

Kal

Bewildered with gruesome eyes who can see?
The faith of devotee, how can be with Thee?
Filled with duality, anger, and wrath,
Black face, red eyes, who else hath?
Frightens and sits and closes the door,
With reaction one dreads and stands he before.
This is but a phase of matter and dust,
Gold not, it is iron turning into rust.
There can be hundred thousand such waves of illusion,
Take it for granted, it is nothing but confusion.
No charm, deadly affairs everywhere,
Except with Master, no consolation here and there.
Never I surrender, never I fear,
Remembrance of my Master ever close and near.

Comment

This relates to the negative way of life. The negative power of the mind has hundred thousand dreadful and fearful tricks to control the soul in its fold. Sometimes it allures the soul with charming beauty and with attractive design of Maya. But all that is no more than dust, like the firework which finishes in a moment and has no existence of its own.

In the three worlds, either physical, astral, or causal, everything is matter, and matter is nothing but illusion. Illusion exists in the three worlds with the mind churping the soul.

He who knows the mind does not serve and feed the mind. By the Grace of God he sees his saviour and protector in the body itself.