



*Gentle breeze,
rustling leaves*

Sing, my soul, your symphony of silence

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You are all I have

Obviously it is the human that needs to be divinised, it is the unclean that must be cleansed, the suppliant that must be supported. To whom is pardon if not to the penitent?

Will you refuse me the helping hand when I reach out on tip-toe? Will you distrust me now when I lay bare my soul? Will you punish me when I stand with folded hands? Will you hold me to what I have abandoned when I plead for acceptance? Will you shut the doors of the sanctum sanctorum in my face even as, on weary feet, I struggle into the precincts of your temple?

Here is the garland of random hues that I strung together with the wild flowers I gathered in my wanderings. It is the miscellany of my life. If I cannot leave it with you, what shall I do with it?

My *Gurudev*

I sit upon the bank and watch the river flow by, carrying in its flood endless variety of humanity. Some struggle and cry in fear “Let me live, let me live” but they go under, a faint ripple marking momentarily the end of their pilgrimage on earth. Some go laughing by, happy and playful, till they and their laughter recede beyond the horizon, and the sudden silence leaves in ominous doubt whether they and their laughter have already ceased, or have yet a little way to go. Some float by too lost in stupor to know their fate, much less to care, and they sink here or yonder, it matters not. Occasionally there passes the gnarled countenance of one who grabs a weak victim and suffocates him as though he decides who alone will survive, but a moment later that cruel one too vainly seeks desperate protection as the derisive waters part and unite, and a glossy innocence hides another secret.

I watch this dismal awesome unending procession, and suddenly wonder why I am not a part of it. I realize then that my body is wet and

the water is dripping from my hair. Evidently I must have been drifting all too recently in the river myself. How was I saved?

I turn around and look up. I look into the face of Benevolence. Therein is a tenderness like the soft light of a candle. Therein is a radiance like that of the eastern sky at dawn. Therein is a fragrance like that of a dew-kissed rose.

I cling to His feet, and He smiles. He smiles for the dead and the living. He smiles for the saved and the lost. He smiles for the river and the bank. Nothing is said. Nothing remains unsaid.

Gurudev, I know not what you are. I know but a thousandth part of Thy Grace. Tears in the eyes must speak for me, not words upon the lips.