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MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE



SPECIAL ISSUE

**21ST FEBRUARY 2021: THE ANNIVERSARY OF
THE MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY
COMBINED ISSUE OF FEBRUARY and MARCH**

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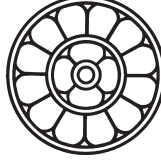
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Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute,

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



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It is the map of the true India in spite of all passing appearances, and it will always remain the map of the true India, whatever people may think about it.

The Mother

OUR HOMAGE : BHAGAWATI OXYGEN

MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

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Nos. 2 & 3

“Great is Truth and it shall prevail”

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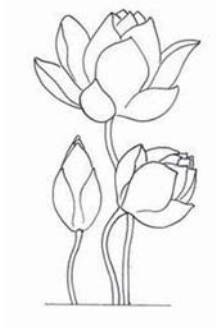
‘THE HIDDEN WORD WAS FOUND, THE LONG-SOUGHT CLUE’

The Wisdom was near, disguised by its own works,
Of which the darkened universe is the robe.
No more existence seemed an aimless fall,
Extinction was no more the sole release.
The hidden Word was found, the long-sought clue,
Revealed was the meaning of our spirit’s birth,
Condemned to an imperfect body and mind,
In the inconscience of material things
And the indignity of mortal life.
A Heart was felt in the spaces wide and bare,
A burning Love from white spiritual founts
Annulled the sorrow of the ignorant depths;
Suffering was lost in her immortal smile.
A Life from beyond grew conqueror here of death;
To err no more was natural to mind;
Wrong could not come where all was light and love.
The Formless and the Formed were joined in her:
Immensity was exceeded by a look,
A Face revealed the crowded Infinite.
Incarnating inexpressibly in her limbs
The boundless joy the blind world-forces seek,
Her body of beauty mooned the seas of bliss.
At the head she stands of birth and toil and fate,
In their slow round the cycles turn to her call;
Alone her hands can change Time’s dragon base.
Hers is the mystery the Night conceals;
The spirit’s alchemist energy is hers;
She is the golden bridge, the wonderful fire.
The luminous heart of the Unknown is she,
A power of silence in the depths of God;
She is the Force, the inevitable Word,
The magnet of our difficult ascent,
The Sun from which we kindle all our suns,
The Light that leans from the unrealised Vasts,
The joy that beckons from the impossible,
The Might of all that never yet came down.

All Nature dumbly calls to her alone
 To heal with her feet the aching throb of life
 And break the seals on the dim soul of man
 And kindle her fire in the closed heart of things.
 All here shall be one day her sweetness' home,
 All contraries prepare her harmony;
 Towards her our knowledge climbs, our passion gropes;
 In her miraculous rapture we shall dwell,
 Her clasp shall turn to ecstasy our pain.
 Our self shall be one self with all through her.
 In her confirmed because transformed in her,
 Our life shall find in its fulfilled response
 Above, the boundless hushed beatitudes,
 Below, the wonder of the embrace divine.
 This known as in a thunder-flash of God,
 The rapture of things eternal filled his limbs;
 Amazement fell upon his ravished sense;
 His spirit was caught in her intolerant flame.
 Once seen, his heart acknowledged only her.
 Only a hunger of infinite bliss was left.
 All aims in her were lost, then found in her;
 His base was gathered to one pointing spire.

SRI AUROBINDO

(Savitri, CWSA, Vol. 33, pp. 313-15)



‘I AM THE SHAKTI OF SRI AUROBINDO ALONE’

I am *the Shakti of Sri Aurobindo alone*, and the Mother of all my children.

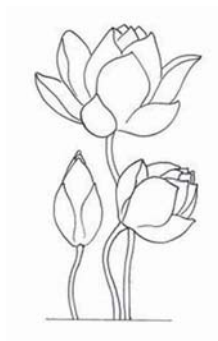
My children are all *equally* part of my consciousness and of my being. When transformed and realised, all will have an equal right to manifest each one an aspect of myself and Sri Aurobindo.

It is the unity of all in the solidarity of a common manifestation that will allow the creation of the new and divine world upon the Earth. Each will bring his part, but no part will be complete except as a power in the solidarity of the whole.

SRI AUROBINDO

(The Mother with Letters on the Mother, CWSA, Vol. 32, p. 84)

Sri Aurobindo wrote this around 1927, soon after the Mother took up the charge of the Ashram. He speaks from the point of view of the Mother.



ON HERSELF

Since the beginning of the earth, wherever and whenever there was the possibility of manifesting a ray of the Consciousness, I was there.

*

That which is speaking to you now, is a faithful servant of the Divine. From all time, since the beginning of the earth, as a faithful servant of the Divine, it has spoken in the name of its Master. And as long as earth and men exist, it will be there in a body to preach the divine word.

So, wherever I am asked to speak, I do my best, as a servant of the Divine.

But to speak in the name of a particular doctrine or of a man, however great he may be, that I cannot do!

The Eternal Transcendent forbids me.

*

O my God, Thou hast told me: “Plunge into Matter and identify thyself with it: it is there that I would manifest.”

And Thy will has been done — but Matter has ignored the gift and persists in wanting to seek in obscure and false activities and relations a satisfaction which it cannot find there.

And yet Thou hast promised me the Victory . . .

*

What I want to bring about in the material world, upon the earth.

1. Perfect Consciousness.
2. Integral Knowledge, omniscience.
3. Power invincible, irresistible, ineluctable; omnipotence.
4. Health, perfect, constant, unshakable; perpetually renewed energy.
5. Eternal youth, constant growth, uninterrupted progress.
6. Perfect beauty, complex and total harmony.
7. Inexhaustible unparalleled riches, control over all the wealth of this world.
8. The gift of healing and giving happiness.
9. Immunity from all accidents, invulnerability against all adverse attacks.
10. Perfect power of expression in all fields and all activities.

11. The gift of tongues, the power of making oneself understood perfectly by all.

12. And all else necessary for the accomplishment of Thy work.

23 October 1937

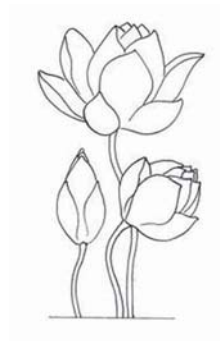
*

I wish

1. personally to be eternally the perfect expression of the Supreme Divine.
2. that the supramental victory, manifestation and transformation should take place at once.
3. that all suffering should disappear for ever from the worlds present and future.

THE MOTHER

(*Words of the Mother – I*, CWM 2nd Ed., Vol. 13, pp. 37 & 41, 42)



**‘A burning Love
from white spiritual founts’**

Poems on the Mother

“There must always be varieties in an anthology,” wrote Sri Aurobindo to Nirodbaran (who compared his own Bengali ‘pale and anemic poems’ to Nishikanta’s poems which were ‘all splendor and glow’), “which is like a museum or a botanical collection. So a *modesticum Nirodicum* inside will do no harm even beside a *flaminga Nishikantica*.”

In this collection of poems, most of them published earlier in journals or books, are gathered *modesticums* as well as *flamingas* besides many other species, apprentice work as well as inspired utterances, hesitant wing-beats as well as soaring flights.

The common theme that binds them all is the human response to the Love Incarnate, — The Mother.



The first section has poems on the four aspects of the Mother.

The second section is arranged alphabetically, poet-wise.

Section One

Four great Aspects of the Mother, four of her leading Powers and Personalities have stood in front in her guidance of this universe and in her dealings with the terrestrial play. . . . To the four we give the four great names, Maheshwari, Mahakali, Mahalakshmi, Mahasaraswati.

SRI AUROBINDO

TO THE FOUR NAMES OF THE MOTHER DIVINE

Maheshwari

Nor mote nor world may swerve beyond Thy law,
O Veilèd One: but starry incense bore
Rumour of Thee from midnight's ancient hill —
“Tranquil insistence with compassionate will.”

Mahasaraswati

Far-avenued between the day and night
Thy lotus breathes perfection from its heart,
Crowning our shadow-dream with crystal light,
Moulding Time's clay to ever-living Art.

Mahakali

Men of the noon-tide, careless of earthly norm,
Shall trace Thy fire-dance down the ways of storm,
Mocking the ramparts of the world's deceit,
Casting their death beneath Thy Living Feet.

Mahalakshmi

Very softly when the day with folded wings
Feels underneath its weight the curvéd calm
Of mothering earth, the water nuphar sings
Through Thee her moon-enscrolling river-psalm.

ARJAVA

MAHESHWARI

Vast and serene as the infinite spaces,
Far away from our little earthly world,
And yet overarching and leaning down in a protective gesture —

The Mother of Light, the Mother of all-comprehending wisdom, throned
 on the highest heights,
 Sheds, equal and unruffled, her benign compassion on obscure mortals,
 Draws them infallibly ever nearer to her through the rolling ages —
 Her very presence is the power that decrees, the grace that redeems.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

MAHESHWARI

Wide, eternal poised on an opal calm
 Is she enthroned on the ivory loneliness
 In the spheres beyond soul's widest flight.
 Like an august and unreachable peak
 Wearing the argent vesture of snow-trance,
 She wears the silver mask of oblivion.
 Sleepless, immeasurable, bourneless alone
 She spans the infinity with her gaze.
 The immense vistas of her mind's expanse
 Bear the suns and the oceans and the stars
 And luminous kingdoms of enchanted dreams
 And far realms of unbarred distances
 And sapphire-mystic dawns of light;
 She, with her grandiose tranquillity
 Is the flamed spirit of gold-sun-grace,
 Mother of giant solitudes and hush
 With the face of diamond summit-sleep.

ROMEN

MAHAKALI

She has burst open the veil and leaped to the front,
 Into the very thick of the combat
 Our Captain, our Warrior — her flaming sword, her battering mace,
 Her thundering cry sweep the field.

She brooks no delay, has no mercy for weakness —
 Straight is her path and swift she speeds to the goal:
 Here and now shall be her victory.

Terrible Mother who presses her children through blazing fire,
 The sooner to burn out the dross and free the gold —
 The sooner to smother them with her passionate bliss!

Her every tread crushes a demon's head,
 Unseals for mortals a fount of immortality.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

MAHAKALI

Stark she stands — an icon of towering power
 The vast summit-queen of puissance divine.
 Giant and unseizable is her mind's leap
 From the pinnacles of star-widenesses
 To the last granite womb of nought.
 Her descent is an avalanche-sweep,
 Her steps the terrible typhoons of might,
 Her heart the continent of unbarred love,
 Her soul the dauntless warrior of light.
 Wide and unslumbering is her spirit,
 The priestess of height's flaming force,
 With her titan tornadoes of laughter
 And impetuous thunder of the blue,
 She cleaves the eyeless desert-ignorance . . .
 O majesty of lightning's swift delight
 Sound the golden clarion of the Sun;
 Unmask thy face of august infinity
 To reveal the splendour of thy ruthless grace!

ROMEN

MAHAKALI

Thine is the fiery will that mocks
 Faint-hearted compromise!
 Ruthless Thou sheerest all that blocks
 Our path to Paradise.

The thunders whirl at Thy command,
 O flaming beautiful Mother!

Thou smites with one mighty hand
And savest with the other.

Pervasive of Thy tameless ire
Is an all-puissant love;
It leads us through the test of fire
To immortal gates above.

ANILBARAN

GREAT MOTHER KALI

Imperial Goddess stark and alone!
Let our eyes see Thy gold-puissant face of eternity
O break the doors of cold night-stone Releasing Thy vast
Miraculous flame of splendid holocaust
Bring to our dead unyielding root
Thy rapture-grace absolute
And strike
The iron-gloom's everlasting dyke
To make
Of our passing gloom-soul
A deathless spirit radiant awake,
And whole.
Long has been our black travail of birth
And our earth
Has long borne the stabs of incessant sleep,
Heap on ebon heap
Have come the distresses of blind oblivion;
The paeon
Of light echoes not on the lyre of the world
And furled
Are our pinions of laughing release.
We are gripped
By strangling powers serpent-lipped;
We have forgotten the immensities
That were ours
And hours
Of penury have smitten our timeless bliss . . .
In our sanctum-abyss
Come down majesty of the sovereign sun,

O paramount One,
 Bringing Thy tornadoes of infinite blaze
 To efface
 Our transcience and all frailties of ignorance.
 O break Thy ultimate trance
 And step on earth's time-sea
 And make it Thy home of diamond epiphany.

ROMEN

LAKSHMI

At the mobile passion of thy tread the cold snows faint and fail,
 Hued by the magic touches shimmering glow the horizons pale.
 The heavens thrill with thy appeal, earth's grey moods break and die;
 In nectarous sound thou lav'st men's hearts with thy voice of Eternity.
 All that was bowed and rapt lifting clasped hands out of pain and night,
 How hast thou filled with murmuring ecstasy, made proud and bright!
 Thou hast chosen the grateful earth for thy own in her hour of anguish and strife,
 Surprised by thy rapid feet of joy, O Beloved of the Master of Life.

DILIP KUMAR ROY

(Translated by Sri Aurobindo: CWSA, Vol. 5, p. 561)

MAHALAKSHMI

In lotus-groves Thy spirit roves: where shall I find a seat for Thee?
 To Thy feet's tread — feet dawn-rose red — opening, my heart Thy throne shall be.
 All things unlovely hurt Thy soul:
 I would become a stainless whole:
 O World's delight! All-beauty's might! unmoving house Thy grace in me.
 An arid heart Thou canst not bear:
 It is Thy will love's bonds to wear:
 Then by Thy sweetness' magic completeness make me Thy love's eternal sea.

ANILBARAN

(Translated by Sri Aurobindo: CWSA, Vol. 5, p. 558)

MAHALAKSHMI

Under the evening storm-lower
 Far in the western sky
 Gold are the wings of the eagle
 Who bringeth Beauty nigh.

Heard we the sedges answer
 The wind in a whispered cry —
 Or a silk robe's fading rustle
 And Her feet passing by?

Framed by the day-dawn glimmer
 Her fields of lotus lie, —
 In the heart one worship-petal
 Wins God-horizonry.

ARJAVA

MAHALAKSHMI

Mother of Delight —
 Of Love that moves the sun and stars!
 She is the Rapture that quickens our inmost heart,
 She is Beauty's self that enthrals our earthly senses;
 In her is the whole meaning of existence.

She has come down close and intimate to a humanity avid of joy;
 She casts her noose of charm and captures us even by our weakness;
 Her radiant smile transfigures a whole world of gloom and pain
 Into an Abode of Bliss —
 And we know not when have we transcended our human frailties
 In our eagerness to contemplate her gracious form,
 To kiss those glorious feet of hers
 That trail the Dawn!

Hasten to welcome her, O heart, hasten!
 Lest she turn away —
 For she will not force herself,
 Our adorable and shy Mother!

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

MAHALAKSHMI

Dear to thee are gardens of the lotus,
 Where else shall I spread thy seat, O Mother?
 On the lotus of my heart press the dawn-roses of thy feet and make it flower.
 Things ungainly afflict thee, O Mother,
 I will not cherish them anywhere in me even a little.
 O Queen of Beauty, charmer of the worlds,
 Keep abiding thy grace upon me.
 Thou sufferest not an arid heart,
 So of thyself hast thou come and put on bonds of affection —
 O Mother, by the magic of thy sweetness, quicken and upheave me with Love.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

(Translated by the author from Bengali)

MAHASARASWATI

Supreme Artisan and Fashioner of perfection,
 Atom by atom she builds up the world — she is slow, patient, faultless.
 And by her consummate craftsmanship the universe — and each object in
 the universe —
 Is a marvel of pattern, a model of divine arabesque,
 A carefully wrought jewel.
 Hers is the keen eye, hers the deft finger, the sure handling
 And they compel intractable Matter
 To bend and bow down to her as to its sovereign Mistress.

She is the growing divinity within us that like inevitable fate
 Is slowly taking possession of our human life,
 She is moulding it as she wills it to be —
 A vessel and an instrument — a visible embodiment
 Of the Consciousness, the Power, the Bliss
 Of the Divine Mother.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

MAHASARASWATI

Not in the supernal altitudes of trance
And orb'd by the flame of diamond sphere
But near to the earth-life's verdant loneliness
Is her sleepless presence — a vedette of light.
A pearl of moon in sea depths of sleep,
Her immensity veiled in an opal veil
And masked dim her marvel gleam of gold,
She bears the enormous toil of patience divine
To furrow the dark fields with her spear
Of deathless ray and sow immortal seed
In the grey vistas on aeonless death.
Luminous and undaunted she labours on
Through countless barriers of penury
And eyeless revolts and ceaseless strifes,
Through twilight-dreams and midnight somnolence
To cast, to build, and shape to crystal mould
This lampless cathedral in the heart of abyss —
A mirror of sun-perfection in the dust. . . .
She with her white and marvel sculptor's hand,
Is her to change the visage of the earth!

ROMEN

Section Two

The One whom we adore as the Mother is the divine Conscious Force that dominates all existence, one and yet so many-sided that to follow her movement is impossible even for the quickest mind and for the freest and most vast intelligence. The Mother is the consciousness and force of the Supreme and far above all she creates. But something of her ways can be seen and felt through her embodiments and the more seizable because more defined and limited temperament and action of the goddess forms in whom she consents to be manifest to her creatures.

SRI AUROBINDO

PRANAM TO THE DIVINE MOTHER

There are two ways of bowing
To you, O Splendour sweet!
One craves the boon of blessedness,
One gives the soul to your feet.

Pulling your touch to ourselves we feel
Holy and happy — we think huge heaven
Comes close with you that we may pluck
A redder dawn, a purpler even.

This is but rapturous robbery
Deaf to infinity's call
That we should leap and plunge in you
Our aching empty all

And, in the surge of being your own,
Grow blind and quite forget
Whether our day be a richer rose,
A wealthier violet.

Precious each moment laid in your hands,
Whatever the hue it bear —
A flame and fragrance just because
Your fingers hold it dear.

Make me your nothing, my whole life
I would drown in your vastnesses —
A cry to be ruled by your flawless touch,
Your will alone my peace.

AMAL KIRAN

GREAT MOTHER

Great Mother, grant me this one boon I crave:
I will forgo all triumphs of the mind
And grandiose honours for which men have pined
If in its search for Thee my life be brave.

Beyond earth's crowded hours of brief delight,
 Of passionate anarchy whose eyes are blind,
 Let me on feet of calm devotion find
 The lonely soul's sweet contemplative height.

And from the crest of that serenity
 Whence Thy far infinite face can be divined,
 An endless song let all my ardour be
 To reach Thy beauty, leaving lust behind —
 No stern forced worship but love self-consigned,
 A river's leap towards the pristine sea.

AMAL KIRAN

TO THE ALL-BEAUTIFUL

So very poor the life I brought You, Sweet!
 But my whole poverty enclasped Your feet.
 Though such dim treasure none would precious call,
 A miser I had been, hoarding it all
 For You alone, to keep or cast away —
 Since never even with this common clay
 Could I serve lesser beauty. My earth-cup
 You have transfigured now, brimming it up
 With sudden nectar of eternity.
 Miraculous, O Love, Your alchemy
 Of quiet heaven-creative luminous
 Eyes that evoke the hidden god in us
 Through drossiest self-offering on our part!
 Out of the candle-flicker of each heart
 You build a calm inviolable sun
 Rayed with enormous time-oblivion!
 For we but grow an image of the light
 Whose dream has quickened our clay-captive night,
 The rapture that has lured our blind distress.
 O Splendour, You have made my raggedness
 Reveal through every shameful tatter and hole
 A luminous immortality of soul!

AMAL KIRAN

TENNIS WITH THE MOTHER

She seems but playing tennis —
 The whole world is in that game!
 A little ball she is striking —
 What is struck is a huge white flame
 Leaping across time's barrier
 Between God's hush, man's heart,
 And while the exchange goes speeding
 The two shall never part.

In scoring the play's progress
 The result of minds that move,
 One word in constant usage
 Is the mystic syllable "Love".
 And the one high act repeated
 Over and over again
 By either side is "Service",
 And it never is done in vain.
 For, whether defeat or triumph
 Is the end, each movement goes
 Soulward: through this short pastime
 Eternity comes more close!

AMAL KIRAN

MIND OF LIGHT

The core of a deathless sun is now the brain
 And each grey cell bursts to omniscient gold.
 Thought leaps — and an inmost light speaks out from things;
 Will, a new miracled Matter's dense white flame,
 Swerves with one touch the sweep of the brute world.
 Eyes focus now the Perfect everywhere.
 In a body changing to chiselled translucency,
 Through nerve on fire-cleansed nerve a wine of the Vast
 Thrills from heaven-piercing head to earth-blessing feet.
 The whole sky weighs down with love of the abyss.
 Deeper than death the all-penetrant rays take root
 To make the Eternal's sun a rose of the dust.

AMAL KIRAN

FULFILMENT

Doors in the ultimate Secrecy cleave wide
 And out of them dances an immortal dust,
 A shower of scintillating silences
 Falling forever on a city of dream. . . .

Softly the splendour stirs in every stone;
 To a single wideness grow the seeds of sleep:
 A fathomless flower outbreaking with no sound —
 Omnipotence unfolds from earth to sky.

AMAL KIRAN

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MOTHER VICTORIOUS

Upon this mortal earth Thou buildest a garden of Paradise,
 O Mother of dreams, Mother victorious!
 Overwhelmed with wonder the heart lies prostrate at Thy feet,
 O Mother victorious!
 Saints and great souls sing to Thee in adoration,
 O Mother omnipotent, Mother victorious!
 Blind darknesses fall faint and numb before the arrows of Thy Light,
 O Mother victorious!
 Saviour from all evil, deliverer from pain is Thy Great Name,
 O Mother victorious!
 A home of safety is the refuge at Thy feet,
 O Mother of Bliss, Mother victorious!
 The fear of death and age vanishes today,
 O all-conquering Mother, Mother victorious!
 The seas of sorrow disappear at the touch of Thy Grace,
 O Mother of Peace, Mother victorious!
 The sheen of gold pales before Thy hue that entralls my soul,
 O Mother of Light, Mother victorious!
 In the heart of the devotee Thou art the delight that is heaven's nectar,
 O Mother of Love, Mother victorious!

ANILBARAN

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the author's original song in Bengali)

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THOU . . .

When the day is done and light there's none
 I wander seeking, seeking Thee;
 And in the gloom as the star-buds bloom
 Thy formless form I feel, I see.
 Pervading the water, earth and sky
 It mounts up, mounts up, mounts up high, —
 Until in Thine own bourneless vast
 I loose Thee at last.

In every heart I know Thou art,
 I seek Thee in Thy myriad abodes,
 In flowery meads of dreams and deeds
 That lift man higher than the gods, —
 And in every noble human shrine
 I see Thee blazing, O Divine!
 And now I stand at its luminous door
 To lose Thee no more.

ANIRUDDHA

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INVOCATION OF THE DIVINE MOTHER

FOR HER EMERALD OF LIFE

Shakti of God that moves upon the waters,
 Greatness and wideness of Spirit everlasting,
 From senses, mind and heart, from a myriad moods and quarters
 Enter with Thy puissances, transmuted and recasting.

FOR HER TOPAZ OF TRUTH-EXISTENCE

Wisdom of God, silent above Time-sources,
 Transcendent peak all creature-ken outvasting,
 Bring to heaven's roadsteads earth by devious courses,
 Calm, ordinant as lodestone though all ways are overcasting.

FOR HER AMETHYST OF THE POWER OF BEAUTY

Beauty, star-enrobing, a strangeling here
 From eldest aeons fraught with overthrow
 Of shadowhood, because Thy worshippers draw near,
 Once gaze — and then forswear all ease until they know.

FOR HER RUBY OF REALISATION

Joyhood, earth-englobing, God-victory,
 In the east Thy dawn-rose banners faintly show;
 Aidant to Love, the spear-hosts sweep from Eternity,
 Till Time is heaven-conquered and the dateless bugles blow.

ARJAVA

MOON-PROMPTED

A silver shimmer and silence
 Far out upon the sea:
 Silenceward steps of yearning
 Inly to Thee,
 Mother of tranquil shine.

Soft pearl glimmer in hazing,
 Yet moon-revealing, sky:
 A hush and a dim heard footfall —
 And Grace is nigh,
 Mother of innerhood shrine.

Power and immaculate Glory,
 Whom outward eyes may greet —
 In this hour might the inward quicken,
 Cloudlessly meet
 Mother and Beauty Divine.

ARJAVA

THE FEET OF THE DIVINE MOTHER

O to besom a path for the Mother
 To a welcoming-place apart, —
 Road running, meant for no other,
 Straight to the heart.

Be Her light footfall a token
 Of a Stillness fraught with Grace;
 Keep the truthward prayer unspoken
 Her sandals trace.

Not solely Heaven descended
 But earth upflowers to God
 Eachwhere Her heaven-attended
 Silence trod.

ARJAVA

TO MOTHER

Come on the wings of sleep
 Grave or with a smile,
 Come ere the hushed tide neap
 Or tangling thoughts beguile

On this dark spirit-main
 Rise as a full-orbed moon,
 Transform the murk of pain
 To a feckless silver boon.

Or through dream-heavy air
 On sandals of sound draw nigh
 Till echoes waking there
 Spring forth in thrilled reply.

Out of a planet's gloom
 All aspects call to Thee, —
 Life in our stirless tomb,
 Light on our darkened sea.

ARJAVA

THE DIVINE SHAKTI

COSMIC, TRANSCENDENT, INDIVIDUAL

Send Thy pure cadences, O Mother Divine,
 To echo inly through the caves
 Of a deepening heart which knows itself for Thine.
 Play Thy moon-music on the quiet waves
 Of an ocean's wideness in the still soul,
 Where tidal waters wait Thy hushed control.

Unsullied wisdom of gold which was thrice refined,
 Shine in the clear space of holy noon
 On all the upland hollows of the mind;
 May every shadow-harboured thought be strewn
 With solar vastness and compelled
 To feel all fear and all self-limits quelled.

Men have found Thee in wildness and the sharp-tangled air,
 Breathed of green multitudes of earth,
 Far from hate's city, orbits of despair,
 Alleys of desire or sultry streets of dearth.
 Take my offered will and let it be
 Fragrant as Thine own, tameless, pure and free.

ARJAVA

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A PRAYER

Take it, take it, Mother, whatever I have anywhere,
 Take it all.
 I renounce the demand — "give me, give me" — I want
 that only which you want.
 I and mine are all now yourself,
 You alone shine everywhere,
 You alone find yourself in me ever in new forms.

The python ego hisses always all around,
 He swallows utterly all the riches you give me.

That is why although I want to give, yet cannot
 And all the more cling to him —
 And never remember that your feet alone are the eternal refuge.

Crush this I of me, O Mother, let its hungers end,
 Keep in your own hands the key of your golden gate.
 Nothing else, Mother, nothing else any more —
 Fill all, all with your own self,
 Leave no corner whatever for anything else to stay.

ARUNA DEVI

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the original Bengali)

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I MUST LEARN

I must learn to see Thy face in all
 And feel Thy breath of Grace
 And quiet down each common call
 And yearn for Thy heart's embrace.

I must learn to calm so many things
 And sail on Thy wide wide seas
 And scatter the seeds of Thy joyous Light
 And throb to Thy melodies.

I must learn to look with the inner eye
 Into Thy future's well
 And mould of my ignorant heavy clay
 A room for Thy bliss to dwell.

I must learn to cry like a little child
 That craves for its Mother's love
 And in this Matter dark and wild
 Create the Splendour above.

Fire and Light and Joy and Peace
 Of these I should be made,
 I must harbour within me an immense regard
 In Love's eternal shade.

I must learn to be Thy true little soul
 And face all things with faith
 And receive Thy sacred Light from all
 And knock at Thy golden gate.

For now my heart with gratitude
 Brims to the full for Thee,
 My gaze meets Thine and tears appear
 — I am Thine for Eternity.

My being soars towards Thy diamond Light
 And I see Thy radiant Word
 Written in gold on the sun-white wings
 Of earth — Thy resplendent Bird.

ARVIND HABBU

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IT'S ENOUGH

It's enough, Mother,
 More than enough
 To contain
 Your all-showering Grace
 In the small vessel
 Of my burning heart.

Like a non-stop rain
 In the hot summer
 You pour Your Love
 That my parched heart
 Swallows and soaks up
 At once yet with
 Further yearnings
 And sincere awaitings.

ASHALATA DASH

THY PRESENCE

Earth rarely exudes
 A fragrance that rises
 Up and up, touching
 The solar region
 It reaches the Beyond;
 Passing through the Ether
 It returns to the earth
 Intensifying itself.

That fragrance at times
 Permeates the earth
 Suffusing and kindling
 Some beings.

Inebriate of that perfume, I
 Seek its origin, look for its source —

Now am I propelled
 To that fountain divine:
 Thy presence, Mother,
 Thy presence, so divinely divine
 Yet humanly soft and sweet.

A single remembrance of Thee
 Bestows that fragrance on me;
 It bathes me, envelops me,
 Making my earth-ridden being
 All-fragrant.

ASHALATA DASH

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THE HANDS OF GLORY

Thy hands of Grace have ever led me on;
 The storms and tempests have all come and gone.
 Happy like a god I sing Thy glorious name,
 Drunk with the wine of dream-begotten flame.

I seek no favour, never, and I fear not
 The angry frown and fret of fate distraught.
 When the dark clouds gather and loudly threaten,
 Shelter I find at Thy feet, my safe and splendid Haven.

Sweet Mother, in my heart's white joyous gleam
 I see Thee and know that because of Thee I am.
 I am Thy child and Thine alone, enfolded by Thy Power,
 Waiting on Thy Divine gesture each golden hour.

A. VENKATARANGA

IMMORTALITY

Oh Mother, when I say I am Your child
 My heart is ever filled with joyous gold!
 Wherever I may go, whatever I do,
 My eyes are set upon Your wondrous hue.
 I am Your child, that is enough for me.
 I seek no other immortality.

A. VENKATARANGA

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THE MOTHER

An endless birth from mute eternity,
 Within thy Bosom dawns at thy Will supreme.
 Thy blissful touch on all the limbs of earth
 Bestows a thrill of joy, unknown, extreme.

In Thee is hushed, O Mother! our empty cry.
 We are thy stoic sons of the fire-pure way,
 Firm-poised in dreadful hours of earth's blind drag;
 No more the harrow of doom shadows our day.

Proceedest Thou across the path of Night
 With thy Flame-white Love to change its face and fate.
 Thou art the matchless fruit of thy cosmos' seed;
 In Thee the key of Transformation's gate.

CHINMOY

HER FACE

O Earth! but once behold Her Face,
 Then all for you is sun-vast Grace.
 Your brave despair, your hopeless cry,
 Your prison of mortality
 Her gaze of Power will break the maim
 Into a thousand fragments of Her Name.

CHINMOY

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BALCONY DARSHAN

Whither goes the surging crowd?
 Young and old, weak and strong,
 With faces beaming sunshine proud,
 Pacing quick and racing throng!

From East, from West, from North, from South,
 In modest attire yet colour-drest,
 Assembled some with chanting mouth,
 Others in solemn spirits abreast.

Up to the Balcony all eyes speed,
 To catch first glimpse of the Mother Supreme,
 Whose graceful look is the rightful meed
 Of yearning souls with hopeful dream.

Darshan, glorious fetterless Darshan!
 For poor and rich, for low and high!
 — Rich Hegemony of Spiritual Life,
 Raising all to transcendent Sky

Where no garish sun doth shine,
 Nor moon, nor stars, nor lightning seen,
 From where come Fire and Light ever fine,
 Changing gloom to Immaculate Sheen!

C. N. VENKATARAMIAH

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HIGH TIME

Is twenty-four too many hours
 To give a day to Thee?
 Is seven days too many days
 To give each week to Thee?
 Is fifty-two too many weeks
 To give per year to Thee?
 No, all my time is just enough
 To give my life to Thee.

DAVID KRAUSE

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BOON

I ask not of Thee all treasures of earth
 Nor kin nor home nor heavenly mirth
 Nor arts nor letters, no body fine,
 But only one boon: O let me be Thine.

Make seer or fool or king or beggar,
 Give songlike life or still with a dagger,
 But only in heart let Thy love shine,
 And only one boon: O let me be Thine.

If silk Thou givest, I that would wear,
 If torn rags, that with joy I bear —
 On wheat or meat, on all I can dine,
 But only one boon: O let me be Thine.

Footpath or house with light and air,
 Give floor or mat or cot or chair,
 Give water of tank or sparkling wine,
 But only one boon: O let me be Thine.

Let all love me or let all leave,
 Careless of all to Thy feet I'll cleave —
 One word, one need, one prayer is mine,
 Grant only this boon: O let me be Thine.

DEVAKINANDAN

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FRENCH MARIGOLD

Poor plucked flower-head
 Cut off from Earth,
 What is your gold crown worth
 So soon devalued and dead?

Emblem of Consciousness,
 For your short hour,
 Earth-born sun-aspiring flower —
 Such transience is not valueless.

And when your petals
 Come to me from the Mother
 I would wish no other
 Blessing — none in more lasting metals.

DICK BATSTONE

THE MEETING PLACE

This is what time has led to, —
 A courtyard of sunflowers, zinnias
 And a queue of silent people
 Moving past a petal-covered tomb.
 Dawns, noons, sunsets.
 Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to, —
 A path that goes to a staircase
 And men and women of different countries
 Leaving their sandals at its foot.
 Dawns, noons, sunsets.
 Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to, —
 A gallery behind mahogany shutters,
 A picture of a man's head, life-size.
 They pass it and mark its gaze.
 Dawns, noons, sunsets.
 Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to, —
 A chair set before a gold patterned cloth
 And a still, frail woman
 Who smiles and has the eyes of God.
 Dawns, noons, sunsets.
 Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to, —
 See each figure before her
 Is not what he thought, felt or looked like
 But an inner immortal, come through
 Dawns, noons, sunsets,
 Days, months, lives.

DICK BATSTONE

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ABSORBED IN THEE

To be absorbed in Thee,
In thy grand divinity,
Is what I aspire to be,
In an unceasing felicity.

To be lost in Thee,
Is my sole fantasy,
So I earnestly implore,
Kindly open the door.

To do thy work I strain,
With heart, cell and brain,
An earnest appeal,
Laced with an inner zeal.

To be absorbed in Thee,
Defies gravity,
In an endless flight,
Into the realms of magical delight.

In thy compassionate grace,
I hope to keep apace,
For deep in my heart,
Ne'er for a moment shall we part.

To be immersed in Thee,
Is a constant inner discovery,
A consciousness so vast,
That there exists no last.

To be dissolved in Thee,
Is sheer alchemy,
In thy silken hold,
Shall penetrate rays of gold.

At thy majestic feet,
I yearn to meet,
For in my insignificance,
I sense your almighty presence.

A plan so high,
That it transcends the 'I',
Bringing the change,
That you've so wonderfully arranged.

In thy grand design,
All shall reach the divine,
A gift to mankind,
That's inconceivable to the mind.

To be absorbed in Thee,
To be born ever free,
A Being of profundity,
Drives me to my destiny.

GAUTAM MALAKER

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DARSHAN

When I look at You
The shadows disappear, the dark night ends,
And all my stupid fears are chased away
Like phantoms at the break of day.

When I look at You
The clasp of Pride is loosed, and I am free
To love again; the heart grown light
Forgets the pain, sings like a child a simple rhapsody.

When I look at You
The world is new again; it wears a robe of splendour
That was hid, until I drank the Nectar from Your eyes
That made mine see again.

When I look at You
I'm no more me, but somewhat else, that is,
That's other, more than I, my other me that's You,
All that I have to be, I see,
When I look at You.

GODFREY

BEAUTY AND THE SOUL

The soul lives on Beauty.
 By Beauty it is fed, even as the body
 Sustains itself with food.
 The soul thirsts for Beauty.
 For Beauty is a wine that ever soothes,
 A sweet replenishment, refreshing and renewing
 To a heart grown weary, parched, or hardened
 With the trial and strain, the common shackles,
 The nourishless husks of habit
 And dull care . . .

The soul lives by Beauty.
 It is the soft white hand on the anguished brow,
 The tender touch that takes away the pain,
 The awakening light to eyes grown dark and dim,
 The Flame that sets aglow again the embers
 Of the soul.

The soul lives for Beauty,
 Call Beauty what you will —
 Maria, Madonna, Mahalakshmi,
 For She that is Beauty can never be closed
 Within a name, and her names are countless,
 Nor yet within a form, and oh how sweet, how rapturous
 How soul-entrancing are her many forms . . .
 But see whatever beauteous form ye will
 Of East or West and all that lies between
 And dare to look deep; for you will spy
 Beneath the form, beneath convention's name
 The sweet unchanging smile of the Eternal,
 The crystal-pure Divine,
 The white undimmed Resplendence,
 The ever-beaconing One
 The Mother.

GODFREY

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CIRCLED BY DOOM, TO THEE I TURN

When in Thee I have laid my sole dependence,
 When Thou, O Love, in plenitude art here,
 Then why not with faith shakeless do I shear
 Dread of self's foes for good, obtain ascendance
 Over darkness, pain and strife, and the abundance
 Of rooted falsehood, arrogances that blear
 My luminous path to Thee, O Mother dear,
 And freeze my fire to win life's free transcendence?

Whatever be the trials, whatever odds,
 I'll tear all veils, I'll whip away all frauds.
 Circled by doom, to Thee I turn, O Power,
 Let one hope-ray brighten this crucial hour!

HAR KRISHAN SINGH

HELP, O MOTHER!

O Mother, Thy child is stuck in the marsh of a middle zone.
 The pull of the frightening chasm drags me deeper down.
 I steadily swiftly drift into a dragon-well.
 The faithless verveless earth slides from under my feet.
 The hideous hoods of the Pit frown grey against the Sun.
 Unawares, a dark malignant grip has circled my soul.
 The showers of light no more now bathe me with their shine.
 No more my heart responds to the wonders of high Will
 That made me work out things unimagined or undreamt.
 O Mother, lance Thy Grace-beam at my knotted self
 To wake the lightning-will that is lying locked in my drowse,
 And free the path up-leading to Thy Home of Heaven.

HAR KRISHAN SINGH

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HOW SHALL I KNOW?

Mother who sit'st above,
Soul with Love.

Pour Thy honey-wine
Into parch'd lips of mine.

Thy enchanting face,
Thy marvellous Grace,

Reveal, bestow!
For how shall I know

That Thou also art
The Lady of my heart?

HEMANT KAPOOR

TO THE DIVINE BELOVED

Were I but pure
I could endure

Thy clasp divine
And be fully thine!

By enjoyments fed,
By passions led,

The false soul of desire
Attracted by the mire

Misses the Rose
Which innocent grows,

Deep in my bosom's fire
Beyond all desire!

Yet will I seek
Till flesh grow weak

Then delivered from sin
The true soul within

Will have of thee love
The union I dream of!

HEMANT KAPOOR

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MOTHER IS COMING

Mother is coming!

I painted the sky. A very black black!
I hung the moon — a lamp on clouds a-sway —
I ordered the stars to stand in rows straight —
And spread for Her feet the soft Milky Way.

Mother is coming!

I went to say to the murmuring sea:
“What is going to happen — just now — soon?”
And it jumped with its laughing waves on me
And went swinging high with the hanging moon.

Mother is coming!

I awoke the trees from their longing rest
And they spread their arms in a triumphal arch.
I whispered to the birds in their warm nest
And I made them sing in a choir with the stars.

Mother is coming!

I roused other children with Victory Songs.
 They lit gay lamps and put flowers in their hair.
 They met Her with beating hearts and gongs,
 For this was true — and not a fairy-tale.

She was coming!

JANINA

THE SONG OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Do not cry, my fields,
 Do not weep, O meadows,
 When the cloud of dreadful shields,
 When the mass of iron shadows
 Bury the Sun's face.

When ruthless feet with black delight
 Our breast crush, squash each smiling bud
 That leans out from green beauty, when Doom's might
 Tramples the radiant warriors into bloody mud,
 For this too is Grace.

Do not cry, do not weep,
 For in our secret valley's heart
 On slopes of mystery hard and steep
 She fights the Battle from her victory cart,
 The Queen of the golden race.

JANINA

THREE PRAYERS

while waiting for Thee, Mother

1

While I was waiting for Thee, O Light,
 To appear on the balcony,
 I prayed:

Before the Lord descends in the first ray of Thy gaze,
 O Mother, chase away the clouds that cover my soul
 As Thou art lifting at dawn the mist-veil
 From the immaculate face of that deep Black Lake
 In my Tatry Mountains . . .¹

And then, when the Lord will come,
 The luminous beam will pierce my bare being
 Unto its very depths and fill it with bliss.
 And the Lord will be pleased,
 And He will look around Him on His happy property
 At the bottom of my soul.

2

While I was waiting for Thee before Thy Blessings,
 Before my eyes would come near to Thine,
 I prayed:

Mother, let my eyes lie still like those tranquil lakes
 In my Tatry Mountains,
 Immobile, spread before the Lord,
 Crystal mirrors waiting . . .
 Will He permit an offering to Him of His own face?

And then, when the Lord will come through Thy eyes all loving
 To stoop over these two lakes of calm,
 He will perceive Himself in their humble felicity.
 And the Lord will be pleased,
 And He will smile
 Seeing His own eyes looking at Him.

3

While I am waiting for Thee in the lucid silence
 Before the sacred hour of meditation, I pray:

Fill, Mother, my cells with longing ecstasy,
 The same that sparkles in all those lakes of beauty

1. The highest mountain range in Poland, the poet's native land.

In my Tetry Mountains,
 When the last sun-drops caress them with glowing happiness
 And when the Lord Himself is approaching after His long day's journey.

And then, when the Lord will come,
 My whole being will be His luminous abode.
 And the Lord will be pleased.
 He will sigh with delight.
 He will rest and take off His sandals
 And wash His feet in the radiant waters.

JANINA

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A CHILD'S DESIRE

O sweet Mother divine,
 For Thee my eyes now pine.
 With me Thou playest hide
 And seek, Mother, do guide
 My thoughts and sow in me
 The seed of devotion-tree.
 In me shall dwell no gloom,
 I will be Thy light and bloom.
 Today I bow to Thee,
 Peaceful and pure to be.

JYOTI KUMARI

MOONLIGHT

Let me become the light of the Moon.
 Nothing my heart needs save this boon.
 Hold me most firm,
 So that no harm
 May now obscure my earthly life.
 My silver hope shall know not strife,
 And, high above, my gaze shall fly.
 Mother, I feel, no death have I.

JYOTI KUMARI

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AND SHE ABIDES

Hushed was the midnight,
 In my being a sigh,
 And I knew it not why!
 An anguish, a fight
 To repress my idle cry
 Rose in my deepest core,
 But I knew it not any more;
 Then dawned the day.
 Like a bolt from the blue,
 The news rang tearfully true;
 She that was Love and Light
 Had withdrawn Her ray.
 She that was the Life of our lives
 Had cast Her mortal life away.
 She that was the world's Aspiration,
 She that was a pure Flame,
 And Hope in the deeps of our heart,
 Can She ever, ever depart,
 Till this earth has gained acclaim,
 And shared Heaven's richest fruition?
 Nay, nay, still She guides,
 In the yearning heart abides;
 The Immortal in mortality's dress
 Who trod this earth only to bless,
 Still in the aspiring heart abides.
 Still Her hands are ready to succour
 Her children, to gain their godly dower;
 In our mortality She forever resides.

KAMALAKANTO

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* *

IF

If there was not this wondrous Grace,
 This helping hand, this guiding face,
 If there was not this love divine
 Whose soothing arms round us twine,

Few indeed could tread this path
Which Thou hast changed to a smiling strath.

Yet to our human faults we cling,
In mud we wallow, wandering
From life's true aim. But a glimmer awakens
The slumbering soul, and softly beckons
To rise and follow the pointed way
Of the Light, that can never lead astray.
Grant me a pearl-drop of Thy Grace,
Change starless night and crawling pace
To an arrow's leap. In Thy Light my being enlance!

LALITA

A BEGGAR'S BOWL

My being — a beggar's bowl —
Offers itself for a mercy-dole
Of Thy Love divine. My bleeding heart
Naught save Thy touch can ever console.

For earthly riches I do not pray,
Long have they ceased to allure me or sway.
Sweet Mother, Thou and Thou alone
Can my poor soul's deep thirst allay.

Small am I and very frail.
How break these bars that my being jail
And grant no freedom to move and mount —
How endure this cross and its gripping nail?

My heart has now no strength to bear
The adverse forces who are well aware
Of big or tiny faults in me.
Let me not fall into their snare.

How far away now seem the skies!
Give me the power forever to rise,
To live in Thee, for none but Thee.
Help me this goal to realise.

LALITA

THY SELF, THY GRACE

All I know is Thy outer self —
 Show me Thy Self transcending Time.
 Uplift me, O Compassionate One,
 To Truth's Himalaya sublime.

At every step be Thou my guide,
 Let me not from Thee ever hide
 My faults and failings. Known to Thee,
 They cannot last eternally.

Thy Grace I pray to help me rise
 Above the inconscient's dark device:
 Freed from all ignorance and pain,
 Let life Thy splendour's gold attain!

LALITA

THY PATIENCE

I marvel at Thy patience, Mother,
 Eternity's Patience with Time.
 Who could claim that Thou art other
 Than this universe's Source sublime?

Through millenniums Thou hast waited
 For us to wake to Thy harmony,
 Though men may say it was fated
 That we should sleep, forgetting Thee.

'Twas not our fault, 'twas thus ordained
 To lie in the dark Inconscient's heart
 And through tortuous processes attain
 Thy Light, in ever so small a part.

Break the lid and tear the veil
 That hides Thy face from us.
 Let Thy Force descend and compel
 Our bodies to grow luminous.

LALITA

IN THY ARMS

Because of Thee the sun can shine
 And sky and sea are sapphirine.
 The pebble and pearl are forms of Thee
 And night's velvet rustles speak of Thy divinity.

Behind the jar and crash of life,
 So full of hurry and restless strife,
 Oh gracious Mother, grant to me
 To stay unshaken, deep-seated, free!

In Thy loving arms let me ever rest,
 Caring not if the world around me scowl or jest.

LALITA

TRUTH'S WARRIOR

Bearing the burden of a nameless destiny
 The warrior in him rose to fight,
 His sword a mighty flame of Truth
 To shatter the voiceless darkest night.

Undaunted must he ever march,
 A virgin pathway his soul must hew —
 To heights unnamed and unknown yet
 He must climb, guided by nought he knew.

With the Mother's name upon his lips
 With the Mother's force of deathless might —
 His arms Her arms, strength of Her strength,
 Tearing the veils of the unborn Light.

LALITA

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LOVE FOR THEE

In what does love for thee consist?
 An ardour that would ever persist;
 A hallowed manner's mystic grace,
 A passion in devotion's face?

Shall we then bow before thy feet,
 Surrender all in prayer sweet,
 And serve thy work with fervent zeal,
 Thy Word obey, thy Truth reveal?

Would love for thee excite and thrill
 Unleash the heated heart's fierce will,
 And flame in rapture rising fast,
 That melts ecstatic in Thy vast?

Shall love with wisdom's light be wed,
 On oneness' breast, delight be fed?
 Then all would be a shrine of thee,
 All life our love's felicity.

LARRY SEIDLITZ

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* *

HEART OF LOVE

Heart of love
 Fill my home
 Bring me gifts
 Of love alone.

Take from me
 The life of pain.
 Bring my own heart
 Home again.

LORETTA

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APRIL DARSHAN 1973

The day was set for your advent which shaped our lives.
 The twenty-fourth has come to celebrate that you arrived.
 The streets are quick with joy and flower-sellers,
 The Ashram canopied.
 The day like a slow tide moves to this point:
 The murmur dies, a sudden hush . . .
 A baby cries, a woman coughs.
 "She's coming," someone says.
 Auras spring up like rose and violet fires about our heads.

The sky turns faint, hung with an ashy light,
 A vestige of infinity.
 You slowly move, your cape a flame
 That burns about your fragile frame, towards the rails.
 You scan the sky,
 Look down into our upturned eyes.
 This is the moment when our spirits walk to you,
 And in deep silence face their destiny.
 We also have arrived.

MAGGI

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN?

'She has gone. I am lost.'
 Say not so.
 Look within.
 What says your heart?
 Has it so soon forgot?
 Forgotten Her words?
 "I am with you.
 Wherever you are I am with you."
 Where are you then
 That you can hide and evade Her?
 Have you found such a place?
 I have not.

Whatever's amiss, whatever I've done,
 Whenever I think, 'Mother's gone'
 It is enough to utter Her name,

And invoke Her gaze,
 For Her presence to burst into flame
 That blasts confusion
 And I find myself out of the maze.
 I've never been lost.

And She?
 She is waiting within.

MAGGI

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 * *

SHAKTI OF THE SUN

A wide and marvellous dawn has come to lighten up our days.
 Our Mother made an appearance as the sun and as the rays.

The sun the very symbol in each new passing day,
 Which follows night and darkness and helps us on our way.

Divinely brought together with a consciousness supreme;
 The supramental body is more than just a dream.

You have paved the way with wisdom, perseverance and with strife;
 The transformation is sure in each and every life.

We know the day will come when we are one with the Divine
 The supramental light is sure and in all of us will shine.

It has taken many lifetimes for all that you have done,
 Our wonderful, loving Mother, the "Shakti of the Sun".

MARY "ANGEL" FINN

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AS SHE GUIDES OUR FEET . . .

Joined hands leading steps between mountain stones
 'Cross vast plateaus and raging torrents wide
 Through forests dim and high sweet seas of bloom
 Where love itself stands bare against the sky,
 The opposites and extremes of life are met
 To work and rend their pattern into form,
 Momentary sorrow, fears and joys
 Fall back and pale in future's brilliant sun.
 If arms enfold and touches seek caress
 And voiceless eyes commune in being's depths
 'Tis life's small symbol ways seek to express.
 In silence joys are shared and harmonies meet
 As toward the silent sun She guides our feet.

MARY HELEN

THOUGH WORDS ARE FEW . . .

Though words are few and distance seeming great,
 And obstacles are laid along the way,
 There dwells behind the walls a quiet love
 Which needs no past nor future seeks to bind.
 Resting not on promises or time
 But on an inner strength and calm and joy;
 And even if the path is rugged still,
 Hid among the stones are blossoms sweet;
 The golden harmonies play behind the clouds,
 She's given us the key, Her Blessed Feet.

MARY HELEN

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* *

YOU MOTHER

You Mother.

You are Grace because you are.
 Because you walk on Earth, she is consecrated.
 You gave her back her lost greatness.
 You bring with you the fragrance of lost paradise songs.

Nobody bends down over our beings like you.
 Nobody has brought down the Light like you.
 Nobody has given names to flowers like you.
 Nobody has made clear the goal like you.
 Nobody has sown the golden seeds like you.

Your smile gives sweet rest to long yearning.
 Your glance gives new life to the soul.
 The soft laying on of your hands covers our wounds with cool healing.
 Your very being is blessings, blessings.

MEDHANANDA

(Translated by the poet from his German original)

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SWEET MOTHER

May I sit by your feet and rest in you
 May all separation cease
 May the floods in my heart release themselves
 in your paradise of peace.

May the words of my soul surge pure and true
 May the cogs in my throat be still
 May all efforts dissolve into
 the loving servants of your will.

I have come so far to touch your feet
 All within me aches

But no hardship will ever suffice
to extract this love so great.

Silence now turbulent warriors
The flames you dutifully fed
are limp like arms upon her lap
Her hand is on my head.

MICHELLE

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* *

SUPPLICATION

Will you not pour into me
The ancient peace that lights your face?
I do not want it all for me,
But just a drop — a tiny trace.

It is in the vast and silent valleys
In the purple shades of the aged hills;
It is in the tremble of a dying leaf
And in the murmur of low-toned rills.

On a calm and moonlit night
Through tree-traceries the stars are soft-cool.
Give me a little of that perfect coolness
To dip my eyes in its healing pool.

When day is perfumed with its earthy scent,
And my face caressed by the far sea-breeze,
My heart stops beating and turns truant
To mingle with the quiet of cloud-kissed trees.

It wants to embrace the wet sweet earth
And lie on her dampness, cheek to cheek;
It yearns to shout from the highest hill-top,
For ever roaming your heaven to seek.

I need no touch to feel your arms;
I need no eyes to see your face;

I gather your light in the cup of my heart,
And drink deep draughts from its secret place.

Let me but enter into your presence,
And the incense of your breath absorb;
Let me be drenched in its utter sweetness,
And feel in my blood its glowing throb.

My only gesture is to give you all —
Whatever I cherish I place in your hand,
For I know that your touch is boundless safety
And my fears vanish like script on sand.

MINNIE CANTEENWALLA

EARLY MORNING (BALCONY)

What greater bliss than to see Your Face
When light first marks the sky?
What dawn can be more beautiful
Than Your Love answering the deep heart-cry?

Long night of waiting for this magic moment —
My longing eyes pierced with Your Potent Peace.
From Your Face flows never-ending Golden Light,
A sharp luminous Shaft, and all pains cease.

MINNIE CANTEENWALLA

OUTSIDE THE MOTHER'S ROOM

A waiting on that hushed terrace
Where shade and sunshine meet and part,
A waiting in silent expectancy
For a glorious Joy to invade the heart.

Each inner moment pulsating
In the being like a bell

Marking time for the Splendour whose depth
A glimpse into that room alone can tell.

Ever gaining strength, burns a secret flame
Lighting each one's inner gloom,
Waiting to turn to heavenly brilliance
On entering the sacred room.

MINNIE CANTEENWALLA

MEETING THE MOTHER

Just to stand before You,
My hands cupped for Your grace —
Your smile a star shining in my heart —
A promise of glorious life Your face!

I drink in that grace hungrily,
I offer now my open hands —
My life-core is offered in this gesture,
And Your sweet assurance before me stands,

A balm to my troubled mind,
An ever-glowing light.
My bowed head is filled with Your love.
With this precious gift my eyes shut tight.

I leave — but I sit on Your door-step,
My heart cleft open like a shell.
My joyful weeping cannot stop
As though from a depthless secret well.

MINNIE CANTEENWALLA

THE MEDITATION HALL

The Hall is charged as with golden stars —
Poignant memories throb — sweet days of yore. . . .
Her golden Form comes majestically down,
Soft silent tread on the stairs once more.

The intimate warmth of that Presence,
 Of that Touch the soul-filled security —
 A Smile speaking eternal love,
 Glorious joy of Promise vibrating endlessly.

Now the white couch bare yet not empty —
 Mother, the Divine Queen of our hearts,
 Sits radiantly alive to Her children.
 Fixed here Her infinite Consciousness — only the Outer Being departs.

MINNIE CANTEENWALLA

CONTINUATION

Who said that You are gone?
 That You are amongst us no longer?
 The fragrant air we breathe is charged with You —
 Your light within our hearts seems stronger
 With each passing day.
 We dwell in every curve of Your smile,
 The glow from Your eyes is our very sun
 In whose warmth that is ever we take new birth.
 Moment after moment sheer ecstasies,
 Honeyed sky and honeyed earth;
 Your arms encircling the whole world —
 Bliss, security, continuing the old sweet ties!

MINNIE CANTEENWALLA

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BALCONY (23.4.1956)

The air was aflame with soul's fragrance,
 The whole world stood there massed together
 To hear the supreme message from the All-Silence.

At the white hour earth's only Hope appeared.
Her all-pervading stillness banished our last doubt:
Mankind was granted what centuries had desired.

She stood there alone; a mighty Presence,
The Light of her body eclipsed the diamond dawn.
Awakening the hidden glow in our inconstancy —

She, a fountain pouring out oceanic Power,
A finite abode bursting forth the new Infinity,
A form in time manifesting golden Eternity.

NAGIN DOSHI

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NEAR THEE

When near Thee with impassioned heart,
Thy arms outstretched in grace to me,
My gratitude filled every part
And all my failures fell by Thee.

My worthless hands replied in kind
And reached their awkwardness to Thee,
Then touched and held the moment blind,
My forehead bowed upon Thy knee.

From the silence came a voice to say
“Thank you, my Mother,” a simple phrase
— Mid a golden smile through a golden ray
I rose fulfilled in Thy diamond gaze.

Aditi sweet, perfection's power
Unveiled in God's tremendous hour!

NARAD

FLOWER OF ALL ETERNITY

There is no rapture earth can give
 Surpassing memory of Thee,
 To kneel before Thee one could live
 In oceans of infinity.

There is no light that does not pale
 Before Thy timeless golden form
 No sea on which we could not sail
 Secure in tidal wave or storm.

The helmsman He who steers our course,
 The star who ever guides us, Thee,
 The rain of Grace that on us pours
 Thy splendour and Thy majesty.

The beacon of our godward climb
 The answer to our soul's desire
 O Mother-Force beyond all time
 Lift us higher, ever higher

Until we reach Thy lotus feet
 And in the roses of Thy hands
 Invincible and heaven-sweet
 An offering without demands

Our lives in Thy omniscient care
 Surrender to live alone in Thee,
 Transcendent goddess bright and fair,
 Flower of all eternity.

NARAD

TO MOTHER — A PRAYER FROM AUROVILLE

Sweet and sacred lady of the stars
 Whose simplest movement beckons trails of light
 To fall in streams upon our earth-hewn heads,
 Humbly lies Thy Name upon our lips.

Faint breezes stir the sapling soul to wake
 Amid the perfume of Thy earthly form,
 The radiating litany of song,
 Thy Voice, the splendid melody of earth.

We bow, O Mystery, before Thy Feet
 While colours unnameable fill the fragrant air
 The incense of Thy Love, Thy Smile, Thy Touch,
 To soar to heights unknown our struggling flame.

Intone, O Might, the Canticle of Life
 That dying men or men yet hardly born
 May wake to golden strains with silent hearts
 And bear the pulse of harmonies sublime.

Then shall the labour of mankind begin
 And earth prepare in cradle of the Lord,
 Her lands her skies, for superhuman race
 To follow in the footsteps of the Dawn.

NARAD

WHO LOOKED UPON

In Her I found what few men see
 And fewer still can feel
 The impress of Divinity
 The bearer of God's seal.
 I knelt as one who searched through years
 The secret of it all,
 The heights of love, the vales of tears
 From sudden rise to fall,
 From those eternal spheres now lost
 Where once I knew such peace.
 To reach Her count not any cost
 For all regained in Her again,
 All beauty and all grace.
 A light divine She cast on men
 Who looked upon Her face.

NARAD

MOTHER OF MINE

Come not to me when I feel pure
 But in my darkened spirit's state,
 All life's discords I endure
 And through the ages I shall wait
 To feel your hand upon my brow
 As I kneel before you incomplete
 Until the moment when I know
 That you are all and touch your feet.
 Come not to me when I am old
 My body weakened and in pain,
 The hearth untended, the fire cold,
 But come to me as I was then
 Young and joyous in your room,
 Stunned to silence by your smile
 Dispelling fear, dispatching gloom,
 Where I lived eternity awhile.
 Come now to me, my soul cries out
 Rework this fading sketch of man.
 Mother of mine, forget me not
 And wrap me in your arms again.

NARAD

SHE WHO LABOURS HERE

Then shall we stand iron-willed for Life
 Against the tides of time that on us rush
 While death raps daily at the body's door,
 Or to our human weaknesses succumb
 And many lives' travail sum up to nought,
 Or call a higher power in the cells,
 A flame to light the darkened cave of mind
 And calm's descent into the frantic pace
 Of impulses, antagonists of peace
 That move our arms to slay, our hearts to hate
 And boil the blood with insatiable desire
 Or drown us in a torpor of malaise?

I have seen a power incarnate on earth,
 Divinity put on the human form
 Unblinded glimpsed the living deity
 Who wakes the consciousness to its true birth,
 The birth of truth, a dwelling place of light
 Resident within the human breast
 And the unexplored dimensions of the soul.
 It is SHE and not ourselves who labours here
 To fashion from the clay more perfect man,
 Transport our lives beyond the temporal,
 Who wraps the earth in fathomless arms of bliss,
 Our seas, our skies, in spiritual fire.

NARAD

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YEARNING TO BE NEAR

O! Mother Divine, how long have I wished
 To know what my future holds:
 Is my life confined only to this barren land
 Where the soul hides behind a splendour of gold.
 Never to dwell at the sacred fount for long
 To which my heart turns many times each day?

I must assume that some good is being worked out
 Since nothing that's done by Thee can be in vain.
 But my path is not lighted, Mother, and often I cry —
 Only Thy touch comforts me as nothing else can.

Wilt thou give me the secret of the play?
 Show the hidden decree that I should bear
 The acute pain, which Thy touch alone can soothe;
 I wonder at times whether there is anything worse;
 I had no idea that things would come to this:
 No interest I find except in Thy Name.

NARAYAN MENON

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**THE MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY:
FEBRUARY 21, 1958**

O Mother-heart of infinite tenderness
 Pulsating through the cords of cosmic life,
 Higher and higher swell Thy harmonies
 Within the chambers of a human frame,
 In unison with the answering hearts of men.
 We revel, walking hand in hand with Thee
 Each birthday round of Thy succeeding years.
 But all successions through the prism of Time
 Are glistening facets of Eternity.
 Man seeks felicity with the dead or those
 Unborn, while God's own hour stands facing him.
 The measures of the Heavens invade our norms;
 The broken world shall rise up plenary;
 Our stagnant selves be open estuaries
 To the triumphal surge of Thy redeeming Force;
 In the plastic sea of Thy infinity
 The stress of the Whole sustains our fragile parts.
 Thou makest all life a process of divinity:
 Thy gaze — a lightning call of grace burnt in the flesh,
 Thy smile — delirious bliss that pours from Paradise,
 Thy speech — ringing vibrations of the eternal Word,
 Thy touch — a reconditioning of the cells of being,
 Thy tread — quickening caress on the breast of Earth,
 Thy name — one golden answer to all Why and How.
 For ever and for ever may we be
 The ardent pilgrims of the sunlit path,
 The luminous wavelets of delight, O Mother,
 Upon the oceanic bosom of Thy love.
 In that great Poem — Thy new humanity —
 Let each one be a blessed rhyme of Thee.

NARESH BAHADUR

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DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember the climb up the narrow twisting stairs?
 Do you remember waiting on the terrace above the tops of
 trees, clutching your bunch of flowers
 and listening to the sound, in winter,
 of the mumbling sea?
 Do you remember those noisy crows looking in her window?
 Do you remember then the call and the gesture and the
 open door and the room filled with light?
 Do you remember sometimes not even finding her for a
 moment in all that light?
 Do you remember the look? The investigations? Now then,
 she seemed to be saying, what have we
 got here. And then the reaching out . . .
 Do you remember her laughter, like ancient crystal bells?
 Do you remember your tears, happy as rainclouds?
 Do you remember her silences?
 Do you remember her “hey?” when you couldn’t untangle
 your tongue?
 Do you remember the fragrance of her silver hands?
 Do you remember the touch, as gentle as a child’s kiss?
 And do you remember her grip when she
 held you as firm as the foundations
 of the universe?
 Do you remember the eternal depths of her eyes?
 Do you remember the infallibility of her choice when
 she gave you back flowers? And when
 she gave you roses, do you remember
 the roses? O God, what roses!
 Do you remember the way she peeled your blessings
 packet from the bundle as if they
 were the Lord’s rupee notes?
 Do you remember leaving, and her crisp and clean
formidable strength going out with you?
 And do you remember promising yourself that this time,
 this time, you would keep her with you
 for ever . . .
 Do you remember?

NAVODITTE

ON REMEMBERING AN OLD FOOLISHNESS

Asking the Mother for her love
 was like asking the tides
 to follow the moon,
 or a smooth round stone
 to roll down the hill.

NAVODITTE

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MOTHER, I HEAR . . .

Mother, I hear thy intimate silent voice
 And see thy deep ineffable lotus eyes
 Weave in the darkness of my inner skies
 Beams of soft crescent fire and I rejoice.

The dismal clouds haunting my days and nights
 Dissolve into a calm transparent wide
 Horizon when ascends on the black heights
 Thy moon increasing in its luminous tide.

A sudden joy is there, a love for all
 Invades my consciousness as in a dream.
 Oh, has thy hand released some hidden stream
 Whose cool, and fragrant rhythms at last enthrall

My hours to a vibration of new bliss —
 Magic of thy touch, flame of thy sacred kiss?

NIRODBARAN

THE MOTHER'S TOUCH

Mother, when thou hast kept thy hand
 Upon my palm
 And from thy many-coloured eyes
 Pourest dew-calm,

A myriad melodies awake
 That slept so long.
 The burden of the dark centuries
 Blossoms like a song!

By the power of a soft silken touch
 The Infinite speaks
 Out of its hushed unbroken silence
 In gold sun-streaks,

And my spirit wings up far away
 Beyond time's ridge.
 A moment's vision, a flickering call
 Crossing the earth-bridge,

It is lost on high like a sudden eagle
 In a flight of bliss:
 A new birth pulses and a glow
 Of unknown release!

Then, like the hasty end of a dream,
 A shadow falls
 On azure heights of my lustrous day.
 Nature entralls,

Or the red fire of the ignorant heart
 Or the body's pit
 Draws down from the wide sky-suspense
 Of thy Infinite.

Bestow, O Mother, the solemn-pledge
 Of victory,
 At end of the long and winding paths
 Thy orb'd Divinity.

NIRODBARAN

PRAYER

Let every moment of my life
 Be crowned with diamond thoughts of Thee;
 Chisel from the hard granite rocks
 A statue of divinity.

Colour my dawn and desert-noon
 With wonder-fires of Thy delight
 And tune my heaven's dusky mood
 To symphonies of thy starry night.

Dispel all blemishes by thy touch
 And make my Spirit's kingdom shine
 In glory like a deathless sky, —
 A cup filled with thy heavenly wine.

In the infinite silence let me merge
 Untraversed by the faintest sound, —
 No wrinkle of rough time disfigure
 The Eternal's timeless calm around.

Draw from the slumbering depths of my sea
 Pearled expressions of the soul, —
 Thy unmanifest creative Word,
 The splendours of thy golden scroll.

From the undiscovered shoreless Vast
 Slowly thy mysteries unfold:
 My mortal vision lift to sight,
 Each atom with thy Beauty mould.

NIRODBARAN

HOLOCAUST

Out of a distant deep you came
 Through a rustling nearness of woods,
 O white Flower of an unknown name,
 Blossom of rapt solitudes.

From every petal you shed
 Your hue of fragrant peace
 And life awakes to strange far-spread
 Reveries.

In the sleepless heart of night
 Gleamed no star,
 No dimmest flicker of light
 Close or far!

In the depths you kindled the rapture-glow
 Of a moon-haloed fire;
 We heard the immortals' music flow
 From heaven's golden lyre.

O Beauty, on the highest peak
 From the snow of its sunlit death
 One hewed you, streak on streak
 Of colour, breath on living breath.

Alone and crowned like a queen you shone
 On the edge of the Infinite,
 But you left the unshadowed timeless Dawn,
 The eternal invisible height,

And into the valley of ignorance
 On inconscient earth you came
 To lift her from dumb abysmal trance
 To thy home of deathless Flame.

NIRODBARAN

QUEST FULFILLED

O Beauty, I have sought thee everywhere;
 But my eyes failed to find thy hidden abode;
 Then a voice rang through the silver hush of air
 And I began my strange journey to God.

Now I have met thy everchanging Face
 Swayed by a myriad inscrutable moods,

Each an expression of thy fathomless grace
Showering the supreme beatitudes.

My soul's eternal quest fulfilled in thee,
I am to thy heart inseparably bound;
Thou hast revealed thy human mystery
To my aspiring senses; they are crowned

With visions that penetrate the veil of time
Like a gleam of stars piercing a nebulous haze,
And bring close to my spirit God's sublime
Beauty sculptured in thy mysterious Face.

NIRODBARAN

ORISON TO DIVINE BEAUTY

I have glimpsed a magic beauty in thy Face;
It floats before my sight in tranquil air
And turns the silence of my spirit-space
To a diamond energy of timeless prayer.

For mortal beauty I can crave no more;
Thou art the centre of my universe
And in thy heart I have found the secret door
Leading to the ecstasy of the hidden spheres.

My heart begins to open like a rose
To the subtle touch of thy mysterious Power;
Tinged with imperishable hues it glows
Upon the summit of the eternal Hour,

And sings an orison to thy supreme
Beauty that moulds my life into a strange
Epiphany of thy apocalyptic dream,
Approached by no wave of human mood and change.

NIRODBARAN

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THE MOTHER

Effulgent Mother, aureate as the sun,
 Who com'st to reave our ignorance shadow-spun, —
 Thou art incarnate on our dismal earth
 To unfold secrets of an Immortal birth:
 O luminous lore from the heart of paradise,
 At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

Thy advent, a deep precipitate of Light,
 Annihilates our glooms of aeoned Night.
 Thy sentinel Gleam on life's peaks knows no sleep
 And scintillates in jewels of the deep
 Revealing in a flash eternities:
 At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

Lone-poised beyond the pauseless swirl of Time,
 Beyond the atoms and the Vast sublime,
 Things sentient thou hast with thy love ensouled:
 Equal and warm, unique and manifold.
 Hues' thrills are thy refracted ecstasies:
 At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

A mystic Healer of our stricken life,
 Leavening with love our squalor, pain and strife,
 Thou slayest still the demon-hordes with thine
 Infinite strength and quellest undivine
 And dark rebellions with thy swift sunrise:
 At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

O quintessential Fire of the universe,
 Primeval Queen, whose youth no ravage mars,
 Vicegerent of Lord Shiva! thou rainest still
 All boons — faith, courage, power invincible
 And yet remain'st ethereal, robed by skies:
 At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

A young sun-glint upon earth's ancient brow,
 Thou heralded a New Dawn's tender glow:
 Life's avenues with new blooms flare apace
 Where birds sing in a new sky-consciousness.
 Thou bring'st to deserts sylvan harmonies:

At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

Colonies of an unglimped loveliness
 Are gifts to earth of thy imperial Grace.
 By thee inspired, surrendering our all
 We win thy lustre's endless carnival.
 O light that sees and Flame that purifies,
 At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

With the King of mystic seers in union,
 Stationed in bliss, thou farest free and lone:
 Thy footfalls usher magic floods in sands
 Life and extinction rock in thy twin hands.
 O thou revered of the last infinities!
 At thy flower-like feet the Soul, in homage, lies.

NISHIKANTO

(Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy from the author's original in Bengali)

THE ADVENT

The paths of Earth today are sanctified
 With the touch of the Mother's footfalls rapture-rife:
 Lo! the grey dust awakes rich, rainbow-dyed,
 And bloom the gardened carnivals of life!
 Under the aegis of thy feet
 We like flower-clusters fragrance-sweet
 Aroused from age-long sleep, O Mother Divine,
 Wake to Thy love and blossom in Thy sunshine.

Long have we lived, lost, playing with the sod:
 Oblivious — we were nurslings of Thy Light . . .
 Mating with earth, absorbed into the clod:
 But now we quiver into flames gold-bright.
 From Thy own galaxy hast Thou
 Writ large Thy star-lore on our brow;
 In a world-festival of lights now shine
 What Paradise-garlands of Thy fires divine!

NISHIKANTO

(Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy from the author's original in Bengali)

THE MOTHER-LOTUS

Divinely pure is and white
 And wide in my heart
 The Mother-lotus of light,
 And she lives there apart
 Opening and blooming all the time
 In a spotless silver-petalled chime,
 In a perfume of peace sublime
 Secret and sweet.
 And my spring of aspiring will
 Is a crystal at her feet.

A huge and spacious flower,
 The world she bears;
 Her stem is Time's tall tower
 Of illumined spheres;
 She changes my transient mortal desire
 In the diamond-core of her bosom-fire
 To a vast eternal spire
 Of eveless sunshine;
 At the source of her honey moonrise
 I make my thoughts divine.

Angels desire the deep
 Nectar in me
 I drink in my vigilant sleep —
 My wine of thee;
 A sky-touch, a heavenly kiss,
 A thrilled keen edge of unending bliss,
 A scented flower-winged breeze,
 A sweet fire-dart,
 O white Mother-lotus,
 Is thy presence in my heart.

NISHIKANTO

O MY HEART

Like a star in the sky, like a flower in May
 You bloom, O my heart, in the deep,
 Like a shell which bears the pure pearl play
 In an ocean of vigilant sleep.

You have your colours, you have your brush
 And a canvas eternally wide;
 In a trance you dance with the luminous hush
 Bearing Time's silent tide.

You are moulding the clay to an angel's eye,
 And moving the thorn as a pen
 You change the black veil with a golden dye
 And break the blind dark den.

Consciousness grows in the Mother divine,
 You laugh on her lap in your dream;
 Your thoughts are bright with her red sun-wine
 And your words in her silver moonbeam.

Sleep, sleep, O my bird, in your glorious nest
 Like a pearl in the deep's delight,
 Like a star of the sky in its radiant rest,
 Like a flower on a timeless height.

NISHIKANTO

ONWARD

You must tear off the bonds of the finite:
 Mother Infinity has sent you the call.
 How long would you remain a prisoner?
 She is waiting for you, the Mother.

The endless path of Her Grace She has laid
 That welcomes you in your journey to Her.
 The Mother Light signals you the way
 Lifting Her finger, a beacon sun — Arise and onward!

The ties that bind you to your own,
 O traveller, must not hold you down
 Any more — Stand unflickering —
 And listen, in your heart, the ringing Word
 Shankara uttered, his soul transfixed on the Mother:

“You are my refuge, my sole refuge, you alone, O Mother!”

NISHIKANTO

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the author's original in Bengali)

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I SAW HER FOOTSTEPS

I saw Her footsteps just flit across the sky . . .
 And the sun blazed up and still it burns incontinent
 And so the stars to the end of the world —
 But the little moon was consumed outright and became the pale dead mass it is.

The golden trail of Her footsteps has kindled a quenchless Fire in my heart,
 And all my life is now a volcano with its thousand tongues of flame leaping to kiss
 the trail —

But where are the little senses' little pleasures gone
 And the spell of the near and dear and the small?
 They have gone the way of the lunar light and its borrowed lamp
 When the sun is high.

Lo, he is made to ride the comet that sweeps the expanding spaces,
 The creature who once crawled in his murky pit . . .
 A glance has melted,
 A touch has moulded
 A mortal into an Immortal!

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

TURN MY GAZE AWAY

Turn my gaze away from thousand nothingnesses —
 One thing for me is enough and more,
 O Queen of hearts!

What avails the senses each to pursue its luring fire
 That leads but to a dismal engulfing bog,
 To nothingness or worse?

The Sense of the senses dwells at home
 And through its moon-lit grace distils
 Peace and ease and rapture exquisite!

The essence of delights, the secret sap of blooms,
 The winkless Light beyond all flickerings,
 The one treasure intimate — it is Thou!

My all has melted away and vanished
 Into the single orb of thy compassion,
 O my One and All!

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

I LAY MYSELF BARE

I lay myself bare — limb by limb,
 From the outmost to the inmost, from the highest to the lowest,
 From the crown of the head to the tip of the toe,
 From my senses to the soul.

I lay myself bare — simply and wholly —
 To the touch of the one who is our Beloved,
 Like a babe, all beauty in its sheer nakedness,
 Reposing estatic in the warmth of the mother's lap.

The clothings and trappings, the pretences and falsities —
 All the proprieties that make up our adult wisdom —
 Cast to the winds — come as innocent as when you were born
 And bathe in the wide sunlight of Love Divine.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

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THE MOTHER

Is this not She
 Who was in every age,
 Yet lives forever
 In the hearts of men?

NORMAN DOWSETT

DESCENT OF THE MOTHER

Deep into the unconsciousness of Night
 She saw where She would enter His vast play,
 Deep in the murk of the world Her diamond Light
 Must shine until the Dawn of a brighter day.
 Out of the heavens into the gloom of earth,
 Out of the Timeless into the midnight hour;
 Vowed to the mutable chains of a mortal birth
 But with the sanction of His sacred power.
 This the result of a host of souls aspiring, —
 Searching for the Light on uncharted seas,
 This the total endeavour of their desiring
 A way to Her love through all perplexities;
 So in Her great compassion She entered the night
 To lead all seekers back to the Spirit's Sight.

NORMAN DOWSETT

DIVINE PRESENCE

A vibrant moment delicate with power
 Thrilled my very soul with pure delight,
 Like the wing of a bee kissing the lips of a flower
 So Her pinions brushed my soul in heavenward flight.
 Her coming awaked the red rose in my heart,
 Where tears of joy lay as the morning dew;
 I would capture the moment ere it did depart
 And yet I stirred not lest away it flew;
 And where Her mystic finger gently traced
 She slowly urged the power of Her control

And with a sweetness so divine She placed
 Her perfumed petalled cloak upon my soul:
 So gladly I surrendered to Her charms,
 Entranced I lay in Her immortal arms.

NORMAN DOWSETT

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MOTHER DIVINE

Mother Divine,
 Sun of heaven,
 Sea of Bliss,
 I pray to You,

Mother Divine,
 Love of my heart,
 Beauty of my eyes,
 I offer to You.

Mother Divine,
 Force of all life
 Light of all mind,
 I work for You.

P. AGARWAL

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THE MOTHER'S MUSIC

New Year's Day — 1952

As notes of Thy music, Mother, struck the air
 Vibrant with power and beatitude,
 Symbol sounds of the hidden Infinitude,
 A flood of light outpoured from Matter's lair.

And lo! the glorious form of our Lord arose
 In a blue-flamed lotus dear to human sight

Companioned by pink or saffron tongues of light,
A tiny image, the hue of a pearl-white rose.

As in a Revelation's mystic shrine
The mortal's sense-bound limits fall away,
So Thy harmonic meditation's sway
Stilled minds to supernature's sight divine.

The massive sweep of Thy compelling chords
Shall bring to birth the new creation's lords.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

A PRAYER TO THE MOTHER

Once more returns the cycle of the year
With its hurrying steps across a time-born life;
A moment glows above all struggle and strife
With its silent inward gaze far-off and near.

Mother Divine! Let Thy pure white flaming Feet
Press on this earthly life till there arise
Sun-bathed, the blue and gold of the upper skies
For thy many-hued playfulness a passive seat.

O Mother dear! Compel my future's course
To Thy appointed ways by trampling Fate,
By turning Godward all the senses' gate
Till they respond to Thy supernal Force.

Thy boundless Love spreads out like an infinite sea,
Let my body and mind and soul be drowned in Thee.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

THE MOTHER'S VICTORY

The vast Truth-Light for which the Ages toiled
 Thou hast brought down into this Matter's base,
 The Light sovran and free and ever unsoiled,
 To end the black Inconscient's nether haze.

O infinite Mother of the universe!
 Thou hast fulfilled Creation's argent dream:
 The last menacing shadows shall disperse,
 O saviour in human form! O Grace supreme!

Thou hast thrown open the gates of Heaven to man,
 And Knowledge and Love and Power in Oneness wed
 To seize the heart of strife in Thy miracle plan,
 O Trampler of Death! Night's hounds from Thee have fled.

Thy sun-gold Victory shall here unroll
 Thy willed God-action's supramental scroll.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

THE MOTHER

All beauty bows to Thee and loveliness,
 All Nature strives to find Thy charm and grace
 And all perfection yearns for Thy embrace,
 Each World is a fold of Thy eternal dress.

From Thee has come the splendour of the Sun,
 The Stars that shine in the darkness of the Night,
 The fairies' dance that thrills the ethereal sight;
 To glimpse Thy Feet in vain the gods ever run.

From Thee has sprung the timeless Two-in-One
 Whose rapture fills the spaces with delight,
 But veiled Thou standest in Thy own self-Light,
 For Thou art all. Thy influence nought can shun.

When stands the Light of lights on earth unveiled,
 Then man shall change by Beauty's force assailed.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

“WHO ART THOU, O MOTHER DEAR?”

Who art Thou, O Mother dear?
 “The Eternal’s face
 Of Love that tramples fear,
 His Golden Grace.”

What’s Thy Will, O Mother dear?
 “A Power of God
 Singing high and true and clear
 In man’s abode.”

“I am the unborn Will,
 All hearts I move;
 Passion-swings or featureless still,
 My moods of Love.”

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

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VIRGIN EYES

Mother, Thine eyes so luminous shine:
 Like gracious stars from heaven incline.

Mute is my pen to paint Thine eyes,
 For I know not where Thy mystery lies.

Calm of moon, and rapture of kiss —
 Eyes of Power, eyes of Bliss!

Bluer than the sky, profounder than the sea,
 How can I fathom their Purity?

Prithwindra

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THY SMILE

Thy gracious smile is all to me;
It makes me happy like a god;
It brings a rippling rhythmic life
Of nectar to this deathful clod.

It is a promise bright and sure
To my dull soul stuck deep in mire,
That it shall be redeemed and raised
To heaven's tier on shining tier.

It is a purifying force
Of Ganga true for sullied hearts;
Bathed in its light the nature turns
To jasmine-bloom in all its parts.

It comforts us in our distress
And brightens up our gloomy hours;
It helps and hews through hardships all
And leads us to God-haloed towers.

Thy smile, sweet Mother! is love's bloom
That's here to change and mould our earth
Into an Eden of delight,
The Immortals' glorious home and hearth.

PUJALAL

THE BLESSING

Thy very presence on this earth
Is a blessing to all creatures,
A bright redeeming hope to all
Our erring fallen natures.

Thy sun awakes the spring in us
Of everlasting life;
Thy love, panacea for all ills,
Weans hearts away from strife.

Thy soothing smile attracts all souls
 From dark abysses deep,
 And bathes them in its moon-white peace
 On snow-white summits steep.

Thy glance is a shining shaft of light
 From suns beyond our ken;
 It cleaves through the solid heart of night,
 And slays the Beast in his den.

Thy touch is the touch of ecstasy
 Of Ganga's dancing waves;
 It drives away the hordes of sin
 And gives us strength that saves.

Thy feet are the divine abode
 Of bliss one never knew,
 The birth-right of Thy blessed brood
 To their heritage always true.

PUJALAL

BLESSED WITH THY FEET

Our Earth has now become a blessed thing:
 Its secret soul rejoices evermore,
 Its atoms grown alive thrill, dance and sing
 Their song of silent adoration; for

Thy Love supreme has sweetly condescended
 To bring to us the blessing of Thy feet
 Whose presence is eternally attended
 Upon by heaven's glory infinite.

With them has come to us the Light of light;
 Its magic ray has changed our night to morn,
 Such as Earth never knew: a golden sight
 Reveals to us our self in God reborn.

The ugliness on earth is doomed for good;
 For now the Lotus-beauty, Mother divine,

Of Thy soft feet moves here with gracious mood:
At every step bloom forth charms hyaline.

No more shall now our Earth, redeemed, remain
A curse of seething, all-engrossing strife;
For Thy victorious feet have brought the reign
Of peace and rhythms of a God-given life.

PUJALAL

CHILD'S CLAIMS

Accept me Mother, body, heart and soul,
However much unworthy I may be;
Accept me in Thy service; any role
Thou chooseth is a welcome thing to me.

My life to Thee I wholly consecrate
For Thy celestial plan of work on earth;
If Thou shouldst need, I will not hesitate
A million times again to come to birth.

I am completely Thine, for ever Thine;
My eager blood shall run to serve Thy word;
I simply need to know Thy will divine;
Obedience shall come winging like a bird.

I always err, Thou hast to choose the work
For me, omniscient Mother, Light of light;
How dare I trust my mind, the child of Murk,
Whose only hope lies in Thy blessings bright?

Heed not my uproar of dislikes and likes;
I want to make Thy work my only pleasure;
A bed of roses or of pointed pikes,
I care not; for Thy will alone I treasure.

Thou art my Mother, let me only claim
To be allowed to serve with love Thy choice;
Thy Presence is my labour's only aim,
Thy Name, the rune-word for my soul to voice.

PUJALAL

ON THY PATH

Each time I take Thy name I do advance
 A step on the steep mountain path that rises
 To Thy sublimest height, held in a trance
 Of white eternity beyond surmises;

And many steps adown Thy infinite
 Compassion comes to meet my climbing soul,
 To comfort and to lead through all defeat
 Its faithful aspiration to its goal.

Each time I think of Thee, O Glorious One!
 My thought becomes a channel swift to bring
 To me the burning sweetness of the sun,
 Thy smile, life's lotus-joy's awakening.

Whenever an emotion turns to Thee,
 My heart becomes, as if by some magic rare,
 A bud of rubied flame that steadily
 Mounts up to kiss Thy love and open there.

And whatsoever work my body does,
 In service to Thy will becomes a song
 Of worship bringing thrills miraculous
 To all my members grown immune from wrong.

To Thee alone and to none else, sweet Mother!
 My being is for ever consecrated:
 The sacrificial fire, no smoke can smother,
 Shall speed to Thy embrace my soul belated.

PUJALAL

HER SERVICE TREE

I came from far-off country-side,
 — A little lucky thing,
 And found the Mother's warm and wide
 And lovely waiting wing.

The nectar dripping from Her eyes
I drank and still I drink,
And ever to a new life rise
Along sweet link on link.

Her presence stimulates my growth
As nothing else could do;
Whatever comes between us both
I ruthlessly eschew.

Her heart has given me lovingly
A sweetest single name,
— Her own, Her darling service tree:
It sets my soul aflame.

And firmly fixed, I offer now
To Her all that I can
In willing service; to this vow
Is wedded my life-span.

I'll bear the sun and spread my shade
To cool the summer air;
My branching arms, all well-arrayed
Shall fan Her face with care.

And all my love in joy shall flower
To feast Her fondling glance,
And hail Her Presence with a shower
Of fragrant gold in trance.

I'll flourish as Her service tree,
Protected from vile pest,
By Her almighty wakefully
Attending love caressed.

No evil eyes dare turn on me,
No spiteful blow descend,
A child-like spirit and care-free
From joy to joy I ascend.

Storms I do face with fortitude,
 Their rage may hurt me much;
 But all at last is turned to good
 By the Mother's magic touch.

My broken limbs are soon replaced
 By stronger ones that strive
 To render service doubly braced
 And thus they live and thrive.

My fondness for the Mother's feet
 Is growing day by day
 Into a quenchless flame replete
 With God who seeks my clay.

And let it grow till I at last
 Possess and be possessed
 By Her love's sweet self, immortal, vast,
 And be for ever blessed.

PUJALAL

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HER TOUCH

Nature stands still and mute,
 Life-Ocean is calm, silent, sad;
 Once devouring, cruel, faithless, mad,
 Now it tunes softly to Soul's flute.

Mind wishes to understand no more,
 Heart hovers tenderly on nothingness of self,
 I hear the slow moaning cry of my little elf
 Helpless, alone, staggering to its very core.

Grace I ask or shall perish and lose:
 To live in Her, delve deeper to the very essence.
 And never would I forget the Touch of Her Presence.
 That solitary messenger from above I feel, and must choose

To live within Her and to Her bound,
Breathe in Her sweet fury and voiceless sound.

RAMRAJ

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A PRAYER

Make me Thy instrument of might divine,
Attune my heart's lyre with Thy fiery strain,
Dissolving the stamp of dark, O Mother, shine
O'er soul's cloudy domain.

Lift me from the dust to the sky of Purity,
Kindle the lamp of vision in my heart,
Stoop down from Thy throne of golden infinity
Never again to depart.

Imbue my spirit with the shower of Love,
Drown me in fathomless oceans of delight,
Then lift again to the peaks of Truth above
On wings of starry white.

RANAJIT

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THE PLENISHER

When every other quest was at an end
I woke first to the quest supreme — for Thee:
When earthly alleys' ways proved blind, thou Friend,
Brought'st tidings of thy Milky Way to me.

When the babbling tides and rains of sympathy
Were sucked all dry by desert-sands on fire,
The rhythm of thy rich silent melody
Was caught by the toneless strings of my heart's lyre!

When kindly lustres of all other eyes
 Were quenched in tears of night, thy faery Face
 Arose a steadfast Polestar in my skies
 Which no cloud-gauze can blur, veil nor erase.

Thy modes are strange, thy beauty fathomless
 And deep thy play defying definition:
 Feigning to unfill my chalice thou wouldst bless
 Fulfilling, secretly, through thirst and vision.

RANI MITRA

(Translated from Bengali by Dilip Kumar Roy)

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THE OFFERING

I am Thy dream shaped by Thy hands
 Break me to a thousand bits, O break
 As Thou willest, build anew and deck
 My nights with flares that day commands!

Let earth sing sweet Thy form and name —
 All that grovel shall rise yet high,
 Free in the bosom of boundless sky;
 God-white Fire! kindle Thy purest flame!

Grey shall at a magic touch turn green,
 The far depth of delight to embrace
 Whose path the dawning hours retrace;
 The sun shall scatter the cloudy screen!

Moulded from Thy Will alone, rebuild
 This clod, O Master of golden dream!
 I offer my all to the Grace supreme:
 All that I am, to Her I yield!

ROBI GUPTA

THY GRACE

Thy Grace I pray for, O Mother,
 Within my heart,
 Thy fadeless light
 Upon my life's pathway.
 O Infinite! O Eternal!
 Golden image of Love!
 With Thy moonglow
 Make my night blameless.
 I pray for Thy Grace, O Mother,
 Within my heart!

A new music lights festive lamps
 Upon the stainless sky,
 The cry of Thy flute
 Weaves it into the dust of our earth.
 Creation's brush
 Draws its heavenly calligraph
 In deathless dawns.
 Awake, awake, my Dream-Queen!
 O Mother, I pray for Thy Grace
 Within my heart!

ROBI GUPTA

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the author's original song in Bengali)

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THE MOTHER BEARING THE HUMAN CROSS

A night-heavy cross of human doom is Hers
 Whose ancient weight no divinity could bear,
 A poignant load no might or will could reverse;
 The dark eternity's unchanging tare
 She carries on Her fathomless bosom-sea,
 An ocean-calm lifting an ocean-fret,
 Or world-pain upborne by the soul's immensity
 With timeless endurance, tireless, immaculate.

The mortal waves of the passing hours and time
 Leave no mark on Her everlasting Being,
 Her mind is alone, inscrutable, sublime
 On the grand vastnesses of His trance-wide seeing.
 A poise and Power and Bliss of His infinite Light,
 Her transcendent ray shall change this dying Night.

ROMEN

THE MOTHER OF GOLDEN PLENITUDE

The cosmic suns form the web of Her robe divine,
 The ethers and the stars Her girdle of light,
 The world's life-seas Her sandals incarnadine,
 The eternities Her soul, Her spirit, Her might.
 With arms of splendour, outstretched beyond the hours
 She clasps timelessness like a child at Her breast,
 Her changeless grace pours down in infinite showers
 Over the rock-seas of dark night-naked rest.

A height is Hers no wings can ever climb,
 With a span that looks god-vastnesses in the face,
 She sees the abyss of the earth, the pit of time
 As the vast abode of the supernal Blaze.
 The gloom, the gleam, the globe's death-errant mood
 Are the vestures of Her golden plenitude.

ROMEN

THE MOTHER DURING THE PLAYGROUND CONCENTRATION

With human darkness around, poignant and still
 She stands, a flame,
 A body-urn of the splendid Ineffable,
 A white mystic name

In the womb of dusk. What loneliness is Hers alone
 And what golden calm!
 What burning quietude magnificent, unknown,
 The sun-bright balm,

She keeps locked in her aureate infinity's core,
 The centre of God!
 She is the matchless sea without a shore,
 The summit's abode.

Yet Her gold altitudes have leaned and become
 The dust's very soul,
 Engulfed in mortal night spiritless, dumb;
 Her celestial bowl

Bears the damask-dark wine of somnolence;
 But behind the screen
 Her imperial self august, ageless, immense,
 Mighty, unseen,

Queen of the peak, Empress of the solar height,
 Labours unspanned
 To bring down the glory of the nameless Light
 On death's hoary land.

Within, above She is one with His spirit-fount,
 One like sea and sky;
 Her limbs are the fane of two-fold flames that mount
 To eternity.

Her silence is His voice, Her presence, His advent,
 Her body, His grace;
 We hear in Her the drum of His descent;
 His splendour is Her face.

In Her is hidden all His loftiest Noon;
 Her immortal clay
 Shall bear the last apocalypse and soon
 Our night turn Day.

ROMEN

THE MOTHER ON 29.2.68

The sun aureoled her limbs
 And the seas of the gods
 Are prostrate at her feet

Like unhindered dreams.
 Life aspires towards her source
 And the earth is lost in her presence;
 A white aspiring ray
 A body carved from lightning's brilliance,
 A soul of love immeasurable alone,
 She stands a bridge
 Between the vastnesses
 Of Gold and Dusk —
 The Goddess of perennial epiphanies.

ROMEN

THE MOTHER

Aureoled with the flame of the intangible,
 Here she stands upon the dumb-rock of sleep;
 Poised, an immense tranquillity of the sun
 — The Mother of the night-spacèd universe.
 Here into this mire of deep oblivion
 She, the limitless, must track her course
 Into the very heart of death's abode;
 Here she must wear the earthly mask
 Of life's everchanging passion-moods;
 She, who breathes life to the seas and the stars
 And wide worlds of rapture harmonies
 And golden vistas of unchanging bliss
 And peaks of silence housing the heights of trance
 And giant oceans of unbarred power
 And sweetness unconceived by mortal heart,
 Must enter the dungeon-frame of mortality
 To vesture this dun abysmal nakedness
 With the golden passion of the Infinite.

ROMEN

ONE DAY

Her feet is all our void's skull of time can sense.
 Only the fringe of her deathlessness we touch
 And crown our nights with her far, primal dawn

Beyond her feet and beginning are the crests
 No slumber-heart can climb, vision or face.
 Beyond are her widenesses, a spanless whole,
 Whose measures our frail whispering core can never seize.
 A cadence from her infinity can boon
 A sea-intensity of limitless joys.
 But one day our deeps shall be enormous, bare,
 Our heights shall overpass the heights of gods
 And the lid of mystic flamings shall be ajar —
 Then our death shall clasp the root of her day immense —
 A new sun-hound shall dart across our skies.

ROMEN

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AT HER FEET

O Mother, that tender touch of Yours, that touch
 I could not fully fathom — it was so much
 You poured into my nature's misty depth.
 But never will my trembling soul forget
 Those wondrous moments when Your Love it met.

Then to Your long and penetrating look
 I gave my eyes, yet knew not what I took
 Deep, deep into my body's open heart
 And deeper yet into my nature's need
 That must at last by your Light be freed.

With tender finger-tips You have firmly bound
 My soul to Your soul. In You I have found
 The nourishing sweet nectar of Your love
 That helps me from around and from above
 To give myself with all I am and have.

O Mother, my inner being's subtle ear
 Yearns endlessly again Your voice to hear
 As does a little child when left alone.
 But lonely I am not — Your love's embrace
 Stays fragrant with the perfume of Your grace.

RUTH

ONLY THEE

Just for a bit of poetry
 A small bird tries to fly
 On eager wings of expectancy
 To meet stars in their sky.

It does not think of poetry
 But only feels Thy grace.
 It does not crave for fantasy,
 It seeks the sun of Thy face.

And when the bird soars far into skies
 Swift words a garland form
 That does not weigh on its downward flight
 When slowly it circles home.

And while a poem receives its shape
 It thinks of nothing but Thee,
 Folds upward its little wings to pray:
 O thanks for Thy gift to me.

RUTH

YOU

I am nothing, nothing,
 Nothing without You

And can know nothing,
 Nothing without You.

But I am everything,
 Everything with You

And can know everything,
 Everything with You.

Is this not wonderful?
 Yes, so it truly is!

RUTH

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 * *

HER SLEEP

Her sleep is our silverest dream!
 Into the silence she has gone
 Where her body's sunward winging
 Strengthens the rush of a new dawn.

She is awake with early gleam
 In glad hues of the known-unknown;
 Her love is a measureless thing,
 Sky-splendours in depths to own.

R. Y. DESHPANDE

HER LOVE

There is no infinity
 Wider than her love.
 Even if you touch
 The edge of the bluemost,
 Or turn inward the eye's sight,
 You cannot reach the bounds
 Where her gold fires burn.
 The overflowing sun
 Is her splendour's dream;
 The deep currents of the sea
 Are calm passions as much,
 Of her measureless force.
 When by faith the mountains move,
 Or the sky is full of sounds,
 It is the rush of her delight;
 Of the southern wind's gust,
 Or the hurry of the stream,
 Her sweetness is the source.

R. Y. DESHPANDE

TO HYMN YOUR PRAISE

I have come to hymn your praise,
 O glory gathered in the clay;
 You felt it fit in it to raise
 A beauty's shrine to stay.

You have flung a bright thought
 To see the wonder of the stars,
 And in curvatures of space sought
 A perfection that nothing mars.

On the altar you lit a flame
 That it may plunge yet in night,
 In body's joyous trance claim
 Truth that is your birthright.

Out of a cleavable infinity
 You cut up countless skies,
 In gorgeous what-is-to-be
 Opened out a new paradise.

R. Y. DESHPANDE

SHE SLEEPS

She is asleep: in the bosom of the night
 Studded with reveries humming with star-chime
 Peace widens into the future's memory,
 And eternity moves on the wheels of time.

She is awake: new birds of morning joy, swift,
 Winging through regions of calm in a dazzled sky
 Soar up like visions from unstirred shapes of the past
 And reach the endless day of solar destiny.

Unseen, she is everywhere, and luminous,
 The sweetness-all, a love at once near and far —
 Her sleep, the ever-now, is our wonder's dream,
 Her smile, the cause by which indeed we are!

Our passion is a diamond of her silent might,
 Burning in the body of dense-subtle light.

R. Y. DESHPANDE

HER NAME

Name her by each flower
 And call her in each song —
 Because in the deep and living throb of the heart
 These all to her belong.

Let honeyed tongue of flame
 Even in silence blaze
 As though the night stars in their pilgrim march
 Her name chantingly praise.

Not only dreamful hue
 Or sweet and fragrant wind
 But gold and orange of the bursting omniscience too
 Would her gleaming name bind.

Her smile is a wonder
 That kindles in each cell
 The alchemic truthfulness of a great and sunlit day
 In occult of its spell.

R. Y. DESHPANDE

MAN, THE IMMORTAL

Do you know how real is she?
 Human-garbed she has come in our midst;
 On the tennis-court plays with as much ease,
 Or in the school teaches to the kids.

She fills with calm Rishi's meditation
 And takes him to the mountain-end;
 Her eagle-wings are spread on the world
 And saves me from a motor-accident.

I see in Bohr's brilliant face
 A sure semblance of her smile;
 She works in an engineer
 And builds an atomic pile.

Rocketing she takes us to the moon
 And through a magic crystal
 Shows Shiva's figure in cosmos's core —
 Man, the immortal.

R. Y. DESHPANDE

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HYMN TO THE MOTHER

Goddess Supreme, Mira! Creator of the Worlds,
 Nourisher of the Worlds, Benefactor of the Worlds! Mother!
 Goddess Supreme, Mira! The infinite mother of the Gods,
 the universal Goddess!
 The Home of the Worlds, thy gracious feet!
 Rays of the immeasurable light, descending from
 the divine family of the Gods,
 We shall take birth as the new race,
 spreading wide thy force of light by our valour.
 A new humanity, a new race of beauty,
 they bear in their eyes the tranquillity of thy eyes.
 Train all thy children, Mother, under thy training,
 give them thy own initiation.
 We shall pin thy words upon our flag
 and march on from peak to peak,
 firm in heart, towards the goal.
 Ever shall we hold in front our ideal.
 We are seekers who seek to lay themselves
 at thy feet,
 ever shall we seek refuge in thee.

Sun Goddess, O Mother Mira!
 Origin that has no origin and no end!
 On thy forehead shines the glorious heaven,
 At thy feet lies the Path freed of darkness!

New lights shine in thy limbs,
 new lightnings flash in thy glances;
 thy steps measure out the rhythm eternal;
 thy smile bewitches our prone heart to surrender.
 Thy touch pours abroad thy supreme blessings,
 thy face irradiates thy overflowing grace.
 O, thy feet, the wide open eternal refuge of all!

Goddess Mira, Mother of the Worlds,
 Without thy upholding strength
 the universe is a helpless orphan.
 With thy Presence upon earth,
 dispel all evil, all untruth.
 Victory, Victory to the giver of victory,
 We bow down to the Supreme Ruler
 of the worlds, the Mother!

SAHANA DEVI

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the original Bengali)

GODDESS THAT HAST DAWNED

Goddess that hast dawned upon the horizon!
 Hast thou crossed the infinitude of Darkness
 And come into the timeless moment?
 Thou hast revealed thyself in thy complete regalia —
 The hem of thy garment sweeps my heart.
 Countless are the seeds of rhythms and songs thou hast sown
 Within the bosom of the Earth, throbbing for expression.
 Thou hast descended like a lightning flash with thy swift motion of delight
 To gather in thy gracious hands the sheaf of songs offered to thee.

Goddess of dream, hast thou shed upon the Night
 The hue of thy perfect vision of creative might?
 Celestial moments reddened with thy kisses
 Weave an unseen bond between Earth and Paradise —
 On their wings often and anon falls in showers
 The glorious dust of thy feet, my Goddess, O Word divine!

SAHANA DEVI

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the original Bengali)

A CHILD'S SONG

I am a simple child of Thine,
 O Mother of golden Light!
 Thy thousand suns for ever shine
 Piercing the darkest night.

My only Friend I have in Thee,
 A shelter safe and sure.
 Thy Grace abides eternally
 And makes me ever pure.
 No learning has this child of Thine;
 I love Thee, Mother dear!
 Let me know Thy Will divine —
 I'll do it without fear.

My heart opens to Him, our Lord —
 My prayer rises high,
 And answers come from the mighty God,
 Bringing the victory nigh.

SAILEN

(Suggested to Sailen by a few phrases jotted down by Prahlad)

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WHAT THOU WILLEST

What should I always do?
 What Thou willest;
 What the Mother wants me to do,
 That I must do, always.

What should I always speak?
 What Thou willest;
 What the Mother wants me to speak,
 That I must speak, always.

What should I always think?
 What Thou willest;

What the Mother wants me to think,
That I must think, always.

What should I always see?
What Thou willest,
What the Mother wants me to see,
That I must see, always.

O Mother, never may I
do, speak, think or see
What is not what Thou willest —
but may I ever be
What Thou willest, always.

SATADAL

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GRACE OF LIGHT

Thorn-sharp has become my heart,
Relentless fogs creep on my mind,
Wounded, courage has bled,
Belied, hopes have fled,
Each step on the cheerless way
Seems an endless Everest climb.
Frayed are the life-lines' ropes,
Moan around our sinking hopes;
Alone I stand on an ice-ledge.
Life's door can be forced only
By betrayal's wedge.
Shut or open it does not entice,
In shame to live is too great a price.
All is lost, darkness is massed around.
I cannot unwind and ever hold myself tight,
Will you not, O incarnate Love! shatter my night
And grant me the infinite Grace of Thy light?

SHYAM KUMARI

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* *

SHE

Because She is,
 We see the great summits,
 Because She is,
 We aspire, we hope,
 Because She is,
 We are saved.

To help us mount high
 She is come,
 To take us to the light
 She is come,
 As the response from above
 to the call from below
 She is come.

For those who love Her,
 For those who do not,
 For those who adore Her,
 For those who do not,
 Same is Her love,
 Same Her smile.

Where is She?
 Who is She?
 Do you know Her?
 No?
 But Time presses, do you not know
 Time presses?

SHYAM SUNDAR JHUNJUNWALA

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MY MARVELLOUS MOTHER

Marvellous . . .
 My Mother marvellous.
 That is what matters about me,
 that and nothing else,
 that this frail death-bound body should carry
 Her blessings,
 the blessings of Immortality.
 That is why
 crossing a hundred deaths
 these arms stretch towards the life everlasting.

Bird in a cage
 the music of the spheres I sing,
 O gift of Mother mine.

Strewn with thorns my path,
 feet bound in chains . . .
 yet a Pilgrim on the march am I!
 Seat in the dust
 with the stars do I hold my tryst and
 my rendezvous,
 such is my Mother's will!

Weak flame of a little lamp,
 it blows out again and again,
 but then how it blazes up too, again and
 yet again!
 O the alchemy of Mother mine!

Wherever I turn
 beauty unending startles my eyes . . .
 in specks of dust I see the Taj,
 in dew drops are written
 the Vedas and the Upanishads,
 in leaves and creepers whisper the holy hymns
 in every eye the fire of sacrifice,
 in all sounds a prayer, an incantation,

the murmur of the Mother's name I hear
everywhere . . .

SISIR KUMAR GHOSE

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the original Bengali)

ON LOOKING AT A PHOTO OF THE MOTHER

Two Great Mysteries —
the sky and the sea —
have held an ageless attraction
for the mortal mind and eye.

From the shores of a small island
Victor Hugo, in exile,
kept looking at the sea
all day long.
How was he going to pass his days of exile?
they asked him.
I shall keep looking at the sea,
he spoke in reply.

The sea and the sky,
for ever they gaze at each other . . .
the shades of the sky change the hues of the sea
and it stretches its arms of wave
to touch the rim of the sky . . .

In between, here below, on the sandy shore,
plays about the child of Man,
just as he likes . . .
But all the time someone or something draws him to the horizon,
there where the sky meets the sea!
The more he advances
the more recedes the skyline.
Amazed and bewildered, he seeks for the point
where the Great Mysteries meet.

Two pictures in a frame.
In the Mother's face have I seen,

the Meeting of the Mysteries:
 while Her one eye mirrors
 the measureless sky,
 the other holds the mystery of the blue.
 Two pictures in one frame.

SISIR KUMAR GHOSE

(Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the original Bengali)

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ODE TO THE DIVINE MOTHER

She has come down to this earth
 Assuming a human frame,
 In response to Her children's aspiration.
 Her human birth has made the world conscious
 of a truth fundamental
 That this terrestrial existence is not a creation by chance,
 That there is a latent aim which is to be realised
 Through the paths and bypaths and vicissitudes of life.
 Thus, though, She is the Universal Mother,
 deeply She responds to an individual soul's call.
 To lead Her children to a divine life
 Is Her burning dream.
 As love pure She is present in every heart,
 Yet to realise Her love
 The heart must be pure.
 As Mahakali She leads Her children faster to the goal;
 As Maheshwari She opens up every aspect
 of the personality of a soul
 to the grandeur of the Supreme Light;
 As Mahasaraswati She touches every part of Her children
 for creating perfect forms;
 As Mahalakshmi She pours down Her blessings
 For realising the Truth amidst opulence.

To a surrendered soul She reveals Herself
 Like the blooming of a lotus
 But to a doubting mind

She is a distant star of a far off galaxy.
 She is so intimate to Her children
 That they cannot feel
 Her presence's warmth
 Unless they turn their eyes within.
 To an arrogant mind
 She is a distant truth,
 To a surrendered soul
 She is the veritable presence all around.
 She wants Her children to aim high
 Yet She has the infinite patience —
 To wait for them to awake
 From deep slumber's mesmerism.
 And She dreams to mould fragile human forms
 Into immortal forms divine:
 In the bosom of the darkest darkness
 She is the eternal Light.
 Darkness is Her playful mask
 But to a seeking soul
 All wisdom is She.

SITANGSHU CHAKRABORTY

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TWO LOVES

Love, crave-born
 Once-known ageless dweller,
 Your open abyss
 Severed my screaming heart.

Steel-daggered jaws
 Opened on a desert pit
 Where a deafening red stridency
 Fed crimson upon crimson death.

Devourer devouring
 You sought but ardent pain,
 Knew but black chilled terror,
 And shouting wrecked the soul and being,

Estranged, mute,
 Man stood stilled,
 Deaf witness
 To the crucified call
 Of love craving love.

But another love
 Has just now trembled
 — Secret stirring of a shy white rose,
 A love love-born
 Flowing from the flowered pool
 Of a brimming peaceful heart.

Surging from a fullness,
 It asks nor wants but gives
 From an ever replenished
 Quiet core of being.

Milk-white secret Fount,
 Sweet cradle-depth of angels,
 You hold the mystery
 Of the gift-giving child.

Nascent joy,
 Pearl of psychic love,
 A smile surprised!

Within this new heart — Her heart,
 Man stands at one,
 United in Her love-stream,
 The Divine Mother's.

Love essence,
 Love inexplicable,
 Love love-born,
 Newcomer,
 Stay awhile!
 O Mother, make it stay awhile!

SRIMAYI

CHILDREN OF LIGHT

Children of Light!
 Rainbowed foreheads,
 Luminous eyes,
 Golden speech,
 Breast wide-open,
 In your swift flight-march
 Towards the prismic blazing Heights!

As arched golden bows
 Thrill your taut bodies
 In their ardent flight
 Towards the Twelve-Rays Sun.

The fruit of an Earth transformed
 Opens the secret alchemy
 Of thousand-faceted power-treasures
 Held in the subtle cores of atoms.

From this miracled new-born Earth
 Shoots up a path of Light
 Woven by the irresistible rays
 Of the Golden Mother calling
 Her children to the heights.

She calls, enrobes and draws.
 Her will, a Calm ablaze,
 A Faith-Force all-transforming,
 With a single absolute aim:
 The heralding of Superconscience,
 The Lord Supreme for all.

Children of Light!
 You have left the dark subconscious,
 You have left the middle mind-realm,
 You are moulded into
 A new consciousness, being, power,
 By a Mother's Light-Force Hand
 To serve the Golden Manifestation.
 For in moment formidable

Of calm-passionate embrace
 The Mother and the Lord of All
 Have seized this alchemical Universe,
 Struck open its casketed key-secret,
 Released in a drunk-with-joy atom-chain
 The Divine Power enclosed
 In its One-myriad-multiple Heart.

The Eternal has broken its gates,
 Has rushed upon Earth
 To be lived
 As the Eternal HERE AND NOW.

Children of Light!
 Bold is your look,
 Swift-calm your determined tread,
 In your conquering flight-march
 Towards the prismic twelve-fold Heights.

The whole is held in your hearts.
 Yours is not the worried search,
 But the fiery untrammelled path
 Of Truth upon Truth disrobed
 By the ever-anew evolving
 Eternal Mother-Guide.

Children of Light!
 The Sun of Suns
 Has exploded upon earth,
 Within earth,
 The time of twelve-rays Sun-Life has come,
 And you are its first heralds.

SRIMAYI

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SOMEONE HAD PRAYED

The day was long, the burden I had borne
 Seemed heavier than I could longer bear;
 And then it lifted — but I did not know
 Someone had knelt in prayer —
 Had taken me to Mother that very hour,
 And asked the easing of the load, and She
 In infinite compassion, had stooped down;
 And taken it from me.

We cannot tell how often as we pray
 For some hurt one, bewildered and distressed,
 The answer comes — but many times these hearts
 Find sudden peace and rest.
 Someone had prayed, and Faith, a reaching hand,
 Took hold of Mother, and brought Her down that day;
 So many, many hearts have need of prayer —
 Oh, let us pray!

SUDHANGSHU BHUSAN PAL CHOUDHURY

SOMETIME

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And sun and stars forevermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
 Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
 And we shall see how Mother's plans are right,
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart.
 Her plans, like lilies pure and white unfold;
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
 And if through patient toil, we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,

Where we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "Mother knew best."

SUDHANGSHU BHUSAN PAL CHOUDHURY

A PRAYER

Speak to me, Mother, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O teach me, Mother, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Mother,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy light to show.

SUDHANGSHU BHUSAN PAL CHOUDHURY

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HYMN TO THE GODDESS

My heart, O Goddess adored,
Rapturous with Thy multiple aspects,
Loves to contemplate Thee!
Thou art the soul of the world,
And for Thy disciples the priceless treasure
Given to us by the Divine.

Thou lookest like a girl so young, sometimes!
Thy beautiful gaze toward the earth inclined,
Thy profile so noble, so pure,
Thou so slender in Thy silk, one may surmise that in Thee

Only the spirit exists, a flame never weary.
 Sometimes under Thy tiara and Thy garments richly threaded,
 Embroidered in gold by hands pious and loving,
 Glorious icon, Thou revivest
 The splendour of Egypt and the splendour Byzantine,
 Thy heavy gaze of emerald and gold evokes
 The Infinite to our souls and the magnet
 Of Absolute Beauty adds to Thy Divinity!
 Body and soul, Thine are we, O Goddess, O Shakti Supreme!
 The multiplicity of Thy action embraces the world and never ceases
 For it manifests through all;
 Here is the Silence, there is the Gesture, the Word, the Movement.
 Thou embracest all, O Mother! O Goddess, most holy!
 O Mother, thanks to Thee for being so great,
 Through Thee our thirst for the Infinite is quenched,
 Thanks again to Thee.

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Certain evenings when the bronze sunsets
 Pour in the skies the torrents of light,
 On Thy terrace Thou comest, before our charmed eyes
 Suddenly Thou appearest, Thou, our Love: The Mother.
 Frescoed against the luminous background
 Of the Indian sky, so clear and glorious,
 Thy light sari flutters with the breeze
 Clinging, sometimes, to Thy body so intimately
 That Thou appearest a simple woman . . . a moment! . . .
 But from Thee fly to us so many things,
 Our souls, our bodies tremble under the currents
 Of Force, of Light, settling on each.
 And in the noble sunsets we are
 Only the vessels, opening under Thy sacred pressure,
 Only the flowers breathing Thy light iridescent;
 Thou smilest and Thou passest, O my Goddess,
 Tanagra silhouette on Thy heavy pedestal,
 Fabulous cube where fuse unceasingly
 Matter and Spirit . . . and it was destined
 That this sacred block, where tread Thy naked feet,
 Be the abode majestic and holy of a God:
 The present Avatar — Sri Aurobindo —

Is the guest, thrice holy, of this august place.

*

These are some aspects of Thine, O adored one,
 That each with his ordinary eyes can see,
 But of these is One, formidable and sacred,
 Which to us is revealed, some evenings, some evenings very clear,
 When, with the senses in sleep, the Spirit alone lives,
 The consciousness enlarged perceives Thy Light;
 The Divine Shakti, at work, this nocturnal hour,
 Dilates, burns, purifies, illumines,
 Prepares the habitation for the God whom She awakes —
 And all this, maternally, within our sleep.

SUVRATA

*(Written in 1937 when the Mother used to walk on the first-floor terrace in the evening;
 translated by Shyam Sundar from the French)*

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CLAY-FLOWER

Take, O Love, this aching dust.
 Within your hands of power;
 Break the seals of night's thick crust,
 And mould me to a flower.

Through the veins of rock and earth
 Let flow your streams of grace,
 Kindle the roots anew to birth,
 Upon my earth-clods trace

Visions of the coming Spring,
 Seed-secrets, mute and close,
 Promise of the blossoming
 Of your immortal Rose.

THÉMIS

THE ONLY WAY

Do not cross the ancient bridgeway,
 Lest your pale feet bleed;
 So sharp, so fine the razor's edging,
 White purity we need.
 There's but one way to make the journey,
 Without the abysmal slide;
 Let Grace Herself become the crossing,
 And Love Divine your guide.

Nor venture lone the ancient stairway
 To reach that world of gold;
 These rough steps rise to dizzy spaces,
 Your feet will lose their hold.
 No man may scale this giddy skyway,
 Alone and pure of pride;
 Let Grace Herself become the climbing,
 And Love Divine your guide.

THÉMIS

THERE IS NO QUESTION

There is no question; one stark fact remains:
 What she had promised to do she has done.
 If men grope blindly, does it mean the sun
 Illumines not their pathways and their plains?
 Why! her love's Sun has kissed even the drains
 Of our desires, has drunk the vapours dun
 Of guttered falsehood where night's waters run.
 What hasn't she done? If in our brains and veins
 The Fire still burns low, it is best we seal
 Our stupid lips and roll ourselves to sleep . . .
 She called the brave with all their faith to leap
 Into those dangerous depths her heart explored,
 Daring the unknown darkness to reveal
 The flame-gold body that must house the Lord.

THÉMIS

DARSHAN DAY

Are these but vacant thrones or are you there
 As once of old, when Love resplendent filled
 All hearts with glory, and pure light distilled
 The essences of beauty in the air?
 In silent earnestness we wait and stare,
 Empty of vision, in dream-darkness chilled,
 Where vague imaginings gather and gild
 Pale hopes hanging on nails of sharp despair.
 — Oh, *are* you there? Heart after heart still cries
 The question, as the cold procession winds
 Past; but through the black pain burst sparked replies:
 And some, rapt high, see splendid forms divine,
 Another, swiftly swirling inward finds
 You seated, lovely, in his own pure shrine.

THÉMIS

“THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN . . .”

O sweet Compassion, Heart of Love,
 What wondrous mercies flood our days;
 Blind, foolish souls are rapt in light,
 Deliverance lifts its joy and praise.

On heights where climbing pathways meet,
 The toil-worn sages prayed for Grace;
 But we, the dust beneath their feet,
 Have seen the glory of Your face.

THÉMIS

ALL'S WELL

There's but one deed to celebrate,
 The breaking of the Laws of Fate:
 Death burnt upon that wondrous pyre
 Built by love's sacrificial fire.

There's but one image to enshrine,
 The beauty of that Love divine:
 The radiant gold within those eyes,
 From suns in far eternities.

And for the rest — there's naught to say.
 All's well, because She walked our way,
 And touched our dust: each thing's a flame,
 Each atom pulsates with Her Name.

THÉMIS

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A PRAYER

Oh! Thou sweet compassionate Mother Divine,
 Around Thee joyfully our lives we entwine;
 To Thee unendingly our prayers upsoar,
 At Thy Feet Divine all our troubles we pour.

Unanswered never has been a cry sincere,
 Always to Truth Thou hast taught us to adhere;
 A sorrowing heart finds Thy solace within,
 Taking new birth in Thee fresh lives we begin.

Breathing Thy breath, in Thy Radiance we live,
 In the baby-cat attitude ourselves we give
 To Thee, Sweet Mother, whom our souls adore.
 Preserve thyself ever for us, we implore.

TIM

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AFTER SEEING THE MOTHER

The sun, massed densely, bliss in light,
 Shines deeply, nudely in my eyes,
 Obscuring colour, blinding form.

A silhouette seen on Eternity's sands,
 Still and pure, crimson-rimmed;
 The sounds of prayers humble and sweet
 Echoed on films of perfumed air,
 Prayers and hymns to you . . .

For all the names of love you are;
 All the beauty of Heaven's dreaming,
 The joy and strength of its silent soul.

TONY SCOTT

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THE MIRACLE OF GOD-TOUCH

I have touched the fringe of joy.
 A profound serenity impels me inward
 And my inner space is limned with its glory;
 A burnished brilliance radiates from its core.

Distress, sorrow, dark shadows
 No longer fret me, — for I am free;
 The air is fragrant, balmy the breeze,
 And like a lark I soar, unworried, in ecstasy.

In this happy universe, of grace, beauty,
 Boundless, sanctifying, not in death,
 I now dwell, chanting the Hymn of Her Name.
 Truly God-touch alone can do the wonder.

VIRENDRA SHAH

* * *

Sources:

A number of poems included in this issue have appeared earlier in the following journals —

Sri Aurobindo Circle
Mother India
Sri Aurobindo's Action
Collaboration

Poems have also been chosen from two published anthologies —

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Devotion (IntEnt, Auroville, 2007)

And published collections of individual poets —

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