

THE YOGA VASISTHA IN POEM

CHAPTER FOUR

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Dedicated to

SWAMI VENKATESANANDA

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PRAYER BEFORE READING

Salutations to that supreme reality
In which all shine as if independently
In which they exist for a short while
And into which they merge eventually

Salutations to that consciousness
Source of apparent threefold division
Of knower, knowledge and known
Seer, sight and seen; doer, doing and deed

Salutations to that bliss-absolute
Which is the life of all beings
Deriving happiness from the shower
Of its ocean of supreme bliss

CHAPTER FOUR

1. SECTION DEALING WITH EXISTENCE

After Cosmic Dissolution

Only those with firm faith in the universe's reality
Can posit the universe exists in a seed-state
After the cosmic dissolution, O Rama
These theories are pure ignorance only

The seed of the plant contains the future tree
Both material—perceivable by mind and senses
How can that which is beyond the reach of both
Be the seed for the worlds we see?

That which remains is subtler than space
How can the universe's seed exist in it?
Just how can this universe emerge
From that most subtle supreme being?

Something cannot exist in nothing
Even if it did—why it is not seen?
A tree does not spring from an empty jar
Which is filled with nothing but pure space

Brahman and the universe cannot coexist
As darkness cannot exist with the sun
The tree exists in the seed—both have forms
But how can form exist in formlessness?

Brahman and the world have no relationship
All that appears is Brahman alone
'Tis real just as a dream-vision
For it is produced without substance

A cooperative clause would be needed
For manifestation from the seed-state
But no such clause exists at all
'Tis ignorance to think about this

The creator arose as a memory
In infinite pure consciousness
From and in memory did all this arise
The world-appearance that only looks real

Like specks of dust in a light beam
Millions of universes do appear
This world and all its components
Are all in one small atom only

Other atoms have world-appearances too
Like figures in an uncarved marble slab
Though the slab does not have any form
The figures in it all appear so very real

The Way Beyond

Successful mastery of the senses
Is the only way across this samsara
Formidable ocean or world-appearance
No other effort is of much use

Wisdom gained by study of scriptures
Company of sages and holy ones
Successful mastery of the senses
Will help transcend world-appearance

The mind alone is world-appearance
All this is jugglery of the mind only
Mind conjures and experiences itself
When mind is healed—appearance is healed

Though unseen—by its own thinking
The mind conjures this body
Generating ideas of birth and death
Delusion results from its own thoughts

Relentless errors in perception
Worsen one's psychological condition
By direct observation and inquiry
End the cycle of the mind's tyranny

The enormous universe exists in the mind
Like the universes created by the brahmana boys
Like the hallucinations suffered by king Lavana
The story of Sukra will illustrate this well

2. THE STORY OF SUKRA

Sage Brighu once undertook intense penance
Sukra his son tended to his father's needs
Seeing a beautiful nymph in the sky one day

The young man was totally distracted

Overcome with desire, he closed his eyes
Mentally, he pursued the beautiful nymph
They entered the realm of gods and celestials
And consented to stay there at their behest

He completely forgot his old identity
Spending all his time in pleasure's pursuits
Eight cycles of time came and passed by
Merit exhausted—he fell back to the earth

Both he and the nymph were reborn again
In various related and unrelated conditions
Sukra passed through many different ones
Different conditions and different species too

Passing through various embodiments
And enduring very many fates
He felt the need to find a way out
Sukra practiced intense austerities

His old body sat near his father
Suffering the effects of weather and time
It had been reduced to skin and bone
And was most frightening to even look at

Brighu Rises from Meditation

Sage Brighu arose from his meditation
Many long cycles of time had lapsed
He did not see his youthful son nearby
Only the dried up body—looking hideous

Filled with rage he wished to curse time
For causing Sukra's untimely death
Time appeared before him instantly
In physical form with sword and noose

Six arms and faces—wearing impenetrable armor
Surrounded by servants and messengers
Radiant with the flames of destruction
And the weapons he held in his hands

Time Addressed Birghu

How is it that such a wise sage as you

Contemplates such unworthy conduct
Offended though none has offended you
Though worthy of salutations of one and all

Do not waste your merit in this useless show
You know your curses cannot affect me
Even the fires of dissolution do not burn me
Why do you contemplate cursing me?

I am Time—countless beings I've destroyed
Even gods who preside over this universe
I am the consumer—you are the food
Such has been ordained by nature

Fire by its very nature flames upward
Water by its very nature flows down
Foods by their nature seek consumers
Created objects by their nature seek their end

Thus is ordained by the supreme Lord
Self of all, self in all—pure consciousness
The only doer and enjoyer—divisionless
Knowers of truth have experienced this

Do not give way to anger, O sage
It will only lead to disasters' path
What is to be—will surely be
The wise are not swayed by vanity

What has to be done—has to be done
The wise do the needful egolessly
Unselfish as if in deep sleep
Walk this path of the wise sages

Mental actions are real actions
Your mind is disturbed by emotions
Sever mind's identification with body
Turn it to truth and attain the supreme

While you were in deep meditation
Sukra your son got mentally distracted
Pursuing a nymph out of desire
He underwent births of experience

He is now engaged in penance wisely

Well-read in scriptures and learned
See this whole series in intuition
Behold all this with the eye of wisdom

Bhrigu Speaks to Time

Lord, everything you say is absolute truth
You are indeed the knower of all
We are so feeble in understanding
All this is verily within you only

Out of attachment I became agitated
Moved to sorrow by natural events
Clinging to what inevitably changes
Succumbing to anger and delusion

By your grace I have seen the truth
I realize mind alone is the body
The mind conjures this world-vision
And then endures its own havoc

Time Speaks to Bhrigu

Mind is the body—well said, O sage
Mind creates the body by thoughts alone
Just as a potter fashions a pot
Mind creates new bodies—destroys the old

In mind exists irrational thought and delusion
Dream, imagination, whims and fancies
It creates the body within itself only
The ignorant see differences between them both

States of waking, dream and deep sleep
Are expressions of mind's faculties
The conditioned mind sees diversity
The enlightened mind beholds unity

Mind gets involved in its own projections
Entertaining false notions and feels bound
When all false notions have been dispelled
Peace of the supreme is experienced

The mind can be seen as a vast ocean
Within it are a variety of creatures too
On which waves and ripples rise and fall
Its own smaller waves fear larger ones

Warmer waves fear colder ones
Choppy waves feel the wind breaking them
All waves are waters of the same ocean
Ocean alone exists—still there are waves

Even so, absolute Brahman alone exists
Infinite diversity appears in the infinite
Diversity is an appearance—imagination
All this is Brahman—abide in this truth

A silkworm weaving somehow gets bound
The infinite fancies and gets caught in it
As an elephant breaks the chains that bind
Self liberates itself from shackles of bondage

The self is what it considers itself to be
There's no bondage or liberation for the Lord
The infinite being alone exists
Bondage and liberation are great wonders

Come out of ignorance's revolving wheel
Leave delusion's chaos behind
Step onto wisdom concerning the truth
Freedom and redemption are yours instantly

Vasistha's Insight

Time took Bhrigu to see his son
Who was in another body but most tranquil
He greeted them as divinities
Bhrigu asked him to recollect himself

The young man instantly recalled all
He recounted his procession of many births
Then they all travelled to the location
Where lay his first decaying body as Sukra

Whether one is wise or ignorant
The body lasts and functions—as is its nature
Functioning appropriately in the world
Either attached or unattached

As long as one is embodied
Pleasure and pain do come along
The wise are unattached to either
Living an enlightened life in harmony

Time asked him to enter that body
As though going into a different room
The entry of self would be enlivening
Reversing the decay that appeared

Time vanished—Sukra entered his first body
The one abandoned fell to the ground
He rose and greeted his father lovingly
Both shone as the radiance of sun and moon

Sukra's wishes to ascend to heaven
Materialized because his mind was pure
Free of cravings since it was his first birth
What the pure mind wishes—materializes

When the mind regains its utter purity
That pure mind is itself liberation
Diversity is seen as an appearance
The totality is the absolute Brahman

Each see what is rooted in their mind
Succession of births follow changes in mind
To suit the new psychological changes
Till self-realization ends embodiment

The tree grows after destroying the seed
Brahman creates the world—staying unchanged
In the nameless and formless these do appear
Though Brahman remains eternal and changeless

When the self is seen as an object
The seer is not realized or seen
Till the universe is perceived objectively
Self-realization remains unattainable

When the water in a mirage is seen
One does not see the rising hot air
When hot air is seen the water is not
When one is truth—other is not

Give up the division between seer and sight
The two must be seen as one substance
There's no division between subject and object
Only then is realization of truth possible

Every potential exists in every atom
Therefore abandon notions of diversity
All are aspects of infinite consciousness
Rare indeed are those who have realized this

The illusion occurs in infinite consciousness
Experience this directly and be free
Absence of all craving—of every kind
Is the only proof that wisdom has dawned

A painting of a pot is not the pot
A painting of fire is not fire at all
A painting of a woman is not a woman
Wise words too are words—not wisdom

As you contemplate deeply so you become
Hence contemplate on the unconditioned
Contemplating desires Sukra was bound
Contemplating the infinite he attained freedom

The state which endures is the waking state
That which is transient is the dream state
Dream state builds from the waking state
Both share characteristics—they are the same

The consciousness awake in deep sleep
Is the same that enlivens the waking state
The very same that enlivens dreams as well
Is transcendental consciousness called turiya

When ignorance and delusion do expand
The 'I am' thought generates various notions
Senses and the body come to be
For experiences in the different states

All who strive for liberation
Experience the impurity of the mind
Created by notions entertained
And its resulting moods and experiences

Mind's conviction determines action
Action in turn strengthens conviction
This is why all see the same thing differently
Each convinced their view is the truth

Notions of object are called bondage
Notions are called maya or ignorance too
Perversion is in the perceiver's mind
Leading to perverted perception

When the mind is free of all attachments
When it not swayed by any opposites
When attractions and supports are abandoned
Doubt comes to rest—mind is enlightened

When the mind's impurities cease to be
Auspiciousness arises within the heart
Equal vision enters daily living
Ignorance vanishes due to inner expansion

Confusion vanishes from the mind
It functions naturally as it should
Just as waves rise and fall in the ocean
Rise and fall in the mind will not delude it

He who sees all strung in the self
As beads are strung in a necklace
Who knows clearly he is not the mind
He sees without division—firm in the truth

Salutations to that abode of auspiciousness
Filled with the supreme realization
That Brahman alone exists—ever unchanged
During creation, existence and dissolution

He who treads the superior path
Dwells in the body without confusion
Knowing the river of past momentum continues
Events come and go with its flow only

The body is a source of suffering to the ignorant
But a source of delight to the enlightened man
Who sees it as a means to roam about
With no loss at all when it is abandoned

The body does not subject the wise man
To lust, greed, ignorance or fear
Light is his contact with the body
Unaffected is he when it is gone

The wise reign supreme in the body
Without self-image, free of all craving
A disciplined mind is itself happiness
Hence strive to conquer senses and mind

In the great empire known as dreadful hell
Evil actions roam like elephants in rut
Insatiable cravings fuel the senses
Which destroy the body—their own support

A self-controlled one is a wise one
The bliss he experiences is incomparable
Much more than the wealthiest can know
He lives without confusion or any sorrow

Only after the supreme truth has been seen
Does craving disappear completely
The mind is most useful to the wise
It impels in them the very best actions

3. THE STORY OF THE THREE DEMONS

First Batch: Dama, Vyala and Kata

A powerful demon Sambara once existed
Master of magic, he invaded heaven
Afraid of his powers, gods hid themselves
And continued to fight—though invisibly

He created three demons for protection
Dama, Vyala and Kata were their names
They were totally fearless and bold
As they did not have any mental conditioning

Unafraid of death, they fought fiercely
But unable to find the gods at all
The gods sought relief from Brahma
Who advised them to lie low for a while

Brahma's Advice to the Gods

Sambara cannot be killed right now
Best for you to retreat a while
His three demons are invincible
As they have no mental conditioning

The ego-sense 'me' binds the mind

Conditions it positively or negatively
Abodes of suffering and sorrow are they
But the unconditioned mind is unbeatable

Do what you can to arouse in them
Feelings of ego: 'I' and 'mine'
Since they are ignorant by nature
They will easily fall for this bait

Rise of Ego is Self-Defeat

The gods fought the demons and their army
In such a way to arouse thoughts in them
Of victory—they felt they were winning
Of fear—when they saw others die

The idea of 'I' and 'mine' began to seed
Notions gave rise to much confusion
Jubilee at winning but fearful of loss
Their armor of courage began to rust

As a mirror reflects objects close to it
One's behavior reflects inner content
So too ego-sense reflects in consciousness
But if held distant would not do so

With the ego-sense arose desires
To prolong life and acquire more
This weakened their will-power
Generating confusion in their minds

Feelings of possessiveness and greed
Result in inefficiency and inability
As uncertainty generates fear
Based on attachment to notions

With fear comes loss of heart
The demons lost their courage
Demoralized they fled the scene
To find refuge in the netherworld

Though free from birth and death's grip
The rise of ego-sense reversed their fate
Thus they underwent many life cycles
And live now as fish in a deep lake

In time they will hear their story
And recollect their true nature
They will then abandon their ego-sense
And attain the state of liberation

The rise of ego-sense was their fall
Cravings resulted in loss of will-power
Notions of 'I' and 'mine' are the ropes
Which bind one to ignorance and delusion

Pure consciousness entertains impure notions
It experiences its distortion within itself
Without renouncing its essential nature
Experiences delusion without being deluded

The Wise

The wise do not get caught in polemics
They exert relentlessly—but are patient
They know all craving and desires
Will instantly lead to their downfall

They study but are light on their own path
Direct experience is their inner flame
Self-led—they do not lead others either
As each must awaken and exert individually

Wealth and comfort bring a host of ills
Complacency and ideas of dependency
Misfortune is the very best fortune
Rejection by all is the greatest victory

When cravings' pull is abandoned
Goodness glows within the heart
One's life is a reflection of this light
Shining from the lamp of contentment

Sincere zealous efforts must fructify
Hence never abandon right effort
Direct all energy towards self-discovery
'Tis the only remedy for every condition

Natural restraint is wisdom in life
The idea of suppression never arises
Energies are channeled to what is best
Like autumn leaves fall to their rest

There is no use crying for liberation
If the mind has not been well purified
The purified mind is liberation itself
The unpurified mind is itself sorrow

The feeling of 'I' as a separate entity
Is the root, branch and stem of grief
All cravings are its many thorns
Self-knowledge alone is the remedy

Get rid of the feeling of 'I-ness' ruthlessly
'Tis ignorance itself—harbinger of pain
Gradually expand the idea of 'I'
Till you abide in the divisionless state

Second Batch: Bhima, Bhasa and Dridha

After Sambara experienced defeat
When the first batch of demons deserted
He realized they had entertained egoism
With self-knowledge things would be different

He created three demons most fierce
Bhima, Bhasa and Dridha were their names
Endowed with self-knowledge were they
Full of dispassion and without previous birth

Fiercely they fought with the gods
The idea of death did not exist for them
Though they caused and saw many deaths
As they were fearless due to self-knowledge

Lord Vishnu intervened at the gods' behest
After a long battle the three were slain
But instantly were granted liberation by the Lord
As they were enlightened—without ego-sense

Vasistha's Insight

The conditioned mind is bondage itself
The unconditioned mind is liberation
The truth must be seen—directly by oneself
For inner clarity which is liberation

The first batch of demons fled battle
Their minds were conditioned by ego-sense
The second batch required divine intervention

As their minds were free of all conditioning

True heroes are they who've conquered mind
Freed it from the shackles of ignorance
'Tis the only remedy for all suffering
In the vicious cycle of birth and death

Listen attentively to the highest wisdom
Let your whole life be perfumed by it
Bondage is craving for pleasure
Its abandonment is liberation

The Universe in Infinite Consciousness

As future waves exist in a calm sea
This universe exists in consciousness
As reflections seen appear very real
So does the universe in consciousness

As space is unaffected by floating clouds
Consciousness is unaffected by the universe
As refracting mediums reveal light's presence
Consciousness is revealed through the universe

The universe is consciousness reflecting in itself
Essentially nameless and formless 'tho visible
These appear very real to the ignorant
In spite of all their study and learning

Uncreated, imperishable is consciousness
Eternity with reflections within itself
As waves dance playfully on the ocean
All forms are the play of consciousness

Since the substratum of forms is reality
Pure eternal infinite consciousness
Forms' appearances generate confusion
As to their reality or seeming appearance

A mutual causal relationship exists
Between forms and their substratum
But just as waves on oceans' bosom
Forms and source are non-different

The deep ocean is not agitated
Waves make it appear to be so

Consciousness conscious of itself
Somehow considers itself as another

Brahman permeates all and everything
'Tis what enables all experience
Notions of agency and enjoyment
Are two phases of experiencing

Interest in action but impersonal
Is the hallmark of one with wisdom
Mental action is real action
The wise do the needful but remain free

The vast universe that you see
Is the supreme being made visible
Diversity is only an appearance
Brahman is the only reality

The accidental intention of consciousness
Solidifies into substance in appearance
The mind instantly objectifies what appears
Though its only an appearance within itself

Conscious-energy manifests space
In which diverse appearances are seen
All creation has manifested this way
All this takes place in the supreme Lord

Creation as such is a mere word
The supreme Lord alone exists
As dirt removed reveals the substance
Remove darkness and behold the Light

Do not get caught up in the words
Look at what they point to instead
Infinite consciousness alone exists
Remove ignorance and know directly

Maya is another name for ignorance
Become aware of ignorance's play
Your duty is to attain self-knowledge
Which alone can destroy ignorance

Worry not about how ignorance exists
Concern yourself instead with its removal

When ignorance has ceased to be
You will know its unreality

The forms that exist are the field
Witnessing consciousness their knower
It only seems to become involved somehow
In the field which is really its own self

If one abandons inquiry into truth
Ignorance embraces him immediately
Caught in the grip of appearances
The vise of conditioning tightens its teeth

Countless species are seen in creation
Some caught more deeply than others
Some strive hard to free themselves
Some succeed—blessed indeed are they

Those who break ignorances' fetters
And attain to the natural state
Do not return to the vicious cycle
Of birth, death, suffering and pain

That which did not exist in the beginning
Cannot exist in the end either
Yet somehow experienced in the middle
Only because of lack of investigation

All that you see is mind's jugglery
Let appearances rise—let them fall
Attachment to these appearances
Will bind one to pain as they change

Wean the mind from all craving
'Tis the way to avoid suffering
Be established in the unconditioned
Move joyfully on the raft of self-knowledge

With intelligence sharp as a razors' edge
Sift appearances from mixing with reality
You are endowed with what's needed
To break free of ignorance's citadel

Live as sages of self-knowledge do
Established firmly in reality

No need to renounce activity at all
You are free abiding in self-knowledge

Work in the world without getting lost
Pursuit of pleasure is a downward road
Rejection of appearances is the upward path
To cross the birth and death cycle and be free

4. THE STORY OF DASHURA

From Orphan to Sage

Dashura was the son of a great sage
Both parents died when he was young
The forest he lived in nurtured him well
Teaching him wisdom—he became a sage

His earlier rigorous austerities were physical
Hemmed in by rules—do's and don'ts
Immersed in rituals, injunctions and prohibitions
Hoping to realize the truth he was taught

In a huge tree he took up abode
Which seemed to bridge earth to sky
He felt creation to be the Lord's cosmic form
Sun and moon as eyes—nature sounds as hymns

He sat on the topmost branch of this tree
His vision traversing far and wide
Immersed in this—cosmic being appeared
On that very spot he commenced his austerities

His later austerities were performed through the mind
The mind is a magazine of tremendous power
Heart and mind were thoroughly purified
He shone as a sage with the highest wisdom

A most beautiful lady came by one day
As deity of forest she greeted him
Expressing her sadness at being childless
Asking the sage's blessing for a son

The sage handed her a nearby creeper
And assured her she would soon have a son
Just as the creeper would have flowers
The grateful forest deity departed gracefully

She came again after twelve years had passed
With a young lad about that age—sage's son
She had instructed the boy in branches of learning
And asked the sage to teach him self-knowledge

Without self-knowledge one is only a fool
No matter what might be his accomplishments
So she implored the sage to care for him
The sage consented—she departed gracefully

Story in a Story

Listen attentively to this inspiring story
It gives great insight concerning this world
Once lived a mighty king called Khotta
Capable of conquering all the worlds

His every command was honored by all
His deeds—too innumerable to list
Productive of both—happiness and sorrow
He reigned supreme—challenged by none

His three bodies engulfed the worlds
Best, middling and least they were
Established in space—a city he built
With fourteen roads and three sectors

High peaks, gardens and seven lakes he built
Adorning all with beautiful things
Two lights—one hot and the other one cold
Undiminished were they in their brilliance

Several types of beings he created too
Arranged with different appearances
Different life-spans to each he assigned
Each had nine gates and were well ventilated

Five lamps and three pillars had each
Whitish wood-like poles supported them
Soft outer coverings offered protection
Creations of maya—the king's illusory power

Here the king besports himself
In the company of ghosts and goblins
Fearful of inquiry or investigation
Protectors of the mansions—different bodies

Thinking to move to another land
And envisioning this place he migrated
With his entourage of ghosts and goblins
Occupying the new but similar mansion

Just like this does the cycle repeat
Construction, destruction and migration
Wailing aloud—helpless and ignorant
Sometimes in joy but mostly sunk in misery

Vasistha's Insight

Thus does he live—comes, goes and flourishes
Tossed in the ocean of world-appearance
This illustration is creation, universe and man
The king in the story is but a notion or wish

Arising in the great void of its own accord
'Twill dissolve in the great void of its own accord too
All that you see and know are similar notions
The intention alone is responsible for creation

The city built by the king is the entity
The ghosts guarding the city are ego-principle
The king roams this world in waking and dream
From one city, body and realm to another

After tireless walking about here and there
Exhausting desires—wisdom develops within
He reaches the end of his wandering
By the cessation of notions and experiences

He still drifts between wisdom and pleasure-seeking
As all notions have not yet been abandoned
This causes even more suffering and torment
Till he renounces all notions for liberation

No amount of religious activity
Even the best of teachers will not do
Unless all notions are completely abandoned
For only then can the mind go beyond itself

When infinite consciousness is somehow aware
Of consciousness itself as an object
This consciousness now perceived as an object
Becomes gross and seemingly fills much space

Engrossed in ideation about this object
It imagines itself distinct from itself
Then ideation grows and multiplies rapidly
This becoming is the cause of all sorrow

Hold on to existence—abandon all ideas
By ideas does future come into being
Abandon thought—'tis the seed of ideas
Without thought-seed—ideas and notions cease

Abandoning thought and ideas is easier
Than dealing with the sorrow they bring about
Far easier than crumbling a flower in your palm
As this takes effort—abandoning thought does not

As notions weaken—great joy is experienced
One feels freer from earlier turmoil
The ropes that bind are thought constructions
Abandoning thought is abandoning bondage

This story illustrates the nature of world-appearance
Therefore it is as true as the world itself
Whether you believe creation to be real or not
Rest firmly in your own self—existence is truth

Infinite consciousness is itself pure existence
Do not let ideas or thought cloud your vision
Rest established in the self—in consciousness
'Tis what the best of holy men ever dwell in

When one's house is on fire is not the time
To inquire about the world's existence
All in its own time—what is important now
Is abandoning thoughts and notions as poison

Gird up your loins for this task on hand
With the self—seek the self of all
Fuel for the journey is self-effort
Clarity will be had as you tread along

Bondage is bondage to thoughts and notions
Freedom is freedom from both of these
Cultivate the good in every way
Abandon all that results from notions

All notions including that of ego-sense
Must be ruthlessly abandoned—let go
The heart will be flooded by infinite space
'Tis verily the presence of the supreme Lord

Live then an active life or a quieter one
There is no detriment in either choice
But renunciation of notions is requisite
'Tis the seed of all sorrow and suffering

These forms you consider so desirable
All these things that seem worth striving for
Are all formations of the very same substance
That you yourself are also composed of

Pursuit of these forms is self-destruction
Trying to preserve the ever-changing too
Shame on those who still pursue them
They themselves relinquish their real heritage

The wise are not enamored by these forms
They ever abide in the truth—substance of all
Hear now the most inspiring song of Kaca
Son of the preceptor of the gods

5. KACA'S SONG

I am the Fullness

What shall I do? Where shall I go?
What to hold? What to renounce?
The entire universe is permeated
By the one self—the self is the all

Unhappiness and happiness are self
Desires are empty voids that appear
Having known all this by direct experience
I'm free from sorrow's grip while still living

Everywhere I go I move within self
Everything that exists is self alone
I myself exist as this universe
I am the cosmic ocean's fullness

Vasistha's Insight

As Kaca sang he intoned the holy OM

Which resounded like a bell everywhere
Inside and outside did not exist for him
Remaining fully absorbed in the self right there

Living beings are natural in world-appearance
But all of this is in infinite consciousness only
As ripples and waves in the great ocean
Non-different though they are seen to exist

Some beings are born with a purer nature
Having turned away from impurity earlier
Others have degrees of impurity
As they still continue to function impurely

Purity is firm rootedness in the truth
Infinite consciousness is the only reality
Impurity is total forgetfulness of truth
Pursuing pleasures with different excuses

The pure have abandoned thoughts and desires
The impure still seem them worth pursuing
They continue to live in delusion by choice
Abandon all thoughts and notions and be free

Let there be unbroken self-inquiry
Who am I? How has all this arisen?
Abandon egoism and all attraction
Realize the truth as divisionless

The same consciousness illumining the sun
Dwells in the little worm that crawls around
Relentlessly inquire into the nature of truth
The holy ones and scriptures are great help

Approach the teacher—wise and capable
He must be free from all pleasure craving
Study the self with the aid of scriptures
Practice the great yoga and realize the self

Only a person intelligent like you, O Rama
Good natured and with equal vision
Is entitled to behold the wisdom unfolded here
You are already liberated—live like one!

END OF CHAPTER IV