

Meeting Him Again

One day I got afraid of the thief,
I could not do other than cry of the belief.
Went out of the room I for fresh air,
Bolted I, went in fresh and fair.

Soon I saw the light in my room,
Who put light on, put me in gloom?
Soon I saw the bolt unbolting itself,
To my surprise, I felt unholding myself.

Soon I saw the one who came to me before,
to whom ever I respect and adhore.
My joy knew no bound,
Attention fixed and forgot all around.

This day I knew He can materialize and manifest,
Through which keeps He the belief of child, in fact.
One time, out of separation, said I, `There is no God.`
Holding my arm He said, `Where is no Lord?`

Let this night be as long as millions years,
So may not suffer with separation, yearning, and fears.
Never I would withstand in His eye,
Attention moved down as water on plastic dye.

Me asked He to look upward, I did so,
Seeing into Gracious eyes, I bid so.
Within a moment He took me to my ailing wife,
Holding her hand He told, `She is life of My life.`

`I have given you a very good companion,
She will work as my champion.`
Said He, `I owe to do a lot for her,
Still have not done a dot for her.`

He gave me His stay and way,
I thought to be there the very next day.
Soon looked He at me and knew my wish:
`God comes Himself` - as ocean¹ lives in fish.²

My yearning to meet Him grew more and more,
Six months passed like thousand years.
His order bound me more and sure,
Though I heard His competency with open ears.

His Excellency passed by, I never knew,
knew I, then asked for me His view.
This gentleman surprised me very much,

When heard I that you be there as such.

Physically never He knew me and never I did,
Thought reflected in me and could I bid.
In His appearance I even could know His name,
Sitting among thousands I saw Him same.

How can I forget such a Master?
I felt, I owe much to such a Master
He sweetly told to come near to Him,
I obeyed and thought, who can be dear to Him?

I saw in His eyes the surging waves of love,
Masking Satsang He kept seeing and I felt above,
My eyes were full of tears flowing,
Competency of Kabir kept the heart glowing.
Satsang finished I saw eye to eye again,
Pledged I before Him, for Him I never die again.

Looking in my eyes, he said, `I saw you anywhere`,
Looking into His eyes, bowed I, `You manifest everywhere.`
Thereafter realized I, there is no tongue and no thought,
Wondered I over His Grace as how am I caught.

I requested Him to bless me for initiation.
He told me, `Why you stress me for initiation,
Did I not initiate you alone?
My house is a temple and your Father's home.`

He promised to initiate physically and He did.
I went on seeing Him but could not close the lid.
I was the only one who could not satisfy,
The reason was that for Him I did never justiy.

Started I cursing my fate and luck,
For me His singel glance could do much above much.
He learnt me what nobody could learn,
He helped me to turn, turn and return.

After six month He initiated my wife,
Knew I, he told that `She is life of my life.`
While above body-consciousness she saw Nanak and Kabir,
Master holding the bucket releasing the rope on a well.
Bucket, rope, both rusty. She looked far and near.
`Your Guru-Bhakti³ and Guru-Seva⁴ pending, for They⁵ dwell.`

- 1 God
- 2 Soul
- 3 Self-surrenderance
- 4 Selfless service
- 5 Guru Nanak and Kabir