

18th Jan 2006

Avyakta Smruti



... And Baba I Miss Thy
Madhuban,
I miss the cooling shade
Of the *Shanti Stamb*,
I miss Thy enchanting

Kutia,

I miss those days spent in Madhuban....
Baba, Thy magnetic & Serene Madhuban
I miss,
I miss Thee O Madhuban,
With all my thoughts, with all my breaths,
With all my tears....

I distaste this vyakta sansar, these vyakta bonds,
O where have I come leaving Thee,
O Where are You lost,
O Baba! Madhuban is calling me- "Come, come my child..."

Leave aside everything,

All this senseless wandering after transitory Worthless,

Leave aside this world & Come to Me...."

Baba, this soul can't stay here.... This essenceless World,
With its penny-worth pleasures & titillating sense enjoyment
Is not my cup of Tea...

Shyam savere yaado me tere

Bete din aur bete raina

Tere khayalo me rahu har pal

Tushko he dekhe ye mere naina...

Khat ka sar yahi hai Baba-

anmukh milane ko likhta hu....