

# MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE



SEPTEMBER 2021

*Owner:* Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust

*Printer:* Swadhin Chatterjee

*Publisher:* Manoj Das Gupta

*Published from:* Publication Department, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, 605 002

*And Printed from:* Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press,  
No. 38, Goubert Avenue, Pondicherry, 605001, India

Editor: S. Ravi

Registered with the Registrar of Newspapers for India: RNI No. 8667/63

# MOTHER INDIA

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

SEPTEMBER 2021

PRICE: Rs. 30.00

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

#### INLAND

Annual: Rs. 200.00 (or 2 years – Rs. 400/-, 3 years Rs. 600/- etc.)

For 10 years: Rs. 1,800.00

Price per Single Copy: Rs. 30.00

#### OVERSEAS

Sea Mail: (valid for USA and Canada only)

Annual: \$35

For 10 years: \$350

Air Mail:

Annual: \$70

For 10 years: \$700

All payments to be made in favour of *Mother India*. Cheque should be sent by speed post only. For NEFT/bank transfers (from within India only) kindly inform us by email with full name and address. Our bank details are:

Beneficiary Name: SAAT A/C Mother India

Account Number: 0927101035721

Beneficiary Bank Name: Canara Bank

Beneficiary Branch Name: Pondicherry Muthialpet

IFSC code: CNRB0000927

For Money Orders please send to:

Mother India, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry 605002

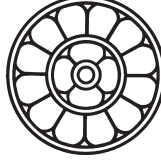
All cheques and correspondence to be addressed to:

MOTHER INDIA, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry - 605002, India

Phone: (0413) 2233642

E-mail: [motherindia@sriurobindoashram.org.in](mailto:motherindia@sriurobindoashram.org.in)

For all subscriptions correspondents should give their full address in BLOCK letters, with the correct PIN code along with their email id or telephone number. Current or past subscribers are requested to mention their subscription number in case of any inquiry.



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.



All Rights Reserved. No matter appearing in this journal or part thereof may be reproduced or translated without written permission from the publishers except for short extracts as quotations.

The views expressed by the authors are not necessarily those of the journal.

All correspondence to be addressed to:

MOTHER INDIA, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry - 605002, India

Phone: (0413) 2233642

e-mail: [motherindia@sriurobindoashram.org.in](mailto:motherindia@sriurobindoashram.org.in)

Publishers: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust

Founding Editor: K. D. SETHNA (AMAL KIRAN)

Associate Editors: HEMANT KAPOOR & RANGANATH RAGHAVAN

# MOTHER INDIA

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. LXXIV

No. 9

*“Great is Truth and it shall prevail”*

---

### CONTENTS

#### *Sri Aurobindo*

THE PILGRIM OF THE NIGHT ... 11

#### *The Mother*

ON SRI AUROBINDO ... 12

### OBEISANCE, LORD, TO THEE

#### *Poems on Sri Aurobindo*

(Continued from the issue of August 2021)

#### *Narad*

THE AVATAR ... 19

THE GLORIOUS RENAISSANCE ... 19

DWELLING OF THE LORD ... 20

HOMAGE TO THE AVATAR ... 20

IN HIS PRESENCE ... 21

ON LOOKING AT HIS PHOTOGRAPH ... 22

IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM ... 22

TO LORD SRI AUROBINDO ... 23

DESCEND, O LORD ... 23

SONNET TO THE LORD ... 24

THE MASTER HELMSMAN ... 24

VISION-CHANGE ... 25

A PRAYER ... 26

ASPIRATIONS ... 26

TO SRI AUROBINDO ... 27

HOMAGE TO SRI AUROBINDO ... 27

WHERE THE SACRED BODIES REST ... 28

DARSHAN OF THE LORD ... 28

READING SAVITRI BY CANDLELIGHT	...	29
POET'S PRAYER	...	30
ALL QUESTIONS AND ALL ANSWERS	...	30
<i>Naresh Bahadur</i>		
THE SAMADHI OF SRI AUROBINDO	...	31
<i>Navoditte</i>		
BY LETTING GO IT ALL GETS DONE	...	32
<i>Gleb Nesterov</i>		
THE MASTER	...	32
<i>Nirodbaran</i>		
PROMISE	...	33
'BELATED TRAVELLER ...'	...	33
MYRIAD FIRES	...	34
'SEEKING THY LIGHT ...'	...	34
'THE AIR FILLS WITH SOME DEEP INVADING HUSH'	...	35
THE ONLY CRAVING	...	35
'I WEAVE MY LONELY DREAM'	...	36
'A DIAMOND LIGHT OF GOD HAS TOUCHED MY SOUL'	...	37
<i>Nishikanto</i>		
SRI AUROBINDO	...	37
<i>Nolini Kanta Gupta</i>		
'LORD, THIS IS MY PRAYER'	...	38
'LORD, THOU HAST HEARD OUR PRAYER'	...	39
'LEST I BECOME PROUD OF MY STRENGTH'	...	39
'IN THE WIDE, WIDE SAPPHIRE STILLNESS ...'	...	40
<i>Norman Dowsett</i>		
MEDITATION IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM	...	41
ON "SAVITRI"	...	41
SRI AUROBINDO'S PRESENCE	...	42
DEDICATION TO SRI AUROBINDO	...	43
<i>Patti</i>		
SHIMMERINGS AND GLIMMERINGS	...	44
STILL	...	44
<i>Pranab Kumar Bhattacharya</i>		
PLEDGE RENEWED	...	45
NEW AWAKENING	...	45
SRI AUROBINDO BIRTH CENTENARY PRANAM	...	46
<i>T. Prasad</i>		
OUR GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE	...	47

*Prithwi Singh Nahar*

A PRAYER TO SRI AUROBINDO AND THE MOTHER	...	48
THE COMING OF SRI AUROBINDO	...	48
SRI AUROBINDO'S WORK	...	49
"THIS CAN NEVER BE THE CLOSE"	...	49
THE COMING OF SRI AUROBINDO AND HIS PASSING	...	50
THE PASSING OF SRI AUROBINDO . . .	...	50
THE PASSING OF SRI AUROBINDO	...	51
SRI AUROBINDO: THE LORD OF MANY NAMES AND FORMS	...	52
TO SRI AUROBINDO	...	52
SRI AUROBINDO	...	52

*Prithwindra*

THE GOAL	...	53
----------	-----	----

*Punjatal*

AT THE SAMADHI OF SRI AUROBINDO	...	53
A DEEP DESIRE	...	54

*Rajanikanta Mody*

AT THE TIME OF SITTING IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM	...	55
------------------------------------------------	-----	----

*Ranajit*

THE FLAME-SWORD	...	56
-----------------	-----	----

*Rani Maitra*

FAREWELL	...	56
APPEAL	...	57

*Ratri Ray*

TRANSFORMATION	...	58
----------------	-----	----

*Donald M. Reeves*

THEE ALONE	...	58
SRI AUROBINDO	...	59
SRI AUROBINDO'S THOUGHT	...	59

*Jesse Roark*

HOMAGE	...	60
--------	-----	----

*Rod*

SRI AUROBINDO APPEARS	...	60
-----------------------	-----	----

*Romen*

AUGUST 15, 1952	...	61
TO SRI AUROBINDO	...	62
THE BIRTH OF THE AVATAR	...	63
IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM	...	63
ON RE-READING "SAVITRI"	...	64

SRI AUROBINDO (5 <sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER 1950)	...	64
9 <sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER 1974	...	65
<i>Ruth</i>		
I AM HERE	...	65
THE SAVIOURS	...	66
MY HOME	...	66
<i>Samar Basu</i>		
THY PRESENCE	...	67
<i>Shraddhavan</i>		
HOW TO GO THROUGH?	...	68
THE CLAY BIRD	...	68
SUNDAY AT MATRIMANDIR	...	69
<i>Shyam Kumari</i>		
“SRI AUROBINDO’S COMPASSION” <i>Portulaca grandiflora</i>	...	70
<i>Sitangshu Chakraborty</i>		
EMBRACE US, O LORD!	...	71
GAZING AT HIS ROOM ACROSS THE STREET	...	71
<i>K. B. Sitaramayya</i>		
SUPER-DANTE	...	72
THIS OFFERING	...	72
SRI AUROBINDO	...	73
<i>S. M.</i>		
RESURRECTION	...	73
<i>Elizabeth Stiller</i>		
OFFERING	...	74
<i>Sureshwar</i>		
LAUREL SUPERNAL	...	74
<i>Suresh Hindocha</i>		
SYMPHONY	...	75
<i>Tejen Mukherjee</i>		
SALUTATION TO SRI AUROBINDO	...	75
<i>Thémis</i>		
OFFERING	...	77
THIS HIDDEN WORLD	...	78
O MARVELLOUS FRIEND	...	79
THE ORDINANCE	...	79
STREAMLETS	...	80
EPIPHANY	...	80



	SWEET ENTRANCER	...	81
<i>Tim</i>			
	THE TEMPLE	...	81
	THE UNFOLDING	...	82
<i>Tony Scott</i>			
	THE LAST NIGHT	...	83
<i>U.</i>			
	AT THE SAMADHI	...	84
<i>Vasant K. Kulkarni</i>			
	INVOCATION TO SRI AUROBINDO	...	85
<i>Vyankat Raman Singh</i>			
	“MOTHER MIRA IS MY REFUGE, MY REFUGE IS SRI AUROBINDO”	...	85
<i>Vithaldas</i>			
	THE IMMORTAL DAWN	...	86
<i>Y.</i>			
	SONG TO SRI AUROBINDO	...	87



## THE PILGRIM OF THE NIGHT

I made an assignation with the Night;  
In the abyss was fixed our rendezvous:  
In my breast carrying God's deathless light  
I came her dark and dangerous heart to woo.

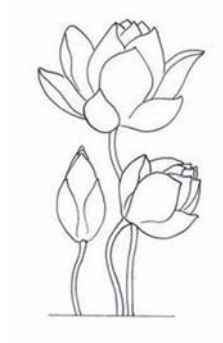
I left the glory of the illumined Mind  
And the calm rapture of the divinised soul  
And travelled through a vastness dim and blind  
To the grey shore where her ignorant waters roll.

I walk by the chill wave through the dull slime  
And still that weary journeying knows no end;  
Lost is the lustrous godhead beyond Time,  
There comes no voice of the celestial Friend.

And yet I know my footprints' track shall be  
A pathway towards Immortality.

SRI AUROBINDO

*(Collected Poems, CWSA, Vol. 2, p. 603)*



[26 July 1938, revised 18 March 1944. Three handwritten manuscripts, the first entitled "In the Night". — Editorial note in CWSA]

## ON SRI AUROBINDO

Sri Aurobindo's work is a unique earth-transformation.

\*

Sri Aurobindo incarnated in a human body the supramental consciousness and has not only revealed to us the nature of the path to follow and the method of following it so as to arrive at the goal, but has also by his own personal realisation given us the example; he has provided us with the proof that the thing can be done and the time is now to do it.

\*

Never for an instant vacillate in the belief that the mighty work of change taken up by Sri Aurobindo is going to culminate in success. For that indeed is a fact: there is not a shadow of doubt as to the issue of the work we have in hand. . . . The transformation is going to be: nothing will ever stop it, nothing will frustrate the decree of the Omnipotent. Cast away all diffidence and weakness and resolve to endure bravely awhile before the great day arrives when the long battle turns into an everlasting victory.

\*

We have faith in Sri Aurobindo.

He represents for us something we formulate to ourselves with words which seem to us the most exact for expressing our experience. These words are evidently the best according to us for formulating our experience.

But if, in our enthusiasm, we were convinced that they are the only appropriate words to express correctly what Sri Aurobindo is and the experience he has given us, we would become dogmatic and be on the point of founding a religion.

He who has a spiritual experience and a faith, formulates it in the most appropriate words for himself.

But if he is convinced that this expression is the only correct and true one for this experience and faith, he becomes dogmatic and tends to create a religion.

\*

Each one has his own idea and finds out suitable sentences from Sri Aurobindo's writings to support his views. Those who oppose such views can also find suitable sentences from his writings. That is the way mutual opposition works. Nothing can be truly done until Sri Aurobindo's total view of things is taken.

\*

In the eternity of becoming, each Avatar is only the announcer, the forerunner of a more perfect realisation.

And yet men have always the tendency to deify the Avatar of the past in opposition to the Avatar of the future.

Now again Sri Aurobindo has come announcing to the world the realisation of tomorrow; and again his message meets with the same opposition as of all those who preceded him.

But tomorrow will prove the truth of what he revealed and his work will be done.

\*

The essential mistake was to have considered Sri Aurobindo's teaching as one among the spiritual teachings — and the work done here now as one among the many aspects of the Divine works.

This has falsified your basic position and has been the cause of all the difficulties and confusions.

If this mistake is corrected in your mind and in your attitude all other difficulties will disappear easily.

You must understand that what Sri Aurobindo represents in the world's history, is not a teaching, not even a revelation; it is a *decisive action* direct from the Supreme.

And I am just trying to fulfil that action.

THE MOTHER

(*Words of the Mother – I*, CWM 2<sup>nd</sup> Ed., Vol. 13, pp. 21-23)



**Obeisance,  
Lord,  
to Thee**

Poems on Sri Aurobindo

*(Continued from the issue of August 2021)*





The February 2021 issue of *Mother India* carried a compilation of poems on the Mother. In August, we published the first part of a compilation of poems on Sri Aurobindo. This is the second part of that compilation.

Numerous are the poets, varied is their style, different their background, — and the common theme is the luminous Presence of Sri Aurobindo.

\*

In a letter to a disciple who began writing poetry under the Master's guidance, Sri Aurobindo wrote:

The use of your writing is to keep you in touch with the inner source of inspiration and intuition, so as to wear thin the crude external crust in the consciousness and encourage the growth of the inner being.<sup>1</sup>

Poetry as sadhana, poetry as a way of opening the sealed doors of the being, poetry as a means of deepening perceptions, poetry as a way of coming closer to the Divine, poetry as devotion, poetry as prayer — all these and more find expression in the pages that follow.

A certain question, however, might arise in the minds of some readers; the answer to which is to be found in these words of Sri Aurobindo:

If such poems are put as a claim, or vaunted, as a personal experience of Yoga, they may be objected to on that ground. But a poet is not bound to confine himself to his personal experience. A poet writes from inspiration or from imagination or vision. Milton did not need to go to Heaven or Hell or the Garden of Eden before he wrote *Paradise Lost*.<sup>2</sup>

\*

Each one, it is said, sees but an aspect of the whole. But even these aspects, as seen in these poems, are precious inklings of that Unnameable Vast.

\*

1. *Collected Poems of Nirodbaran with Sri Aurobindo's Comments and Corrections*, p. 966.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 688.

The sequence is alphabetical, poet-wise — although with a touch of idiosyncrasy: we have chosen the name by which the poet is more commonly referred to in the Ashram circle. Thus Nolini Kanta Gupta would come under ‘N’; K. D. Sethna under ‘A’ for Amal; R. Y. Deshpande under ‘D’; K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar under ‘S’; John Chadwick under ‘A’ for Arjava; Harindranath Chattopadhyay under ‘H’, Richard Eggenberger under ‘N’ for Narad, etc. . . .

The poets — ‘A’ to ‘M’ — were featured in the August issue.

Here we begin with ‘N’.

## THE AVATAR

They speak in muted voices of the day  
 That he appeared on earth, the Avatar,  
 The silent one who came to change the world.  
 Worshippers remembering his words,  
 The poetry, the books so filled with light  
 That if read aloud would reverberate  
 In flesh and bone infusing nerve and cell.  
 Some, feeling him a bit too high would seek  
 To bring him down to a more human scale  
 Who somehow had achieved enlightenment  
 With antiquated notions and conceits.  
 Yet in the end they fail, his soul too great,  
 Compassionate, all-loving and divine.  
 He is far from us and he is very close.

NARAD

\*

## THE GLORIOUS RENAISSANCE

We come to Thee mendicants of Grace  
 Who hold false claim to everything we own,  
 O Avatar of the golden Way  
 What grandeur's seed in earth Thy hand hast sown,  
 The world to save from man's destructive rage.  
 Allured to darkness and satanic guile  
 Though Presence divine await his call  
 All sacred things his blood-lust would defile.  
 Yet Thou hast come to temper coarsened steel  
 And hone the blade to shore through evil's chain,  
 Return man to his heritage of love,  
 Reclaim the earth for spirit's sole domain.  
 Stronger now the voice within our depths  
 Exhorts us to be masters of our fate,  
 And from the wellspring of our hidden souls  
 The glorious renaissance celebrate.

NARAD

\*

**DWELLING OF THE LORD**

A subtle world that few can feel or see  
 Of substance more discrete than organelles  
 Soaring up beyond infinity  
 The home where Lord Sri Aurobindo dwells.

Into His white domain He welcomed me  
 An aspirant and seeker of the Way,  
 A traveller towards veiled divinity,  
 A worshipper within his house of clay.

He greeted me with gentle soothing tone  
 And bade me sit by Him and then His hand . . .  
 What blessings He conferred are still unknown  
 But I am His and this I understand —

If I but half-awake and visionless  
 Can feel His living force to rearrange  
 Our lives, what light descending here, what stress  
 Within the earth for purifying change?

By His descent nought shall be the same,  
 His truth within the earth now instilled  
 Shall all our violent natures cleanse and tame,  
 The golden age is come that He forewilled.

NARAD

\*

**HOMAGE TO THE AVATAR**

All is sacred to the seeing soul  
 And equal in the vision of the seer,  
 The darkness no less perfect than the light  
 For dark is light to one who draws all near.

Division and duality rejoined  
 By Him who knows the unity behind  
 And labours silently the world to save  
 Humanity its deeper truth to find.

A Being of His origin aware,  
 The Avatar whose healing grace is sown  
 Among the wise and those in spirit poor  
 And in the fields of hatred overgrown.

Descending here into a world of pain  
 Compassionate absorbs our grief and lust,  
 Transmuting all by power and the Word,  
 The One who fashions Godhead from the dust.

He comes in sacrifice that Man may live,  
 By His holocaust all differences shall heal,  
 Divine in human form God's grace bestows  
 And stamps on earth His signature and seal.

NARAD

\*

### IN HIS PRESENCE

I simply stood arrested  
 By the beauty of his eyes  
 And a silence that attested  
 To a god from greater skies.

Descended to uplift us  
 Out of mind's infirmity,  
 Around his head the nimbus  
 Of heaven's theocracy.

With the homage of my heart  
 I offered the secret place  
 Asking never to depart  
 From His majesty of Grace.

I prayed for a vast surrender  
 As earth's to its brilliant sun  
 And saw in his gaze the tender  
 Sweetness of the One.

Now all my days descry  
 The working of his will,  
 Our nature to sanctify  
 Our lives with God fulfil.

NARAD

\*

### ON LOOKING AT HIS PHOTOGRAPH

In the sweetness of his face of calm  
 I felt his love and tenderness  
 Envelop me and from his eyes  
 A silent joy and healing balm.

I stood transfixed and held his gaze,  
 The eternal moment filled all time,  
 I joined my hands in offering  
 And then I knelt in silent praise.

I left the room but soon returned  
 To feel the sudden grace descend  
 And then I bowed in gratitude  
 As all my waking spirit yearned

To live the truth his life has shown  
 And offer soul to him alone.

NARAD

\*

### IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM

Softly I climbed the sacred stairs  
 Silencing the thundering heart,  
 Casting out mind's useless cares.  
 Earth shall survive because thou art.  
 Let desire be blown away  
 Flying like dust in a desert storm  
 All time become this single day  
 In thee to shelter from all harm.

Look now upon my soul and bless  
 This humbled head before thee bowed,  
 The world now lost in thy caress.  
 Before thy feet thou hast allowed  
 Thy servant to be whole again,  
 To work and live alone for thee.  
 Help me from temporal fruits abstain  
 To be thine alone eternally.

NARAD

\*

### TO LORD SRI AUROBINDO

The alleluias of a million choirs  
 Are as a tremulous note to the voice of prayer  
 That rises up from consecration's fires  
 Offering all to Thy omniscient care.

NARAD

\*

### DESCEND, O LORD

In the silence I communicate  
 And every answer to my seeking comes,  
 Stillness wraps around me like a robe  
 And the inquietude of mind drifts away.  
 All that matters now is finding thee,  
 The body's pains, the insistent vital needs  
 Disappear in the vastness of thy gaze.  
 Only the heart still cries forever to love,  
 To be a simple channel of thy Grace,  
 A receptacle of light, an instrument  
 Of peace, a vessel of humility.  
 Let not division in this world remain,  
 Return to beauty all we have destroyed,  
 The lands reclaim, the forests spring anew,  
 The poisoned seas recover with thy touch.  
 All must be re-made and light illumine  
 The darkness now companion of our days.

Thy will be done on earth, on earth thy will  
 To change, transform the animalistic man.  
 Let a diviner man arise to lead;  
 The hour is upon us and grows late.  
 Descend, O Lord, transform this erring clay.

NARAD

\*

### SONNET TO THE LORD

His force protects, His love envelops me,  
 His calm surrounds, I feel Him everywhere,  
 In the crowded rooms of life I could not see  
 Without His love supporting me, the air

I breathe is His, the subtle atmosphere  
 Is charged with Grace and joy beyond compare;  
 Where His feet have trod I follow without fear  
 To flowered groves amidst the fragrant air,

And all the glory that is and ever shall be  
 Is found as we rise upon the golden stair  
 To meet Him in His realm of majesty,  
 For the gift of eternal life is waiting there.

He is with us in the beauty of the ways  
 His peace and bliss descend upon our days.

NARAD

\*

### THE MASTER HELMSMAN

As a ship ploughs slowly through a starless night  
 So must the soul voyaging through time  
 Confront the darkness in this outer hull,  
 Its driven engine pushing through the seas  
 Of being and becoming, unaware  
 At birth yet seeking through the storm of years  
 Through waves of doubt upon a tossing main



To reach a shore beyond the ocean swell  
 Of failure and accomplishment and death,  
 To harbour in the realms of the Divine.  
 The unconscious is a fathomless abyss  
 Unable to be plumbed by mortal mind  
 That rudderless cannot reach the lands  
 Of sunlit calm that open to the seer.  
 Our nature must align with greater stars,  
 We must penetrate the fog and mists of life  
 Push on through unknown seas to hidden shores  
 To find at last the captain of our souls  
 The Master Helmsman ever at the wheel  
 Who guides the spirit on its destined course.

NARAD

\*

### VISION-CHANGE

I have undergone a vision-change  
 And things once known are new again,  
 All within my mortal range  
 Transforms to view from a higher plane.

Acts I abhorred as coarse and mean  
 Were gross impurities in me  
 But now by Her grace is dimly seen  
 In all the masked divinity.

All my human attitudes  
 Opinions and desirings  
 Before the stellar plenitudes  
 Of light Sri Aurobindo brings

Dissolve as salt in monsoon rain.  
 As His peace descends into our being  
 A greater wideness we attain  
 And through Him reach that deeper seeing.

NARAD

\*

**A PRAYER**

These are the currents of my life,  
Engulf them in Thy sea:  
The tangled threads of daily strife  
Reweave to image Thee.

NARAD

\*

**ASPIRATIONS**

1

Thou art Beauty's child and walkst  
Within Her glowing robe of Light.  
Ignorance unveiled, thou shalt find  
Fulfilment at Thy Master's feet.  
For all these roads our labour treads  
Suffice to bring us nearer still  
In silence to the golden door.  
His eyes of stillness gather all  
Into Her vast immense embrace.

2

O speak to me so quietly of sounds  
That come from other spheres and joyously  
We shall lay down our lives at the Mother's Feet.  
Tell me, flowers, radiant and gleaming  
In the sunlight of Her smile, of Peace  
Descending through the realms of space  
Into our mortal atmosphere, and breathe,  
O mind and heart and will, Her crystal Fire,  
His vastness and His calm Infinity.

NARAD

\*

**TO SRI AUROBINDO**

However I may meet thee  
 On any lane or byway  
 Swim the farthest sea  
 Or travel an unknown highway.

I'd track the meteor's flight  
 Or walk through darkening night,  
 Lord again to see thee  
 Thy radiant smile to greet me.

And yet to surrender desire —  
 And turn from the beckoning mire,  
 To tend a still wavering flame  
 And with each conscious breath speak her name.

Where can I meet thee great Sire  
 If all is not cast in the fire  
 For thee to remould and inspire  
 The godhead to rise from the pyre?

NARAD

\*

**HOMAGE TO SRI AUROBINDO**

Perhaps my thought was a deeper seeing  
 When the mind fell still and the inner being  
 Seemed to hear his voice from the silent page  
 Speak softly of the coming age.

My heart attuned, my body heard  
 From the Lord of Life the mantric Word  
 Of life transformed, earth by His kiss  
 Rewed to beauty, man to bliss.

A sweetness descending from realms above  
 Borne earthward on the wings of love  
 Envelopes our lives and, immortal, brings  
 The Godhead's touch to mortal things.

Slowly the golden light draws near  
And the children of the dawn appear.

NARAD

\*

### WHERE THE SACRED BODIES REST

I heard the call of vast primordial seas  
Moving beneath the stellar hand of God,  
And lands that spoke of aeonic ancestries  
Where once in other bodies I had trod.  
Explorer and iconoclast I sought  
To find familiar scenes loved and known  
And in the dawning consciousness was brought  
To the sacred shores I knew to be my own.  
My burning friend greeted me again  
In torrid skies where white washed out the blue  
Beyond the jungle and the endless plain  
I found the place where higher knowledge grew.  
In a courtyard decked with flowers where the scent  
Of frankincense and jasmine filled the air  
I saw a kingly trunk whose branches lent  
Protection to the lowly and the fair,  
A tree of God bejewelled with golden bloom,  
Beneath its canopy all souls are blessed  
In the aura of a heavenly perfume,

The Samadhi where the sacred bodies rest.

NARAD

\*

### DARSHAN OF THE LORD

I met Him across the borders of a world  
That mind knows not nor reason can explain;  
And came to Him while the body lay in sleep  
Entering as a guest in His domain.

It was a place familiar yet unknown  
 Simply built in shades of white on white  
 Its substance formed of subtle matter's make  
 Transparent, pure, an edifice of light.

In a room that seemed like every earthly room  
 On a couch that felt like any earth-made seat  
 He bade me come and sit by Him while men  
 I knew in life walked by on silent feet.

I sat beside the Lord of Destiny  
 Who came on earth to charge our lives by grace  
 That we might find the fount of inner fire  
 And accelerate the transformation's pace.

NARAD

\*

### READING SAVITRI BY CANDLELIGHT

Reading Savitri by candlelight  
 I chanced upon a line that lifted me  
 Beyond myself and then my soul took flight  
 And reached the borders of infinity.

I saw the stars harmonious and bright  
 Blazing with the radiance of love,  
 Striking out all darkness till the night  
 Was filled with beauty and from those worlds above

I dove into my body without pain  
 And saw the earth anew, inhaled her air  
 Grateful to touch the scented soil again  
 Upon this spinning globe so blue, so fair.

From consciousness to consciousness arise,  
 Ye children of the dawn with diamond eyes.

NARAD

\*

**POET'S PRAYER**

We will not ask of lesser Gods the Word  
 Nor rend the breast when the Muse is fallen still,  
 The True is from an inner silence heard  
 And calm of mind and patient-seeking Will.

Of words we have enough, enough of thought,  
 The epic of the soul's advance is here  
 In battlefields surpassing knowledge fought  
 And realms the lonely vision of the Seer.

Yet shall we pray the heart-inspired prayer  
 To widen our embrace of life by love  
 And if the mantra reach our burdened air  
 Transcribe from rhythmed cadences above

The lines that soar beyond the reach of time  
 And join the singer to the Song sublime.

NARAD

\*

**ALL QUESTIONS AND ALL ANSWERS**

O darkness in whose bosom now I dwell,  
 I cherish thee as God the flame and light.  
 I have tasted heaven, seen the face of hell  
 And glimpsed the One in lonely fields of night.

I seek no longer transitory peace  
 Or breaking of the chains that hold me fast  
 Or even that this sorrow soon may cease  
 And Joy my soul's companion find at last —

I only ask that gratitude may be  
 Settled in sleep, in waking fill my mind,  
 What else to ask that God did not foresee,  
 What treasure lost that I shall never find?

All questions and all answers in Him lie  
Wherein resides my spirit's destiny.

NARAD

\*

### THE SAMADHI OF SRI AUROBINDO

'Not on the surface' was there much 'to see' —  
Yet even our feeble hide-bound gaze could glean  
His flame's exploits in realms of destiny  
That lifted veil on veil across the unseen.

Depth after depth, peak over peak, he dared —  
Slow-gathering man's coveted felicities,  
Till sword-like out, above, the spirit flared,  
The sheath was lowered in the dark abyss —

Not as mere common dust returned to dust,  
But a divinised vehicle, Light-soaked golden seed  
Whose dire potency would tear Matter's crust,  
And quicken Earth-stuff for its heaven's need.

Thrice blessed be the spot the body chose  
For the phoenix-crown of its Promethean role:  
The rest is here no silence, no repose —  
But a calm-faced deep-driv'n whirl about the goal.

Earth's settled dross is stirred by the charging Light,  
And the flux is churned to throw up from its thrall  
The substance which will stand mortality's might:  
Whose plastic glow will answer Spirit's call.

A hush of expectancy now fills the air —  
Men come and kneel and lay their flowers and pray,  
An aching sweetness, an animation rare  
Throbs — instinct with a Presence come to stay.

All's bathed in luminous peace and sanctity —  
A vibrant, tense, ethereal atmosphere —

A radiant faith is big with prophecy  
 That the glorious hour of the golden Dawn is near.

Beneath the fragrant, floral vesture gleams  
 The sublime form of a god about to wake —  
 A brooding image of the one, it seems,  
 Behind the scene, who bides his time to make

His new advent in our familiar shrine  
 As a superman — the first to blaze the trail  
 Of a race of men terrestrially divine; —  
 A marvel comes — we feel, we sense, we hail!

NARESH BAHADUR

\*

### BY LETTING GO IT ALL GETS DONE

O Lord,  
 I beseech Thee,  
 just grant me  
 this one wish:

do not  
 grant me  
 any more wishes.

NAVODITTE

\*

### THE MASTER

I am in the darkness.  
 I don't see in it anything,  
 All that is there.

But sometimes  
 Someone leads me,  
 Tells me what I need,  
 Someone whom I know  
 As my Master.

GLEB NESTEROV

\*



**PROMISE**

Creation now is hushed to radiant sleep —  
 The shimmer of foliage and the glimmering flower,  
 The pale suspense of water round a steep  
 Lone mountain silver-robed. At this cool hour,  
 When a vast silence crowns the depth and height,  
 Rapt in calm reverie, I watch the moon,  
 My soul's own counterpart, transform the night  
     To an inexpressible ethereal tune,  
 Echoed through unbound space in starry gleams.  
 The tenuous sails upon the passionless sky  
 Carry to magic shores my prisoned dreams  
 That through long births have blossomed but to die.  
 Now a life's weary quest shall be fulfilled,  
 For on my brow his promise He has sealed.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**'BELATED TRAVELLER...'**

Belated traveller, vainly dost thou mourn  
 Because the transient night engulfs thy way!  
 Thou art not on the perilous road alone,  
 Left to some cruel demon's sovereign sway.

Dwell not, an anxious miser over his hoard,  
 On joys ephemeral of a drunken past,  
 When the divine and loving Friend has poured  
 His happy grace on thee and deeply cast

His light in the recesses of thy soul.  
 Let fear and doubt assail no more thy mind,  
 The luminous Guide shall bring to the bright goal  
 Thy boat through long unvistaed shadows blind.

O traveller, clinging take refuge at His feet  
 Where heaven and earth in silent adoration meet.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**MYRIAD FIRES**

In the shoreless silence of the night  
 A myriad fires are a-glow  
 Emerald, ruby and pearl-white  
 Visions on a timeless brow.

On my path of destiny they cast  
 Shadows of the heavenly states  
 That through the voids of time have passed  
 And the secret flaming gates.

And now the deeps of my Spirit shine  
 With the measureless beauty of God  
 And are mirrors of His mood divine,  
 A fathomless Wonder's abode.

And my days are circled round with dreams  
 Of endless mysteries;  
 They come flowing from His luminous sun-streams  
 On the edge of the infinities.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**'SEEKING THY LIGHT ...'**

Seeking thy Light I came  
 Through labyrinths of time  
 To thy vast, O sun-crowned Name,  
 My soul's felicitous rhyme!

I travelled long alone:  
 Before my eyes could find  
 Thy heaven-luminous throne  
 Beyond the shadow-lined

Shore of earth-memories,  
 Beyond the sombre wave,  
 The mystic silences,  
 The moon-illuminated cave.

Thy wonder-woven Light  
 On the verge of Time appears,  
 An eye of the Infinite  
 On a lone curve of the spheres.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**‘THE AIR FILLS WITH SOME DEEP INVADING HUSH’**

The air fills with some deep invading hush:  
 Each moment blossoms on the stalk of time  
 Into a fragrant flower’s crimson blush;  
 Or beats as if a throb of Peace sublime.

All faces with a joyful silence gleam.  
 All eyes quiver with expectation’s ray,  
 The givers of their life come forth today —  
 Mother divine and the Master supreme.

From far and wide an eager number throng  
 Wanting a touch of those white hands of sheen  
 That shall transform the seeking heart within  
 Into a softly flowing fountain-song.

The long awaited dawn opens its door:  
 Light shall be drunk from Heaven’s golden core.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**THE ONLY CRAVING**

Naught in the world I crave but thy sweet name,  
 My Master, sole Inhabitant of my heart!  
 Ambition, beauty, earthly love and fame  
 Are but scanty pauper alms when I grow part

Of thy delight that in its palm upholds  
 The triple universe like an infant’s toy

And at each magic moment breaks and moulds  
Its destiny in thy play of endless joy!

For thee alone I live, for thee would die:  
My soul, a labyrinthine river, runs  
Into thy oceaned unhorizoned sky  
Illumined with an infinite of suns.

Nothing I crave, O Master, nothing now  
But thy Love's altar where my heart may bow.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**'I WEAVE MY LONELY DREAM'**

I weave my lonely dream  
Round an immutable Face  
Whose beauty masks the world  
With an aureole of his gaze.

With his rapturous caress  
My visions are heaven-hued  
And my heart a throbbing beat  
Of his rapt solitude.

The hush of centuries breaks  
Into a passionate song,  
Bearing within its breath  
Mysteries that belong

To his unplumbable deep;  
The blind universe rolls  
Along a nameless track  
Trod out by luminous souls

Whose splendour is but a shade  
Of his implacable sun,  
Unfolding his secrecies  
On this earth one by one.

I am a link of time  
 With his primeval flame  
 Aspiring ever to grow  
 Beyond time's mortal claim.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**'A DIAMOND LIGHT OF GOD HAS TOUCHED MY SOUL'**

A diamond light of God has touched my soul:  
 I cease to roam on restless wings of thought  
 Since I have glimpsed in thy eternal Whole  
 My heart's fulfilment and I am now wrought

Into an image of thy sun-gold Will  
 That bears within a hushed profundity;  
 The wandering fire of passion has grown still  
 And waits in silent prayer thy alchemy.

Shadows of earthly grandeur pass away  
 Like pageants on a screen to emptiness;  
 The solitary worship of my clay  
 Is aureoled with thy intimate caress.

The imperishable beauty of thy Face  
 Dwells in the precincts of my body's frame  
 And filled is the hollowness of mortal space  
 With the immaculate splendour of thy Name.

NIRODBARAN

\*

**SRI AUROBINDO**

The earth is holy ground since thou art born  
 And walk'st her clay.  
 At thy angel tread a new-lit sun at morn  
 Wakes every day.

All pathways at thy footfall break to flowers  
 Of harmony  
 And the winds repeat thy hallowed name for hours  
 In ecstasy.

The evening-star met in thy eyes of flame  
 Her love's own fire,  
 And greeting thee the silent moon became  
 Transformed to a lyre.

Rainbows descend below, thy robes to dye,  
 O ageless Gleam!  
 A-heave with hue and vision the poets cry:  
 "Comes true, our Dream!"

NISHIKANTO

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

\*

### **'LORD, THIS IS MY PRAYER'**

Lord, this is my prayer:  
 May the voice of thy silence enter me, —  
 Rousing every atom of my being,  
 Till it vibrates to thy Truth,  
 And is the harp of its utterance  
 And is its visible embodiment.

All the tumultuous surges of the wide world  
 Rush towards me assured of victory —  
 May they roll back in confusion and turn away upon themselves  
 And leave me as a virgin rock  
 Tranquil and ever firm on its pristine foundations.

May the universe dissolve, may it vanish  
 Even like a dream —  
 And thou alone appear, thou alone abide  
 One in thy multitudinous reality;  
 I shall find a new world in Thee, a world made of Thee;

Therein each limb of mine shall realise its fullness of union with Thee  
And shall taste utter felicity.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

\*

**‘LORD, THOU HAST HEARD OUR PRAYER’**

Lord, thou hast heard our prayer,  
And come down into our mortal ways —  
Assumed the form, the flesh that build our weakness,  
Thou hast deigned to be close to us and wear our make,  
To be with us and to be of us.

But we have taken thy humanity in a too literal and familiar way,  
We have forgotten the Aspiration and the Descent, the answering Grace that  
took shape in thy advent;  
And now we blame thee and slight thee, because thou art become like us —  
earthly and human.

Divine, thou art too far — human, too near!  
For, the aberration of our petty minds knows no limits!

But thou sufferest all  
And keepest thy unruffled and unabated benignity —  
On thy lips is the smile of eternal and infinite Grace,  
The smile that is thine alone.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

\*

**‘LEST I BECOME PROUD OF MY STRENGTH’**

Lest I become proud of my strength  
thou hast revealed to me the bundle of weakness that I am. . . .  
Lest I sink down and wallow in my weakness  
thou hast set blue-kissing wings to my feet  
and made me soar high —  
high towards heights beyond all my dreaming.

Thou art the Strength of the strong,  
 and the stronger he becomes the more he knows it:  
 weakness is but thy absence —  
 one has only to fill up the void with thyself  
 to be transformed into the very storehouse of power.

Thy grace, O Lord, has made this dumb one eloquent,  
 this lame one it has made to cross the mountains.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

\*

**‘IN THE WIDE, WIDE SAPPHIRE STILLNESS...’**

In the wide, wide sapphire stillness of my heart’s heaven in trance,  
 the diamond tips of other-world raptures  
 peep out and twinkle and beacon —  
 Oh, the radiant sisterhood of the benign Graces  
 who distil upon my earth the Lord’s love-laden smile.

Is it gloom that invades? a frown that menaces?  
 But these hosts of the Enemy hurl themselves in vain  
 against the blazing armour that my Lord’s laughter  
 has fashioned around me —  
 they are turned back upon themselves and are scattered.  
 In the shade of the Light, a happy traveller I move on  
 ever secure and tranquil.

I have heard His call and He has embraced me  
 intimately from afar;  
 Lo, I am grown into the translucency of His divine serenity,  
 the earth-made cells of flesh are now spirit-stars  
 that bear the undecaying lustres of immortality.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

\*



**MEDITATION IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM**

The Golden Lamp was seen  
 as held within the heart  
 And all was one Serene  
 immense and radiant part  
 Of Thy eternal Vast:  
 All present, future, past  
 Merged in the wonder of Thy Smile.

NORMAN DOWSETT

\*

**ON "SAVITRI"**

O sing ye heavens! O ye stars give praise!  
 Take to yourselves this epic of the Age  
 Too vast for earthly minds to integrate  
 Within the limits of mortality —  
 Too wide for human hearts to understand,  
 Too high for feelings steeped in Nature's soil.  
 Yet, 'tis an epic built of heaven and earth,  
 A cosmic saga fashioned out of Time;  
 A Legend of the soul where the Divine  
 Takes on Himself the Poetry of life  
 To tell the story of the Universe.  
 A story told of that aspiring Flame  
 Which laboured from the beating heart of man  
 To peaks of consciousness beyond the mind  
 Which never had been trod, where earthly dreams  
 Had never blended with the immortal hour  
 Or glimpsed before the awakening cosmic Dawn.  
 It weaves a legend through uncharted seas  
 And far off unimaginable worlds of Light,  
 And magic vistas of undreamed-of Bliss.  
 It reaches out to unknown plenitudes  
 Whose heights of splendour lean to aspiring earth  
 To penetrate the long-forgotten deeps  
 Where worlds of darkness harbour the Face of Death;  
 Where the inconscient Zero without name or form,  
 The Nothingness from which a world was born

Uprises on the flame-wings of a Song  
 To hear the revelation of a Rose —  
 An immortal blossom in the garden of the world  
 To challenge Death and our mortality.  
 O enraptured romance rooted above in the skies  
 Of our aspiring — echoing in the depths  
 The silent seas of our Infinity!  
 O mystic lines! thy symbols and thy signs  
 Are written in the lofty halls of Truth  
 Where man has yet to learn his alphabet.  
 O Mantra of moods! made from magnificent hues,  
 One lone inevitable masterpiece of Light  
 Above the imperious surge of mortal words.  
 Alone it rises to our future dawns,  
 Pointing the Promise of Eternity,  
 Bearing within each line the secret Joy  
 Which is to be the Truth of years to come:  
 The Sun, the Moon and Stars to light the Way  
 To worlds of harmony and dawns of Bliss  
 Where faith and hope and vision will achieve  
 That pure Perfection yearned for in the soul —  
 When Love and Light and Truth and Beauty meet  
 Within the arms of Immortality.

NORMAN DOWSETT

\*

### **SRI AUROBINDO'S PRESENCE**

There's a calm that pervades and surrounds,  
 And a Silence that beats the air  
 Like golden wings that reach to the bounds  
 Of the stars through earth's atmosphere.

There's a peace that pours on the earth,  
 Insistent-like tropical rain —  
 And a Voice that tells of a higher birth  
 Beyond all the strife and pain.

There's a Power, felt never before,  
 Which urges the blossoming soul;

A call from the heights for the spirit to soar  
Towards a diviner goal.

There's a sweetness as Dawn awakes,  
Which echoes from hill to hill —  
'Tis the cry of His Flute as the sunlight breaks  
In the heart with a sacred thrill.

There's a Love sunk deep in the Night —  
Aquiver the darkness, the clod,  
As into the Abyss He plunged His Light  
For the Sacrifice of God.

There's a Presence that steals through the hours,  
That has paid the price of our wronging,  
It invades like the perfume of many flowers —  
As a kiss in the heart that is longing.

NORMAN DOWSETT

\*

### DEDICATION TO SRI AUROBINDO

The world knows not, nor yet could it conceive  
The mighty holocaust Thy Light has flung  
Upon the vast Asuric thoughts of Hell.  
No human valuation could describe,  
No mortal heart envisage such a deed:  
To fling embodied heaven to the depths  
Where sleeps the Titan of Inconscient Night.  
From this lone ache that nestles in our hearts,  
This "smiling" sadness that invades the soul  
And wraps Thy Presence round our common loss,  
Of this Thy body — dear to mortal sight —  
This Golden Grandeur fashioned from a Light  
That never was beheld on earth before —  
From this, and this small silence like a rose  
That now has taken birth within the soul,  
We know some measure of Thy gift to man.  
Across the Wastelands there will come New Roads —  
New highways from forgotten starless Nights



**PLEDGE RENEWED**

Standing at Thy Altar  
 Oh our Lord Supreme,  
 We renew our pledge to  
 Labour for Thy Scheme.

Bringing Golden Light down,  
 From Thy High Abode.  
 We shall change the world to  
 Suit Thy Holy Mode.

Give us Your Love,  
 Give us Your Strength,  
 Give us Your all-powerful,  
 Steady, simple Faith.

Ego and desire we shall  
 Throw in Thy Flame,  
 Heaven and the earth shall  
 Mingle as the same.

Stiff and high the climb,  
 We shall make through,  
 Our surrender will make your  
 Dream come true.

PRANAB KUMAR BHATTACHARYA

\*

**NEW AWAKENING**

A new sun has this morning risen  
 To usher in a joyful dawn,  
 A New consciousness and hope aplenty  
 Have risen too with this rising morn.

You Hearts of greatness, consecration  
 Wake up, arise! O, do not sleep!  
 In Supermind's sacred sacrifice,  
 Your thoughts we always keep.

This golden consciousness has come  
 On earth to do its ceaseless work  
 Chaos, turmoil and agitation  
 From every nook and corner lurk.

Puzzled man is at a loss,  
 He doesn't know which path is right,  
 None to take him by the hand  
 And guide him gently through the night.

O unmatched Leader none can conquer,  
 We want you in this hour of need.  
 Guidance, courage and inspiration  
 We need from you in thought and deed.

Abode of peace this earth shall be  
 As it spins along the path of progress.  
 Our hearts bow before You, O Lord!  
 So our life with Love You'll always bless.

PRANAB KUMAR BHATTACHARYA

*(Translated by Maurice Shukla from Bengali)*

\*

## **SRI AUROBINDO BIRTH CENTENARY PRANAM**

Let us chant the name of Sri Aurobindo.  
 Let us give Him our adoring salutation.  
 He has come down from heaven,  
 And made holy our earth.

For the good of humanity  
 He has given all of himself bit by bit.  
 For the good of the world,  
 By his sadhana He has brought down  
 The Supramental Light.  
 For our progress  
 His clear directions  
 Help us always

To work out the Truth.  
 We have assembled at this sea coast  
 On His Birth Centenary Year,  
 Let us all offer Him  
 Our grateful salutations,  
 From the depths of our heart.

PRANAB KUMAR BHATTACHARYA

\*

### OUR GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

*(In Sri Aurobindo's 125<sup>th</sup> Birth Anniversary Year)*

'I am absolutely thine . . . thine without reserve' — the melody sings  
 From the core of Mystery that knits cosmic life, —  
 The Mother of Harmony in a golden influx brings  
 Divinest symphonies into our toil and strife!

Each immortal year gleams in a garland of 125 years  
 Replete with music from the depths of the Unknown,  
 The illumining footfalls of the Lord invade life-spheres,  
 Limned on the horizon shines His ineffable new Dawn!

Two Divinities made us rise at the Summit's Call  
 Kindling in us eternity's million adoration-flames  
 And on our heart's wakeful altar install  
 The Presence of the Shining One, the two Magic Names!

Lo! the Manifestation's diadem-vision we behold,  
 God's redeeming Whiteness on this frail earth,  
 Infinity's love-suffused Twin-Face in heaven-gold  
 And never-dying smiles of the immortal Birth!

O Wonders, from Time's dark ravages make us free  
 That we may bloom to Thee in Thine own delight  
 Where all throbs in immaculate felicity  
 And tranquil Moon-Glory is the soul of Night!

T. PRASAD

\*

## A PRAYER TO SRI AUROBINDO AND THE MOTHER

Sri Aurobindo is my only Lord,  
 I obey no other God but sole His Word.  
 I am the Mother's child, to Her I bow  
 With bended knees in meek submission low.

Truth's diverse face of Love, the two are One;  
 They are the mystic Flame of Union.  
 They come from God and bear His splendid Name  
 And plunge in Nought to play His fiery game.

They dawn from age to age to break the bars  
 That hurt Truth-life, and heal earth's ancient scars  
 Till the Golden Age arrives and all is won  
 For God, and Earth becomes His dominion.

They in their Ocean's blissful couch who rest  
 With their love and blessing's Touch my life have blest.  
 Let all my movements flow to that One Source  
 Like a mountain-rill in its meandering course.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

## THE COMING OF SRI AUROBINDO

In the solemn silence of an August dawn,  
     Ere the sun's touch had flamed the eastern skies,  
     Ere birds had filled the air with vibrant cries,  
 Thou camest by a vast compassion drawn  
 Through Thy all-veiling Maya's magic doors.  
     Unknowing the earth mother clasped Thee to her breast,  
     Moved by a puissant love and sweet unrest:  
 But in the child none knew the future's Force.

Fearless and free Thou spok'st the word of God,  
     Bearing His message and His dire command,  
 And at the shaking of Thy golden rod,  
     Vanished an empire, as mirage on desert-land.



But when will Time reveal Thy golden Face,  
Thy diamond heart of Love, Thy sweetest Grace?

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

### SRI AUROBINDO'S WORK

The world must learn, O Lord, to fix within  
Its gaze, withdrawn from outer Nature's course;  
Then only can it know Thy Power's source,  
Thy work to break Division's iron screen.

Men denied Thee, Thy counsels were unheard.  
Even they who dearly loved Thee with their hearts  
Flung their claims and egos' poison darts:  
All wounds Thy self of love did bear, unstirred.

But Thy intangible Will none could withstand:  
Missioned from God's own home of Truth, Thy word  
World-forces laboured to fulfil, unmarred;  
All obeyed in trembling awe Thy high command.

Thy fearless hands of calm compelling Power  
Brought down for earth the Truth-Light's golden shower.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

### "THIS CAN NEVER BE THE CLOSE"

Unknown the reasons for Thy Sacrifice.  
O Lord! Thy single word could cancel Fate,  
What made Thee then to pass through Death's dire gate?  
What Love impelled this careless throw of dice

In a cosmic game whose moves to us are veiled?  
Thy deeds were planned in secrecy's abode,  
In silence Thy flame-born wide-winged warriors rode  
Behind earth-sight in Wisdom's armour mailed.

Only we know that this can never be  
 The close, but must a greater light descend  
 And Thou emerge once more in a glorious blend  
 Of Truth and Love and Joy that the world might see

A golden God proclaiming the end of Night  
 In a tardy evolution's ceaseless fight.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

### THE COMING OF SRI AUROBINDO AND HIS PASSING

Thy coming a miracle of a wonder-dawn:  
 In the greyness of a twilight's mystic hour  
 There sprang from Nescience's heart a spirit-flower,  
 A God's caressing smile on earth's green lawn.

Thy passing a mystery of a trembling night:  
 Although the midnight's hour had rolled away,  
 The black-cowled Darkness still hid light's doorway; —  
 Then Matter's base was struck by a golden Light

Leaping out from Thy body's million cells.  
 The tremendous impact broke the guarded seals  
 Of the chamber where in trance awaits the soul  
 A new Dawn's hour to rise with Victory's bells.  
 And now shall roll no more the Inconscient's wheels,  
 The Path is hewn for the supramental goal.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

### THE PASSING OF SRI AUROBINDO: *The Darshan of the Body — December 5, 1950*

O Lord! What sight burst forth upon our gaze  
 As we saw Thee laid in state upon Thy bed!  
 A Form that lived and glowed and its splendours shed  
 Of calm gold light, a miracle of wonder-ways!

A throb of pain benumbed our weeping hearts;  
 Overborne, we could not feel Thy grandiose Will,  
 We saw Thee like a god asleep in still  
 Repose, withdrawn from the play of his earthly parts.

A Matter's mould that housed Thy Soul Divine,  
 Transfigured by Thy mighty Yoga-trance,  
 Revealed a greater Beauty's lingering glance  
 Through nerve and cell and body's every line.

Who shall grieve for Thee? O Lord of Light and Love!  
 Thou art here with us, within, around, above.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

### THE PASSING OF SRI AUROBINDO

O what a night it was, what deep-set gloom  
 Descended on our souls, our hearts benumbed!  
 For all seemed lost, for all in Thee was summed,  
 Who wouldst bring down for us Thy Heaven's Bloom.

Thou didst pass away in silence absolute  
 With just a half-thrown hint in a touch, a glance  
 For our restricted life of Ignorance  
 That could not hear the notes of Thy passion-flute.

The Mother alone foreknew the dire event:  
 In secrecy She bore Thy sacred will —  
 By sacrifice the lacuna here to fill  
 For the outburst of the Divine intent.

Thou art in Her, in Her Thy Force supreme  
 Shall build for Thee on earth Thy golden dream.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

**SRI AUROBINDO:  
THE LORD OF MANY NAMES AND FORMS**

O Lord of many names and forms!  
 O Dweller of the eternal Light!  
 O Wielder of supernal Might!  
 I bow to Thee, Breaker of norms  
 Of a trenchant living for a vast  
 Truth-creation here. Thy sight  
 Unerring burned the veils of Night;  
 And, filled with Golden Light at last,  
 Thy body's cells in myriad rays  
 Fell on the grim foundation-stone  
 Where light-refusing waters moan  
 And pierced the caverned rocky ways.  
 Thy sacrifice for Earth the clod  
 Ushers Thy Golden Age, O God!

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

**TO SRI AUROBINDO**

Him our heart adores,  
 Him no thought can see,  
 Him can touch no force,  
 Lord, supreme and free.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

**SRI AUROBINDO**

O Lotus-Light! Thy vision bright  
 Shall bring to man Truth's wonder-sight.

Thy diamond rays shall clear this maze  
 And Heaven descend on earth's pathways.

PRITHWI SINGH NAHAR

\*

**THE GOAL**

Beside the luminous shrine of my Lord I sit  
 And see the sky above me all purple in flame,  
 The flowers with an upward glow are lit,  
 And the humble blades of grasses sing His name!

The stars are peeping from behind the veil  
 Of the emerald branches over the sacred shrine:  
 A forlorn cricket, a nestward nightingale —  
 In harmony they chant His name divine!

A rustling message of voices unknown is heard  
 In the evening breeze that blows from a deathless height:  
 O none save he who seeks the celestial Bard  
 Shall know his path out of the darkest night.

A hush, a mighty Silence rings all soul,  
 A finger of light to earth has shown the Goal.

PRITHWINDRA

\*

**AT THE SAMADHI OF SRI AUROBINDO**

A peace, immobile peace is reigning here,  
 A solid something stands supporting all,  
 A living breath trance-held frees us from fear,  
 A Deity deep-enshrined, quick to our call.

With arms of adoration ever-green  
 And flowers of gold in showers this Service Tree  
 Has worshipped with deep-rooted yet unseen  
 Devotion here its Lord unceasingly.

The thousand-armed great Lord of heaven, the Sun,  
 Has drawn his light from this Samadhi's heart;  
 The stars have learnt to wink from the winkless One,  
 Who dwelling everywhere dwells here apart.

The moon is but His smile the heavens caught  
 Through their long vigil bearing fruit at last,  
 Home of the immortalising Nectar, sought  
 By gods and demons from the Ocean vast.

It is because He is here that all the Good,  
 The True, the Beautiful has come to stay  
 With us on earth, beneath the emerald hood  
 Of tree-turned Shesha with the Lord in clay.

We, earth-born souls, have now one thing to do —  
 To worship and to serve and work His will  
 Of life obeying laws of God we woo,  
 And make this planet home of the Ineffable.

PUNJALAL

\*

### A DEEP DESIRE

Thy service is my life-work, Lord Divine!  
 My births and deaths to Thee are dedicated;  
 Let nothing be in me I may call mine,  
 My being wholly to Thy light translated.

My busy dreaming days in Thee must end,  
 My waking nights be bright with Thy sun-smile,  
 My rosy morns in song Thy name befriend,  
 And eves in peace profound my toils beguile.

Let me be up each moment of my life,  
 My strength fulfilling but Thy will that knows;  
 I'll take as play all sorrow and all strife,  
 And meet Thy glance of grace in the murk of woes.

What difficulties dare beset Thy child?  
 Obstacles play for me a friendly part;  
 They re-enforce a nature weak and wild,  
 Build up a heaven-conquering hero's heart.

Relentless fervour for Thy work shall drive  
 My energies with never a thought of rest;  
 My soul in self-effacement's climate thrive,  
 While all that happens shall be for my best.

Thy name upon my lips shall murmur on,  
 Thy presence in my heart my movements guide  
 And carry me from dawn to brighter dawn  
 Triumphant to the sun-world's vision wide.

By Thee I live, in Thee I dwell for ever,  
 In tune with Thee forgetting me and mine;  
 Time with his sword our union cannot sever.  
 My soul of love shall be Thy sacred shrine.

PUNJALAL

\*

### AT THE TIME OF SITTING IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM

Thy silent Presence still I feel in Thy room,  
 Like the Infinite's pressure on my finite mind,  
 As if soft twilight glow was left behind  
 Piercing with melting hues the evening's gloom.

Beloved Master, though Thy body is gone  
 Thou art still here; Thy face I still can see,  
 Unsullied by Death, all shining radiantly  
 And wearing the beauty of the undying Dawn.

I see Thee on the cot and on the chair,  
 I see Thee moving gently on the floor.  
 My eyes behold Thy Presence everywhere,  
 Lo there near the window, near the door!

O Presence sweet, O Lord supreme and dear,  
 What grief can touch my heart, when Thou art here.

RAJANIKANTA MODY

\*

**THE FLAME-SWORD**

In my body's chamber light Thy lamp of Love,  
 Touch my black cells with moon-fire ecstasy,  
 When darkness throngs around me and above  
 Shield me with Thy golden arms of Purity.  
 Flashing the flame-sword of knowledge smite  
 The blind dragons of ignorant night.

When like a somnambulist I wander, lost  
 In labyrinthine ways of chaotic mind  
 And thick and sombre veils of falsehood-frost  
 Fall before me, above me and behind,  
 Then flash Thy Truth's flame-sword and slay  
 The demons of falsehood pallid, gray.

When the clouds of sorrow darken my heart  
 With their graphite shades and titanic play,  
 And dusty whirlwinds of the human smart  
 Into the miry marsh lead me astray,  
 Flash, O Lord, Thy flame-sword of Joy  
 And the ebon gloom of soul destroy.

RANAJIT

\*

**FAREWELL**

Past, O bygone life,  
 To thee I bid adieu!  
 Comrades of the old way,  
 Forget the friend you knew.

By day and in the night,  
 In all my work and rest,  
 The voice of One I hear  
 In language unexpressed.

I am called by a shoreless deep!  
 Putting my boat to sea,



I merge my all in Love's  
Wistful eternity!

O Time as yet unborn,  
Gather me up to thee:  
To thy glory I bow, O Sun  
Of the world that is to be.

Beloved, yet unglimped,  
Take now my hand, I pray,  
And lead me whither thou wilt,  
But cast me not away.

Some day, at the long path's end,  
We shall meet, face to face:  
I shall repose at last,  
My nest shall be thy Grace.

RANI MAITRA

*(Translated from Bengali by Dilip Kumar Roy)*

\*

### APPEAL

With thy world-bewitching Maya, Love!  
Beguile me nevermore,  
Absorb me in thy Beauty's bliss  
The deep that knows no shore,  
Thy viewless, quintessential Light  
Rain on my eyes' dark-sore!

When thy Sun greets my house, why still  
Must linger the haze of sleep?  
At the hour of Dawn whence these untimely  
Siren Moonbeams creep?  
With troths of coloured evening clouds  
What Falsehood's tryst they keep?

Havened at thy feet I lie in shade  
(On my brow thy caress' seal)

The lamp thou hast lit so tenderly  
 Cherish — my flame's appeal:  
 Oh, sentinel of my soul, abide  
 With me in woe and weal!

RANI MAITRA

(Translated from Bengali by Dilip Kumar Roy)

\*

### TRANSFORMATION

His clarion-call now tears apart the webs  
 Of worldly vain illusion in the minds  
 Of thousands. I follow in the footsteps,  
 My heart, a pulsing torch, repels dark Time.

I stand upon the battlefield of earth  
 And sound my bugle, calling all to fight  
 The chimera of despair and grim death  
 Inspired by his deathless message bright.

I know his wish and aim will be fulfilled  
 By bringing to an end the night of darkness  
 Of present times, and dawn of calm succeed.  
 Then Time, that chains down all consciousness

To toss upon the waves of self darksome  
 Will cease to be, and Transformation come.

RATRI RAY

(Rendering of *Rupantar* in Nishikanto's *Vaijayanti*)

\*

### THEE ALONE

I seek Thee, Lord, for Thy Self's sake,  
 Not for the gifts which Thou canst give.  
 All desire for Thy aspects take  
 And let me for Thy Essence live.

All is good, Lord, which comes from Thee  
 And I am grateful for thy gifts,  
 But I seek Thy sole Reality,  
 Thy Presence which the heavy heart lifts.

DONALD M. REEVES

\*

### SRI AUROBINDO

Sri Aurobindo came upon mankind,  
 The Supreme Himself in human form,  
 He was Vishnu and Shiva in the mind —  
 Brahma, too, and more — the All, reborn.  
 He conquered all of himself — ego, desire —  
 And surrendered himself to Eternal God:  
 He brought down the Supramental Fire,  
 And laboured to save man and the sod.  
 He did it all for The Brahman's sake,  
 He lived for The Absolute alone,  
 Though for mankind his great heart did ache.  
 He aspired to transform even the stone.  
 Thus he attained to the Bliss Supreme,  
 A slave of God, he conquered the dream.

DONALD M. REEVES

\*

### SRI AUROBINDO'S THOUGHT

On the side tracks of insidious time,  
 In a gully deep, I found your giant thought —  
 A brilliant diamond discovered in the slime!  
 But you have to me more than riches brought.

Your flaming lightning burned into my mind,  
 And I, dazzled, glimpsed your Spirit-heights  
 Which many sages spent their lives to find,  
 Walking with souls aglow through dark earth-nights.

Your words seemed to ring from God's own bell,  
 Calm with the knowledge of Eternity,  
 Sounding to lead us from our self-made hell,  
 From Darkness to Immortality.

In the future, all the world will know  
 Your wondrous thought, O Sri Aurobindo.

DONALD M. REEVES

\*

### HOMAGE

Again Sri Aurobindo I have read,  
 His matchless organ-hymnal *Savitri*,  
 The vastive all-enarming trine-root tree  
 Of literature, most rich and amply spread  
 Of epics, highest mountain range, to tread  
 From peak to larger distant peak, so free  
 From trivia, such a blessing: widest sea  
 And deepest, comprehensive to the stead  
 Of godhood here, all splendour, such a song  
 As makes a cheat the term "magnificent",  
 Come down from sphere divine whence forged the Word  
 Builds worlds like dancing beauty, truth deferred  
 No longer, light and bliss and power athrong  
 Revealing wisdom-love's lost firmament.

JESSE ROARK

\*

### SRI AUROBINDO APPEARS

I weep as I behold his glowing form  
 That rises like a cloud of golden rain  
 And pours down a stream of living fire  
 That overflows in tears of godlike pain.

A sun ablaze on his majestic throne,  
 A tranquil earth beneath his gaze at noon,  
 Rays of compassion pouring from his eyes,  
 A moment of unbearable bliss his boon.

The star upon my brow melts into fire  
 And I plunge into seas of bright oblivion;  
 The lotus in my breast is ravished by love  
 And I perish in an agony of vision.

Overwhelmed by his sudden manifestation,  
 My soul adores in anguish and submission.

ROD

\*

### AUGUST 15, 1952

Here in the unseen sanctum of the Infinite,  
 Shut behind the impermeable doors of hush,  
 Unbodied stands the flaming presence of the king,  
 The august king of the Solitary Noon.  
 A miracle is here formless, perpetual, free,  
 Disclosed to the children of immortal fire.  
 A power is here like a high stuated cliff  
 Surveying the passage of time and fate and death.  
 A rapture wells from this burning cave of rest,  
 A voiceless grace is born within these wells,  
 A sheer quiescence looms from its all-gazing dome  
 And on the luminous couch of prophetic poise  
 Sits alone the majestic body of the Sun  
 In omnipotent grandeur and stillness supreme.  
 With eyes open in wide magnificent trance,  
 He sights the world from his everlasting throne,  
 He hears the chariot-wheels of epical advent,  
 His being bearing the wounds of mortal fall,  
 His spirit warring with Nihil's terrible force,  
 His mind the undefeated monarch of the Vast.  
 But a day shall come when the blind dust shall gaze  
 At his figure built out of the diamond Flame,  
 Not with occult eyes lit by his compassion-gem  
 But with stark outwardness of physical eye.  
 The temple of this viewless recluse of Light  
 Shall then become his far living thunder's abode.

ROMEN

\*

**TO SRI AUROBINDO**

Born from the high illimitable trance-gold,  
 An eternal self vested as a time-born soul,  
 With limbs that are a quintessence of loveliness —  
 Can he perish, the monarch spirit's thunder-flame?  
 Can he die, the vast king of immortality?  
 One whose spans reach beyond the stature of worlds,  
 Whose visions pierce the granite doors of death,  
 Whose matchless presence burns, an aureate crown  
 Above the pinnacle of the universal mind,  
 Above the sheer heights of the azure peaks  
 Yet deep within each heart-cell, a luminous fire —  
 Can he be the nihil's extinguishable spark?  
 Can he, the one sheer unsurmountable power,  
 The one unalterable magnificence  
 Stoop to kiss the coma's base of nothingness —  
 One who is all, can he be the absolute void?  
 Seated regal on his perpetual throne,  
 He is alone in his splendid loneliness,  
 His gold seat none can conquer or occupy;  
 He is the lord whose flame burns in our soul;  
 He is the master whose everlasting feet  
 The world worships in gratitude unspanned.  
 He is within, he reigns without, supreme.  
 His glory none can equal or measure and gauge.  
 We bear his heaven-seed within our breast  
 Like an inner regalia of unnamable bliss.  
 Spaceless and vast he has vanquished time and fate,  
 Whose barless prophet-eye is the ultimate sight.  
 He is the air that mantles the universe;  
 He is the blood that ripples within our veins;  
 He is the heart that adores his own God-sun.  
 Without him the globe will crumple up and fade.  
 He is the hierophant of the coming noon,  
 The primal Day with crown of Gnostic blaze.  
 Through him the Empress of unthinkable light  
 Shall lean to change the heliolithic earth.

ROMEN

\*

**THE BIRTH OF THE AVATAR**

He brought with Him the ancient skies of hush,  
 A seed of lightning to the dales of the years,  
 A transparent mass of secret rhapsodies  
 Golden with a bliss untarnished, immense, unbarred.  
 She woke at His feet's echoings and His call  
 And thrilled to the magic of sun's deluge,  
 And felt the silent diapasons of the peak  
 Within Her heart-cells of immortality.  
 Her clay became divine by His luminous gait.  
 Her veins were rich with His blood-wine of peace.  
 She lived in Him and in His cloistered Whole.  
 Their twofold bodies became a single Fire —  
 The Fire absolute of the Avatar.

ROMEN

\*

**IN SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM**

You touched me with your secret hand of peace;  
 You touched me with your flame and vastness immune  
 And drowned my unconscious earth in the flood of your ray.  
 Light and ecstasy looked me in the face.  
 Sovereign silence encrowned my nascent birth;  
 A high imperial wind of grace came down  
 Supreme with felicity, supreme with love  
 And changed the fallen dust to an altar of God.  
 All things here changed its substance and its seed.  
 The blind journey of life became the march,  
 The pilgrim-course bound for your endless shores,  
 Something total was reached in this day of blaze,  
 Something unnameable opened its core  
 To your far summit and all the leaning Noon.  
 Imperishable you conquered for my fate,  
 I am bound for your everlasting plenitude.

ROMEN

\*

**ON RE-READING “SAVITRI”**

Paeans of glory descending from summits Olympian,  
 Grandeur outstripping grandeur, revelation supreme,  
 Lines of light bearing ocean-rhythm, bliss cerulean,  
 The world of magnificence cadenced in mystic gleam,

Pageant of the gods, of men, of Time, of Fate and beings,  
 Rolling past with heroic strides, stupendous, free,  
 Her drama of flame and night, articulate seeing,  
 The epic voyager linking moment and eternity,

O bard immortal, high Thy outpouring here brings  
 A rare effulgence from wide distances of God,  
 Epiphanies supernal, bright on amazing wings  
 From startling peaks, from depths untouched, from spaces untrod,

The earth is Thy page, the soul Thy pen, the truth Thy source —  
 Thou triumphest over death, conquering doom, with thunder-force.

ROMEN

\*

**SRI AUROBINDO***(5<sup>th</sup> December 1950)*

Lord of all the realms and oceans and stars  
 — Timeless monarch of the illimitable Gold,  
 Masked with a radiant Visage of clay  
 And a robe of the all-engulfing gloom,  
 Has sunk into the last nihil's abode  
 With the flame-puissant sabre of the sun  
 And all the marvel of peak's deathless fire  
 Releasing His sky-poised omnipotence, —  
 A thunder of diamond intensity,  
 To conquer and change the spiritless death  
 And the titans of the ageless abyss  
 And open the gates of matter's secret heart  
 And awaken the god-splendour in the dust  
 Bridging this earth to the far sapphire space  
 To become an icon of His vastitude.

ROMEN

\*



**9<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER 1974**

I have come and stood before Thy Flame  
 O incarnate Lotus-dream,  
 O splendid loneliness of light.  
 In Thy hand is the fate of the world,  
 The fate of all creation here.  
 Behind Thy mask of hush is Thy might,  
 Thy omnipotence,  
 Thy thunder to strike,  
 To save,  
 To wake.  
 O wake that force and unleash  
 That sea upon the dust  
 To crush our sleep  
 And make into a pulp our littleness  
 And remould us to Thy godhead's fire.

ROMEN

\*

**I AM HERE**

O Lord, when will You grant me Your embrace  
 And let me see at last Your radiant face  
 And fill me with unthinkable delight  
 Melting what still resists Your stainless white?

This is my constant tireless endeavour:  
 To know and feel and love You evermore  
 In all things beautiful — or dull — and never  
 Forget: there dwells the One I am yearning for.

Then from a stillness rose a soft reply:  
 I wake within you and I hear your cry.  
 You dwell within Me ever since you were.  
 Awake now and behold Me: I am here!

All you aspire for will surely be —  
 In peace and love you shall grow one with Me.

RUTH

\*

**THE SAVIOURS**

O Mother, tender earth-embracing Mother,  
 In your mighty arms you carry this blind  
 And unaware humanity to the other  
 Side of the abyss threatening devastation,  
 To where a stair is hewn for all to find  
 Their way and climb to conscious liberation.

O Sri Aurobindo, heart of love and compassion,  
 You lead to luminous fields humanity  
 Through self-discovery and realisation  
 Of That which man is truly meant to be.

RUTH

\*

**MY HOME**

From where I came once there was my home,  
 But where it was I forgot.  
 Yet I remember the silver air  
 Round trees on a lovely spot.

Amidst these conflicts, passions, pains  
 I must sleep, wake, sit or walk  
 In a world of relentless contraries  
 Where days are dim, nights dark.

Can here I be at home who long  
 Have lived by that stream of peace  
 Whose waters mirror the suns and moons  
 And stars of the universe?

At last I found in One the Two —  
 They are my home, to them I go.

RUTH

\*

**THY PRESENCE**

My happiness knows no bound,  
 Thy footfall when I hear;  
 My heart-beat is in rhyme  
 With that ringing sound.

Soon I wake and see,  
 My narrow room is dark,  
 The only door is locked;  
 Where will I welcome Thee?

Hastily I come  
 Out of my darkened room;  
 And soon the stepping stops,  
 And all grows suddenly calm.

I stand and weep alone.  
 The sound again I hear,  
 From my own room it comes,  
 I rush back with no moan.

The room is full of light,  
 Who could have lit the lamp?  
 Whence does the fragrance waft?  
 None is in my sight.

Thy Presence yet in me  
 I feel, O Gracious Lord!  
 Thou hast come in at last!  
 But where shall I worship Thee?

Let my heart be Thy seat,  
 Thy Golden Throne, my Lord!  
 With my rolling rapturous tears, —  
 May I wash Thy feet!

SAMAR BASU

\*

**HOW TO GO THROUGH?**

Sucking the sky  
 gulping in earth, devouring trees,  
 soaking up the play of sunlight and shadow  
 I drink back life, nourished by this beauty.

But how to go through?

This eye-defying blue  
                                           that is our sky,  
 This sun we cannot look upon,  
                                           nor bear too long his rays  
 Are only shadows of That light . . .

These perfect trees  
                                           who dance for joy  
                                           in rhythms delicate and grave  
 Are only sketches, faint indications,  
                                           of the Beauty His creative vision gave;

And all these forms, though beautiful,  
 Do not reveal, but hide, His face.

Draw back, my soul,  
 From thought, from sense,  
 And know thyself entire  
 In His embrace.

SHRADDHAVAN

\*

**THE CLAY BIRD**

They say lord Jesus as a boy  
 Found on the village street a little toy —  
 A bird of clay. He took it in his hands of joy  
 And breathing on it secretly  
 Filled it with life and ecstasy  
 So it took wing and eagerly  
 Flew singing, singing, high and high —

Lost in immensities of sky . . .  
 And still its triumphant loving cry  
 Was heard below in streets of mud  
 By men of earth. O loving Lord,  
 I offer you my human heart.  
 It is not very wide nor very pure  
 And all its depths are still obscure  
 To me, though you with your clairvoyant eye  
 Have plumbed perhaps its petty mystery.  
 This struggling heart, oh purify —  
 Let it be worthy of the flame  
 It longs to bear, and of its name.  
 Oh, take it in your hands of joy  
 And breathe upon it secretly;  
 Then will this little bird of clay  
 Take wing and fly towards the Sun.

SHRADDHAVAN

\*

### SUNDAY AT MATRIMANDIR

“The raucous voices,  
 Ruthless hammering go on,  
 Breaking the sacred Sabbath hush —  
 Are these men or demons?

Or is it You, Lord?  
 What delight would You take  
 In this relentless din?”

Worse things are happening!  
 Open your ears —  
 Open your heart!  
 Don't you hear the bombs and screaming,  
 The earth quaking,  
 Freeways and forests falling?  
 Where is there peace?

“But here, Lord,  
 Things should be different —

We come here to escape all that,  
To learn to hear Your sacred silence . . .”

Nowhere can you escape  
The crash and clash  
Of the Universe wheeling onward.

But learn to hear —  
Open your ears,  
Open your heart —  
Be aware  
Everywhere  
Always  
Of My all-embracing sacred silence  
Forever inviolable . . .

SHRADDHAVAN

\*

**“SRI AUROBINDO’S COMPASSION”**

*Portulaca grandiflora*

A tiny flower from a green field,  
Its roselike heart revealed.  
But then was lost the lovely face  
As in a billowy cloud the dawning rays.

I searched amongst the impudent blades  
For that crystalline smile that never fades;  
Against my heart I held it with love,  
Vanished at once each care and crave.

O symbol of a help greater than all the gods!  
O enchanting sign from Eternity!  
Protect our earth and all true things on it,  
Encircle us with thy saviour harmony.

SHYAM KUMARI

\*

**EMBRACE US, O LORD!**

A sweet touch of you  
 Has kindled a little flame of truth  
 Yet darkened parts refuse to obey,  
 Leave us not in this chaos, O Lord!  
 We are not pure yet to rise to the blue,  
 Let the heavens come down to us, O Lord!

SITANGSHU CHAKRABORTY

\*

**GAZING AT HIS ROOM ACROSS THE STREET**

The street desolate —

I feel deeply to sit silent  
 and keep gazing  
 at His room . . .  
 across the street.

It drizzles  
 Like showering of grace.  
 There —  
 in that room  
 across the street  
 He lived . . .

Did He ever peep  
 through the windows  
 across the street?  
 Had He ever time  
 to look at the blue?

Time flows on my side,  
 head gets filled with  
 unending questions . . .

There —  
 across the street

in His room,  
I find through  
the half-opened windows  
Time stand still.

SITANGSHU CHAKRABORTY

\*

### **SUPER-DANTE**

We need not abandon Hope who are here,  
We glimpse the Multi-foliated Rose  
Even amidst Infernal pains  
Or agonising Purgatorial fires;  
We often see It drawing very near,  
Whispering to us, "Forsake all fear."

Complex and complicated is the Vision  
The Super-Dante brings before our lives.  
Puzzled, perplexed, we yet live thrilled,  
Even despair being divine here,  
Smile hidden behind a bitter tear.

K. B. SITARAMAYYA

\*

### **THIS OFFERING**

Do not reject this offering of mine,  
This shapeless, empty vessel unadorned.  
Clay it is, so the better you can mould;  
Empty, no doubt, but you can fill it up;  
If unadorned, own it and it shall shine.  
Though men have thrown it off as a useless thing,  
Will you not take this humble offering?

K. B. SITARAMAYYA

\*



**SRI AUROBINDO**

There have been other Avatars, —  
 Of Love and Joy and Power in the Past:  
 Else, all life would have been a mere farce,  
 Nothing great or noble could ever last.

There have been human efforts too  
 To enthrone God in the realms of life:  
 Else, few would have sought the Good, the True  
 Or Harmony beyond our struggle and strife.

Yet none before You sought to draw the Force  
 That would change the very cells of Earth  
 And hasten long Evolution's course  
 And bring about a Divine race's birth.

Nor did any even make the Soul  
 At once govern the World and be its goal.

K. B. SITARAMAYYA

\*

**RESURRECTION**

Where art Thou, O my sweet Lord,  
 Why drag me out in this night?  
 As one in a spell lured by a word  
 I stagger twixt the wrong and the right.

Beyond all sound, all sight, all form,  
 Beyond all reasonings of the mind,  
 Battered and torn in this raving storm  
 Thou hast made me mad and blind.

The denseness deepens drowning me,  
 A formidable power reviles.  
 I gasp for light, unable to see,  
 And the Demon of Darkness smiles.

“My Lord will protect me!” I cried,  
 My voice was clear and still,  
 Quiet and assured though all denied  
 That even this is Thy will.

And anchored deep within me,  
 The faith that Thou art there,  
 Though all seems lost, and I fail to see  
 Thy sweetness scattered everywhere.

A beggar blind with my broken bowl  
 I light my night with thoughts of Thee;  
 This howling emptiness, this raging soul  
 Is now appeased with Thy Felicity.

Only a drop of Thy Radiance  
 I ask — I ask no more:  
 Thy Smile, Thy Touch, and Thy Glance  
 Will flood me from shore to shore.

S. M.

\*

### OFFERING

I who, oh Lord, am nothing, unto Thee  
 Pray that I may be  
 Straw in Thy wind, leaf on Thy tree,  
 Flame of Thy flame,  
 Thy bright sword and the sweet sound of Thy name.

ELIZABETH STILLER

\*

### LAUREL SUPERNAL

Across the vast aerial ocean  
 I've touched the moon-depth of night where stars were born  
 Throbs of the earth-pangs are stilled to a beatific trance  
 Mute, lone I wait Thy radiant morn.

Around me blazing the fiery wings of flaming wind,  
 Sky now breathes the gust of a juvenile shower;  
 Vacant sombre womb of tenebrous night  
 Beckons the quiver of a marvellous hour.

Below me billowing the waves of seven seas,  
 The creative shaft flung wide in spirit's space  
 Demoniac feet of the wheeling stars  
 Are set in motion for a mighty chase.

Clay enkindled, dust turned gold  
 Now air vibrates Thy honied breath;  
 I am drowned in puissance of Thy poignant love  
 And adorned, O King, with Thy emerald wreath.

SURESHWAR

\*

### SYMPHONY

Let my whole being resonate with your transcendental notes.  
 Let my heart fill with your eternally sweet melodies.  
 Let my mind echo your supremely harmonious octaves.  
 Let my life be your divinely spiritual symphony.

SURESH HINDOCHA

\*

### SALUTATION TO SRI AUROBINDO

The Day when it was possible  
 that You should descend on this earth  
     of pain and of sorrows,  
 and should live among men with a human body,  
 none realised the purpose of  
 this Incarnation!  
 Nor were we wiser —  
 unfortunate human creatures —  
 the Day when Your material envelope  
     You gave back to Matter!  
 We cannot guess  
 what triumphal song was sung by the Gods

to celebrate the hour of Your coming  
 on this obscure earth,  
 nor can we guess  
 what made You cast away  
 the Godlike body of Yours!  
 To us who would move about —  
 Nourished by Your blessings —  
     happy and aspirant,  
 the dawn of 5th December  
 brought the terrible news  
 and our entire being  
 could but shake in a vehement protest.  
 “How can that be?” — so we asked.  
 “He — a grain of whose blessings  
     can give man immortality,  
 He whose blessings can make man feel  
     himself a victor,  
 how can He depart?” — that was our question.  
 “How is it possible?  
 How can we believe so strange a thing?”

\*

In the midst of this surging calamity  
 another day just flashed upon our mind:  
 the hour when the Supreme Purusha  
 had to put an end to his terrestrial Play —  
 the Purusha who once  
 showed the universe inside his mouth —  
 the Lord of the Kurukshetra fields —  
 who had to leave this earth like a human being,  
 shot by a hunter’s arrow!

\*

The day when You came down on this earth,  
 came to this clay-made sphere,  
 each dust-particle of man’s world  
 was bleeding with our conflicting selfish ends.  
 When on the dark eastern sky —  
 dark yet chequered with a distant glow —



Within the Fire offer fire,  
 Your silent heart's pure lonely flame;  
 What have you lovelier or higher  
 To burn before his beauteous Name?

O priestess-soul, before He call,  
 The Sun-God of the mystic dance,  
 Gather your strength and lay your all  
 Upon the dawn's red altar-trance.

Then He, the Lord of sacrifice  
 Will open his gold-gates of grace,  
 And lay upon your new-born eyes  
 The lustrous vision of his face.

THÉMIS

\*

### THIS HIDDEN WORLD

Mysterious, magical, what is it there,  
 That secret sweetness in the core of things?  
 And this strange melody that flows and sings  
 In every atom of the earth and air?  
 Rock-crystals hold the light's delight, a rare  
 Close diamond-glow; pools ripple fairy rings,  
 Within dark burgeon-knots what live joy springs,  
 And what ecstatic flights the great palms dare!

This hidden world is vibrant with a Name,  
 A rapture pulsing in the heart's abyss,  
 Leaping in flame on flame of inward bliss;  
 Granite and flower and tree are fire and flame,  
 And eye of beast, and man's thought, word, desire;  
 And most the Word, the Name, is fire, is Fire.

THÉMIS

\*

**O MARVELLOUS FRIEND**

O marvellous Friend whose beauty binds  
 The star-worlds in its spell,  
 Whose wisdom broods within our minds,  
 Whose love glows in each cell,

When your vast flood of blinding light  
 Sweeps breaking through the brain,  
 And shakes the fixities of sight,  
 And cleans thought's cluttered drain,

The rose-fires burst through clotted clay,  
 The leashed heart snaps its chain,  
 Rockholds of darkness shattered away,  
 Over earth sun-showers rain.

The fields are fields of golden grain,  
 Each flower a seraph flower,  
 And nectar flows through every vein,  
 For eternity's in this hour.

O marvellous Friend, whose love-charms spin  
 A circle on the deeps,  
 The earth of gold, entranced within  
 Your lap of beauty, sleeps.

THÉMIS

\*

**THE ORDINANCE**

Your hands once wrote their potent will  
 Upon my brow of trance;  
 The fire-script burns and glimmers still,  
 A dire ordinance.

It bids me to explore the night,  
 (For the day's tasks are done),  
 Go through the rock-doors and ignite  
 Down there the Fire, the Sun.

Bur I have neither strength nor skill,  
 And my frail eyes cannot see.  
 Are You then there? is it Your will?  
 Where will I find the key?

Will night's black scroll be ever unfurled?  
 The music of the Word,  
 The meaning of the hidden world  
 Within us ever be heard?

THÉMIS

\*

### STREAMLETS

Lord, how bright the waters flow,  
 Shimmering silver, sparkling gold,  
 Let Your mercy now bestow  
 A power within the heart to hold

Some streamlets of that ecstasy  
 Which cleans the being through and through,  
 And with its inmost light sets free  
 My soul to swiftly come to You.

THÉMIS

\*

### EPIPHANY

Behold, the Timeless now through all Time shines,  
 Resplendent in each thought and act and thing;  
 The earth and heavens with His Presence ring,  
 And every form enfolds Him in its lines.  
 All grows to wondrous beauty, shapes and signs  
 Reveal the light's mysterious fashioning,  
 From rock and rock the solar waters spring,  
 The sun-gold flood no earth-born strength confines.

Once long ago seers spoke of alchemy,  
 The mystic stone that can transmute to gold,



The mystic wine of life. Now in this hour  
 Of benedictions, hour eternal, we  
 Witness fulfilled the promises of old,  
 The glory of Love's sacrificial power.

THÉMIS

\*

### SWEET ENTRANCER

Praised be Thou who touchest me  
 With Thy wand of ecstasy:  
 When the seven meanings pass  
 Through the lucencies of glass,  
 Twining to a rod of white  
 Drawn unto Thy Sun-delight;  
 When the tranced moon-waters roll  
 In the caverns of the soul  
 Deep reverberations stored  
 Of the laughter of the Lord;  
 When the stars of destiny  
 Break their Karmic seals, and free  
 In the being's living breath  
 Secrecies of life and death,  
 Placing in my hand the key  
 Of Thy folded mystery;  
 Sweet Entrancer, round me close  
 Magic circlets of Thy Rose.

THÉMIS

\*

### THE TEMPLE

My Being is a Temple offered to the Lord,  
 In the Heart's deep recess does He dwell;  
 In that inmost chamber with closed doors,  
 Steadily burns a Truth-Spark guarded well.

In an upper chamber, that of the Mind,  
 For long hours He is at work;

In the glow of a gloriously radiant Blue Light,  
Undivine forces here dare not lurk.

My Life-force too is His faithful slave,  
Patiently the Soul awaits its turn  
To be brought forward Him to serve,  
My Ego as fuel He can burn.

To keep this Temple spotlessly clean,  
I work hard day and night  
To scrub away all impurities,  
And keep it forever bright.

Perhaps my knocking He will hear some day,  
And open that closed door,  
To reveal the hidden Light within,  
When its Glow Divine I am ready to endure.

TIM

\*

### THE UNFOLDING

With the "I" in me dead and buried,  
And mourned for some time by the "Me",  
There gradually unfolded an inner light,  
When I found my true self in "THEE".

Fixing my gaze on the "THEE" in me,  
Like a moth to its Light Divine I turn,  
With devotion to feed its sacred flame,  
Joyfully in it my whole being I burn.

My thoughts, my words, my actions,  
Are not my own any more,  
They stand guarding a most precious wealth  
A Diamond that now in me I store.

Standing in a flood of Thy Diamond Light,  
I am conscious of a ray of Blue;

Together they help my soul to rise  
Towards a radiance of Golden Hue.

Gratefully content with “THEE” in my heart,  
Envy or malice I bear towards none,  
With my life enriched in Thy abundant Grace,  
May ever in me Thy Will be done.

TIM

\*

### THE LAST NIGHT

The barque of my soul was sailing undirected,  
Through a soundless night and a soft congealing mist  
Of faceless pallid memories swirling and receding,  
Lost in the veils of dim dark-shaded scenes  
From my transmigrating search  
For my source and for my God.

This strange and ill-hued night drew back;  
Then all about me leapt the glare,  
The lurid tongues of Hell’s dismembered flames,  
But through this blood-bewildering dawn  
There came a calming wind: then waves of peace  
Flowed out of timeless space —  
A Supramental all-consuming sun  
Now filled the hours with bliss-sustaining Grace.

From a distant and diviner shore,  
Across the golden, opal foaming sea,  
I heard the pure and trembling call  
Of the Immortal Lover’s fabled flute.  
My soul made swift and glad reply,  
“To Your gracious feet, O Lord, I come.”

TONY SCOTT

\*

**AT THE SAMADHI**

All is silent, save  
 for a constant twittering  
 of birds on the wing.  
 The opalescent haze  
 of twilight spreads,  
 embracing with fragrant incense  
 all who gaze, entranced,  
 eyes riveted on Thy resting place.

Beneath the Service Tree's  
 darkening canopy,  
 in glimmering hues  
 the flowers smile,  
 scenting the air  
 with ethereal blends,  
 lifting the spirit heavenward.  
 In splendour cool  
 the marble glows,  
 radiating Thy blessings  
 in countless forms,  
 The mantle of Love enfolding all.

Devotion wells up  
 in grateful hearts and flows  
 into the soft-gleaming night.  
 Laden with promise  
 The stillness and silence —  
 the ineffable Bliss  
 of Thy outpouring Grace.  
 In hushed awe  
 Thy blessed touch  
 we await  
 while all Nature holds its breath.

U.

\*

**INVOCATION TO SRI AUROBINDO**

Let Thy Silence come, O Master,  
 Let Thy Silence grow,  
     Row upon row,  
 In my fields of mind — O Vaster  
     Than space — and blow,  
     My tiny spark aglow!

Let Thy Peace come, O Lord,  
 Let Thy Peace settle,  
     Little by little,  
 In my heart's chamber, bereft of word,  
     To build, petal by petal,  
     A Rose-Pedestal!

Let Thy Feet-Lotus come, O Love,  
 Let Thy Feet-Lotus, a Kiss,  
     Touch the abyss  
 Of my waiting soul, and move  
     Its time-bound darkneses  
     With Eternal Bliss!

VASANT K. KULKARNI

\*

**“MOTHER MIRA IS MY REFUGE,  
 MY REFUGE IS SRI AUROBINDO”**

This chant brings a vision of the Supreme Lord,  
 It brings back to life the good deeds of the ages,  
 And makes body and soul divine.

“Mother Mira is my refuge, my refuge is Sri Aurobindo”:  
 Sweet as nectar is the refrain,  
     A music of heavenly dreams,  
 Sacred passion of heart.

“Mother Mira is my refuge, my refuge is Sri Aurobindo”:  
 Liberating from lust and wrath,

Filling mind and heart with love,  
It kindles devotion's new-born flame.

“Mother Mira is my refuge, my refuge is Sri Aurobindo”:  
Of golden hue is its radiance cool,  
It fills with love the strings of the heart,  
It is the ecstasy of Love Divine.

“Mother Mira is my refuge, my refuge is Sri Aurobindo”:  
A gift of the gods for suffering man,  
This the adventure to the Goal,  
This is the chant of Superman.

VYANKAT RAMAN SINGH

*(Translated into English by Sanat K. Banerjee from the original Hindi)*

\*

### THE IMMORTAL DAWN

*4.4.1910: the day Sri Aurobindo came to Pondicherry*

A day lives eternally in the life of man,  
And keeps an enduring stamp upon the soil.  
The date is deep-decreed in the divine plan  
Which crowns the cycle of the cosmic toil.  
A rift in the dark clouds inundates the earth,  
The lightnings flash to illuminate the Way.  
The thundering harmonies announce the birth  
Of the One Eternal in our mortal clay.  
Beneath the vigil of the vernal sky  
In calm disguise He sailed to a shore unknown;  
In secret the high fates had whispered, 'Fly';  
A Fire came with him; that ever shone.  
The caravan of nights and days goes on:  
There in the East breaks the Immortal Dawn.

VITHALDAS

\*

**SONG TO SRI AUROBINDO**

Sri Aurobindo, compassion bright!  
 I strain to you across the night,  
 I wait for you who are the Lord,  
 Who guide and watch us, your wandering horde.

Sri Aurobindo, light most rare,  
 Known only to those who deeply care!  
 We look to the ever greater beyond,  
 And pray to you, "Lord, lead us on."

Sri Aurobindo, I am but a child  
 Who clings to you — the way is wild.  
 I trip and fall and cry to you —  
 You are the Saviour Grace of the Blue!

Sri Aurobindo, shepherd of man,  
 Watching us who graze from your hand,  
 Giving one and giving all,  
 To none do you refuse the call.

Sri Aurobindo, I love you alone,  
 You came for us who have sought the unknown.  
 We who forget the way we've come,  
 Return us to the One, our home!

Sri Aurobindo, help from the height,  
 We wander feeding on your might.  
 We look to star on star above  
 And bow to your refuge-feet of love.

Sri Aurobindo standing there,  
 Pillar of wisdom calm and fair,  
 Waiting — watching us through the night,  
 Collecting us for the morrow's light.

Sri Aurobindo, will you shelter me?  
 I seek my rest beneath your tree.  
 I've journeyed far to meet your hands,  
 To kiss your feet and walk your lands.

Sri Aurobindo, your cattle am I,  
I come to pray, to feel your sky.  
From life to life my heart has run  
In search of lands where all are one!

Y.

\*



**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 —

*Poems on Sri Aurobindo and The Mother* (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, 1954)  
*Devotion* (IntEnt, Auroville, 2007)

And published collections of individual poets —

Narad (Richard Eggenberger) — *Songs to the One* (Outskirts Press, 2019); *Poems to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother* (Outskirts Press, 2019); *Towards the Life Divine* (Author Source, 2017); *Visions and Experiences* (Outskirts Press, 2019)

Nirodbaran — *Collected Poems of Nirodbaran with Sri Aurobindo's Comments and Corrections* (2 volumes) (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 2015)

Nolini Kanta Gupta — *To the Heights* (Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, 1976)

Pranab Kumar Bhattacharya — *Songs of Youth* (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 2006)

Ruth — *Poems* (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 2000)

Prithwi Singh Nahar — *The Winds of Silence* (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 1972)

Shraddhavan — *Stars in the Soup* (Prisma, Auroville, 2012)

Thémis — *Poems* (Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, 1994)



PY/50/2021-23

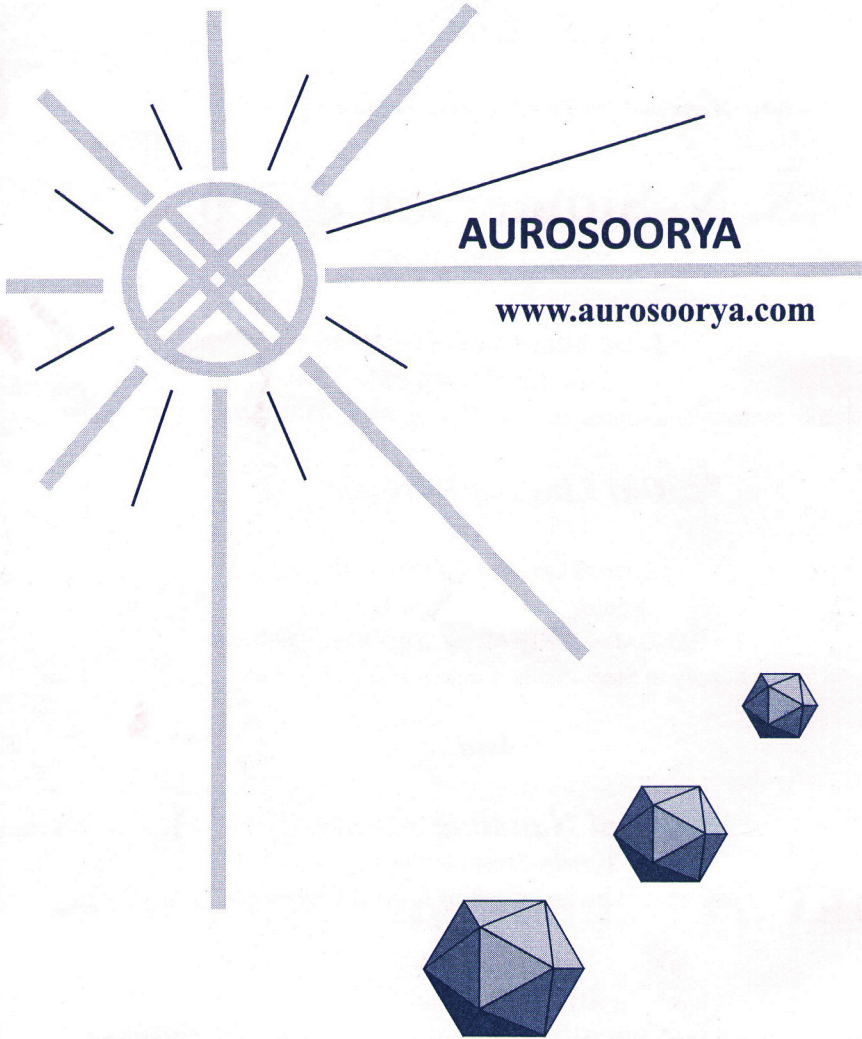
RNI 8667/63

Licensed to Post without Prepayment under

No. TN/PMG/(CCR)/WPP 80/21-23

Valid from 01.01.2021 to 31.12.2023

*The Birth of Suns is the Dawn of Creativity...*



**Deep Order Technologies: Advanced**  
Analytics To Map and Change Deep Order

[www.deepordertechnologies.com](http://www.deepordertechnologies.com)