

## TO THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

O Guru-Deva! Hast Thou then  
 Entered the Eternal Formlessness,  
 Passing forever from all mortal sight?  
 Hast Thou entered Para-Brahman,  
 And art Thou now unconscious  
 Of all that passes here?  
 With the problem all-unsolved  
 We journey long, without the Truth.  
 Whence springs our hope, O Sage?  
 Then came the Voice:  
 "I am the Truth, thou seekest, son;  
 Formless, I am centred in the Self;  
 Through Parabrahman am I  
 Myriad-fold more conscious of thy ways.  
 For the energy and mind and soul  
 That there appeared as "I"  
 Is infinitely enlarged and  
 By infinity expanded.  
 Now that the mortal dream is shattered  
 I am That fully which my soul did seek;  
 And thus am I more living than before."

Fourth July, A Disciple.  
 The Feast of Maha-samadhi.

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 FROM THE PSALMS OF TAYUMANA  
 SWAMI.—III.

## SALUTATION.

## I.

Eternal, Pure, Unqualified Absolute pervading all,  
 Beyond yet near, Transcendent Light, abundant,  
 undefiled,  
 The Home of all, the Blissful Spirit, the One  
 beyond access  
 Of mind and speech, the Great Expanse where  
 dawns the Bliss,—we adore!

## II.

The Mind behind whatev'r the mind doth think,  
 the Life of life,  
 Abiding ev'n in all, Siddhanta's Flawless Light  
 Superb,

Supreme beyond supreme, bereft of mark or  
 attribute,  
 Revealed, to Love, as Welling Bliss Ambrosial  
 Pure,—we adore!

## III.

The Vast Expanse, the Birthplace of the elements,  
 th' Abode  
 Of Speechless Peace, the Blissful One beyond the  
 mind and sense  
 That, soon as realised through grace of Lords of  
 Light, o'erwhelms  
 And swallows up the lover, one with him, unknow-  
 able,—we adore!

## IV.

The Soul of souls, the Friend of those devoid of  
 'I' and 'mine,'  
 The Ever-Blissful One, unknowable, without support,  
 Transcendent Life, the heart-delighting Honey,  
 the Triple Fruit\*  
 The Nectar Sweet,—with streaming eyes and joined  
 palms, we adore!

## V.

Caste, tribe, birth, death, nor bondage nor release,  
 nor form nor void,  
 Nor attribute nor name, nor aught hath He, the  
 Light that Shines  
 Ev'r ev'rywhere in all, the Pure Expanse, Trans-  
 cendent Life,  
 The Stainless Being Supreme,—with mind at rest  
 on Grace, we adore!

## VI.

Who taught me deem this world as phantasma-  
 goric mirage  
 Or dream, and set me ever on th' Eternal Sp'rit  
 Supreme  
 And filled my heart with free and constant flow of  
 flooding Bliss,—  
 That Sage of Silence mine, His flow'ry feet, I ev'r  
 adore!

## VII.

The Primal Source of all that we perceive, the  
 Wisd'm, the Light,  
 The Luscious Honey drunk by loving hearts, their  
 woes dispelled,  
 The Perfect Bliss pervading in and out,—hearts  
 filled with Grace,  
 That Radiant Essence devoid of darkness, we adore!

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\* The poet here compares Him with the three sweetest  
 of fruits, viz, the plantain, the mango and the jack-fruit.