

Equipoise State

For equipoise way everyone craves,
So-called divine up to his utmost behaves.
Tired is everyone the way of his life,
Himself cuts he his throat with his knife.
There is no praise without His Grace,
Unluckily one turns not his face.
Finds not the very way within,
Within dwells the Lord of our fate.
Within is utter bliss, peace, and love,
Without whole life waveres in vain.
May you move far below and above,
All suffered and you, too, not again.
In world you dwell in hue and cry,
Suffered you for want of guide.
Shrieks¹ hold and resounds you from within,
Your very² life bound you from within.

1 Shrieks of the world
2 True life