
It is because of the colour seeing capacity of our eyes, and the result of the air molecules disturbing the path of the sunlight.
Anyhow, the fact is that we see the blue colour with our eyes and superimpose that colour on the colourless sky.
Can we get rid of the blue colour, because it is not the real quality of the sky?
No! We cannot wish it away.
So what do we do? How can we see the colourless sky without removing the blue or black colour?
Vaalmiki suggests that the only way to get rid of the colour is to forget its existence; or ignore its reality.
If you understand that the Drshyam around you is just sense-produced information only, and ignore the ideas of objects imagined by the mind based on the body-identity, you will easily get rid of the Drshyam.

This realization or the understanding of the truth is not possible unless one develops the practice of Vichaara (rational thinking).
The study of Vaashtam guides a person in his thought processes; teaches him how to think rationally and makes the world vanish off as it is, without ever disturbing your regular life pattern you are used to.

You can attain Nirvaana state within minutes or weeks or months or years depending on the strength of your reasoning power. Rama realized within a few days of the discourse itself, because his mind was pure and was burning with the fire of dispassion.

Just reading the book to add a feather to your ego, or to impress others with quotations from it, or reciting it mechanically to gain merits, or make it a topic of philosophical debates and roll Vasishtha's head also in the heat of arguments is actually an insult offered to the great thinkers of the yore.

Instead of wallowing in the pits of words and meanings as a person adept in logic and philosophy, one must approach this book as a guide in the practice of realization, and understand the truths presented by it with a humbleness that behooves a seeker of liberation.

Otherwise, if you read this book even a million times again and again without absorbing the essence of the truths presented by the great Guru Vasishtha, then it is of no use for you. You will not attain the so-called 'Moksha' state of knowledge even after passing through hundreds of Kalpas (Brahma's Creation-spans).

You cannot just 'read' this book.

Each portion has to be understood first and then only the next section should be taken for study.

The study of the first section namely Vairaagya, should be studied again and again, till you also feel the same dispassion towards the world as did Rama. You must practice the development of good Vaasanaas; make effort to develop dispassion; make the mind cleansed of all its likes and dislikes; and then only move to the other sections further on.

If your mind is still impure with subtle wants even after reading through the second section of the book, namely the Mumukshu Vyavahaara Prakarana (the qualities to be developed by a seeker after Moksha), then what use is the rest of the book to you?

Why waste time on it, for no purpose?

There are many books out there on various philosophical view points and theories, which you can master without bothering about the purity of the mind. You are free to wallow in them as long as you wish, even for countless Creation-spans of Brahmaa.

If you cannot get rid of your form-based adherence to saints, deities, and Gurus, then keep away from the book; for it will serve no purpose to you.

Knowledge-fire is merciless and compassion-less; it will burn all the forms of anyone anywhere with its flames of reasoning.

Rama had the courage to accept the truth as it is!

He renounced everything that was his, even his attachment to his identity of the prince of the royal clan and surrendered at the feet of his Master Vasishtha, the son of Brahmaa.

Development of dispassion is the gist of Vairaagya Prakarana, the first section of the great text JnaanaVaasishtam.

RAMA AND THE RED FLOWER

Rama was just not even sixteen years in his story. He was the son of Dasharatha and Kausalyaa; had three more brothers from the other mothers; was about to be crowned as the heir prince of the kingdom...!

Nice story is it not? People read this story again and again to get merits.

But Rama did not like his story. He did not want to be Rama the son of Dasharatha.

Why?

Because he had gone on a tour of the entire country; and somehow the bare bitter truths of the world had hit him hard like lightning strikes; and he did not want to be 'Rama' anymore.

How not to be Rama? How can you cease to be the son of your parents?

Rama found the simple solution.

Give up life!

How?

Starve the horrid gene-centred physical body, or slow down its breath to the cessation of it all!

He abstained from food; abstained from regular duties; abstained from joys also.

He started to wither away like a lotus in winter.

Somewhere in some forest, some kind heart of a world-friend (Vishvaamitra) heard the cries of a helpless child and immediately rushed towards Ayodhya.

He wanted to meet Rama immediately.

The foolish king, who never knew he was foolish, was blocking the path of the Sage.

Vishvaamitra wanted to take away Rama with him for a few days; and somehow impart to him the 'knowledge supreme' to cure him of his depression. He presented an excuse that his Yajna-performance was disturbed by some demons and he wanted Rama to fight those demons.

Dasharatha a man made of only attachments (to family) and desires, refused to do so.

Vishvaamitra had to react with anger; Vasishtha had to pacify the king; and Rama was at last brought to the open court-hall, after all the emotional drama was over with.

And Rama arrived at the hall to meet all, as if it was destined to be the last day of his idiotic life-story.

He did not even wish to see his father's face; and turned away from his extending arms of affection.

He did not want to be the prince anymore. He wanted to run away and live an ordinary life of a Rishi.

He was sad; depressed; forlorn; helpless; lost; and waited for Death the healer of all pains.
He offered due salutations to the people assembled in the court-room; and sat on the ground along with the ordinary people.

When Vasishta and Vishvaamitra questioned him about the reason for his depressed state, he poured out all the bitterness in his mind that was tormenting him like poison.

What was the poison?

The beautiful beautiful world that you and I live in!

What is wrong with it?

[Once there was a monk. A student approached him for knowledge.

The teacher showed him two flowers, one red and another blue.

He told him that if he chooses the blue flower, he can return home and happily live in ignorance and be a part of the world and its deluded concepts; or if he chooses the red flower, he will be revealed the bare truth of all objects and will see the worthlessness of it all. After receiving the knowledge, the delusion of suffering will be gone; and so also the delusion of joy. Even his identity will be destroyed in this fire of knowledge. Unless he was really after truth and ready to give up the attachment to all that was dear and near to him, including his own ego, he could not be taught any knowledge.]

Rama had chosen the red flower. *(What would you choose - illusion or knowledge?)*

Rama revealed his 'dispassion-level' to his Guru and that marks the 'first section of this Great Scripture JnaanaVaasishtam' as the Vairaagya Prakaranam.

All the delusions of the world get shattered like air bubbles; and in the end after listening to the lengthy discourse of Vasishta, Rama attains the Nirvaana-state, where nothing of the so-called world remains left back at all.

Welcome to the world of the red flower, the bare truth of nothingness of all!

VAIRAAGYA-GANGAA

In Rama, the scion of Raghu dynasty, Satsanga (company of the good) and the study of Great Scriptures on knowledge (Shaastras) had given rise to the first sprout of the 'plant of realization' namely 'Shubeccha' - wanting to do a good thing (desire for knowledge); the very first step in the ladder of realization.

River of Gangaa made of the dispassion-waters only, flooded forth in all its glory, drowning all those assembled in the court with her purity of thought-waters.

Shiva had channelled only the waters of Gangaa from the heavens above, for some king named Bhageeratha; Rama was now channelling the dispassion of Shiva itself as the Gangaa to the earth and drowning one and all in its sacred waters. This Gangaa was 'Vairaagya Taranginee' (River of dispassion)!

Come, one and all, to bathe in the sacred waters of this Gangaa and get purified!

Rama saluted the venerable masters and began to erase off the makeup applied on the face of the world by the talented makeup-man called the mind.

[What is the mind, where is it inside the body?

There is nothing called the mind that is kept inside your beating heart.

Mind is just a function that belongs to every conscious living thing, and processes the information received by the senses (images, sounds, touches, tastes, smells) as the objects, as per the intellectual level of that being.

Mind alone presents you the picture of the world as seen, touched, heard, smelt, and tasted; and keeps you blinded to the Reality.]

DISPASSION-SPEECH OF RAMA

IS LIFE A JOY OR TRAP?

Rama first explains, how he happened to go on a scared tour of the world visiting temples and hermitages. Observing the ways of the world in his slow and methodical tour, he had started to analyze the truth of the world; and had found out the horrible facts of life which escape the minds of the ordinary people.

Rama now talks about the ugly side of life.

*“Pray tell me; what sort of happiness is this, the life led in this world,
that one takes birth to die someday and dies to get born once again!
(Life is so short and temporary!)”*

Every man and woman is running after happiness only, as the prime goal of life, without even the least idea of what is the true meaning of happiness.

I do not even understand how they happen to have the words ‘joy’ and ‘happiness’ in their vocabulary.

What is life led by any one but the connected events of birth, growth, decay and finally death?

When one gets born, he already arrives with the his death already fixed as the necessary co-factor of his birth.

Birth is actually a synonymous word for death only.

Whatever be your achievements in life, whatever wealth you possess, you cannot escape death through any means.

All our dreams and works turn into a complete nothingness at the arrival of death.

(Have you ever imagined what death will be like?

One moment you are there...

walking, talking, eating, driving a vehicle on air or ground, running, swimming, counting your dollars, checking the bank balance, gloating over your possessions, gloating over your family and children, or even simply sitting or sleeping in your comfortable couch...

Next moment, the brain suddenly stops functioning without any pre-warning...

And after that ... there is only nothing... nothing at all!

All the possessions, family, friends, country, universe, all gone in a puff of smoke as it were, including you with a name and form. All gone without a trace!

Maybe others will cry for you; or feel relieved that you are dead and gone; but you will never know, because you will never be there anymore; not even as a ghost.

Actually you were only a ghost while you lived; after death, even that status is gone!

We are never aware of our death when we live. We are never aware of our life when we are dead.

Maybe that is why we have to die when we live, so that we are not aware of the life at all!

That is what a JeevanMukta does actually; he dies before the arrival of death and keeps the death away.

He cheats the death.)

Not only a man or woman or animal, but the entire world is moving towards destruction.

People die, houses collapse, cities shatter, planets perish, sun also burns out, galaxies vanish off...

Even cosmic eggs, end at some point.

Nothing escapes destruction.

At every moment, every object is heading towards destruction only.

“All these actions performed by the moving and non moving things (enjoyer and enjoyed) are unstable and do not stay for long. All the things which act as the fields of enjoyment provoke sinful selfish acts, and are the abode of all calamities (like diseases, wealth-loss, separation from the loved ones etc). All the incidents of our lives are like the iron rods unattached to each other and joined together just by our own imagination in the mind.”

*“What is life after all but a flow of unconnected events connected by the brain-magic,
like tying up of the iron rods together with a rope?”*

(If the connecting memory between events and people are erased from the brain, everything defined as life is gone. Look at people who lose their memories even by the age of 50s and live like vegetables later on.

Without any dignity left in life, these human shaped vegetables live like zombies, even if they had owned countless riches when their brains were in tact.

‘Brain fully functioning’ is termed as life; ‘brain malfunction’ means death while living.

This is the completely opposing state of a JeevanMukta where he dies indeed, but lives forever with full alertness and true joy.)

*“The entire world around us is a just a collection of ideas in the mind;
mind alone shines as this unreal world;
even then, why are we drowned in delusion like this?”*

What is the world we live in?

Each world is what the mind pictures it out to be.

My body, my family, my house, my country, my God, my job, my ideas; all these add-up of lot of ‘mines’ is the actual world that you live in.

What we sense immediately through the senses is our world.

Rest of the world is kept as a background-thought only.

Life for us is just a mirage; and we seem to enjoy it similar to the deer withering in hot sands of the desert, believing it to be the waters that quench the thirst.

*“We of foolish minds are drawn inadvertently towards this unreality
like the innocent deer wandering in the forest are drawn towards
the waters of the mirage at a distance
(never reaching the waters but dying by getting burnt in the hot sands).”*

Our life is moved by the two wheels of ‘I want this’ ‘I do not want this’.

Likes and dislikes alone define our life actions.

We want something or other always; and try hard to get it somehow, even at the cost of hurting others.

Usually we end up in getting what we don’t want only.

We live our entire life getting disappointed at every moment, worrying over trivial things, frustrated with the systems and rules, irritated with everybody, and anger burning us within like seething fire.

(Which man or woman is on this planet without some ailment or other caused by stress and tension?)

*“We have not been sold by someone;
but stay like slaves (bound by attachments and attractions)!
Alas, we are all utter fools though aware of the illusory nature of everything.”*

Are we free ever?

Rather it seems that we are slaves to our senses.

‘I want this’; ‘I want that’; is the magic chant that the mind uses; and we try to get our sense-masters all that they want like idiot-slaves of the best kind.

Is the body a joy forever? Are you the body?

It seems Brahmaa once asked the Devas, Asuras, and humans to find out who they are.

And the man (Nara) looked into the mirror; was satisfied and accepted the idea that he was the image seen inside the mirror; and stopped at level of thought only, without further enquiry into the truth.

He was stuck to only the food-sheath as his identity.

A man is supposed to have mind, intellect sheaths also, according to the Scriptures.

However a man of today does not even live at the mind-level of the mind-sheath nowadays.

Do the people on earth have really any mind-thing as such, which can think properly and decide the right way of life?

The brain flashes its patterns moulded on evolution-systems; and the animal called man just acts without thoughts; and is certainly a chemical robot only.

All his movements are just the reactions to outer stimuli like an earthworm reacts to a pin prick.

There is no pausing anywhere to think before acting (or rather ‘reacting’ would be the correct word).

A man here does not act; he reacts.

He reacts to outside objects like a puppet without brains.

And there is this mirror-thing which reflects some image to the brain and says-‘this is you’.

We imagine always that we appear like those images only that are reflected in the mirror; and waste the precious times of our life in trying to make it look attractive.

(The unpalatable truth is that the body with nine holes will not change its stinking quality whatever you do.)

We want to look attractive as the bodies.

For whom? Others only; for you can never know what you look like, when you do not have a mirror in front.

Even a pimple on our face terrifies us; a single white hair threatens us!

Even if you own all the wealth of the earth and engage the best of beauty surgeons, they can only make the image in the mirror as a better thing may be; but they cannot remove your pains, discomforts, stinks, smells, and dirty thoughts, and of course, your umpteen ailments physical and mental.

With the horrible stink of urine and excreta always attached to the body inside and outside, how can the beauty be ever there for these evolved ape-bodies of human species?

All the nine holes of the body ooze out dirty liquids at all times, day in and day out.

What joy can be there for anyone living as a dirty ugly body?

Beauty is just imagined in objects. True beauty is only in the mind filled with dispassion.

That is why Shiva is extolled as Sundareshvara, the Lord of beauty!

What enthrals a man of the present century? Let us analyze!

The most fragrant thing for the man here now is the smell of green notes.

The most cherished want is the titillating sensation of a woman's form.

The most favoured sound is the deafening noise that goes in the name of music.

Making fun of others (or even body functions) is humour.

Bullying the weaker ones is valour.

Torturing animals is the sign of superiority.

(Even religious centres keep their divine animals in the worst tortured state ever.)

Disrespecting the elders is the mark of youth.

Eating other tortured animals and birds is the satisfaction offered to the tongue.

(Maybe in no other planet, an evolved species eats another species of the same land.)

Dirty jokes are the mark of good conversation.

Are these all the expressions of the so-called joy?

This is the illusion of joy we all experience!

Where is real joy anywhere in any mind that is seeped only in ignorance?

*“What worth are these enjoyments experienced by the senses
but objects conjoined by five elements,
which are nothing but our misfortunes leading to our downfall;
yet we stay bound to these objects because of our delusion alone
and for no other reason.
(We stupidly imagine pleasures as belonging to the objects.)”*

The objects we seek as our pleasures, do they contain joy as their innate quality?

How can joy belong to any object as such?

An object is just a collection of five elements (or empty atoms in modern terminology).

Brain alone produces the 3D image, the distance between objects, the sensation of touch (solidity) etc and defines some unknown thing as an object.

Where is the joy-ingredient in the object, except as imagined by the mind?

Sound you hear is just the code invented by the brain to detect air movements.

Touch is just the repulsion of atoms of two bodies that creates an illusion of solidity.

Taste is there to detect harmful foods and avoid them.

Images are just the light-rays reflecting on atoms, and decoded by the brain as shapes.

Lines that perfectly shape the objects are just lines drawn by the brain.

Colours also belong to the brain only.

Colours are just different names for varied light frequencies.

Smell also is there for helping the process of survival only.

Where is the so-called joy in any object except what the brain has invented to help survive in the world?

And where is the world as such?

In the brain only!

Who made the world? Brain only!

‘Brain to brain reflection of information’ alone is the world that exists as a collective information-system of all the brains.

What a paradox!

Brain produces the sense information; brain produces the memory-connection to the information; brain imagines a world through the information produced and received and modified to suit its survival process; and we the brain-things gloat that we are the superior beings on a great earth created by a superman God, and that we alone are the sacred special Creations of the God.

*(Where is this God except in the brain, which has invented the God-idea also to help in the survival process only?
Who has seen any God anytime (other than as hallucinations and imaginations)?*

*Truth is bitter; but that is how it is. Genes are the real Gods of this planet. They alone manage to stay forever through
change of bodies (fathers to sons) and survive.*

*Man is a slave of genes, and is forced to survive through the illusion of life with the illusion of pleasure and joy, which
are nothing but chemical functions that appear in the brain.*

*The entire earth runs after objects for making the dopamine ooze out in the brain; and that alone is spelled out as joy in
the world. What a horrid state of affairs!*

These humans do not even know that they are slaves controlled by some inert genes!)

*“Ah, now I understand (after such a long time)!
Like the unsuspecting deer falling into deep pits in the forest
(while it madly runs after food or runs away from the hunters),
we like fools have lived wastefully all these times sunk in the deep pits of delusion
(by chasing the likes and avoiding the dislikes).
(We do not even know that
we are trapped inside the darkness of these deep holes of ignorance.)”*

Do you still think that lands, gold, children, money, house, position, looks of the body; all these really contain something
called joy within them?

Rama had swallowed the red pill of disillusionment; he was free of the blue pill effect of illusion.

He saw everything as it is; empty and worthless.

*“What use is to me the kingdom or the enjoyments?
(They will surely not help me in any way to get out of this trap;
for they are the very traps set for me!)”*

If everything is just some brain-sorcery managed by the gene-masters, then what are you?

Who are you? What is this world? Why all these stories of life?

Why you are there at all? Why not everything be empty only? Why all this came to be?

*“Who am I
(suddenly coming into existence as some person with such a life fixed as it were by someone)?
Why has this come? (From where has all this come?)
Let it be just an illusion of unreal nature (as the Scriptures state);
still, for what purpose, and how has it come to be like this?”*

*“As I reflected in this way Brahman,
I felt dissatisfied with every existing thing like a traveller lost in desert lands.
(There is nothing but mounds of hot dry sand wherever the traveller passes his eyes!”*

Have you also reached the same conclusion like Rama?

The world you see, is nothing but a vast desert covered by hot sand heaps, without the sight of any water anywhere.
Only the mirages abound in each and every corner.

We run madly towards these mirages expecting relief; and fall into huge chasms of disappointment and frustration.

Think about your day to day life itself.

From the moment you wake up to the moment you collapse on the bed (to sleep, or toss about, or consume sleeping tablets
to induce sleep), every moment is a hot sand-heap of stress and tension.

When is your mind at rest ever?

*“I feel like a lost soul, feel painful in the presence of any object or person,
(knowing their worthlessness.)
Explain to me Bhagavan, how this unreal can be removed completely;
how it makes its appearance and how it becomes real!”*

How to get out of this trap laid by the brain (or the so-called mind)?

As long as I keep seeing the world, I will be inside the trap only.

I will be always roaming in the desert filled with mirages and suffer like the stupid deer.

How to get rid of the perceived world?

Even if I sit with my eyes closed, and keep the body in a rigid posture of meditation, the mind manages to create another world inside me also, as thoughts.

Even if I manage to sleep and forget the world, mind again produces other worlds inside the dream also.

Even if I run to the end of the world, the mind will again produce some world-perception or other.

How will I get out of this all? Should I kill the body once for all and be free of this world?

I see no other option but death as the cessation of this all.

“Old age, death, calamity and birth keep on appearing and disappearing forever.”

If I continue to live as a slave to the senses, the future is nothing but marriage, family, kingdom, battles, old age and the death as the final end of all.

What for should one do all these things and suffer through all this?

What happiness will I get by living this life?

*“Observe how by each and every one of those base types of pleasures,
we the greedy idiots have been led to a shattered state
like the mountain-trees shattered by the stormy winds.”*

Everyone runs after pleasures, as if the joys are hiding inside the objects waiting to embrace them from each and every corner; but the fools end up in pains and ailments only, by the contact of the objects.

(We want better cars, better bikes, better houses, better phones, better wives, better children, better rulers, better weapons, better food, better of everything. We throw old ones and buy new ones.

We try to buy happiness with money.

The saddest fact is that we never become better ourselves; then, how can anything be better for us?

We are just greedy idiots caught in the storm of desires and mostly suffer for want of better things only.

If the brain is made better by proper reasoning, and the ugly nature of the world is understood, and the mask of beauty is removed from the face of the ugly old witch called the world - then and then only, will we try to turn away our face from the world of objects and imagined pleasures!)

Look at all the people living their meaningless lives holding on to meaningless enterprises! Nothing gets achieved by them truly! They are like the mountain-trees shattered by fierce storms.

*“People as inert bodies stay making meaningless sounds (like ‘I’ and ‘mine’)
like the bamboo groves by the winds named Praanas!”*

Like the creaking trees, the people keep making the sounds of ‘I’; and ‘mine’; and get uprooted by death in no time.

Nothing do they take with them when their bodies fall; not even a broken needle!

Yet observe how they spend their whole life amassing wealth and riches!

Do they never think about the fragile nature of life?

How can they feel happy standing at the edge of the alluring waves?

Birth actually is death that waits for them.

(Every birthday that is gloriously celebrated, marks only the closeness of death and has to be a day of mourning only!

Why not gather knowledge fast, than waste away the precious moments of life on wasteful enjoyments?)

People are like bamboo groves swishing in the wind! Only the wind within them makes them move!

*“I am consumed by the constant worry as to how this grief can be remedied,
like an old tree by the savage fire existing inside its own hollow.
I have a heart heavy like a stone dense with sorrows pertaining to this worldly existence.
Only because of apprehension about my family getting worried,
with tears choking the throat, I do not cry out aloud.
Only my discriminating faculty stays in my heart giving me company in my loneliness
and watches my empty smiles and words towards others,
and the empty looks I pass on with dried up tears.”*

Brahman! I feel like a tree which has been set on fire! My heart feels heavy.

If I cry openly, the entire palace will be in turmoil. I hide my tears; cry when alone only.

I carry empty smiles without any joy; and greet others like a live-machine on move.

I want answers for so many questions that eat me day and night; but there is no one to help me out.
 None of the philosophies I have studied, none of the endless arts and sciences I have mastered shows me any light in my darkest hour of today.
 I am like a wealthy man who has lost all his wealth, whose wealth remains back as memories alone!
 I want to spend my entire life in some solitary mountain cave, trying to comprehend the truth that is concealed within this panorama of sense-experiences; but I cannot; since the duties of my own royal birth bind me to the chains of continuous actions.
 Riches and wealth which I possess in abundance are just evil demons which corrupt the mind and kill all the virtues.
 I do not know what I will be like in the future, lost in this crowd of pleasures and joys.
 What is a wife and family but a fountain-head of worries and problems?
 I will be actually like a householder with many wives of problems who have delivered countless children of worries.
 I will never ever have any peace in the mind, staying as a king of this huge kingdom!

Life is like a dark night.
 Thieves of senses are ready to pounce on me at all moments.
 They will rob me of all reasoning power.
 I do not know what sort of a wretched person I will be in the future, after I enter the dark hole called the 'ruler ship of a kingdom'. I am frightened; I am terrified.
 If I do not get my mind cleared now, I will never have time again to even a spare few moments about such pondering.
 I will be weighed down by so many duties of court-room sessions, conquering enemies, marriage, children, and their welfare, so on and on; I will be forever lost in the routine actions of the world; lost in the imaginary pleasures of life.
 By the time I understand the futility of it all, I will be old, diseased and incapable of thinking.
 Save me O Lord!

[Rama talks now about various things that make the life miserable for a man here on earth.]

CONDEMNATION OF WEALTH (SHREE)

Let us first analyze the prime desire of the human being on this earth.
 The foremost want of everyone who lives anywhere in any world above or below, is the want of possessions.
 Men spend their entire life in amassing riches for oneself and one's family.
 Kings fight each other in the battlefields to acquire lands and kingdoms.
 The entire life gets spent in acquiring wealth alone to the exclusion of all natural joys, and one dies here unable to enjoy the benefits of wealth also.

A man spends every moment of his life in bringing wealth and riches to his wife and children; but if he ever stops acquiring the wealth because of some illness or misfortune, the very same relatives who adored and loved him, treat him like a worthless stone lying in the street.

Wealth alone is the identity of a man; if it is absent, he has no identity in the world at all.

Goddess of wealth Shree, the auspicious symbol that adorns every man and woman's name when addressing them is the worst companion one can ever have!
 She is like a muddy river carrying filthy objects in her floods; for which wealthy man is in the world who does not carry selfish and wicked thoughts in his mind?

'Shree' is a river covered by waves of worries and anxieties.
 A wealthy man knows not what is rest and peace.
 He is never content with his possessions; and keeps on planning to acquire more.
 A discontented mind is never at peace.

And this lady named Shree never is faithful to any one man; she keeps jumping from person to person, as if her feet are set on fire.

She keeps decreasing however much you hold on to her. You have to keep on working hard to keep the wealth flowing constantly; even then, what remains after going through all the hardship is just disease and suffering.

You cannot conquer death or disease through wealth ever.

She never has the sense to stay with people endowed with virtues.
 Like a king favours only those who stand near him flattering him with pretense devotion, this lady of wealth also favors only those who are ready to own her without bothering about morals.

Feed a snake with milk; it increases its poison only. Shree is also like that; she increases in size to increase only the wicked qualities in one. A wealthy man can easily become addicted to vices like gambling, drinking, prostitutes, etc; and will always be arrogant, rude and conceited.

A good man who is endowed with all the soft and tender qualities turns hard and rude, once this lady takes hold of him. Any good man gets tainted by her and becomes selfish and wicked like a gem held by soiled hands. Shree is like a poisonous creeper. Even if well-cared for, she will reward you with pain only. A wealthy man gets into problems and sufferings because he will never be left in peace by the others who envy his position and wealth. He is always an object of censure.

Listen to what I think she is!

She is like a deep cave, where rest the serpents of pain.

She is a mountain, where the delusion-elephants roam about.

She is a dark night, where good deeds fade away like the lotuses.

She is the moonlight, which blooms up the night-lotus of pain.

The vision of wisdom snuffs away, when she blows like a stormy wind.

She is like a flooding river with muddy waves of wicked acts.

She makes way for the dark clouds of anxieties and worries.

She increases the poison of distress and suffering.

She is the fertile land for the crop of anxieties.

She rewards you with the bite of vicious fangs, like a snake in possession.

She is the snow-fall that kills the creepers of dispassion.

She is the night where the vicious ugly desires take form like the owls.

She is the Raahu which swallows up the moon of discrimination.

She is the moonlight, for the lotus of courtesy.

She attracts like a colourful rainbow presenting the vision of various joys that you can have access to; but is far from reach.

She seeks the shelter of fools, and vanishes the moment she is acquired.

She is held on to by the greedy ones; but can be amassed through wicked acts only.

She is a huge mirage of flowing cool waters that floods the entire world, attracting one and all.

She is ever unstable like a splashing wave.

She is always on the move. We can never predict what will happen to her the next moment, like we do not know of the movement a flame.

Talk about her ill-nature; and you will be crushed like an elephant by her pouncing on you like a lion. Poverty will steal away the wisdom of any man.

She is like the sword-blade, sharp and cold; that is why, the wealthy men always carry frozen hearts lacking humanity; and hurt others with their unkind and rude conduct.

What happiness waits for me in the company of this wicked lady who is embracing me in the form of royal pleasures and possessions? I know I will never be happy being a prince of this kingdom.

I know of many foolish men who are after her, even when misfortunes strike them again and again.

Shree is like a beautiful creeper growing across the slushy ground covered by thorns and insects.

How beautifully she (the creeper) moves like a lady full of charms, and attracts one and all!

But a man standing at a distance cannot see the serpents slithering over her, thus making her move.

Attainment of wealth means getting bitten by the serpents of worries and problems only. And, you have to cross over the filthy path of stinking evil acts, and get bitten by many insects in the form of pains and obstacles. You may slip and fall also, never to rise up again. And even if after you pass through all the difficulties manage to lay your hands on the flowers, they crumble to dust instantly and burn your hands.

Keep away from the greed for wealth, hey men of earth!

Wealth and possession of riches never give any happiness to any one.

It is a problem when you want to attain it; it is a problem when you want to safe-guard it; it is a problem when it is lost also.

Even sons, wives, husbands, parents and friends turn enemies when in want of wealth.

A wealthy man lives always in the fear of his wealth getting snatched away by his children also!

When has wealth given any true joy to any one?

It stays as ideas in your mind only, and keeps you haunted by its ghostly presence. Try to hold on to it; it vanishes off into nothing. I do not want to hold on to this wicked Shree hey Bhagavan!

Save me from her clutches!

LIFE HAS NO ESSENCE

If you suggest that wealth is a necessary thing to be acquired by a man at any cost, then I ask you - what stability is there in living also?

Who knows when his or her life is going to end?

From the moment of birth itself, a man is always facing death at every next moment.

Like an idiot-friend who has no sense, life departs at any moment, leaving behind a dead body.

Life is as unstable as a water-drop hanging from the edge of the grass shoot which is moving in the wind.

Life is indeed a tiresome journey for those who are beset with attachments and desires; they keep on acquiring wealth to enjoy various sense pleasures, but end up owning nothing but ailments of mind and body.

Only those who have realized their true essence and have stabilized their intellects stay happy in this world; because they do not get poisoned by the contact (attraction) towards sense objects. They maintain equanimity in all the situations of the life, and never get tossed by likes and dislikes.

We who are identified with these limited structures of the bodies and remain attached to the people connected to the body, are like the people caught without shelter in a heavy downpour, where the dark clouds thunder aloud and the lightning-streaks flash continuously. We are never out of the problems that face us at each and every minute of the day.

Hey Brahman! We can even fence the air and stop its movement, break the space into pieces, or make a garland of waves; but we cannot trust in the stability of life!

Life is gone even before we are aware of its arrival. So fast the time passes off!

By the time we understand the value of life, we are already at the threshold of death.

Life melts off like an autumn cloud, even as we watch it.

Life diminishes slowly like a flame in the oil-less lamp.

Life falls down into nothingness the moment it rises, like a wave rising in the river.

Life is already gone as it were when it arrives; maybe that is why Lord Shiva sees the world as a cremation-ground and dances with the ghosts (beings) which are still acting alive as it were; may be, he has burnt off the entire Jagat-phenomenon through his dispassion-fire and that is why he is covered by the ashes always.

(If the time-sense is removed from the mind, every object is already arrived and gone at the same instant.

Where is anything of the perceived-world actually existing, but for the elongated elastic time-string that is attached to our perceiving mind?)

I do not want to have any trust in this fragile life-existence.

I do not want to wait for the body to grow old, finish responsibilities of life and then ponder about all these things when it is too late. I want to find the answers now itself, when I am young and healthy at this moment.

Who knows when my life will end?

If I do believe in a long-lasting life, it is as stupid as wanting to hold on to a wave in the river, or the moon reflected in the waters, or the lightning flash jumping out of the cloud, or the lotus imagined in the sky!

And why hold on to this useless life which is filled with suffering and pain only?

I do not want to be like an idiot who without seeking knowledge, wastes away his entire life like a donkey inside the womb of a horse-mother and destroy her in the end.

What is life but preserving this body which we own as our identities!

Body is nothing but the worthless bubble of foam floating on the surface of the Samsaara-ocean!

I have no interest in preserving this worthless thing, which lasts not for long.

If one spends his life-time in the pursuit of knowledge alone; and thus frees himself from this dreary existence; then and then alone, his life is worth lived for.

What is the use of breathing, eating, reproducing like the trees and animals, if a man does not use his intellect to understand the world around him through proper reasoning methods?

If a man uses his precious single life-span to conquer the death once and for all, then he is worthy of living as a real human; rest are just donkeys which carry the weight of worries on their back throughout their lives, and age along with the years, and die with no use to others or themselves!

These fools never seem to understand the weight of ignorance that sinks them down to wretched states; but avoid the study of good Scriptures as if it is a weight forced on their brains. Any word of advice or knowledge is avoided as if it is an unbearable weight that they have to bear with wastefully.

Actually their minds are weighed down by worries always, and they never are in peace.

Identified with the physical body, they lug along the body as an inert weight only!
What to say of their foolishness! What is not a weight to these fools?!

Their nine-holed stinking bodily-forms which they struggle to make beautiful and pleasing, is a weight that they are stuck to, till the last breath. Life itself is a burden for them where they have to struggle with problems each and every day without a moment's rest. Their mind is always filled with wants, and that also proves to be a weight which they carry always. Ego, the imagined idea of oneself, is also a weight for these idiots who suffer always, burdened by its weight. Hey Brahman! I do not want to be another donkey joining this crowd of weight-bearers, who enjoy carrying these painful burdens! I want to be free of all these weights!

I at least, (by good fortune) have the discriminating ability to see what actually the painful burden is and what is not. I want to be endowed with Viveka by the study of Knowledge-Scriptures. I want to seek knowledge instead of the sense pleasures. I want to have a peaceful mind freed of wants and worries. I want to know my true essence and get rid of this body-identity.

Life indeed tiring, if one is ignorant. There is no rest ever from wants. It is always ready to end without warning. It is a nest where any disease-bird comes and enters with ease.

Life slowly steadily gets eaten up by 'Time' (Kaala), like an ageing tree gnawed by a patient rat.

The life-breath inside is slowly sucked off by the serpents of diseases which hide inside the hollows of the body. Sufferings, sorrows, disappointments and frustrations, eat away a person like wood-worms gnawing at an ageing tree.

And what great joy is life, pray tell me!

Does not anyone see Death waiting to swallow off the life like a cat waiting outside the rat-hole to pounce on the unsuspecting rat? And does anyone give the slightest thought to the last days of their life?

Old age like a weak smelly worthless prostitute hangs on to the life like a curse; like a glutton swallows of life in one gulp!

Do you talk about the glory of youth? How long does one stay young? If one does not maintain discipline and self-control, a man ages prematurely and the youth discards him like a good man walking away from a wicked man who has exposed his true nature!

Only one person pretends to love the life, and that is the 'deity of death'. He is always after the lady of life and holds on to her with his friend namely 'destruction' and the relatives namely the 'old age and diseases'.

Though he haunts all the ignorant endowed with life and destroys them, he stays truly haunted by those who have kept him away by the power of their Self-knowledge.

I am not interested in living the life of an idiot and be loved by the Death-deity. I will not be fooled by the illusion of joy that the life presents. I am not interested in living in this wretched state any more.

I DO NOT WANT TO BE RAMA ANYMORE

I am well-trained in fighting enemies in a battle, hey Muni; but I am afraid of the one unconquerable enemy namely Ahamkaara (an imagined I-ness based on the body-identity); because it is not a real thing at all.

I can fight mighty warriors who stand in front of me and wield their swords; but I cannot face this unreal thing which has wastefully made an appearance because of my delusion only!

This Ahamkaara is what I have imagined about myself based on the body-identity.

All my wants, joys, attachments, likes, dislikes, are centered in this self-imagined 'I' only.

All the faults that belong to my actions are caused by this Ahamkaara only.

How and all a man seeks the lowly pleasures just to please this Ahamkaara!

How much effort one makes to acquire the pleasures and positions just to keep his ego aloft!

How one loves his name and form to the exclusion of all else!

With this enemy on loose, how can I eat or drink hey Brahman? How can I enjoy anything?

I tremble at every moment, wondering when this enemy would attack suddenly and what wicked act I will be forced to do because of him!

Life for me in this world, is like a dark night which is never going to end.

My mind trembles by the ghosts which hide behind the dark shadows of delusion.

I am trapped by this Ahamkaara, which is like a hunter who has spread out his net everywhere.
 Like a mountain covered by the thorny plants, life appears covered by the pains that sprout from the seeds of Ahamkaara.
 I have no other option, except to discard it fully and destroy it without a trace.
 It has destroyed the peace of the mind, like Raahu swallowing up the moon.
 It has destroyed all my virtues, like the lotuses by the snowfall.
 It has removed by calm disposition, like a cloud by autumn.

I am not Rama anymore, and not born to these parents.
 I renounce everything that is connected to this body named Rama.
 I have no wants at all. I will just stay silent and quiet like Vishnu absorbed in his contemplation.
 I am not bound to feed this body and keep it alive.
 Let it die or live; I am not bothered.
 I have renounced the entire 'I' feeling connected to this body named Rama.

All these days, whatever I have enjoyed or done is all meaningless and are non-existent; because Ahamkaara itself is a non-existent, imagined thing.

If 'I' idea is there, I will suffer for long; if 'I' idea is not there, I am at peace.
 Therefore, I will stay as no one and reject this 'I-ness' like a meaningless thing.

All enjoyments are momentary and meaningless too.
 This Ahamkaara alone is the cause of all the wants one has for pleasures.
 If this Ahamkaara is made to vanish, then the wants for pleasures also vanish off instantly.
 When there is no 'I' at all, who is there to want anything?
 All my imagined duties of a prince also vanish off instantly, since I am not this body called Rama at all!

Mind dances its dance of insanity, only if the Ahamkaara stands as its support.
 This Ahamkaara alone makes one want anything and everything that is there in the huge spread-out world.

Ahamkaara wants to climb the mountains, wants to eat the most delicious foods, wants to have the most beautiful life partner, wants the best of children, and wants riches, wealth, land, property, position, power, immortality and what not?
 The list is never ending.

The thirst of this Ahamkaara is not satisfied in one single birth; it continues birth after birth wanting more and more pleasures; never content, never satisfied!
 How can a non-existent imagined Ahamkaara quench its thirst in the mirage-waters of sense pleasures?
 What a terrifying illusion that traps one and all!
 I am frightened of this Ahamkaara-enemy, hey great Sage!
 Ahamkaara like an expert hunter, has spread out a huge net made of son, wife, family attachments which cannot be removed through any known means.

If I never allow the idea of 'I-ness' to creep up, then all the afflictions connected to the ego vanish off instantly.
 My mind will be freed of all delusions and confusions and will become restful.
 Yet I am not endowed with the correct knowledge, hey Muni!
 I understand that it is not enough just to be free of Ahamkaara; I want that knowledge in which you people revel.
 Please instruct me Hey Brahman!

Hey Bhagavan! Ahamkaara is like a cow which moos 'Hm'; and I am like a person stuck under its belly.
 In whichever direction I move, I will get kicked by this Ahamkaara cow. I get smashed up also if it sits down.
 It is not tied up properly; and it may run wildly dragging me along with it.

What should I do? Where shall I go?
 Even if I am not Rama, what more can I do to know myself?
 If I am not this body, then what am I? Who am I?
 I am weighed down by the sorrow of ignorance; please help me out of it Hey Brahman! Explain to me the truth of it all!

DEAD MIND MEANS DEAD WORLD

And I am incapable of controlling my mind, Hey Muni!
 It is always agitated and trembling like a feather in the wind.
 It is carried off by the storms of desires to fall somewhere in the dark holes of disappointments, and get shattered to pieces with frustration and helplessness.

Mind is like a dog running on streets here and there, for no purpose as such; it wants this and that like an idiot child, never to feel satisfied in anything that is got. Even if its wants are fulfilled, it never stays quiet and complete; but is after fulfilling more wants and stays agitated. Mind is like a wicker basket which I try to keep filled with waters. It can never have contentment.

I feel lost; I feel empty even after enjoying abundant pleasures; I do not belong here in this world of riches and pleasures. I do not want any of these things. I am like a deer which has been moved away from its herd; and got trapped in the net spread out by a hunter. I do not know how to get out of it.
I am continuously bombarded with ever fresh wants which fail to give me inner peace.

I feel so restless within, as if I myself am the Milk Ocean churned by the Mandara Mountain; good and bad thoughts pull me on both sides with equal strength; and my mind shatters into pieces running away in all the directions like the churned waters. Nectar is nowhere in sight!

I seek to gain peace in so many enterprises that look stable like rocks; but I soon get bitten by these alligators of sufferings which my mind conceals within it, like an ocean.

Like a stupid deer running up the mountain to taste the piece of grass hanging at the edge of the mountain, my mind also runs after the lowly pleasures with great expectations, and falls into the huge chasms of ailments of mind and body.

Ocean may stop its waves some day; but not the mind its agitations!

Like a lion restlessly moving inside a cage, my mind also is worried about the gains and losses of objects at all the times, and never is at rest.

I long to belong to the crowd of JeevanMuktas who have mastered the art of 'remaining in the bliss of the Aatman', even while they stay active in the world. They are like the excellent swans which consume milk only, from the mixture of water and milk. I watch them helplessly even as my mind-chariot keeps speeding after objects that appear at far, which will turn into nothing when I reach them.

I am not able to control my mind and engage it in the true essence of my existence; for I have no knowledge of it at all. I suffer because of that only.

This is how I suffer.

I am like a bird trapped in the net because of the endless thirst for pleasures that bind me to the idea of 'I' and 'mine'. I am like a grass piece caught in the fire of burning problems, and am surrounded by the thick smoke of intolerance, impatience, irritation, anger etc.

Without the knowledge of the Self, I am like a corpse torn to pieces by the mind-dog and its bitch, the want of pleasures.

My mind like a tree uprooted by the oncoming floods is lost in the ever-rising floods of wants.

I am like a grass-piece tossed by the winds, rising and falling through various births.

I am unable to control the mind in anyway hey Brahman. I try hard to get out of its hold through many methods of mind-control (study, Praanaayaama etc), but am blocked by this mind like a river by the dam. It holds me bound to its whims and fancies.

Like the wooden stick tied to a rotting rope I go up and down the well again and again; and pass through many higher and lower births. I do not know when the decayed rope of the idiot-mind will break off, thus pushing down to the deepest bottom of the well. I may never come up again from the lowliest inert state again, hey Muni!

Of course, when I analyze, I understand that there is nothing called a mind anywhere within me.

It does not exist like a physical organ that can be seen or set right; yet, like a ghost it haunts me day and night.

What is it, where is it, how do I control it? Instruct me, hey Muni!

Mind blazes hotter than the fire with its flames of ever-rising desires.

It is a mountain, the top of which can never be reached, for the wants never have an end.

Mind is hard to break than a diamond, because of its stubbornness.

Reason has no place in a desire-filled mind. It is indeed difficult to bring it under control hey Brahman!

This mind like an idiot child never is satisfied by anything; it keeps on wanting more and more varieties of enjoyments. Even if I satisfy some of its wants, it never stays satisfied. Its nature is to remain always dissatisfied and it wants new things at each and every next moment.

Sometimes, I think that this mind is a huge ocean made of desires and wants only. A man is always worried about fulfilling wants one after the other. Like the waves of the ocean, the desires also never cease to be.

I do not know which desire will drag me into a whirlpool of difficulties, and sink me down deep into sufferings from which I may never come out again. My mind abounds with its selfish wants like crocodiles and sharks and soon I get tossed by them far into the state of rudeness and arrogance, where I am despised by even my own friends and relatives. Desires and conceit alone remain as my companions!

One can drink off the ocean like Sage Agastya; or uproot even the Meru Mountain which supports all the worlds; you can swallow the fire also to its extinction; but controlling the mind is difficult.

Mind-ocean has no beginning or end of wants.

Mind-mountain has no bottom or top that can be measured; it is all over everywhere.

Mind-fire burns without ever ceasing to be, with its countless flames of worries and anxieties.

The objects of the world are all products produced by the mind to satisfy the wants of mind alone.

If mind exists, the three worlds exist as the fulfilment of desires only.

If the mind is destroyed, the world disappears into nothingness.

Therefore, one should try to kill this mind somehow. That is the primary duty of a man who seeks wisdom.

(The world is spread out with various types of sense experiences from the lowest to the highest of all varieties and levels.

Each and every day is spent in trying to satisfy the various whims of the mind only.

One completes the education not to earn knowledge, but to earn money to satisfy his wants; he marries, begets children; works hard to earn more wealth to fulfil the wishes of his family and children; adds more and more possessions to bloat up his ego; has no time to enjoy the pleasures also; turns into a money-earning machine fulfilling the innumerable wants of the mind; grows old; suffers through various ailments brought about by worries and anxieties; loses his intellectual capacities; lives the rest of his life like an unwanted stinking garbage skin-bag ignored by his very children for whom he sweated so much; and dies like a dog thrown on the street. If he is not a money-earning machine, then he is disrespected by his own family members. What a wretched life! Work hard like a slave to an idiot mind all throughout the life, to suffer only the ailments of mind and body as rewards.

World is nothing but the wants that various minds are after. Destroy the mind; the world itself is gone!

Where is the world for a man without wants?!)

I have now understood that the mind alone is the host for all the pains and pleasures that I experience in this world.

It is like the wild forest covering the mountain with its innumerable wants and needs.

If I take recourse to discrimination and reasoning process, the mind can be made to stay quiet and desireless.

I am ready now to conquer this mind.

I will train it to be without desires by understanding the worthless nature of objects.

I will bring the senses under control through proper Vichaara endowed with Viveka.

Once the mind is under control, I will naturally get adorned by the virtues belonging to the noble men who are liberated while alive. I do not feel interest in the objects of the world anymore.

Dark clouds of desires cover the intellect-moon and block its shine.

I will keep away all the desires for wealth and possessions, and allow the intellect to shine forth.

Please instruct me the Supreme knowledge Hey Brahman, so that I can absorb the truths fully with my purified intellect.

A mind tainted with desires can never have access to pure knowledge; and my first act of valour will be to subdue the mind completely, so that I am qualified to receive the instructions about the Supreme knowledge.

‘THIRST FOR JOYS’ (TRSHNAA), THE ENEMY WITHIN YOU

(What is Trshnaa?)

Trshnaa is not just a desire, but an obsession, a form of insanity that drives a man to any extent in his pursuit of desire-fulfilment. It is a thirst that rises in the mind which can subside by the attainment of a particular object only.

It may be some land you want to own, a woman or man you want to possess, a position of power you want to attain, or some wealth you want to own, or anything and everything that makes you strive for it, disregarding all the values and morals imposed on you by the society and humanity.

You just want it; that is all. You do not care about the consequences arising by such an obsession.

Your life's mission is to obtain it any cost.

Like the deer rushing towards the mirage waters in a desert, you will strive hard to fulfil your obsession, and of course will surely end up in the hot sands of pains and sufferings like the stupid deer).

(Trshnaa is a feminine gender word; so will be referred to as a ‘she’ only.)

In order to control the mind, I have to analyze the disease which infects the mind resulting in various sufferings; and the disease is indeed the Trshnaa, the never ending thirst for pleasures.

This Trshnaa is like the night thick with darkness. No light of intellect shines even in the least when she is about.

I do not want to meet the dangers that await me in each and every corner of the dark shadows of delusion.
I can hear the terrifying sounds made by the owls of sins only. Oh! I am so afraid and lost!
Where is the 'Sun of knowledge' which will free me from this dark night?!

I am like a feather exposed to the hot sun of Trshnaa.
Scorched by the heat, I have lost all the qualities that moist the heart like kindness, courtesy, affection, respect for elders etc.
I am drying up with the heat of worries and anxieties.

My mind is already a wild forest filled with thick groves of desire-trees. It is dark and conceals many wild animals of wicked qualities within it. It keeps away the company of the noble and stays empty of any good thought.
Trshnaa the wild flesh-consuming devil dances there wildly, nibbling at me day and night.

My mind is like a dry infertile rocky land bereft of wisdom and nobility.
I convince the necessity of fulfilling the desires through my own stupid logic; I cry and use the tears also, like the dark mist that fills the atmosphere. Of course it never leads to the growth of any fruitful tree or plant, but gives way to only the thorny bushes of worries and anxieties; and they grow well by filling the mind with the pricking thorns of pains.
The dry land shines yellow here and there with the desire for gold and jewels like the plants filled with intoxicating Dhatura fruits (blocking the thinking ability), that are hidden by the yellow leaves.

I try my best to keep the mind calm and quiet; but all of a sudden a huge wave of Trshnaa, in the form of some obsession about fulfilling some desire, rises like a flood and creates turbulence in the mind.
My delusion about the world and its reality is on the increase.

I feel as if my body is a mountain carried away by its floods, and I get torn to pieces being intent on the fulfilment of my desires only.

I do want to attain the Self-bliss like a chaataka bird which waits for the rain waters; but I get carried away by this Trshnaa, like a grass piece by the dusty winds of desires.
I do want to cultivate all the virtues that noble men are adorned with, and want to have a pleasing conduct like the music from a Veena that pleases one and all; but this obsession about desire-fulfilment gnaws away the (Veena) strings of virtues like a deceitful rat, hiding within the globe of the Veena itself; and I produce displeasing harsh sounds by acting rude and harsh towards others.

I am caught in the wheel of Trshnaa like a grass piece in floods, like a dried up grass in the winds, like the autumn cloud in the sky (tossed far and away).

I am like a bird trapped in the net thrown by the huntress namely Trshnaa and am unable to reach the nest of Self-bliss.
My mind is continuously burning in the flames produced by this Trshnaa-fire, which can never subside, even by sprinkling it with the nectar got from heaven.

My desire for objects is like a mare which never stays quiet but wanders all over the world, with ever-rising new fresh wants. Nothing satisfies it fully.

Trshnaa is like a rope that is used in the well to lift up water with a pot tied to it; for it is always wet with desires; goes up and down to higher and lower levels repeatedly, and is rotten with the wicked thoughts rotting it away and is firmly tied to the pot of my mind with the ego-ness.

I am like a bull which is tied by the rope of Trshnaa in my nose, and am dragged helplessly wherever I get pulled.

I am attached to the relatives, friends, family members and am always in the process of fulfilling their wishes.
I am like a bird which gets trapped in the net, desirous of eating the grains thrown by the huntress Trshnaa.
My entire life is wasted away in keeping my family and friends happy, and I never can get out of these attachments.

Trshnaa is the terrifying dark night, where even a brave man may lose his path. She blinds the intellect.
Even a man of calm disposition is pushed into a dark pit of worries and anxieties.
(How can a man with desire act with discrimination ever?)

Trshnaa is like a dark serpent; so cold to touch and looking harmless; but ends up in injecting poison only.
(When has a desire for a worldly possession given joy ever?)

Trshnaa is like a black demoness, tearing off the hearts of men. The visions of joy produced by her are illusory and never ever get realized. There is only disappointment and frustration in the end.

(What you desire for and what you get are never the same. That which looks like the best of joys turns into a nightmare only. Think of your own life where you sought the love of the partner, children, jobs, money, objects, lands, gold, house, vacations, parties, friends, etc. Are these real joys or problems disguised as joys? Aren't these all just illusions produced by the devil of darkness, Trshnaa, the thirst for joys?)

Trshnaa is like a ruined Alaabu Veenaa. The man who holds it produces sounds which hurt others; is always rude and harsh towards his well-wishers.

(Desire when blocked turns into anger, irritation and hatred. A man who entertains anger has no discriminating ability. He acts rashly without reason and ruins his whole life. - Geetaa)

Trshnaa is like a wild creeper growing inside a dark cave; it gives out poisonous fragrance; is dusty with selfish thoughts; grows very tall and entwines around any stone or tree (any object) that is nearby; and is thickly interwoven with the branches of so many anxieties and attachments. It is not easy to cut off this creeper.

Trshnaa is like a dried up creeper hanging from the tree. It is thorny (hurts with unfulfilled desires). It is ugly and dusty.

(How can a person with desires have the auspicious look of calmness and kindness?)

It exists for no great fulfilment. *(The desire you maintain, helps neither you nor anyone around you.)*

It bears no fruits. *(There is no fruitful result ever achieved.)* It has no leaves or flowers.

(No true joy ever is felt while entertaining any desire, or even after its fulfilment. You are actually entertaining only worries and anxieties in the name of joys and pleasures.)

Trshnaa is like an aged prostitute who vainly runs after every man in sight. Desire does not always lead to its fulfilment. Man lives only as a frustrated animal without achieving any of his wants.

Trshnaa is like an aged dancer dancing on the stage of mind which is unstable and uneven with its uprising and down-going emotions. The aged lady makes a pretence of a dance as if bestowing joy on the onlookers but fails to do so.

Trshnaa also never gives any joy actually.

(Where lives a man, who is happy even after obtaining his object of desire? Either he wants something else again, or what he got is not what he wanted.)

Trshnaa is like the overgrown creeper in a forest covered by stinking flowers and bitter poisonous fruits.

(A man struggles all through his life to fulfil the never ending desires of his family and himself; only to meet disappointments, diseases and the pains of old age.)

Trshnaa revels in the dark clouds of ignorance like the female peacock; she runs away when the Sun of Viveka shines forth. Like the foolish peacock going through hard rocky ground to climb up to reach the clouds, Trshnaa also drags a man through difficult paths, to end up in suffering only.

Trshnaa is the muddy stream of monsoon. She is full of the waves of foolishness. She has no use whatever.

She is not continuous also, for the wants keep on changing. She never lasts for long at one desired object.

Like a bird moving from one ruined tree to another, Trshnaa also moves from person to person; for the desires also are like infections; they pass from one mind to the other.

Trshnaa is like a restless monkey; never stays satisfied with a single object; jumps through dangerous paths and reaches for fruits just for amusement and not with any real need.

Trshnaa is like the fate; we never know what the outcome of our desires would be. Usually nothing happens as we had wished for. She always brings about obstacles in our great enterprises, to bring about ruin only.

(How many noble men have ruined their lives and have fallen from the achievement of their goals, because of some lowly desire for a woman, wealth, or land!)

Trshnaa is the bee with the six legs of senses and the mind. She lands sometimes in the lowliest places; rises also towards higher levels sometimes; or moves in other directions without reaching any fulfilment anywhere.

Trshnaa excels in her pain-giving capacity. A man with desires, never has found any joy in this world. Even if you hide inside the safe walls of a harem, safe-guarded from all the ills of the world, Trshnaa will find a way inside that fortress also.

Trshnaa arrives like the array of clouds darkening the entire space of the mind. She fills the mind with the mist of delusion; brings about the cold atmosphere of foolishness; and blocks the light of the knowledge.

Trshnaa is not restricted to one mind. She groups together many in her string like a garland of flowers, and wears it as her adornment. *(Haven't you ever gone after worthless objects just because your neighbour has it?)*

(Humans are like sheep only; one sheep falls into the pit; others follow suit without even thinking.

Analyze why you love a woman or man, why a mother allows a child to grow inside her though it sucks out all her health off, why youth do not take recourse to reason in their actions, why people grow old and yet act like fools?

Start asking 'why' for every action that you do as others did.

Helpless and acting as per the bidding of the mind, men and women live their life like slaves only, fulfilling the orders of Trshnaa!)

Trshnaa is like the bow of Indra (rainbow), made of many colours of desires; has no string of virtue; is very long; stays in the dirty clouds of minds; is made of emptiness and stays in the emptiness of the mind only.

Trshnaa like the hailstone, destroys all the virtues.

She is the autumn season, where fruits of dangers abound.

She kills the lotuses of wisdom, like the snow-fall.

She is the dark night of ignorance, where the Sun of Knowledge is absent.

She is the most popular actress hailed by all the people in the entire world.

She is the idiot bird, which flies in a room where busy work is going on.

She is the deer running wildly in the forest of the mind.

She is the Veenaa that plays the music of lust.

She is the turbulent wave in the ocean of life.

She is the chain, which holds the delusion-elephant bound to the mind.

She is the creeper, which holds on to the tree of Creation.

She is the moonlight, in which the night-lotus of suffering blooms up.

She is the casket, which holds the treasures of old age and death.

She is the maiden, who dances amidst the bowers of physical and mental ailments.

Trshnaa is the path that leads to nowhere in the emptiness of life.

Sometimes there shines the dim light of Viveka when one is disgusted with the worthlessness of life; yet there is always the mist of delusion and the darkness of desires that blinds the intellect.

Trshnaa subsides only when one destroys her, through proper reasoning process and understands the truth about her true nature.

When the dense darkness of delusion is gone, the night-moving devils also cease to be.

As long as the cholera germ of Trshnaa is within the mind, a man will do idiotic acts in the frenzy of fever.

When treated with correct knowledge, he will be cured of the disease caused by that filthy germ called Trshnaa.

If one can disregard the desires rising in his mind and does not bother to fulfil them, he will be surely freed from all the pains.

When desires are renounced along with the anxieties of fulfilling them, Trshnaa disease gets cured in no time.

Trshnaa is the host of desires we hold on to in the mind.

Like a fish that grabs every piece of mud, stone, grass piece thinking it to be its food, a man also runs after every sense-pleasure as if it is the sole purpose of his life; and if by chance he fulfils the desire also like the fish sometimes getting a real meat piece, he fails to see the dangers that hide behind it, and dies in the end like the fish with its mouth stuck to the sharp hook.

(Just by getting what you want, the event does not have a happy ending. The wants start killing you the moment they appear within the mind; and lead only to problems and ailments from beginning to end.)

Passion for a woman is a dreadful disease which makes the man suffer through ugly body contours and is best avoided.

Trshnaa is like a bamboo creeper; hollow inside, made of knots of obsessions, thorny with worries, and displaying pearls which never get obtained.

Only the men of wisdom, cut off to pieces this Trshnaa tree with their sword of Viveka.

No other weapon can destroy her in the least.

Trshnaa is like a lamp flame. She burns brightly when enjoying the object of desire; but ends up as black soot only (of delusion). She burns through the wick of the body, killing it slowly. She burns bright by the oil of attachments one has for the family and friends. She is hot to touch because of the pains she produces through her presence.

Men who are known for their wisdom, men who are outstanding in their bravery, bend down like a grass piece in front of Trshnaa.

Trshnaa is the dark slope of the mountain, where one loses his way in the dusty winds of worries and is never able to come out of the winding paths of desires.

Trshnaa hides within the body and yet is invisible. She singlehandedly reaches for everything in the world.

Nowhere is an object that is not contaminated by Trshnaa, like the sweetness found in the water (ordinary things) and milk (good things) both. If one develops Trshnaa for knowledge like wanting milk, he will stop running after the waters of the world-objects and save himself. Hey Brahman, when will I obtain only the milk of Self-bliss in this water-filled world?!

THE HORRID CARCASS THAT I IDENTIFY WITH

(Why do people love their bodies so much? Can't they see the ugliness of it all?)

Pain alone is the recognition of the body.

(You will never know of the body's existence if you are comfortable and painless!)

Look at the ugliness, the body hides under the soft skin, like a well-covered garbage-bag!

Wet nerves run all through the insides, and it looks so ugly!

It is like broken Veena with haphazard strings hanging here and there that produce weird noises!

THE INERT BUT CONSCIOUS LOOKING BODY

Is the body inert or conscious?

It acts conscious; but is inert only! It is run by the understanding power within.

This understanding power called the Aatman understands the existence of the body also, and makes it its tool, like a chariot driven by the driver. It is inert like a log of wood when asleep, and when dead. It acts as if conscious when awake.

It cannot think by itself; however I seem to be attracted towards all the objects and people that are connected to the body only!

It is easily made happy; easily made unhappy.

(A sip of cold water when thirsty is enough to make it happy; a small pebble in the shoe is enough to make it suffer a lot!)

Nothing is as loathsome as the wretched body bereft of any good quality.

BODY-TREE

Look at the body standing like a tree!

Smiles baring the teeth appear and disappear, like blossoms with white pollen!

Arms are spread out, like branches on both sides!

Shoulders act like trunks. Teeth look like white birds that are resting on top of the tree.

Look at the pair of bees which go by the name of eyes!

A huge fruit is seen on the top, and is known as the head.

Ears are the ugly marks left by the birds which have pecked the tree on both sides.

Hand and feet are the leaves.

Bushes (of hair) are seen growing here and there like some infected portions.

It is a useful thing for doing work.

The bird name Jeeva rests on it for some time (till it falls down dead).

It gives a good shadow with the hair above spread out like ignorance.

This tree is a shelter for a Jeeva-traveller on his never-ending journey.

How can you hate it or love it?

How can you feel attachment to it or detachment towards it?

It is just there as a part of the journey; that is all!

It is just a boat in journeying across the ocean of life!

How can it be the real 'I'?

How can I be identified with this tree that offers shelter, or this inert boat which sails across the life-ocean?

BODY-FOREST

Look at the body! It is like a forest of hair-trees with holes here and there.

BODY-DRUM

It is like a drum made of skin, sinews and flesh, and makes loud noise. It is not strong and can break very easily.

I am like a stupid cat caught inside it; and am terrified by the noise it makes with the help of the wind (Praana).

BODY FIG TREE

I do not feel any happiness by owning this body! It is like a fig tree! It grows in the forest of Samsaara.

Mind jumps all over it like an idiot monkey. It is covered all over by the buds of worries.

Prolonged suffering eats it like the worm. Trishnaa-serpent always hides inside its hollow.

Anger-crow has made a nest in it. Smiles are its flowers. Its fruits are sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet.

It spreads out with the branches of shoulders. Hands are its blossoms.

Leaves are its limbs and they move in the wind of Praana. It supports all the sense-birds.

Knees form its trunk portion. It grows very tall and upright.

It gives a good shade of youth, and the passion-traveller likes to rest under it when it is filled with such cool shade.

Hairs grow on its top edge like grass shoots. Ahamkaara-vulture has made a nest on its top.

A huge hole is in the middle, and is known as the belly.

Vaasanaas form the strong roots for this tree, and keep it rough and hard with their fibres.

BODY-HOUSE

I hate this body; it is so disgusting! It is the house resided by the ego!

What do I want to do with it? What matters to me whether it is dead or alive?

Ahamkaara is the sole controller of this inert carcass.
 Look inside the house. The sense-animals are all tied up in a row and are making a racket.
 His wife is Trshnaa, who always is demanding something or other.
 And the entire house is coloured red with attachment! How it hurts the eyes making me cry!
 It is supported by many-sized sticks called bones; and they keep breaking again and again.
 It is tied all over by wet tubes running here and there. What a clutter! No place to move also!
 Strings wet with the red blood are tied here and there.
 Old age has discoloured the house like a spray of white chalk powder.
 A foolish servant named the mind is there serving the Master of the house. How he makes every one suffer because of his stupid actions!
 The entire house is supported by the pillar of incorrect understanding.
 A child named pain is screaming its heart out.
 House is good enough a bed, to sleep on.
 A maid named improper wants moves about doing lowly jobs; she is always diseased and spreads illnesses.
 The house contains vessels in which sense pleasures get stored.
 Stinking dirty water of ignorance keeps the floor moist and damp.
 Look at the top of the house. A round globe-like thing wobbles on a thin stick of neck.
 The whole house is supported by thin pillars of knees. Two logs hang from the middle.
 The Knowledge-senses act as the windows to the outside world.
 The intellect-lady enjoys the scene presented by these windows.
 Ahamkaara's daughter 'Worry' keeps crying all the time.
 Roof of the house is covered by the hair-carpet.
 Ears on both sides are the moon-gazing halls, and are kept decorated by jewels of all sorts.
 There are pegs in the house namely the fingers. Fungus covers the entire house in the form of hairs.
 There is a huge hole in the middle of the house which never gets filled up; and it goes by the name of stomach.
 Floor is covered by nails, hairs, and a navel hole.
 A bitch named hunger keeps on growling.
 Wind keeps moving all over with a hissing noise. Air keeps going in and out continuously.
 Two huge windows reveal a huge world outside.
 The door-way is tied with a female monkey called the tongue that is jumping about in all the directions. There is a row of bones that marks the gate and goes by the name of teeth.
 Wet skin paint covers the outside.
 The house is never silent with all its machinery running continuously.
 A rat of desire keeps nibbling something or other deceitfully.
 Very rarely the house is lighted by flashes of (joyous) smiles; but is mostly drowned in the darkness of suffering.

BODY-CITY

The body is an abode for diseases.
 It is a city with its walls falling out slowly. It is filled with the people named anxieties.

USELESS BODY

Hey Brahman! I feel as if I am an elephant stuck inside the mire when I am aware of this body. I am not able to come out of its contact.
 What use is my kingdom, wealth or riches? What use is this body for me?
 I can see how everything will end within a few years. Who can escape the rule of Kaala!
 Why should I struggle to hold on to wealth (to maintain the body), or this body which will not last long?
 This body is such a smelly ugly thing made of flesh lumps and nerves.
 It is made to die only!
 When dead, the body will be left here only; for this ungrateful wretch will not follow me after death!
 Why should I bother to pamper it just for a few days of life here? Who can predict when it will die?
 It is as unstable as the tip of the ear of the musth elephant; as unstable as the water drop sticking on to the tip of the bent grass.
 This body is stuck to me like an unwanted pest. Let me discard it and allow it to die.
 I will be free once and for all! (Killing the body is so easy!)

BODY-LEAF

Observe how fragile it is! It is like a leaf moving in the wind of Praana.
 It is so delicate! It can die anywhere any time through some least fault.
*(There is no guarantee that the person who goes out of the house will come back alive safely!
 Even if one goes to the extremely deserted place where nothing but sand abounds, he cannot escape death, for he may get killed by a coconut falling on his head also, when he seeks the solitary tree to shelter from the hot sun! - Subhaashita);*
 And, the leaf falls anywhere moved by the desire; it may be the filthiest place or the holiest place; or it may get shattered to pieces by falling on a rock. It is so dry and bitter and disgusting to look at!

What is the life made of?

From the time of birth to the time of death, a man does only these things day in and day out; that is - eating and drinking with regularity. Even after eating and drinking for a prolonged time, the body does not remain strong forever. It grows old; becomes weak and dies in the end.

(Woman-saint Avvaiyaar comments: "Hey belly! You cannot take the food once for all to last many days. You cannot be without food for one time also. How will I bear with you?")

Why is not anyone bored of the repeated actions of the body day in and day out?

Why is not anyone ashamed of living like a walking talking animal?

In what way the ruling of the kingdom is going to keep the body free of old age and death, hey Muni?

Why should I like it and pamper it, for what great purpose, but for dying in the end?

It can die now itself! Saves all the effort of a prolonged stupid life!

It will grow old when old age comes, it will die when death-time comes. Rich or poor, everyone has to die!

My kingdom and wealth are not going to keep me young and alive forever.

Inside this huge ocean of Samsaara, this body-tortoise hides inside the dark hole of Trshnaa; is asleep in ignorance and stays inert.

Or better call it a log of wood.

Observe how this ocean of Samsaara is covered by countless such logs of bodies, fit for burning only; cannot be used even as some fuel! Some logs are called as men also.

Observe how this disgusting body-creeper entwines around foul acts, and falls off suddenly by losing the support of some wicked act. How can a man endowed with Viveka have trust in it?

This body is like a frog wallowing in slushy waters. It grows old in no time and that person is not seen again any more, after the lifeless body is burnt off. What happened to the person? Where is he? No one knows!

Like the sudden dusty storms, bodies rise up and vanish off suddenly.

You can predict the path of the wind, or the light-flame or the mind even; but not the death of the body. Every next moment may prove to be the end of the body.

(Dharmaraaja the eldest son of Paandu comments:

"The greatest wonder in this world is; though everyone sees every other person dying in front of him, he never thinks that he will also die some day.

Saint Pattinattar comments:

"Why do we cry when some one else dies? Should we not cry for ourselves and cry about our deaths?"

What right do we have to cry about the death of any other person?

Our own boats carry holes; how can we worry about other drowning boats?)

Fie on them, fie on them again and again, those who intoxicated by the liquor of delusion, trust the stability of the body or the stability of the world-state!

Hey Muni, those are the excellent of men who have restful minds with the realization that 'I am not dependent on the body, nor is this body mine, and I am not the body'.

How stupidly we get offended or honoured by the respect or disrespect given to this disgusting body! We are under the power of Ahamkaara which has blinded our true vision with some magical powder, and makes us identify with this body.

Our intellect is deceived by the incorrect understanding that we have about this body and the world.

Viveka, its friend is not there to help it out!

Why do the people not understand the false nature of the world? Why do they get attached to this body so much?

Bodies are like the momentary bubbles seen on the surface of the ocean, and are worthless to the core.

Like a drop of water falling from above, the bodies disappear off in no time.

This body is seen because of my improper understanding only.

I do not have any trust in this body which is moving towards death every moment.

It is like an image seen in the dream, and is not real.

If any one trusts in its stability, he is as much a fool as a man who believes in the stability of lightning flashes, autumn clouds, and illusory cities of Gandharvas.

This body keeps on doing the same things; goes after the same sense-gratifications; and feels glorified by such stupid momentary fulfilments. Only a fool can revel in the joys that belong to this dying carcass.

I will be happy when this horrid thing is dead and gone.
The absence of this body alone will bring me the peaceful state.

‘CHILD’, THE WRETCHED CREATURE

(People all over the world adore childhood as a state of innocence and purity. What a self-created delusion! Rama tears off the glorified state of childhood into pieces and reveals its wretchedness.)

Human birth itself is a painful state of existence, bound to actions and their results; and the state of childhood is the worst state of all. Observe an infant! What is there that is adorable?

(First of all, it sucks out the health of the mother when in the womb, and sucks out the wealth of the father when outside the womb!)

How weak and wretched a child is! It is always prone to diseases and dangers. It has such a delicate body-structure.
(Whereas in all the other species of the earth, the infant learns to survive by itself within a few days of its birth, the human child depends on its parents for its survival for many years, even after reaching the state of youth.)

The child has only the wants as his identity. It always is in need of help and support. It cannot express its feelings to anyone. It can communicate only through screams and crying. It is stupid and foolish. It wants food and nothing else.

When able to move, it tries to eat any object that it lays its hands on, unable to distinguish the good or bad of it.

(Animals at least have the capacity to smell the difference in objects; the human child is not even that much capable. It sports in its own dirt like an idiot.)

Childhood is such a pitiable state!

A child is always kept safe within some boundary. It has no freedom to move out of it, since it is not intelligent enough to keep away from harm. Like an elephant chained to a post, it can only scream and cry, for drawing attention from others.

A man on death bed, or an old man or a diseased man, or a young man struggling to attain his object of pleasure are not given to so much worry as does a child.

(Anything and everything can make it cry in fear and apprehension.)

Rain will make it cry; even the warmth of the fire irritates it; blowing of the soft wind also will terrify it!

It does not feel safe anytime anywhere. It knows only to cry and scream in fear, making itself and others around it miserable.

(Where do parents get any free time after the child is born? Forced by the genes, they care for the child till it is also capable of reproducing; and later get pushed off by the gene-world as creatures of no value.)

Starting the life like a crawling animal, threatened by all, the fragile state of a child’s life is more painful than death even.

A child needs continuous care; for it is ready to get into dangerous situations every moment, if left alone and uncared for.

It always seeks harmful objects, tries to do actions resulting in danger, as if its only intent is to get into dangers. Unable to understand where it went wrong, it gets scolded and reprimanded in each and every action it does. (It drives its caretakers insane almost, by its stupid actions and loud screams.)

Whatever faults exist, whatever idiotic actions exist, whatever wrong ways exist, whatever stupid mentality exists, all these are together found in the childhood, like the wicked owls residing in the dark miserable hollows.

Fie on those fools, who with their ignorant minds filled with worldly attachment, imagine the childhood to be a pleasant state in the human life!

What a stupid mind a child has! It is so restless and keeps moving from object to object continuously.

It seems to be fond of dirt and danger only! How can it be a happy state ever?

Humans naturally have restless minds; a child is made of restlessness alone!

Mind is by nature restless; childhood is the extreme state of restlessness; when these two have joined together who can stop the flow of agitations within?

The mind possessed by infancy is said to be more unstable than the frail glances of ladies, the cluster of lightning flashes, the flames of the fire or the rolling waves, Brahman!

Childhood and mind always are found to exist together in all actions like twin brothers, being always restless, agitated and dissatisfied.

Anything that is considered as a bad quality, you can find in a child for sure. All the idiotic qualities take shelter in a child, like the stupid men seeking the shelter of a wealthy man.

Look at it screaming like insane for any object that it demands, as if some devil has possessed it or some drug has been fed to it.
(If a man can time-travel back and see his own stupid actions of childhood, he will surely die of shame and embarrassment!)

A child is so stupid! It acts like a dog only (or less intelligent than dog also).

The child comes under control through trifle means; acts mad for want of trifle objects; is always after dirty things like a dog.

(A child is always wet and dirty with all the holes in its body leaking some or other liquid at all times.)

A child is like a dried-up ground, stinking because of years of dampness, infertile (foolishness), filled with wet dirty soil as if, with the face always drenched in tears and saliva.

A man undergoes the torture of childhood for suffering pains and wretchedness only.

Never able to get what all he wants and imagines, a child is always suffering and sad and heartbroken.

It is like a forest-land scorched by hot sun; never is it happy for long with anything; and is in constant demand of new things. Send it to a school to make it learn something; and it acts as if it is getting imprisoned in a torture chamber; and suffers like an elephant forcefully tied to a stake.

Its demands are idiotic and difficult to fulfil. It may want a moon from the sky, or want a broken thing to be put back in shape. It can swallow lumps of mud as delicacies.

What more foolish state can be there in a man's prolonged life of ignorance and suffering!

Look at the tree stuck to one place that is suffering through rains and the heat of the sun. Look at the idiot child also, which stands rooted to the ground in rains or hot sun and screams for help, unable to move!

Look at them running with their hands spread out like wings and acting like birds, when they do not even know how to walk on the ground safely! They peck at the food hurriedly like birds, and jump in fear at slightest noise or intrusion.

Childhood is a state of fear where one is always afraid of all the elderly kids, parents, teachers, and others.

This infancy here is never a cause of happiness to anyone on any account, hey MahaaMuni!

Childhood is the abode of Aviveka (non-discrimination) alone.

A person can never seek the knowledge of the Aatman when in childhood, for the child is worse than an animal, bird or a tree even! It is a non-thinking idiot-creature with no sense of anything!

DO NOT WASTE AWAY THE YOUTH-STATE

(The horrid state of childhood is left back to enter again another horrid state of youth.

Of course youth is a wonderful time where the body and intellect can reach their highest capacities of functioning.

All knowledge that prevails on earth can be mastered within a few days, if a youth strives hard for it.

Self-realization can be achieved within days, by engaging the intellect in a rational reasoning process.

But does a youth engage in such wonderful enterprises? Not at all!)

The youth driven by his body-needs is in search of lowly pleasures only. He only dreams of the most beautiful girl that waits for him, by getting attracted to his handsome body.

(Every youth imagines himself as a Manmatha incarnate; and waits for girls to swoon over him. So it is with the young girls too! Every girl in the threshold of youth thinks of herself as beauty incarnate and wants all the men to swoon over her. Both the boys and girls fail to see the evil gene driving them towards each other, for its own purpose of fulfilling the reproduction function of the bodies.)

Dreams of passion and pleasures galore!

The youth ascends his dream chariot and rises up and up, reaching for the height of pleasures, to fall down from such a height without any pre-warning, and shatters to pieces only.

Which dream of youth is fulfilled to its perfection?

The youth acts as if possessed by the vampire of passion, and imagines the array of joys that wait for him.

His mind is filled with hallucinations of various pleasures he will lay his hands on.

No word of advice enters his ears. Nothing can stand between him and his pleasures.

The mind has applied the evil magical collyrium to his eyes, and he comes to know of the pleasures that wait for him in his state of youth, like a child coming to know of the hidden treasures of the ground through the application of some magical collyrium given by a sorcerer. Can the treasures be ever reached? Can they be possessed by anyone?

The youth in his fancy fails to see the bitter truths of the world, where no desire gets fulfilled in completeness.

The imaginations that rise in them about the pleasures that women bring forth are as fickle as the women themselves!

Nothing gets achieved!

*(Only that man, who compromises to the imperfect condition of the world, can manage to survive in this fast-moving life, and not the person who runs after the extremity of joys.
The youth who is in the glorified state of his own greatness, never knows the true state of affairs of the world.)*

Instead of developing virtues and learning, the youth develops the qualities of attraction and greed; takes recourse to lying, cheating, boasting; becomes addicted to vices like gambling, drinking etc; and moves slowly towards his own ruin. The very youthful state he glorifies so much leads him to his destruction very soon.

People meet their destruction because of the faults that possess them at the state of youth alone.

A man commits the most heinous sins paving a way for many hellish experiences in his youth state alone.

Youth has no eyes for anything else but pleasures and walks the path of dangers without a single thought of the world or his future in the world. When he realizes the true nature of all the objects he sought for, it is too late and a man is utterly ruined forever.

Glory be to that man who has the valour to cross over this dangerous forest of youth without getting into any harm; for the forest contains many dangerous holes of (disappointments) concealed by leaves of expectations; fruits of various colours hang from all the trees spreading delicious fragrance (most of them prove to be poisonous only); the land is covered with various adventures, things that were never seen before, yet prove to be fatal with the abounding serpents, wild animals, dacoits and deceitful men.

(I want to be such a person of valour!)

I have no regards for this state of youth Hey Muni! It makes you rude, arrogant and self-conceited.

A Young man speaks harsh like the thunder and his joys of youth also are momentary like the flashes of lightning.

Youthful state is like the liquor that intoxicates you but results in disastrous situations only; for a man commits heinous crimes when intoxicated; so does the man intoxicated by the youthful state.

Youth experiences imagined joys only and not any true bliss from objects. Nothing gives contentment to the mind.

Mind hankers after more and more pleasures which end up as the company of a girl in a dream.

What one imagines and what one gets is not the same ever!

Who has not gone through youth and sought pleasures madly?

Yet it is a well-known fact that the youth-state and its imagined joys last only for a few days and vanish like the magical city of Gandharvas.

How long do the objects sought by the youth bestow any joy?

Just that much time only of an arrow shot from the bow reaching its target.

The idea that an object gives pleasure is the only joy a youth has; what he gets is the piercing pain of the arrow only.

He mistook the pain-giving real arrow to be the joy giving flower-arrow of Manmatha; and he suffers the consequences.

The youthful state is like the company of a prostitute who gives company like a dead body without entertaining any love or concern. It is an imagined joy; not at all real!

Youth-state is like the state of dissolution only; for it abounds in calamities and untold pains.

Even Shiva must be afraid of his eternal youth-form like dreading a blindingly dark night; that is why, he wears the moon of Viveka on his crest always.

The excited state of youth makes one forget good manners; kills off the intellect; and fills one with delusion.

(He sees no one else in the world but his beloved whose company alone bestows supreme joy to him.)

He is insanely attached to the company of his beloved, and suffers through the flames of separation-fire, like a tree by the conflagration.

Even if a person is brought up under correct guidance, though he is learned in all the sciences, though adorned by virtues, a young man may go astray when stuck with passion, like the river turns muddy in the monsoon.

One can cross over a turbulent river; but not the desire filled state of youth. His mind is turbulent with the thoughts of woman only. That pretty girl; those huge breasts; those attractive gestures; that youthful face; with such thoughts a young man gets shattered.

Noble men never commend a youth whose mind is lost in the pleasures of a woman's company; and who disrespects others and acts with ill manners; he is not even worth a glance from them like a broken piece of old grass.

A young man is the personification of self-conceit itself, that is tied to the stake of youth. He acts violent and rash, with the intoxication of the youthful body. He wears the pearls of wicked acts; or rather imagines that his wicked nature is his adornment that will attract the women.

Youth is like a forest where desires are well-rooted. Nothing can make the young man give up his whims and fancies of youthful desires. Many vices slither in this forest ready to bite the unwary young man. Once he becomes an addict to any vice, there is no coming back for him.

The trees in the forests move in the wind making a melancholy noise. It is the sound actually of the weeping youths who never could fulfill their ill-formed desires. They cry in frustration and disappointment.

Youth is like the lotus with the selfish thoughts hovering around it like the bees. Petals are the perverted thoughts and the pollen is the dense array of the momentary joys.

Youth is where a man can become a prey to various ailments of the mind and the body. Youth is a nest for the birds of ailments, which hover around the heart-lake ready to catch the fish called men. Good deeds keep them away and bad deeds attract them.

Youth is the ocean of 'turbulent waves' rising high in the excitement of enjoying countless pleasures, but fall back into the ocean with nothing achieved and sink inside the forced responsibilities and worries.

Youth is like a sand-storm harsh with self-conceit and arrogance. The young man turns pale in hue as if dried up, longing for the company of the beloved. It drives a man to run in crooked (wicked) paths. Mind along with the senses gets carried away far from the sane level of values and get thrown into lowliest circumstances, without any control.

These sports alone amuse the young men; to act arrogant in front of others; to show off the youthful prowess on the weak; disrespect and disregard the elders; offend the learned; trying to attract girls by flaunting wealth and riches.

The beautiful garland of pearls of virtues they were adorned with through education and learning, breaks into pieces when one enters the youth.

The mind which is like a bee with the six senses and Viveka-wings, is engaged in the pursuit of learning and sucks the honey from the lotus of studies. Suddenly the moon of youth rises up; makes the petals close off. The bee gets trapped inside the pollen of the bodily pleasures and sinks inside to suffocate and suffer.

Youth is like a creeper that grows tall and high, covered by the fragrant imagination-flowers. The mind-bee stuck to the flowers also rises high along with the creeper that is simply growing higher and higher, without any support at all. Suddenly the creeper falls down dragging the bee along with it, thus smashing the poor bee on to the ground of disappointments and sufferings.

The mind-deer rush after the mirage of youthful pleasures appearing in the desert of the body, and falls into the deep holes of sense objects.

What is there to be happy about this youthful state?

In this dirty stinking body, youth appears like a moon in the dark night (hiding away all the faults of the night with its golden light.)

It is like the beautiful mane of the mind-lion; attractive but dangerous.

It is the momentary wave of the life-ocean.

I will not be deluded by this youthful state!

This youthfulness gives fruit in the forest of the body, only for a few days of the autumn and is not to be trusted.

Before you are aware, the pleasant youth vanishes off suddenly, like a bird seated on the tree.

It is as if a man was suddenly blessed with a wish-fulfilling ChintaaMani; and before he could make a proper wish, it had vanished away; youth is similar to this ChintaaMani. Unless I make use of this present state of youth in obtaining the Knowledge of the Self, I would be like that fool only who lost his ChintaaMani gem.

Youth-state accompanied by lowly desires leads towards destruction only.

I do not want to entertain any desire for women or wealth.

All the devils of attraction and hatred dance in the dark night of the youth only.

Let me carry the light of Viveka, so that I keep these devils at bay.

Youth is like a son who has a short-span of life and is dying fast. He is afflicted by the delirium of high fever (of desires) and is hallucinating. Be kind to him. Cure him through the medicine of true knowledge. Let him die in peace.

If a man feels happy in being young, he is indeed a fool, for he will not be young for long.

That fool is indeed an animal walking on two legs; for he has no intelligence that belongs to a human.

Those alone are worthy of being called humans and are worship-worthy, who have crossed over the youthful state engaged in acquiring knowledge and cultivating virtues; because an ocean which is an abode of crocodiles can be easily crossed over, not the horrible state of youth with its many faults turbulent with its abundance of dancing waves of lustful desires.

You cannot ever find a garden in the emptiness of the sky; so also, it is very rare that you meet a young person who is adorned by virtues, who is humble and polite, who seeks the company of the learned, and who is kind and affectionate towards all.

IS WOMAN REALLY A THING OF BEAUTY?

[WOMAN IS JUST A MASS OF FLESH ONLY]

*(Why is a youth attracted towards a woman, like a moth towards the fire?
Rama analyzes the superimposed idea of beauty in a woman; and reveals the ugliness of her body.)
(Rama is condemning the insane passion of men towards women which leads to the suffering both of women and men.
In no way does he speak of the women themselves as objects to be condemned.)*

WOMAN IS JUST A MASS OF FLESH ONLY

Woman is just a puppet made of flesh lumps like wet clay lumps. Her body is just a hollow cage shaped as limbs. She oscillates as if hung by a string. She is made of only sinews and nerve strings within. What is there to be enamoured with? What beauty is there as such that a youth turns insane with passion at the very thought of a woman's body?

Observe the woman's body, piece by piece as separate limbs, all that is inside and outside of that body, and then decide whether she is an object of beauty or not.

Look not at the beauty of the eye that entraps you with just a flash of side-glance; but see the eyes as made of skin, flesh, blood and moist tears only. A man of wisdom looks at the woman's body as a flesh contour only and divides it as 'this is the hair' 'this is the blood' and so on.

Dear Sir! Bodies with stinking holes and smelly sweat are made to look beautiful by the application of fragrant materials and are adorned by garments and jewels; they do not have any quality of beauty as such. When dead and thrown into wilderness, these so called beautiful bodies are treated as only flesh-pieces by the wild animals, and get violently torn and are consumed by them without an eye for the beauty! The animals do not see any imagined beauty in these bodies; since for them, it is just the flesh and blood that fills their bellies. They indeed see the truth of the bodies!

The breasts which are adorned by pearl garlands appear like the Meru peaks with their white streams of Ganges, and entice a man and enthrall him. When the life is gone from that flesh mass, the very same breasts get eaten by the wild dogs in the cremation-grounds, as if they are the oblatory balls strewn across the ground. These dogs do not see any beauty in those breasts! For them, it is just flesh that satisfies their hunger. What difference is there in the flesh of a camel or an elephant or in the body of a woman? What is there to get infatuated with at the sight of a woman's body?
(Beauty is never in the objects but in the eye of the beholder only.)

A woman appears beautiful at the time of passion-fulfilment only; and beauty is just an imagination superimposed by the mind on a stinking lumpy flesh mass.

Actually, I am of the opinion that there is no actual joy also in the company of the woman; it is just an urge of the body like hunger or thirst that needs instant gratification. Woman is just like the liquor that one consumes; both give delight; both make one lose sense and reason; both provoke intoxication and passion. Liquor is an addiction; woman is also an addiction one gets used to.

[After absorbing the subtle instructions of Brahmarshi Vasishta, Rama is cured of his aversion towards marriage, and accepts his role as the prince of Ayodhya, and marries Sita, the daughter of King Janaka; but does not get attracted to other women ever.]

A man is like an elephant tied to the stake called woman. Once you get permanently tied to a woman through some bond of marriage or attachment, there is never again a chance to attain enlightenment at all. Like an elephant slumbers off in exhaustion tied to the stake, a man also stays tied to the family and children (the outcome of seeking a woman's company) and remains lost in the slumber of ignorance. Whatever methods he may practice to bring quietness to the mind, they all fail because he has offered his life to total anxiety and apprehension by getting tied to the woman.
(I will not be bound to worldly concepts of marriage or getting children, which will surely block my path towards the attainment of knowledge.)

Women are like the fire which burns off the grass called men at one single touch!
 Women indeed look beautiful like the fire; but with the slightest touch, they will burn and cause injuries.
 Look at their black hair which is like the soot that the fire brings forth. Look at their eyes burning like flames!
 I do not want to do anything with these women who will lead me only towards acts of selfishness and wickedness.
 I do not know what evil acts I will get engaged in, just to get a flash of love-filled glance from them.

Women are indeed dangerous like the fire; or more dangerous than fire also. Even from a distance, they will burn a man's heart. Women appear as if they contain all the pleasures of senses within them; but actually are nothing but stinking bodies with holes. Women are the beautiful fuel that helps the fires of hell burning high! What evil acts that a man does not take recourse to driven by passion?

A beautiful woman is like the prolonged dark night which never ends.
 Her hair is the darkness that fills the directions. Her eyes shine like stars. Her face is like the full moon.
 Her laughter is like the clusters of night-blooming flowers which intoxicate you.
 Men move about in these dark nights (called women) to gratify their passions.
 All works cease at night; women also makes a man forget his duties.
 A man is blinded by the darkness of the night and gets into dangers; a woman also blinds a man and takes him to his ruin.

Woman is like a poisonous creeper who entices men with the only intent of killing them.
 She is pleasing when looked at. Her hands are tender and soft like the tender leaves. Her eyes hover over men like the bees. Her breasts adorn her like the clusters of flowers.
 Get close to her, the poisonous creeper; you will get a whiff of her poisonous air; faint; and die in delusion!

A bear sucks out the snakes from their holes with its breath and eats them; and so do the women sigh and entice the men to come towards them; to rob them of their wealth and wisdom.

Men like the stupid birds get trapped in the nets namely the women spread out by the hunter named Manmatha, the deity of passion. Even an elephant chained to the stake may struggle to escape; not a man tied by the chains of passion to the stake called woman. Man is the only creature who feels happy in his imprisonment!

Observe how the fisherman named ignorance catches the fish called men. He has tied the meat-piece of a woman to the fish string named 'Vaasanaa' and drops them into ponds where men get born only to wallow in the slushy mud of wealth and ignorance.

(Men through ignorance get pulled towards the women to fulfil their Vaasanaa of passion, want of children, want of family etc; and are ruined forever.)

Like the magical chant of Garuda that entraps the snakes, like a stake that binds the elephant, like the stable that holds the horse within its walls, a woman imprisons a man with just a side glance thrown at him.

(The man loses all his valour and bravery in front of a woman, like a snake subdued by a magical chant. She confines him within the four walls of family and children; and forever blocks his thirst for adventurous spirit. There is no time to think or seek knowledge, once a woman enters a man's life. He is ruined completely. I do not want to be in such a position and get bound to a woman through marriage or passion.)

World indeed goes on and on because of the 'Vaasanaas for pleasures' held on to by the ignorant; but the pleasure of a woman alone supports its existence (as the prominent common Vaasanaa).

Only a man freed of the attraction for a woman, can get freed of this worldly-existence.

I do not want to have anything to do with a woman, for she is the single casket for all the sins committed by men for her sake; and she is the chain of perpetual miseries one is tied with.

What attraction can I have with that stinking flesh-piece with lumps here and there called as breasts and hips, and which has deep holes called eyes? It is not an object to be liked at all!
 When the very same body lies dead without life, it is not pretty anymore; but is just an animal carcass that can be analyzed as made of flesh, bones, and blood. What beauty is there in a woman's body that is special and different from other animals?

Only those men who lack the subtle vision, are obsessed with passion towards a woman's body.

In a cremation ground, the very same pretty body sleeps with all its limbs rotting away! The very pretty face of a woman, where a lover had drawn designs with extreme love and care, dries up and becomes disgusting to look at, when the life has departed. Within a few days, the hairs fly off from the dead body; get stuck in the trees and look like the ash-covered chowrie-lines; bone-pieces fly off and shine like stars on the ground; blood soaks in the ground; and wild animals roam about attracted by the smell of the flesh; the leftover skin pieces are devoured by the female jackals; life-breaths mingle with the air outside. I have explained you all what a woman's body will end up as in the end.

Why do you all entertain attraction towards that disgusting thing and are forcing me also into such base meaningless pleasures? How can you foolishly think that a woman's shape made of the same five elements as other objects will have some special pleasure-giving ability? You people identify each shape of an object made of elements with some one or other name, or some particular sound-structure; you call one such shape as a woman and are foolishly attracted towards it. I will not do so because I know its essence-less nature!

What do you get by the contact of a woman? Nothing but endless worries and anxieties! Your worries and anxieties about keeping a woman happy grow taller than a Taala tree. The tree of worries spreads wide with many branches in the process of keeping her happy and amused. The fruits you get, after all the hard work of making her happy is never the sweet fruits of smiles and gratefulness, but the bitter and sour fruits of complaints and criticisms.

You stay always confused, not knowing which way to go. Once you are in a woman's hold, you are stuck forever in anxieties and worries, acting like a slave whose only mission in life is to fulfil a woman's sudden whims and fancies. There is no escape later on. You are a lost deer in the dark forest of woman's attraction. You also, like the deer fall into the deep pits of wicked acts, driven by your intense passion.

A male elephant chases a female elephant and ends up in falling into deep chasms of Vindhya Mountain; withers in pain for a long time with its limbs broken and wounded; and dies a miserable death. So will you reach the extremity of misery if you are pulled by the woman's attraction!

(A woman loves only the wealth and security provided by a man; the moment he is incapable of earning wealth, she entertains no regards for him; and when he dies, she fears even the dead body. – Shankara)

A man is attracted towards a woman because he believes that she is an object of pleasure. I do not see any beauty of a woman anywhere. What I see is just the stinking mass of flesh lumps which when contacted will lead one to the most wretched state. What is there to enjoy as you people say?

I am averse to the contact of a woman even through the accepted method of marriage. If a woman as an object of pleasure is renounced, the entire world gets renounced. If the world is renounced, there is only a peaceful state left back!

Hey Muni! I am not attracted towards any pleasures. I do not find joy in the company of a woman. You need not hesitate to guide me towards the path of the Supreme truth. I have understood that pleasures are pleasing at the moment of enjoyment only, and are as fickle natured as the fluttering wings of the honey-bee. Before death overtakes the body, before I get stricken by old age where I will not be able to think hard at all, I will with effort control my mind and strive for the attainment of knowledge only. I will be your fit student who will not get disturbed by the sight of a woman.

HORRID STATE OF OLD AGE

Every person born on this earth goes through different stages of life from birth to death. Youth state swallows the childhood state with a vengeance as it were and gets ready to enjoy all the pleasures that senses can bring forth. The old age, feeling envious of the youth state, swallows it up in no time, and sees to it that the man never has any satisfaction in completeness ever in his life-time! Observe the man stuck with old age! What a wretched state he is in! The old man looks shattered like a lotus hit by the snow-fall; like a tip of grass hit by the autumn wind; like a tree uprooted by the flooding river. It is as if he has been fed some drops of terrible poison of high potency and has lost all his good looks of health and beauty. The old age has played havoc on his limbs and has left him in a ruined state of body and mind. A man might have been a source of attraction for many a pretty women in his youth; but now when he has turned old and his body has shrunk, the young girls turn their faces away in disgust as if at the sight of an ugly camel. The old man not only loses his looks on the outside; but also loses his rational sense. It is as if his intelligence (memory and reason) leaves him and goes off when he is taken over by the old age, like the first wife rejecting the man when another woman has taken control. An old man looks insane; acts insane. Looking at him blabbering nonsense and mumbling inaudible words; and walking slowly with his shivering body holding on to a wobbling stick, all the people around him, his relatives, his sons, the women of the house including the servants laugh and ridicule him as if at a mad man.

A man stuck with old age, and an old dry tree with a vulture seated on its top are the same actually.

The old man's body alone has turned old, not his Vaasanaas (lingering wants).

His desires still remain dormant within his mind wanting to be fulfilled; but his body is ruined and cannot fulfill the least desire also. He cannot even take a few steps without support; he cannot eat any food he desires; he cannot talk also few clear words of reason. Like a vulture sitting on a dried up tree, the desires sit on his dried up shrunken body which is rotting to the core and is disgusting for the eyes.

An aged man is deserted even by his wife and children. He has only one faithful companion till death and she is 'Sprhaa' the wants unlimited, the 'covetousness' his mind holds on to.

His wants of sense objects never cease to be till his last breath. Unable to fulfil any of his lingering desires, acting wretched, irritated at the young who live a carefree life, grumbling and growling in his diseased state, the old man indeed presents a pathetic sight!

(The body and limbs are weak and shattered by age and diseases; the head loses its hair; the mouth has lost all the teeth; the old man walks supported by a wobbling stick; but his desires never leave him. - Shankara)

The old man is never freed of anxieties and worries.

His wealth is already taken away (spent off) by the children and relatives; or he always stays worried that his remaining wealth also will be taken away from him by them.

He is worried about the terrifying death which may swallow him at any next moment.

He dreads the moment when all that he owned will vanish for him any second.

He is worried about the punishments in hells and other lives.

He wonders what will happen to him after death.

He does not know what he should do to prevent the hells after death waiting for him.

Since his reasoning faculty is gone, he cannot understand anything clearly.

Diseases torment him. Fear overwhelms him.

Neglected by one and all, with his own children and wife waiting for him to be dead and gone, the old man passes his days in extreme suffering, like a diseased dog chained to a dark corner.

He waits only for the few morsels of food that will be offered to him now and then, as a matter of kindness by others. He wants to eat many dishes of his taste; but cannot; he wants to hear all; but cannot; he wants to move here and there; he cannot.

With wrinkled skin and skeleton like body he thinks of the unfulfilled pleasures only, and leads a pathetic life, with all dignity gone, like a rotted vegetable with human form.

An old man looks like a dried-up tree on which sits an old crane of the head that cries out pitifully. The crane (brain) has already brought innumerable damages to the tree by pecking at it continuously, like an old man has ruined his life by engaging in wasteful enterprises fulfilling his endless desires. The tree with the crane, is crawled all over by the snakes of diseases. No one hears its pathetic cries but the owl of death which suddenly pounces on it to attack the crane, and the crane lies unconscious with blinding darkness overcoming it.

Evening is followed by the dark night inevitably; so also death arrives the moment the body is stuck with old age.

It is as if the death-monkey is waiting for the body-tree to get filled with white blossoms (paleness and white hair); and immediately it arrives to create a havoc and ruin the body with the onset of diseases physical and mental.

Even a ruined city has some beauty left back; even the tree with its fallen creeper is pleasing to the sight; even a famine-stuck country may be bearable to look at; but not the body stuck by old age!

Look at the old man coughing and struggling for breath; it is as if death has arrived there like a vulture seeking its prey, and is squeezing his neck cruelly making him cry out, so that it can quickly consume him.

Like a little girl gets excited at the sight of a white lotus and plucks it off immediately and ruins it, old age also attacks a man who has white hair on his head (and is like a lotus with white petals).

The old man looks like a tree shaken by heavy winds. His body shivers as if the leaves are shaking all over.

Like the wind swishing through the branches with great noise, the old man breathes hard with noise.

Like the sand and dust brought by the wind cover the tree, the body of an old man is shrivelled and shrunken all over, making the skin rough and loose.

The body of an old man is like the faded lotus after a heavy snow-fall.

The moonlight of old age appears, and the head of the old man blooms up white like the night lotus on top of a hill.

The moment the white hair appears on the head, the Master of the world-garden arrives to pluck it off like plucking off a ripened white pumpkin.

Old age arrives like a flooding river of Gangaa and uproots the body-tree on the bank in no time.

Old age is the sign of oncoming death only!

The body gets already eaten off by the youth-mouse through the reckless enjoyment of pleasures.
 Old age like a deceitful cat arrives with silent steps to eat off the youth-mouse and also the body once and for all!
 Look at the old man breathing with noise and stuck by prolonged coughs.
 Look at him crying pitifully stuck by pains of various sorts.
 There is nothing more inauspicious than the old age in the entire world. It is as if his aged body is the wild jungle from where the female jackal howls (as his long-sounding coughs) predicting inauspicious occurrences.

He is like a damp rotten wood set on fire, with his body oozing out dirty liquids from all the holes.
 The fire of old age burns him all through, producing intense smoke maybe, and that is why he is crying with the irritated eyes and is coughing uncontrollably! Slowly the fire burns the wood bit by bit and turns it into ashes.
 Old age is indeed a synonymous word for pain and suffering!

Look at the old man walking with a bent posture with white hair covering his head! It is as if his delicate creeper like body has bent down by the weight of the white flowers (hairs) on his head!
 His body has turned white and pale like a dried up plantain tree turning white. Soon death will destroy it like the mad elephant on a destruction spree.

Death is like an emperor who has the full control of the world.
 White hairs on the body are the chowries that fan him. Diseases of mind and body are the soldiers that hold aloft the flags with the emblem of their master and walk in the front.

The cowards who fear death from the enemies in the battle-field escape and hide in the caves of the mountains. Their joy is indeed short-lived. How can they ever escape the onset of old age bringing decay, which attacks them like the demoness hiding in the mountains?

The body stuck by old age is a house covered by snow all over; the children namely the senses cannot move out even a little!

Slipping on the third leg (stick held by old people) again and again, the lady named old age dances to the drumming sound of cough and flatulence (in a disgusting manner).

The worldly-existence is the master who owns the houses namely the worlds abounding in body-sticks that give out various (dirty) smells from all over as if plastered by unguents, and shining beautiful with the white chowries tied to its top (as white hairs).

When the moonlight of old age whitens the city of the body, the 'death-lotus of the night' blooms up instantly.
 The ladies namely weakness, dependence and dangers stay happily inside the harem of the body plastered by the white paint of old age.

Hey Brahman! I know very well that my body also will be a prey for the old age and death soon.
 I do not want to go through all these sufferings with an ignorant mind.
 What is there to live for? What happiness waits for me in this ignorant life?
 Do I have to grow old and die like all the other ignorant people of the world?
 Better I allow the body to die now itself, and escape all the suffering that awaits me in the future.
 I cannot understand how men hold on to life, even after old age takes over their bodies!
 How is it that they love such horrifying state of life?

Men can ascend mountains, cross oceans and boast of conquering everything on earth; but they cannot conquer old age and death, dear Sire!

KAALA'S DESCRIPTION

*(Samsara (process of 'Sarana') is the ever flowing slithering nature of existence.
 Does not every moment slither and slip off from your hand? What else is life but everything slipping away from us?)
 (What is the measure of a man's happiness in this world?)*

Sage Vyaasa gives an example:

Imagine a man falling into a deep hole in the forest. He holds on to the hanging root of a tree immediately and hangs from it. Down the hollow are violent rogue elephants; up on the ground are ferocious tigers and lions waiting to pounce on him; a hungry serpent is reaching towards him through the root; a huge rat is gnawing away at the root also. From far above the tree top, drops of honey trickle down slowly from the bee-hive. The idiot man spreads out his tongue to catch that tiny droplet of honey!

With death waiting every moment to gnaw the life away, with old age and diseases ready to attack one anytime, with vices and selfish acts waiting to pounce on one leading to worst conditions, with the serpent of decay slithering slowly towards us to gobble us up all, what joy is there in this horrid life?)

How and all we remain attached to our lives!

Countless affairs of the world, countless wants of possessions and objects, relations and their life affairs, pleasures of various sorts, earning wealth to fulfil the wants of oneself and one's family, want of festivities, celebrations, marriages, birthdays, picnics, awards, rewards, and irrational likes, dislikes, self-made opinions, fights; all these form our umpteen attachments to life! Our one single possession of ignorance which misconceives joy in these joyless things brings about all these as our possessions, binding us more and more to the dark hollow of the Samsaara!

How it is that no one understands that they are securely chained inside a cage of net spread out by the senses, never allowed to escape from its dark hollows of ignorance?

Only children will foolishly want the reflections of fruits seen inside a mirror!

What are objects and people but collections of elements sensed by the senses?

And it is not that anyone is happy for long in this world. The terrifying Kaala tears away immediately any vague sense of happiness that one can have access to, like a rat gnawing away the string!

(Kaala refers to the principle of change, which exists as the space and time measures that binds each and every object of this world, inert and alive both. The coherence that we understand as the rules governing the Creation, is known as 'Niyati', his companion. Kaala and Niyati alone act as the sole support of the Creation, anywhere and everywhere.)

Vadava-fire is said to swallow up the entire ocean spread out in the Brahmaanda; nothing gets left back.

(Vadvanala is a type of fire (horse-faced) mentioned in the Puranas. A fire residing deep within the ocean which when invoked has the prowess to dry up the whole ocean. It is the fiercest form of fire known which can rise to burn out anything that stands in its way.)

Kaala also never leaves any object untouched. He is famed as the 'swallower of all'.

Kaala's only function is to consume everything and everybody; he of all has the most equal vision towards all.

He does not spare the great ones even, be they learned, or virtuous or much adored in the world; he does not wait even for a second before embracing them with his terrifying arms.

Anything that is perceived with form belongs to him by right. Kaala is the every essence of the world.

World means 'change' and he is the essence which destroys everything at every moment.

Before you know of the present moment, it is gone already.

Past is already gone; future never comes; present is already gone to become the past.

Where is the so-called life in the present, except as an imagination?

We have calendars and clocks to represent the time of course; and have different names to denote different time-spans like Yuga, year, Kalpa etc. Yet, we never see the Time; but it is everywhere holding objects in its fold.

Every object with a form has to be somewhere at some time, be it a God or human or animal or stone.

'Form' means that which is bound to some time-span at some place.

Kaala does not spare anyone.

Beauty, learning, nobility; nothing stops him.

He is there for all, at all times.

He is like Garuda, who forever is intent on consuming the snakes.

Kaala is merciless and cruel in our eyes.

He knows not the word 'compassion'.

His heart is hard like a stone. He is cruel.

He is as pain-giving as the movement of a saw. He is mean and lowly.

Even now as I am speaking out these words, he is slowly consuming the lives of myself and others.

He knows only one thing; that is to 'swallow off'.

He gobbles one, swallows another; this great glutton is not satisfied even after consuming hosts of worlds.

Some wither away slowly; some faster; but nothing stays forever.

He robs away our most cherished objects and people.

He destroys everything in the end.

Everything grows, lives, functions because of him only.

He seems to eat everything off. He kills all.

He wears various costumes when bringing destruction.

Where he waits in what form, no one knows! He is the best disguiser ever.

No one can be a better actor.

Even the most harmless object that is there can instantly kill you as the Kaala.

A parrot breaks the pomegranate fruit into many pieces and pecks at the seeds one by one.

Kaala too breaks open the world-fruits and eats off the beings inside.

Actually he is doing a good deed! How else will we be freed of this unreal world?

Thanks to him, he ends the delusion of our life instantly and makes it vanish away!

Kaala is like the wild elephant roaming in the jungles of worlds. He wears the tusks of auspiciousness and inauspiciousness. When he sees the hosts of trees filled with leaves, namely the living beings swollen with the ideas of possessions, he lifts them with tusks and throws them far off into hells and heavens to experience their results of actions.

Brahman (Supreme) is the forest.

Huge Brahmandas (Cosmic eggs) are the trees inside it.

Brahmaas (Creators) form the root of the trees.

Divine beings (state of pleasures) are the fruits coveted by all.

Kaala stays as the essence of it all.

Kaala keeps on weaving a garland using the 'growing creepers of Brahmaa's days and years of the humans' as the thread, with the 'flowers of days' with the 'nights hovering around them as the bees'.

Kaala is the best of all deceivers.

He breaks all; he never gets broken. He burns all; he never gets burnt.

His action is seen as death and destruction; he is never seen.

Can anyone bring destruction to the principle of destruction ever?

At the very same moment he takes away something, and destroys something else.

Everything vanishes off within a moment, like the kingdom built by the mind.

(If everything is the produce of the mental kingdom, we can conceive of Kaala also as with a form.

If he has a form, he must be imagined only as a huge giant standing above all the worlds, all the Creations.

Who will assist him in his destruction act? Surely his wife only!

His cruel actions alone can take the role of his wife.)

Kaala is always accompanied by his wife namely his 'action' (Kriyaa - action followed by a particular result).

She revels in cruel acts. She is well-nourished by the sufferings of all.

Assisted by her, Kaala joins up all the beings into one single mass of elements only (by destroying their divided forms).

The entire lot of beings, who have not attained Self-knowledge and stay identified with their forms, are rolled off by him to their different destinations of heavens and hells.

What is not consumed by Kaala?

Kaala greedily reaches for anything and everything to fill his belly; be it a straw, or a grain of sand, or the great Indra, or the great Meru, or a leaf or the ocean. (Every object is changing without a break.)

Kaala is the extremity of all cruelties, all greediness, all misfortunes and all instabilities.

No one can hurt like him. No one consume everything like him; no one can bring more misfortune than him, no one can be so unstable and unpredictable like him!

Look at the sun and moon moving with so much regularity; as if they are the balls rolled by Kaala in the sky play-ground.

(What would he look like at the time of dissolution when everything of the Creation gets destroyed?)

KAALA'S TERRIFYING FORM:

Kaala must be of a gigantic form, and wear the bones of all the beings as a garland on his neck.

He must be so happy by the perfection of the (destruction) work that got completed without a flaw, that he must dance with extreme glee, in the emptiness-stage spreading far and wide.

All are dead! Not one being is left back to tell the story!

(What all dreams one may have had; what all objects one would have hoarded; what joys one would have sought in the sense-created world, what learning one would have mastered, what battles one would have fought, what greatness one would have achieved; all are turned into nothingness!

The entire life of anybody doing effort in any enterprise, is a sheer waste.

With Kaala following every object living or inert, there is no meaning in life at all!

Only sheer emptiness empty of all things stays as the essence of the world!

Dissolution-state alone seems to be real; not the Creation!

Maybe Shiva alone sees the truth of ashes in the world; not any one!

For the great form of dispassion, the great Shiva, burnt-ashes alone remain as the world; and the world for him is just the cremation-ground filled with ghosts!

All are already dead for him, the great Rudra form!

Kaala the destroyer surpasses Brahmaa the Creator, and laughs in contempt at the end!

Whatever is created stays as destroyed only, for the great Kaala!)

At the dissolution time, all the beings lie dead with their Praana-winds ripped off from them cruelly.
 If these Praana-winds can be seen all around floating off,
 then Kaala will look like a huge 'Golden mountain of Meru' burning bright like the fire,
 and the Praana-winds will look like birch leaves that are floating around, being removed off from its trees.
 There is only Kaala as the true deity! He is all!
 He is Rudra. He is Indra. He is Brahmaa. He is Mahendra. He is Vishnu.
 He is all the Gods. He swallows all and converts them into nothingness.
 He is nothing also! For he alone stays back as the 'Supreme form of nothingness'.
 He holds the created worlds and destroyed worlds both in his hands like he holds the days and nights at the same time.
 What is created is already destroyed in his hand.
 Day is moving only towards the night always.
 Day appears again and again to turn into night only.
 Worlds are created to get destroyed only.
 Waves rise up to fall back only.
 This is the work of Kaala; to turn everything into nothingness!
 What is there left in life, that one should want to achieve anything?

*(How many Yugas have passed, how many Kalpas have passed! How many lives get born and die every moment!
 Can we even count the number of beings that have been born till now, or count the beings that get born at present as varied
 life-forms, or will get born in the future?
 How many worlds exist beyond our observing power also!
 What worth are our tiny lives which do not last even for the few hundreds of the earth's rotation around the sun?
 What meaning is there in any achievement, in any possession, in any love or affection, in any name or fame, in any beauty
 or glory, when Kaala alone looms high above all, destroying worlds after worlds?
 What are we and our possessions and dreams, in the presence of this great deity?)*

For this Kaala, the 'great dissolution time' where all the worlds of all Brahmaas get destroyed at once, is like a huge tree
 under which he stands shaking the tree to its utmost limits. The ripened fruits of Devas and Asuras fall down in heaps and
 he eats them all off.
 Rather, this Kaala himself is a huge tree. Jeevas are the myriad insects and flies that buzz around the fruits of Brahmandas
 the tree holds on it.

*(How powerful this Kaala is to whom worlds are nothing but dust-motes that rise under his feet when he dances the wild
 dance of destruction! Salutations to him who stays as the nothingness of all!)*

HELPLESS STATE OF A MAN OF THE WORLD

*(Rama, who sees only the dark side of the world in his present depressed state of the mind, gives vent to his helpless state
 and describes how the life of a man gets wasted away in worthless pursuits.)*

Hey Great Sage! When Kaala and Niyati are in full control, how can people like us have any support in this worldly-existence?
 We are like slaves to this Kaala and Niyati.
 We are forced by 'Daivam' (destiny) to act the wrong way; and are always bound by the results of Karma.
*(If not for my bad Karma, would I have been born in this palace and grown up like an idiot? I
 have no access to knowledge at all, beings surrounded by this grandeur of riches and luxuries.)*

Forced by Daivam that bestows the results of actions, we rush towards sense objects like the deer running towards the hunter's
 trap covered on the surface by green grass.

This Kaala has no manners and behaves like a non-Aryan (ungentlemanly); and forced by him, we also behave in the
 non-Aryan way. We act like animals when facing the objects of desires.

Kaala wants to swallow off the objects without showing consideration to anyone or anything.
 We also act without any regard for others, when our minds are beset by desires.

Kaala alone forces the people towards wrong actions by enticing them with the attractive results.
 He alone burns a man with desires like a fire lighted within.
 His wife Niyati, the rule which binds the action and results, she alone pushes a man towards destruction.
 Even men of steadfastness reach wretched states because of her.
 She is a fickle minded female and disturbs even strong minds.
 A single mistake; and she pushes a man into dark abyss of suffering.

What can be achieved in life, when this 'Kṛtaanta' (the end of all) is at the back of all, silently following every one like a shadow, with stealthy steps?
 He eats off all like a snake consuming air. He is cruel; of harsh conduct.
 He makes everyone old; but stays always without getting old, though he is the oldest of all.
 Death is another curse on the humans.
 Yama the deity of death, has no quality of kindness or compassion.
 Indeed no one is there who shows any kindness to a suffering person.
 Death seems to have infected all with harshness and cruelty.

What even if one like the great Brahmaa owns the entire Creation and keeps it under his power, even he comes under the sword of Kaala for sure. Brahmaa's possessions also dissolve off at the end of his Creation.
 What value does our tiny lot of possessions worth ever? They do not even last our tiny life-spans of a hundred year also!
 Objects just give pain whether possessed or not-possessed. They are just pains disguised as pleasures.

What is life worth living for?
 Death waits at every corner to pounce on a man unexpectedly.
 A man is born to die only, it seems.
 What is life but made of continuous changes in the body and mind!
 We live as idiot-children in utter foolishness.
 The youth is wasted away in meaningless search of pleasures and is short-lived.
 A man lives the rest of his life stuck by ailments of mind and body; and dies one day, all his enterprises and dreams vanishing off into empty void.

A man stays destroyed by the very desires that he entertains in the mind; and lives a wretched life of frustrations and disappointments. Family and friends tie him more to the world and he has no escape route, once he is caught in the whirlpool of marriage and family upbringing. He spends all his energy and wealth for his wife and children, later to rot away in a corner when he is stuck by old age and is of no use to anyone. All the pleasures he enjoyed recklessly turn into fatal diseases in the later stages of his life. He goes after pleasures seeking joy and ends up in suffering like the deer running after mirage waters.

Actually the worst enemies of a man are his senses. They alone drag him towards pleasures and kill him in the end cruelly. Because of the desire-inflicted mind, one stays identified with the inert body and spends his entire life in seeking the comforts for the body. The truth of the Self stays forgotten.
 Mind itself seems to hit itself with many blows of frustrations and pains.

(A man goes after pleasures even if they hurt him, like a camel eats the thorny bushes of the desert even if its mouth bleeds. - Ramakrishna Paramahansa)

Mind is indeed the enemy of the mind. It alone leads the senses towards objects and suffers later because of dissatisfaction.

Why does a mind run after pleasures?
 It is because of the ego identified with the body and mind.
 The entire life of a man is centered round this ego, the sense of 'I' one has towards the body.
 Ego is nothing but what one falsely thinks about oneself.
 Ego is a sheer concoction of the mind; and not real. It adds more faults to a man's ignorant state.
 Intellect seems to work for fulfilling worldly desires only; it has no capacity to grasp the abstract truths at all.
 It is unable to think of anything without a name or form.
 All actions are connected to the desire-fulfilment only; and lead only towards various troubles and problems.

Woman alone seems to be the enjoyment mostly sought by all men; though she is just a puppet with life made of flesh and blood; and there is actually no joy in the company of a woman.
 Wants are always for the sense pleasures; and not for anything good that leads to the welfare of oneself.
 The ideas of truth are never sought for.
 Woman's company alone stands high as the goal to be achieved, leading one towards selfish acts always.

(A man seeking a woman's love neglects his parents; disregards the words of the elders; is rude towards all; takes on to wicked-means to gather wealth (to please her); and devolves down to the level of a wretched brainless animal.)

All the enjoyments are imagined by the mind; and no true joy exists in any object as its innate quality.
 The truth of the Self is lost and the Self is identified with the decaying body.
 Mind is identified with the ego that is based on the body-form.
 Body and its connected objects are under the sway of time, and waste away slowly.
 The cessation of the perceived is not attained at all.

The mind never attains satisfaction by acquiring objects of pleasures; instead it collects heaps of worries and anxieties and stays scorched as if by the close presence of fire.

I have no way of saving it. It is always infected with the incurable disease of attraction towards objects.

Even after obtaining hits after hits in his life, a man never seems to feel real dispassion towards the world.

Though, now and then he feels angry and frustrated with life, it is just a temporary reaction towards the sad events; he rises again with more vigour to seek more objects of pleasure; or tries to end the life like a coward.

Wisdom seems to be a rare thing in this world.

The wasteful attachment towards relatives and objects block the vision of the intellect; it is blinded by the dust of Rajas (worldly attachments).

Ignorance seems to grow unhindered like the darkness (Tamas) of the never ending night.

The clear vision of Sattva (purity) is far off still.

Stability of life is unstable because of ignorance.

Death is slowly coming towards us to meet us.

Courage is lost.

Attraction is still towards the unreal objects.

Mind is corrupted by foolish ideas.

Body is ready to get injured or die at any time.

Old age burns the body and withers it away.

Selfish acts alone abound.

The (careless) state of youth pushes away the company of the good and the wise.

The solution for all the sufferings is not seen.

The truth gets never understood even if one goes to heaven or any other world through the merits of actions.

Mind is bewildered and confused.

Smile has become a thing of the past. True joy is missing.

An irritation towards everything and everyone rises in the mind.

I do not feel overjoyed by the sight of anybody close to me.

I feel lost as if stuck in a land of darkness, where there is no chance of any sun rising, and where dance the ghosts of meanness in glee.

Steadfastness itself is trembling and becoming unsteady.

I am not able to steady the mind through courage. I seem to slip at every step.

Worldly people are easy to meet with. Wise men are rare to find.

Objects of desire do not please the mind always. Mind has to be fed with newer things daily. It is never content.

It wants always fresh objects for its happiness and jumps from one to other with no permanent joy ever found.

The attachment to the world is always on the increase.

Without any purpose reached, people get born, live and die wastefully! What for?

What is achieved by anyone at anytime in this dungeon of ignorance?

What stability can be found in people like me who have no other end except death?

There is no one to guide in the correct path.

Directions also disappear at the time of dissolution along with the suns, moons and stars.

Lands change into oceans; and oceans turn into mountains. Mountains also wear off.

Space above, ground below and the entire world gets eaten by Kaala, the ever-existing Lord.

Oceans dry up. Stars also fall off.

Even those who have mastered Siddhis (magical abilities connected to the world) perish.

Daanavas perish; immortal Devas also perish.

The stable Dhruva star itself is unstable.

Shakra becomes Vakra. (Indra becomes crooked by curses.)

Yama the controller of all himself is under control (Niyama).

Vaayu the movement deity himself loses his movement.

Soma (Moon) becomes Vyoma (emptiness).

Maartanda (fierce hot sun) shatters to pieces (Khandataa).

Agni (fire) becomes Magna (drowns).

Brahmaa also ends. Hari is also withdrawn. Shiva also disappears.

Kaala himself gets eaten. The controlling Niyati also comes under control.

Empty sky also dissolves and dissipates.

What stability can be found in people like me who have no other end except death?

Who is there behind this all?

What is hiding behind this screen of sense experiences?

What is there that cannot be grasped by the senses, that cannot be defined by the intellect, that cannot be comprehended by the mind, that 'something' which can be never understood by our faculties of mind and senses or intellect?

Who has brought about this show of the world? What for?

What is hiding behind all this? How to find it?

I surely know that it exists in every one as the Ahamkaara.

Everyone refers to it only as the 'I'; but mistake it to be something else.

Everyone is stuck to the sense perception only; and fail to see the real 'I'.

Look at the sun rising daily to give us the light to continue our lives. Is he not the greatest miracle?

Why is the sun there, why are we here?

Who kicks the sun like a stone on the forest road, all along all the rocks and mountains and oceans? Who made this Sun?

Look at the stars above shining like gems decorating the sky.

The sphere of the world with its Asuras and Suras is covered by the star-studded sky like a walnut skin. And this walnut breaks into pieces like a ripe one at the end of Creation.

Be they the Gods in DevaLoka, or the humans in the BhooLoka, or the serpents in the Paataala, everyone has to reach the end some day. Who destroys all of them at will, with just a moment-span of conception?

Observe how the passion-deity (Manmatha) has conquered even the Trinities with his deceitful power, without any blood-shed in the battle! He seems to exist in all the minds without restriction.

I am afraid of him and want to keep him away.

To help him in his heinous work, 'Vasanta' the lord of spring arrives regularly like an intoxicated elephant oozing out the fragrance of flowers; and the mind longs for the union of a woman!

Even a man of wisdom will falter at the sight of a beautiful woman and will act without reason.

Only a man with true knowledge has stabilized intellect.

He always is cool and unaffected in the mind; and he alone can help people lost in the world through ignorance.

I am yet to meet such a person who will offer a helping hand to me.

(I am always given the advice of how to rule a kingdom, how to perform the duties of a householder along with a wife; how to beget children who will rule this country in the future and so on. I am pushed into the world of passion and woman forcefully by one and all. No one seems to understand my plight. I do not want to waste my life in all these worldly pursuits.)

Life is ebbing away; and lives after lives appear like waves in the ocean of Samsaara to get dried by the Vadava fire of Kaala! Everyone, everywhere in the world is pushed and pulled by the rope of ego-centered desires; go through births after births and suffer like a deer caught inside thorny bushes. Life is wasted away with nothing achieved.

Life is not a life here; but only a noose slowly strangling our necks like a creeper hanging from the tree imagined in the emptiness of the sky. Leave alone the fruits we will never get from that non-existent tree; but we are not even trying to remove that noose of desires; and are happily hanging from it; dying again and again, getting born again and again.

No end to this imagined suffering at all! We are the greatest fools ever!

There is a cure for everything in this world; but not for foolishness!

What are our joys here like?

"Today is the festival; this is the season; so travel here; they are the relatives; this is happiness; that is special enjoyment..."

- in this way a man vainly believes in the illusory world of conceptions; and perishes with the restless body and the mind.

We imagine joys of many kinds and convince ourselves that we are truly happy. Are we really?

(With graveyards and hospitals waiting for every man and woman as the 'end in all', where is true joy in anything?

Why do we not get out of these imagined traps and think a little about the truth of it all?)

WASTED LIFE OF A MAN OF THE WORLD

It is an obvious fact that there is no essence in this world; yet the mind is attracted towards it.

The joy is just there for an instant when the object gets obtained; but after getting the object of desire, the joy ceases; and the mind hankers after something else again. There is no complete satisfaction ever in any worldly fulfilment.

Childhood is wasted away in meaningless imagined games.

In the youth state, the mind-deer madly rushes towards the trap set by the hunter namely the sense objects; and is imprisoned in the dark cave of wife and family affairs. Before one knows, a man turns old and is afflicted by mental and physical ailments; and waits for the darkness of death.

Where is the so-called happiness in the life for anyone?

When a man is young, he has so many things to attend to; so many ambitions to fulfil; and is very busy.

Where has he the time to bother about the Reality or whatever of the world!

Come old age; his body withers like a lotus hit by the snow-fall.

'Life' which has no use for that body anymore, flies away like a bee from a faded lotus.

All the unfulfilled dreams and ambitions of the dead man, dry up instantly like a lake without waters.

The body-creeper of a man grows well; is filled with the sprouts of childhood; is filled with the flowers of youth; and in the end it is filled with the over-ripe fruits of old age covered by white fibrous hairs and attracts the death (gardener) who immediately arrives to cut off the creeper.

The thirst for pleasures, floods the world with great speed grabbing all the objects in its waters and easily uproots the tree of happiness on the bank.

When has any desire brought forth any happiness for any one in the world?

Body is like a delicate ship covered by leather. It is tossed up and down in the waves of the life-waters.

It rocks violently when storms of difficulties blow over it. It rolls uncontrollably in the rains and winds; upturns and sinks downwards into the ocean of pleasures. The five crocodiles namely the senses catch it immediately.

Minds wander among pleasures, like the monkeys moving about the forests filled with creepers.

These monkeys jump from one desire-tree to another searching for fruits for a long time; but never get even one fruit.

Similar is the fate of the men who search for happiness in the desired objects.

It is very rare to find nowadays the noble ones who are not given to distress or joy when in trouble, who are not proud of their prosperities, who are always happy and contented, and whose minds do not waver at the sight of beautiful women.

In my opinion, only a man who can control his mind and keep away the desires is really brave; not the one who enters the (ordinary) battlefield filled with rogue elephants.

Which enterprise in the world has given full satisfaction to any one in their life-time?

Is there any one who has not felt distressed or hurt even after the work is done and over with?

Problems accompany a work before it gets started, when it is getting done, and after it is finished also!

Rare are the noble personages who courageously keep away attractions towards objects; keep the mind free of anger and hatred; bestow wealth on the needy even without asking; and are endowed with the qualities of kindness, forbearance and humbleness even when owning riches in abundance; and are famous for their noble deeds.

Riches never do any good to a man anytime. Want of wealth is the worst desire one can have.

Even the acquiring of all the Siddhis that are known to mankind does not bring any peace of mind or quietude.

Problems and dangers follow a rich man, even if he hides inside the caves of a mountain; or inside a house made of diamond walls also.

We idiotically think that wife, sons, regular income, property etc are the things that need to be acquired in the world if one has to stay happy and contented.

Little are we aware that this desire is just a poisonous drug that is cooked up by the foolish intellect.

We swoon in happiness no doubt, by acquiring all this; but the joy is short-lived for we are actually experiencing the faint-state of death only. Or rather, it is worst than the deathly swoon, because we are awake to only the piercing pain at every moment of our existence here, even after acquiring family and wealth etc in this world.

By the time a man realizes his mistakes, he is deeply struck inside the mire of problems and can never come out of it, even if he tries hard.

With problems facing him in every direction, with the family and relatives turning hostile, with the body wearing out by age and illness, a man looks back at his past actions filled with selfishness and desires; and regrets his mistakes.

The precious life that can be lived only once with proper sense is gone already in wasteful ventures.

What is waiting ahead, is only the fear of the unknown!

There are four goals for a man to be fulfilled say the Scriptures; Dharma (righteousness), Artha (wealth or objects), Kaama (ambitions and desires), and Moksha (freedom from the delusion through knowledge).

A man is supposed to earn wealth that is needed for his minimum comfort through righteous means, fulfilling whatever ambitions he has and strive to make Moksha the knowledge supreme as the support of his life.

But what does the ordinary ignorant man do?

He keeps only the Kaama namely the desires for wealth, family, riches, property, children etc as his goal to be achieved, as foremost, through any means righteous or unrighteous.

(Living a life of utter selfishness and conceit, he believes that a pompous worship of some deity or a Guru, will prove him righteous in the eyes of society.

Moksha is unheard off; and even if the word is known it is equal to something which waits at the end of death, like a punishment offered, where one has to leave his family and property to reach it.)

After paying attention only to the acquirement of desired objects (Kaama) and wealth (Artha), all throughout his life as the foremost duties of life, later the old man keeps shivering amidst the storm of problems like a worn out peacock feather!

Of course, sometimes the desires do get fulfilled and life seems to be a paradise on earth.

It is as if fate has favoured a person with all the fulfilment he desires; like a good family, good children, fame, name, property and what not. How long does this joy last actually?

When the body itself is transient like the edge of waves on a flooding river, what to say of fulfilment one achieves in the worldly-life for this body-thing?

How can you own anything permanently, when Kaala is at your back eating off everything?

Nothing lasts forever, be it the wealth, or family, or friends, or fame even.

Anything that we own, is already out of hands, before we are even aware of it.

Even if suppose, you have achieved the object of love in the form of a woman as your life-partner, what is your life going to be like, a heaven of Indra (as if he himself has found any happiness)? Never!

For satisfying the woman tied with you in a bond of marriage or attachment, you spend your entire life based on her whims and fancies only. All your actions of the present and future are spent in keeping her happy and amused; and you never notice your body growing old; and your mind also grows old and becomes tired and exhausted with nothing ever achieved for your own welfare.

Look at the tree filled with green leaves.

The leaves slowly dry up; lose their moist nature; fall here and there; some stray wind heaps them up here and there; and slowly they wither away into dust and are no more seen. Like these leaves which stay green for only a few days, men also experience a few joyful moments for a very short time in their life, that too by chance. Slowly they lose their wisdom, the intellect gets wasted away, and they wither away into dust through old age, with the worries tossing them here and there.

Each and every day is wasted in the routine works that life demands as a 'must'.

Wealth is earned; desired objects are acquired. Day in and day out the same repeated actions get performed, keeping the five senses and the idiot mind as masters.

(Photos of deities and Gurus fulfil the need for religion and merits.

Temples serve as social gatherings and picnic spots.

There is no time or interest to seek the noble ones to acquire any true knowledge.

Self-control is a word not in the dictionary of life at all.

There is no Vichaara done about one's true essence.

The day is wastefully spent in wandering here and there, covering vast distances (attending to meaningless chores of the world).

Night is filled with disturbed sleep sessions and worries of all sorts.

Where is even a peaceful night-sleep destined for a man who is ignorant?

Even a king (or a leader) does not have any peace of mind as such, though he has access to all the wealth that one can dream off. He has to attend to countless affairs of the kingdom daily; keep himself alert to enemies; keep the army trained; battle the enemies; and when he is at last ready to enjoy the pleasures he sought, he is already old and ready to die.

Not interested in intellectually analyzing the truths of abstract nature taught by the noble ones, the ignorant people rush madly towards lowly things that satisfy their base needs. Their brains go to sleep as it were, as they get tossed about here and there by the force of these desires. They never seem to realize the fickle nature of objects, or the problems that accompany these desire-fulfilments, or the death which is waiting for them to swallow it all off.

These ignorant men are like the sheep that are reared to be slaughtered only.

They are pampered and fattened by feeding them sense pleasures. They are tied firmly to the post of selfish actions.

They are monitored by the disease-priests. They get their heads sliced off by Kaala as an offering to the life-Yajna.

Is there any count of people who rise and die at every moment?

Millions and millions of people have come and gone like the hosts of waves that rise and instantly disappear in the ocean.

From where do these people appear and where have they gone?

Why is it all happening like this?

Women with their red lips and black eyes look beautiful like creepers with red flowers with the bees hovering around them; and are very attractive for the men. Actually these beautiful women are like the creepers entwined around the poisonous tree. They are there to take away your lives only; and you will not get any joy out of them, for sure.

What are wives, sons, parents, or friends for a man?

Every Jeeva arrives from somewhere carrying its burden of Karmas; meets other Jeevas in the world and later departs to some unknown destination.

We are all like the travellers from many countries arriving at one particular city or village with some common intention; stay together for some time; and then move off elsewhere. Who is anybody to anybody?

Why feel attachment to family or friends who are like strangers met on a journey?

Our lamp of life hung from the garland made of succession of births and deaths, is slowly snuffing out.

The wicks of childhood and youth are burnt off already. There are vague traces of some oil that still keeps the flame burning similar to where the attachment we have for people and objects keeps us stuck to the already snuffed-out life.

Darkness is spreading all over. Soon the flame will die out; and only blinding darkness will be left back.

We will vanish away into the empty sky, like the snuffed out flame.

The life is continuously on the move towards death. Nothing stays stable.

Yet we see stability in the life like the idiot, who sees the fast-rotating wheel of the potter and believes it to be stable.

Our lives are like the bubbles that appear in the rain-water; empty and momentary.

What happens to the beauty and attraction of the youth as time passes by?

A man cannot even have the least consolation of his past characters of youth in the dilapidated state of old age.

He is like the beautiful fragrant autumn lotus faded out completely in the snow season; there is not even a vague trace of any beauty or fragrance in that ruined lotus. No one cares for the old man; and he is ignored by his very family members as a worthless object still kept in the house, for the sake of familiarity.

Whom can you trust in this world? Goodness is rewarded by badness only!

The very tree which offered fruits and flowers when young, is cut off with axes when it grows old and yields no more fruits.

(A man is loved by the wife, or family members or friends only as long as there is some benefit to be gained from him.

If he becomes a dependent creature, he is looked upon with disgust by one and all.)

The company of the ignorant people looks outwardly amusing and pleasing, like a beautiful poisonous tree.

Stay for long in that company of idiots; soon you will get stung by the the snakes of deceit and selfishness.

Never can you trust the people of the world.

Keep away from them, if you want to be happy and peaceful.

Which stage of life is, without problems and sufferings?

Which direction in life you take, is free of the scorching pain?

Which men have stayed forever, without dying?

Which action of the ignorant man, is not tainted by delusion?

(What glory is there in a long life also?)

What is the meaning of long life or short life?

Our life is very short compared to Brahmaa's life span of thousands and thousands of Yugas.

His life is short when compared to the hosts of Brahmaas who fill the perceived phenomenon with their Creations.

(Our world is not even the size of a dust-mote floating in the sunlight, when compared to the number of the worlds that appear in Brahman-state! Alas! How we hold on to our ego and possessions as if we are the sole members of this one little world specially created for us by some unseen superman-God!)

Mountains are just stones; earth is just the mud; trees are just the wood; men are just the flesh.

We alone invent the names and see the differences. There is nothing new that is here that is free of change.

The same things keep on changing shapes, and we alone name the differences.

What else makes the objects of the world but the five elements?

Mind sees their collected forms; invents new names for them, and sees objects as different from each other.

If objects are not really existent and the five elements alone exist in various measures of mixtures, how is it that the people of this world deal with these non-existent objects, and enjoy them also?

It is indeed a miracle of Maayaa, the power of delusion.

People go through such experiences in their dream also.

Sometimes some people like Harishchandra have gone through real experiences of a long-span within a moment also.

If the youth-state is not given for Vichaara and the practice of self-realization, when else will I get the chance for such pondering on truth?

Old men do not engage in such noble thoughts. With their minds greedy for the least of the pleasures that they can lay hands on, they remain aspiring for the fruits of the creeper imagined in the sky.
(If I waste my youth away in worthless pleasures of family and kingdom, I will not be able to seek knowledge when I grow old. I may become power-mad and try to aspire for the ruler-ship of the entire earth itself.)

Trying to reach out for the excellent state of position power and wealth,
 pushed by his own foolish mind which has no discrimination power,
 a man falls down the abyss of destruction,
 like the goat reaching out for the fruits of the dark green grass growing in the mountain edge.

If a young man does not aspire for the attainment of the true knowledge, his life becomes useless like a tree growing in some deep abyss unreachable by any one.

Whatever his achievements are, all turn into waste.
 He develops no good qualities and leads a selfish life, with his physical body alone as the centre of his life.
 He harms himself and others also by such a life.

Not that any man is always bad or always good.
 Everyone acts differently at different times.
 Like the antelopes wandering purposelessly in the forest lands, moving through stony paths and grassy lands in turn, men also present good conduct sometimes; and act selfish and rude sometimes. Their ways are unpredictable too.
 With their minds not under control, there is no saying when they will do what!

We do not know what will happen to us the very next moment.
 Destiny which we never see, seems to be controlling our lives mercilessly.
 Each and everyday, some new desire rises up leading us towards greater harm.
 No pleading or begging melts the heart of this fate, which acts as if it is a corpse without emotions.
 Which wise man will not feel shocked by this all and want to run away from it all?
(Yet I see everywhere people with attachment to life only!)

A man is always intent on desire-fulfilment and is engaged in various deceitful actions;
 a man of discrimination is not easy to find in this world.

Every action is not ever without the touch of suffering; I do not know how to live this life at all!

World looks like a dream which will never end.
 I do not know where the truth lies behind this unstable state of the world!
 Changes happen here also like in the dream.
 Within just few days, a huge hole of the abyss turns into a mountain with clouds floating on its peak; a forest-land turns into plain grounds; mountain becomes a hollow hole like a well.
 The very body we decorate with garments and garlands today may lay with tattered cloths tomorrow, in some far away pit, dead and rotting.
 Cities buzzing with activities may turn into desolate forests within days.
 A king who conquered his enemies and sits on the throne victorious, may lie as a heap of ashes within days.
 Within just few days, a vast stretch of forest with wild animals will turn into a city; or an area filled with groves of trees will turn into a desert land.
 Land becomes a water-filled hole; water-holes turn into dry lands; the entire world with its wood, water and grass keeps changing each and every moment. Youth, childhood, body, everything is impermanent.
 All our possessions, all objects, change from one thing to the other, like the ever rising waves.
 The life in this world is as unstable as the edge of the flame of a tiny lamp which is inside a storm.
 Riches of any world last for the span of a lightning-flash only.

Living beings in the world are rather like seeds stocked in the granary.
 They are thrown into the fields; become sprouts; grow into plants; give out seeds; reach the granary again.

This 'worldly existence' (Samsara) going on from such a long time is like a 'dancer of extreme talent', who is confident about her various movements. She is covered all over by the 'dust of attachment and desires' rising by the mind-wind as if by a garment. She jumps up as if pushing the beings to the heaven; she jumps down pushing them to various hells; she dances on the ground, gracefully rotating the humans in her fold. Indeed her dance deludes the mind of one and all, when she dances non-stop in frenzy as it were. She brings about instant changes in her gesture; attracts with her side glances of the worldly affairs; and deludes with her lightning like flashing looks, namely the pleasures.

Nothing but memory alone is left back after all the struggles we undertake and strive hard in this world to make ourselves and our families happy.

All the joys and sorrows of the past, all the achievements, all the wealth and riches, all the actions we performed day in and day out; all turn into just memories stored in the mind. The entire world exists in the minds as memories only. One fine day, we will also turn into memories only (or never remembered at all even as memories).

Day after day comes; day after day goes off.
There seems no end to these coming and going of the days in this horrid life-existence!

Men turn into crawling creatures; crawling creatures turn into humans; Devas become non-Devas, all driven by their own Karmas. What is stable here, hey Lord?

Sun makes the world move by pushing the days and nights with his rays; and waits for the destruction of the beings.
Who is spared by Kaala?

Even the Trinities and all the beings of the Creation move towards their end, like the waters rushing towards the Vadava fire, to get swallowed up. Heavens, earth, wind, skies, mountains, rivers, directions; everything becomes the dry fuel for the blazing Vadava fire of dissolution.

What is the use of holding on to wealth, relatives, servants, friends and riches when nothing is going to last for long?
I am terrified by the transitory nature of things lest I have to undergo immense suffering when they will be gone for sure.
Every object indeed is pleasing to the mind, only until the destruction demon turns it into a memory.

One moment a man gets all riches; next moment he attains poverty; one moment he is without any ailments; next moment he gets sickness. What is predictable in this world?

Which men even if proved intelligent, are not deluded by the ill-fated world, though it is always on the path of destruction and keeps changing at every moment?

(Look at the sky! Observe how it changes its hue every moment!)

One moment there is the slushy ground of darkness; next moment there is the bright expanse of the sky; one moment it is a beautiful experience, soft like the touch of a golden light; next moment it is the lake filled with the array of dark clouds of lotuses; one moment it is the harsh sound of drums; next moment everything is silent; one moment it is filled with stars; next moment it is adorned by the sun; another moment it is the joy of the cool moonlight; another moment nothing is there.

Which man even if proved courageous, is not frightened of this world which always moves towards destruction only, and where everything is non-existent the very next moment?

Within a moment, difficulties arise; within a moment, prosperities arise; within a moment, births and deaths occur!
Hey Muni, what does not happen in a moment?

A man is different when seen in the past; within days he acts as if he is another person; always it is the same; nothing remains stable. Change alone remains unchanging.

A pot rots and makes the cotton grow of it which becomes a cloth; even the cloth rots and turns into mud to become later into a pot. There is nothing that is not seen as changing.

Nights and days pass for the man again and again (with no purpose achieved), who is stuck to this routine order of existence where one appears with a form at birth, produces many result oriented actions (functions) in life, eats the results of the past actions as suffering; kills the life with wasteful actions though ignorance; and again produces the results of actions which lead to further births.

A valorous person gets killed by even a non-valorous person; many people get killed by a single person also; ordinary people too become lords! The world upturns everything!

These conscious entities, which are actually changeless, go through countless changes as attached to the movements of the inert structure of the body, like the array of splashing water waves.

Childhood remains for just few days; then arrives the glorified youth; then the old age; even the body is not the same anytime; what is there to trust about the stability of outside objects?

Everywhere the mind like an actor is happy at one moment, unhappy the next moment, calm at still another moment (but never the same)!

Habituated to move from one thing to the other and then to another and then to another, the mind suffers restlessly like an idiot child playing with many toys.

Only the state of appearance and disappearance of objects is stable for the man who lives in this world, not the calamity or prosperity he meets with.

Kaala, who is an expert in overthrowing even the clever ones easily, sports in this manner, tossing everyone into destruction.

Worldly-existence is a huge tree and yields the fruits of living beings of many varieties.

Some fruits stay raw; some ripen well; some are half ripened; some are rotten with the various levels of Karma-essence. Kaala arrives as the wind and tosses them down and they all fall down to get shattered to pieces by death.

In this manner, my mind is severely burnt by the terrible fire of all these faults seen in this world.

Because of such thoughts, the desire for pleasures no more rises in my mind like mirages cannot ever occur in a lake (which is like a mind disillusioned by Vichaara).

Like the fruits of a lemon creeper turning bitterer as days pass, the bitterness towards this world also is on the increase in my mind.

Contact of the worldly people hurts a lot like the thorny Karanja bushes.

Insolence is on the increase; and the courteous manner is on the decrease in the minds of people.

Like the dried up bean-pod crackling open suddenly with a noise, bounds of morality get broken suddenly, without even making a sound. *(Wealth and power makes a man ignore others; and he walks away silently showing disrespect, without even a glance at the elders or the learned.)*

Hey Muneeshvara! It is better to stay in solitude absorbed in Vichaara free of all worries than owning the kingdoms and varieties of pleasures, which are sources of worries only.

Beautiful gardens do not give me any joy; pretty women do not attract me; the want of wealth does not delight me; I want to withdraw into silence along with the mind.

The world has no permanence and never gives any true joy dear Sire.

Trshnaa is hard to bear with, and the mind is always agitated. How will I ever attain the complete restful state?

I do not wish to die, or wish to live also; I will stay as I am now, with my fever remedied (by staying in solitude and analyzing things through Vichaara).

What use is to me the kingdom, or pleasures, or wealth, or wants?

All these are there because of the ego only. That is already dead in me!

(I am not identified with my body or the position of a prince.)

All the Jeevas are packed well inside the leather-rope made of countless births; and tied up with knots of senses.

How can they ever escape?

If any man understands the horrible state he is in and tries to free himself from it, then indeed he is worthy of praise.

A pure and innocent mind is crushed by the sight of beautiful women, like the delicate red lotus crushed by the feet of the elephant. If I do not purify my intellect now when I am still young, when will I ever get a chance to do it again in my life? I will be lost forever in the affairs of the world and will waste my life away without the pursuit of knowledge, for sure.

Real poison is what one gets out of the sense experiences (as mental agonies and physical ailments);

the ordinary poison is not considered as poison at all;

because sense pleasures lead to the suffering in many lives whereas the ordinary poison just kills just one body.

I want to be free of it all.

I know that the mind of a Knower is not bound by joys, pains, friends, relations, life or death.

Hey Brahman! You are the best of those who know the state of the world and the way out of it also.

Instruct as to how I will also become a Knower freed of sorrows, anxieties and restlessness.

I am terrified of the world and its traps.

The forest of ignorance is spread out all around me and covered by the nets of Vaasanaas.

It is filled with many dangers and downfalls.

The paths are also not smooth and even.

I do not know what danger waits for me where in this darkness of life!

I can even go through the pain of getting sawed by the sharp teeth of a powerful saw hey Muni, but I cannot bear the destruction which waits at the peak of desires rising in the affairs of the world.

I already can understand how the life of ignorance will be.

Like a magical collirium applied to the eyes, the ignorant man cannot see the truth ever, blinded by delusion.
His restless mind will torment him more with the wants of objects, like the wind producing the dust storm.
How can the blind man walk even a few steps without falling into pits in that dust-filled path of life?

This necklace of Samsaara is a pearl garland made of the heap of Jeeva-pearls, which are strung in the unbreakable thread of Trshnaa. Mind shines as the central pendant because of the essence of Chit (consciousness) shining through it. This necklace adorns the neck of the deceitful Kaala.
I will not be attracted by the pleasures anymore; and will break this garland to pieces easily like the lion tears off the net, through the knowledge bestowed upon me by you.

Hey Master! My mind is filled with darkness only.
Mist of ignorance hides my true essence.
Make the sun of knowledge rise in me so that I will become truly happy, by the destruction of darkness.

Hey Mahaatman! There are no mental afflictions that do not cease to exist by the company (instructions) of those with excellent minds (like you), like the darkness of the night by the appearance of the moon.

Life is ephemeral like the drop of water hanging at the edge of the cloud which is already getting scattered away by the wind.

Pleasures are momentary like the lightening playing amidst the canopy of clouds.
The much favored youth is dangling like a rolling drop of water (ready to fall off any time).
(I cannot trust any of these to do me any good.)

Therefore, I have analyzed well all these factors now itself when in the youthful state, and given the insignia of power to the stabilized mind, so that the mind will attain eternal peaceful state.

Observing the Jeevas born here lost inside this dark hole filled with hundreds of difficulties at every point, my mind is sunk in the mire of worries. I do not want to become one of them.
I feel my mind reeling in confusion; I feel apprehensive about everything.
My body shivers like the leaves of an ageing tree.
I can already see the death waiting at the corner.

My intellect is crying like a child for the mother's lap where excellent joy and courage will soothe it to a peaceful state.
Without the stability of knowledge, it suffers like a wife lost in the deserted forest with a weak and cowardly husband.

My mind is weak and falls into dark pits of pains like the stupid deer reaching out for the few pieces of grass across the hole.

The poor eyes and other senses are as if stuck inside the blinding dark well; since they have taken shelter in a Jeeva like me without Viveka, and so are always suffering, having not found the state of Truth.

(I have not found the true knowledge; I cannot enjoy the world objects also; and am stuck in the middle, lost and bewildered.)
My intellect does not rest in its own abode of Self, nor does it go after the desired object; it acts like the wife who is owned by the lord of her life (lover), does not rejoice in her husband's house.
My intellect has dried up like the creeper at the end of winter season; and has also lost the steadfastness. It has lost all its leaves (desires for sense objects) hit by the snow of Viveka; and is left with very few leaves with moisture (taste for the world).
With all the objects slipping from the hand (being understood as transient), it has reached an unstable state (without the rise of knowledge yet.) The world-state has left me (but not completely) and is holding on to me yet.
My intellect is moving towards the truth, yet is not able to move and hold on to the principle of truth.
It is stuck by the poverty of lacking true knowledge.
It is like the tree which has been cut off, yet is with the roots intact.

My mind already is restless with endless wants.
On top of that, it develops endless Vaasanaas as pertaining to the entire world; and so wanders all over without any restraint.
Even when the fault is understood intellectually, it does not cease its habit of wanting, like the Amaras who do not discard their air-vehicles filled with all the pleasures.

Therefore,, , tell me Hey Saadhu, which is that stable state after the attainment of which, there is no sorrow at all; which is not attracted by the lowly pleasures; which is not tiring like the world life; and which is free of all the superimpositions imagined by the mind?

How did the noble men like Janaka and others, who were into all sorts of duties ordained by the Scriptures as connected to the world and were engaged in the duties of their lives, attain the excellent state?

You are respected by all hey Muni! How a man does not get tainted by the wet soil of Samsaara though it is stuck all over the body?

What vision is taken recourse to by great men like you who are liberated while alive, even when moving among the various situations of life, remaining free of all faults (that are experienced by the ignorant)?

How can the sense pleasures, which are like the deadly poisonous snakes ever stay conducive for one's well being?

The wild elephant of delusion has entered the intellect-lake and has made the waters muddy; the inside is full of dirt and slush of desires and foolish thoughts. How will the lake ever become placid with wisdom?

Caught in the flood of Samsaara, how will one not get bound when engaged in regular duties, like the water-drop on the lotus-leaf?

Established in the state of one's true essence within, looking at everything outside as worthless like grass, how will one attain the excellent state, without getting polluted by the Manmatha (desires) within the mind?

Which great man is there who has crossed over the huge ocean of ignorance, remembering and following whose conduct, a man attains the state free of suffering?

What is that which is the correct goal to be reached for one's well being?

What is the correct fruit that has to be gained through actions?

How one should conduct himself in this senseless Samsaara?

Hey Prabhu, explain to me the truth about this world by which I will know 'that state which is the real essence without beginning and end, and which produces this unstable world'.

Hey Brahman! Do without hesitation anything that needs to be done to clean the dirt off this mind, which is the tainted moon shining in the heart-sky.

What is to be sought here, what is to be rejected, or what is there other than this which is not sought or rejected?

How will the ever-agitated mind stay unmoving like a mountain?

Which sacred Mantra is there that cures fast the cholera of this horrible mundane existence, which makes one suffer through untold agonies?

How will I attain fully, the unceasing abundant coolness, like the full moon with the clusters of cool flowers rising from the bliss-tree?

Hey good ones! You all know the truth of all! Instruct me that knowledge, by which I will attain completeness within, and will stay complete, and will not again feel sad.

Like the dogs tearing off a person who is half dead inside a forest, the confusions and doubts torment very much a Jeeva who is without the life-essence of the supreme rest which bestows excellent bliss.

Life is as transient as the small water-drop hanging from the edge of the moving leaf which is on top of the tall tree.
The body is as delicate and hardly visible like the tiny moon digit adorning the massive locks of Shiva and as short-lived as the small skin bubble of the throat of a croaking frog in the paddy field.
The company of friends and relatives is the trap made of entwining creepers.

The storm of Vaasanaas keeps blowing. The lightning of ill-formed desires keeps flashing continuously.
The dense misty clouds of delusion abound, and thunder aloud accompanied by heavy showers and hail stones of sufferings and ailments.

The peacock of greed dances madly and violently, without stopping.

The Kutaja tree of sufferings bursts forth in full blossoms.

The cruel cat namely Krtaanta (Death deity) is eating up all the rats namely the living beings.

Continual floods of sufferings appear from anywhere and everywhere and drown the beings without warning.

What is the way out? (What umbrellas can protect one?)

What methods are to be followed (Is there any magical remedy to stop the downpour?)?

What deity should be called upon for?

Which cave or shelter is there that one should run to?

How will this life-forest stay free of this terrible consequence?

Among the humans of this world, or the Devas in heaven, there is nothing even of the lowliest quality that does not turn into some pleasing thing for people like you who excel in penance and knowledge
(*Nothing agitates you Sages who are established in the Truth. Your bliss is unbroken.*)

How does this horrible state of Samsaara which is completely essence-less and stays densely packed with troubles, becomes well-palatable, freed of all foolishness?

How will it become beautiful by getting drenched in the milk of complete satisfaction, by removing the ill effect of wasteful desires, like the earth with its wealth of minerals and water becomes beautiful by getting filled with fresh flowers at the arrival of spring?

By what method of washing, will the mind-moon rise up with its nectar-shine from the dirty mires of passion-filled desires?

How should one conduct himself in the forest paths of Samsaara, and modeled on which 'noble person, who has seen the ways of the world and who can remove the results binding one here and hereafter (being established firmly in Viveka, Vairaagya and Bodha)'?

How do the prosperities and heaps of pleasures bringing about the viral fevers of attraction and repulsion do not affect a person who is caught in the ocean of Samsaara?

Hey Courageous one! How a man does not get burnt even after falling into the fire of Samsaara, and stay un-burnt like a mercury-drop by remaining in the essence of knowledge?

Why is it that one cannot stay in this world without interacting with the world in this horrid Samsaara, like the fish born in the sea cannot stay without the water?

No good action is there as such that is free of attraction and repulsion and that does not end in joy or sorrow, like the flame of a fire cannot remain without the heat!

Mind which is always engaged in thoughts about the world cannot lose its nature of wants in all the three worlds, without the attainment of knowledge instructed by a Knower.

Therefore, instruct me fully the excellent knowledge that is needed for the killing of the mind.

Even when I am engaged in the duties belonging to the world, how I will not be pained by the results of actions?
Or how will I have to act in the world to remain painless always, instruct me that knowledge.

How, what method, what practice was adopted by the excellent minds in the past by which the extremely purified mind attains the supreme restful state?

Hey Bhagavan! Please tell me whatever you know about the methods practised by the great men for attaining the state free from afflictions for sure, and thus remove my delusion.

Hey Brahman! If such a practice does not exist; or you do not care to explain in clear terms to me or anyone even if it is there, if I will not also be able to attain that Supreme abode of rest by myself; then there is no other option for me but to renounce all wants and stay in an egoless state.

I will not eat anything; I will not drink anything; I will not wear good clothes; I will not perform any routine actions like bathing, charity and eating. I will not engage in any action whether met with calamity or prosperity.

Hey Muni, I do not like anything but the discarding of the body.

I am going to remain without trying to solve the doubts also; and stay silent like a painted picture with no malice in the heart and no thoughts about myself!

I will gradually stop the process of inhalation and exhalation also, and give up this body which brings no good.

I do not belong to it; nor is it mine; none else (connected to this body) is mine too.

I will subside off like the oil-less lamp.

I will renounce everything and get rid of this carcass."

RAMA ENDS HIS SPEECH

Rama had completed his speech.

Like a peacock crying at the sight of dark clouds, he had poured out all his thoughts in the presence of the great Sages Vishvaamitra and Vasishta. There was nothing more to say.

His face now bore the shine of a moon that had come out of clouds.

He was assured that the Masters of Knowledge would surely help him out of his dilemma.

He waited patiently for the downpour of knowledge rains.

[What was the effect of Rama's spectacular speech of dispassion on others sitting in Dasharatha's courtroom?

Most of them were people who were satisfied with their ordinary life of wealth, family and religion.

A shameful embarrassment filled their minds.

Why did they never entertain such thoughts about this world?

This Rama was so young; but so wise.

He had understood the futility of a life lived in ignorance, before even he had started to live a life proper.

Rama had nothing to lack. His father could even take him on a tour of DevaLoka gardens if he had wished, since he was Indra's close friend. Any Apsara of the heaven could have been brought down to serve him life long.

Instead of enjoying the pleasures which he had easy access to, Rama who had not even completed his sixteenth year had renounced everything that a man aspired for.

He was ready to stop living if he was not shown the path out of ignorance.

He was ready to give up his body, if his life was destined to have just a kingdom, wife and children.

What a dispassion! What courage! What determination! What wisdom!]

The entire courtroom of king Dasharatha was stunned to silence.

All the people were amazed by the amount of wisdom that poured out from the mouth of such a young prince.

Their eyes opened wide.

Their bodies were filled with horripilation as if the hairs rose up to hear the words themselves and thus made their garments slip down.

All their Vaasanaas of the world were erased off like dirt; and the dispassion Vaasanaa filled all the minds.

They felt a unique joy that they had never felt before.

Their intellects had suddenly started working to their fullest extent.

So many questions popped up in their minds too.

They were eager to hear the answers posed by Rama to the Sages supreme.

They were all drenched by the nectar of dispassion as if by the Ganges flowing out of Shiva's head.

The entire courtroom looked like a picture painted on a canvas.

No one moved. No sounds of any sort were heard.

(It was as if the silence of Kailaasa Mountain itself had descended down there, through Rama's words of wisdom.)

His speech had different effects on different people.

Great Sages like Vishvaamitra, Vasishta and others who were already in the state of Brahman were silent in the bliss of the Self. Others who were seated there, like Chief Ministers Jayanta and others who were experts in the art of counselling; kings like Dasharatha; all the prominent citizens; chieftains of many cities; subordinate kings; princes; Brahmins; scholars who had mastered the science of Brahman; servants; ministers; Siddhas floating in the sky; Gandharvas; Kinnaras; Great Rishis like Naarada, Vyaasa and Pulaha; Deva-world residents along with the deities of the quarters; Vidyadharas; denizens of the serpent world; all remained silent and motionless.

Birds on the roof tops, cages and gardens were also silent and made no chirping noise; they did not even flutter their wings.

Horses also stood motionless in their stables.

Womenfolk who were seated within the confines of the balcony-window also remained silent and motionless.

Even their ornaments remained motionless and made no tinkling noise in the least.

SHOWER OF FLOWERS AND PRAISES

(These flowers were not the ordinary solid flowers of the earth which are made of five elements; they were magical; the flower-shower was an experience of the Siddhis exhibited by the Siddhas.

These Siddhas were the highest category of Knowers with the power to manipulate any perceived scene as they willed.

They could at will have any form they felt like.

They could have access to any world they felt like at any time-mode of the perceived.

They lived in the emptiness of the sky in regions unreachable to others.

They were not visible to any one.

They stayed as the sky-space only, in the space above the courtroom.

They had arrived there knowing well, that the earth on that day was blessed by the great event of Rama-Vasishta conversation, and that the entire earth would be sanctified by that sacred dialogue on Brahman.

And so they produced a magical shower of flowers that filled the entire earth and filled the heart of all the people with a unique bliss and peace. It was their expression of applause.)

Breaking that silent state as it were, there poured out a huge shower of flowers from the sky, on all the people seated there, by the power of Siddhas, along with the admiring words pouring from the crowds of Siddhas who stayed in the excellent state of Brahman always. The expanse of sky itself appeared like a canopy made of flowers.

What was the shower of flowers like?

The shower of flowers fell for one fourth of a Muhurta.

(What measure is Muhurta in the world of Rama?)

Who knows? Each world has its own brain-measures of time.

How can an ant measure the world of a Garuda bird?

Time is relative.

*Time is short here compared to their world.
 A single day for us is made of breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner measures only.
 For those people of Rama's world, the day passed like a life-time of penance only, when they listened to Vasishta's discourse for the prolonged measure of a day.
 Day was longer in their world. Food-intake was not the measure of the day.
 Let us just guess that the flower of showers was there for some quarter of an hour as measured by their minds.
 According to Puranas, the people of Tretaayuga were gigantic in proportion compared our tiny Lilliputian bodies here.
 Their bodies were different, minds were different, beliefs were different and lands were also of vast expanse.
 It took fourteen years for Rama to cross the forest regions from north to south.
 Even if we walk through the entire region from north to south in our land today, it will not take more than a year even, even if we tread like ants.
 That world is not this. This world is a world that has evolved out of cells.
 That world had devolved from the Deva-world.
 Therefore, instead of understanding the world of Rama through cell-evolved brain, comprehend the truths discussed with the wisdom-eye only.)*

The shower of flowers fell for one fourth of a Muhurta.
 The bees inside the hollows of Mandara flowers hummed aloud adding background music to the shower.
 The earth-people felt a swish of fragrant honey and fainted in intoxication.
 The beauty of the flowers delighted their eyes.
 A fragrant wind blew across the earth, as if pushing all the stars down from the sky.
 The whiteness of the flowers was like the laughter of the beautiful ladies belonging to the heaven.
 It was like a rain pouring from heaven without the noise of thunder, but with flashes of lightning only as the shining flowers.
 The flowers fell like soft butter lumps.
 The flowers fell like the smooth snow-fall.
 The flowers fell like the heap of pearl-garlands.
 The flowers fell like the garland of moonlight.
 The flowers fell like the succession of splashing waves of the Milk Ocean.
 It was enveloped all around by beautiful lotuses with their filaments visible.
 Swarms of bees were hovering around them, even as they fell.
 It was caressed by the fragrant winds which were singing as it were, with the sighs of people who felt the soft touch of flowers.
 Ketaki flowers were rolling down in heaps.
 Lotuses were blooming off as they fell.
 Jasmines fell in circles.
 'Temple of lotuses' was on the move as it were.
 The ground was completely filled up.
 All the four corners of the palace were covered up.
 All the men and women of the city kept looking at them with their heads lifted upwards.
 It was like the rain of lotus-heaps without the need of clouds.
 It was unhindered; never seen before by anyone on earth.
 It brought a sense of wonder among all the people.
 It was produced from the hands of the hosts of invisible Siddhas who stayed in the sky.

*(What happened to all the flowers after they fell all over the earth?
 They were magical and illusory only; and vanished after the experience was over with.)*

The shower of flowers stopped; and the song of Siddhas were heard.

*(Perceived is the poetry of Brahman-state.
 A Siddha who revels always in the state of Brahman cannot speak words like us; he can only sing.)*

Siddhas sang:

"From the beginning of the Kalpa, we belonging to the huge army of Siddhas have wandered all over the heaven.
 What we have heard today is the essence of the Vedas, and nectar for the ears.
 We have never heard anything like this before.
 This Rama, the moon of the Raghu dynasty has developed strong dispassion and has lost all the attraction for the world; and has spoken words with profound meaning which are not known to Lord Brahmaa also.
 Aha! It is indeed a matter of great merit that we have heard the words produced from Rama's mouth, which bestow the greatest joy to the intellect.
 (Others, who had no chance of hearing his words, have indeed wasted their lives, due to lack of merits.)

We are indeed enlightened instantly by the fitting words of RaghuNandana, which describe well the state of excellence (of dispassion); which is beautiful with the oozing nectar of tranquillity, and which alone is to be aspired for, to the exception of all other achievements.”

Siddhas addressed the Sages seated there who were capable of communicating with them.

“It would be indeed proper to hear the decision of the Maharshis for the sacred words uttered by the scion of Raghu dynasty.

All the noble Sages led by Naarada, Vyaasa, Pulaha do join together quickly without any delay.

Let us gather together, in this ‘sacred assembly of Dasharatha’ densely decorated with shining golden objects, like bees moving towards the lotus shining with a golden lustre.”

Thus requested by the Siddhas, the entire crowd of all great Sages immediately arrived there in that open court-hall of Dasharatha. These great sages had been silently observing Dasharatha’s court-hall, staying in their own private vehicles in the sky.

Who were all there?

The greatest of all Munis, Naarada who never lets go off his humming Veenaa was in the front.

Vyaasa who was dark like the swollen monsoon cloud was also there inside.

The crowd was adorned by the noble Munis Bhrgu, Angeerasa, Pulasta and others.

It was garlanded by Rishis like Chyavana, Uddhaalaka, Sheera, Sharaloma and others.

There was a lot of rush, and the scene presented a beauty of its own.

Because of crowding against each other, the deer-skins held by them were displaced.

The garlands of Rudraakhsa were shaking.

Each one of them held their own Kamandalus (water pots), their life-long companions.

The crowd of Sages shone like the array of stars with reddish lustre, because of their brown locks of hair.

Each one’s face was lighted by the other, like the meet of the suns.

Like the array of precious gems, they shone with various colours because of wearing garments of different colours as pertaining to the station of their life.

Like the line of pearls, each one enhanced the lustre of the other.

It was like another rain of moonlight (because of their compassionate looks).

It was like another union of suns (because of their knowledge).

It was as if the ‘full moons’ of all the past fortnights had collected together in that assembly of Dasharatha.

Vyaasa the black hued Krishna, son of Paraashara shone like a cloud amidst the collection of stars.

Naarada shone like the moon amidst the crowd of stars.

Pulastya shone like Indra among the Devas.

Angiras shone like Sun among the Devas.

(The whole astral sphere had descended down as it were, on that day of auspiciousness.)

Siddhas also descended down with some forms visible to all.

The entire assembly headed by Dasharatha stood up along with the crowd of Munis.

It was the meet of the ground-walkers and the sky-walkers.

Earth and heaven met each other, and mixed off as one.

Earth people were shining with the gold and jewel ornaments.

Heavenly Sages were shining with the lustre of knowledge.

All the ten directions were filled with some unique glow.

There were a mixed scene of (Rishis and royal personages) -

bamboo staffs and play-lotuses; Durvaa grass tied to the locks and crest jewels on the crowns;

brown matted locks and hair adorned by garlands; Rudraakhsa bracelets and jasmine bracelets;

bark garments and silk garments; ordinary cloth-made waist bands and pearl-made waist bands.

Vasishta and Vishvaamitra worshipped all the sky-travelers in a proper manner by the offering of Arghya, Paadya and words filled with respect.

The great group of sky-travelers in turn worshipped with devotion Vasishta and Vishvaamitra by the offering of Arghya, Paadya and words filled with respect.

The king worshipped the hosts of Siddhas with extreme devotion; and the hosts of Siddhas in return enquired affectionately about his welfare.

After greeting each other with due respect and affection, and getting worshipped in the proper manner, the sky-travelers and ground-walkers sat on their respective seats.

They commended Rama who stood before them in a humble posture with bent head, with words of admiration along with the shower of flowers.

In that Sabhaa of Dasharatha on that day were many renowned personalities learned in Vedas and Vedangas, Knowers of the highest level, shining as the best of all. There were all these Sages on that day; Vishvaamitra who was shining with his royal dignity, Vasishta, VaamaDeva and all the ministers, Naarada the son of Brahmaa, Vyaasa the best of all Sages, Marichi, Durvaasa, Muni Aangirasa, Kratu, Pulastya, Pulaha, SharaLoma the greatest of all, Vaatsyaayana, Bharadvaaja, Vaalmiki, the excellent Sage, Uddhaalaka, Rceeka, Sharyaati, Chyavana and others.

Along with Vasishta and Vishvaamitra, Naarada and others spoke these words to Rama who stayed with his face bent in respect.

“Aha! The prince has spoken well profound words pregnant with dispassion and endowed with all the auspicious qualities a speech should have; what has been concluded through proper rational analysis; proper content of knowledge; suitable for the assembly of the learned; clear in pronunciation; profound; pleasing; fit to be heard by the noble; unhindered by anxiety; clear in thought; all words properly placed as per the grammar rules; pertaining to the welfare of all; uttered smoothly without slurring of speech; and bestowing a peaceful state of mind freed of all wants.

Who will not be awed by the speech rendered by Raaghava endowed with all these qualities?!

Only in one in a hundred (among the most excellent in knowledge), the speech will be capable of expressing the exact thoughts within and par excellence (pleasing, scholarly and to the point).”

Naarada spoke to Rama;

“Kumaara! Your intellect is like a creeper made of sharp piercing arrows.

You are young; yet have learnt the harsh truths of the world through Vichaara.

Your analyzing process has yielded the fruit of Viveka, the discriminating ability.

The world of senses cannot fool you anymore.

In whom else but you, can such a creeper blossom forth to give such a wonderful fruit?

He alone is to be considered as a man with proper intelligence (Pumaan), in whose heart stays the lamp-flame of Prajnaa (proper understanding through Vichaara), as in Rama.

This Prajnaa-flame burns bright in his intellect, bestowing a vision of truth hidden behind all the varied objects of the world, as apart from the ordinary vision of the senses and mind. (*If one has no such vision, he is to be considered a woman only, as identified with the body and its ordinary sensory perception (Prakrti).*) Others are all just machines made of blood and flesh and bones only; and attract the inert objects to them (like the inert metal pulled by the inert magnet). There is no consciousness in them at all. (*They are all just inert objects made of flesh and blood; that is all; they are not conscious beings at all.*)

These ignorant inert beings go through the sufferings of births, deaths and old age again and again; but never take time to analyze the world-existence around them (like Rama has done). They are all just deluded animals (just getting born, eating, sleeping, reproducing, growing old and dying).

Only very rarely is found some one somewhere, who somehow starts analyzing the faults of the world, with a purified mind, like this Rama, who has completely conquered the senses.

People like Rama who are excellent in thinking, are rare to find.

A proper analysis of the life led in the world through one’s own thinking capability is found in this commendable Rama, in this young age itself. What he says is entirely true.

It is very difficult to find even the least satisfaction in this scorching mundane existence, which appears as if produced by some haughty wicked supernatural thing like destiny or fate, and controls our life at every moment.

Those who try to find the true essence concealed behind the vision bestowed by the mind and senses are rare to find indeed. They alone are the best of all.

There is no one here in this world at present or in the future like Rama who is endowed with Viveka and is given to such a broadened vision of the world. This is our opinion.

Hey Munis! If Rama’s expectation (of proper guidance to the understanding of the truth) does not get fulfilled (through proper instructions by us all), then we ourselves have to be blamed; for his want of answers will bring about the welfare for all the beings in all the worlds.”

FIRST SECTION ON DISPASSION

ENDS HERE