

did anything happen at all...

As one sits here, silently watching the ocean
on the last day of the retreat,
it is hard to believe that one has actually
been here for 40 days.
Did they happen at all?
Did anything happen at all?
Or was it just a dream we saw with open eyes...

The memories are all flimsy and vague.
All incidents, all events that seemed
so intense and profound for a few moments,
have dissolved back into nothingness.
The only thing that remains is a more soft,
a more purified... a more transparent sense-of-being.

Maybe this is the same feeling that will appear
on one's death bed.
Did life happen at all? ...Did anything happen at all?

Or was it just an illusory play of light and shade,
the fleeting shadow of a bird
as it crosses the sun for a brief moment...

when life dances in you

The Sufi dancing sessions in the presence of Gurudev are magical indeed.

Dressed in clean white robes, all the participants gather together at sunset in the Meditation hall.

The soft and divine sense of presence in the hall is further enhanced by the freshly-lit sandalwood incense and the smoking bowl of Frankincense and Sage.

And when Gurudev enters the hall, the stage is set... it is time to take off.

As the Sufi song picks up its rhythm, all logic and reason is lost.

We surrender ourselves to the music and the energy, being transported to a space where the body is a mere shadow... a transparent, hollow outline, moving with wild abandon within a solid, infinite block of witnessing.

It is strange to see total action combine so beautifully with total inaction...

to see and *to be* simultaneously the movable and the immovable.

The bodies dance as if by themselves, free from any thought, any control, any manipulation.

It is clear that there was only one dancer... performing through many bodies.

God is drunk, celebrating himself in the music of manifestation...

the unity of emptiness

During the 21 days of silence,
there are silent satsangs
which 'out of this world' indeed.

Gurudev uses some excellent chants
as a background, modulating the volume
ever so gently... creating an atmosphere and energy
where Meditation can effortlessly happen.

Within moments, the meditator feels
that he is no longer in the hall,
but has been gently immersed
into an ocean of silence.
An ocean where all boundaries
are vague and flimsy, where the body
is like an empty shell...
transparent, vaporous and undefined.

The phrase 'the unity of emptiness'
keeps asserting itself in every satsang,
confirming again and again the timeless truth...
the drop is illusory... only the ocean is...

where intelligence ends, devotion begins

One has seen Gurudev harnessing
the spiritual power of music time and again,
but nothing is as mystifying and as potent
as the power of a kirtan,
which could in simple terms be called
an energetic and rhythmic devotional song.

It has the power to transport even
the most intellectual person into raptures,
even the most rigid person into fluidity,
even the most 'present' person into absence,
even the most mindful person into mindlessness.

What a gift it is...
the opportunity to merge so easily
into the universal heart...
the chance to drown all do's and don'ts,
all paths and goals...
to forget all the lofty states of spiritual attainment...
and simply lose oneself.

the heart of a seeker

The heart of a bhakta, a devotee,
is one that skips a beat every time it sees
the object of its devotion, the Guru.

It is filled with an indescribable joy,
an irrational love, an inexplicable fascination.
It is an ongoing experience that is beyond
logic and beyond comprehension.

The heart seeks nothing less than
complete dissolution... complete union.
Nothing less will do.

And until it reaches its goal,
it continues to stumble forward...
crying... praying... waiting for the moment
when the last shreds of separation dissolve...
the moment when the devotee
and the idol become one...
the moment when the seeker
completely melts and joins the Guru
in the vast, unbroken unity of love.

the promise of love

The Guru-disciple relationship is the unspoken bond
between the Unmanifest and the manifest.
It is the silent promise of trust and love
that cannot be broken by any power in the universe.

All superficial happenings are totally irrelevant.
And in the end, the Guru will always win.
Because the small 'I' has no chance of
withstanding the power of existence
and the map of its own destiny.

All individual goals will be smashed to bits.
And the level of pain experienced
is directly based on the level of resistance offered.

After connecting with the Guru,
the disciple has only one job...
ending resistance.
Sometimes it can happen in one moment.
And sometimes, even a lifetime is not enough...