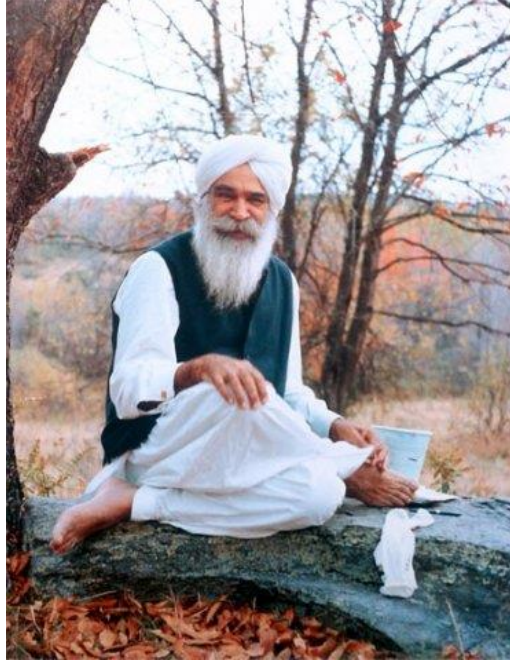


Pocket Bhakti



Dedicated to the Beloved Master
Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj

My soul endures a magnificent longing.
(Hafiz)



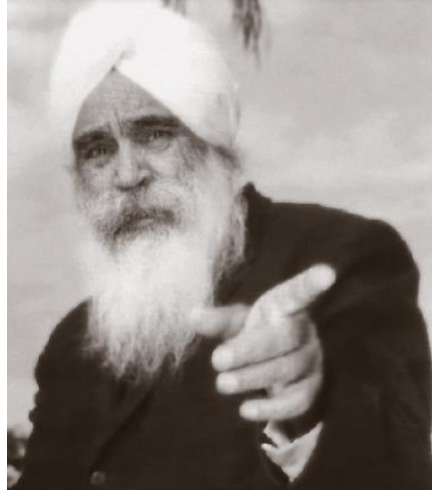
I swear that ever since the first day
You brought me back to life,
the day You became my Friend,
I have not slept,
and even if you drive me from Your door,
I swear again that we will never be separated,
because you are alive in my heart.
(Rabia)



I have found He whom my heart loves,
I have seized Him and will not let Him go.
I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine.
(Song of Solomon)



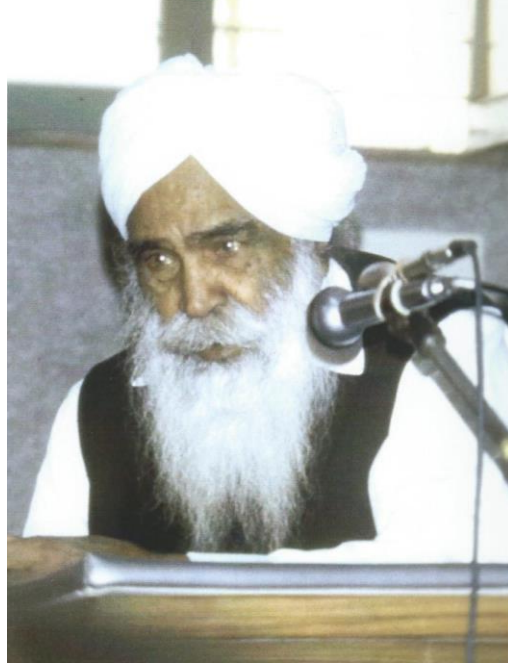
To fall in love with God is the greatest of all romances; to seek Him, the greatest adventure; to find Him, the greatest human achievement.
(Saint Augustine)



Love has come and it flows like blood beneath my skin, through my veins. It has emptied me of my self and filled me with the Beloved. The Beloved has penetrated every cell of my body. Of myself there remains only a name, everything else is Him.
(Rumi)



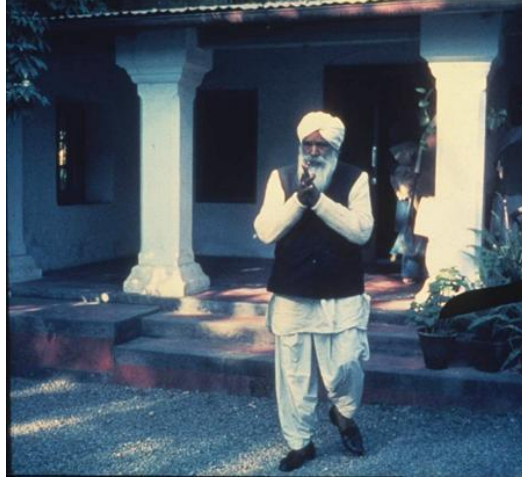
O Master,
I have heard that You save sinners,
and rescue them from the miseries
of worldly existence.
You remove the afflictions of Your devotees
and remove the sufferings of the afflicted.
Says Mira: My Lord,
You know my request. Why delay any further?
(Mirabai)



O that I could find the One who would
Himself drink down the poison in myself
and free me my slavery to passions.
(Kabir)



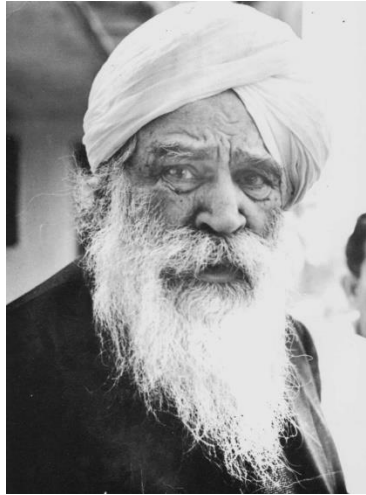
O Master, what kind of love has been
awakened in me? I am blessed with
both the bliss of meeting You and
the pain of Your separation.
(Mirabai)



You have set the boat of love in motion
and abandoned it on the ocean of longing.
(Mirabai)



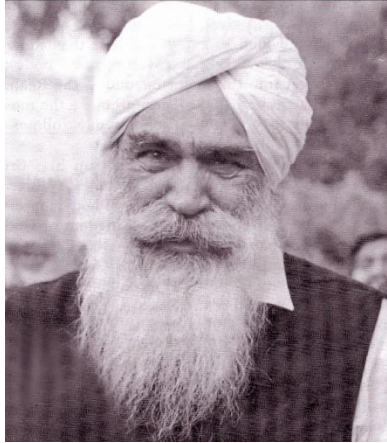
Just to see Thy face again,
I once more took the physical form.
Thy face draws my heart out with its beauty.
Just to see that reflection of God
I came again to this world.
(Bhai Nandlal)



Your love, from before the beginning of time,
is my soul – it's my very self!
Your love is the treasure of my weak, begging heart.
Perhaps your beauty has been far from me –
but the vision of your face has stayed with me always.
(Sultan Walad)



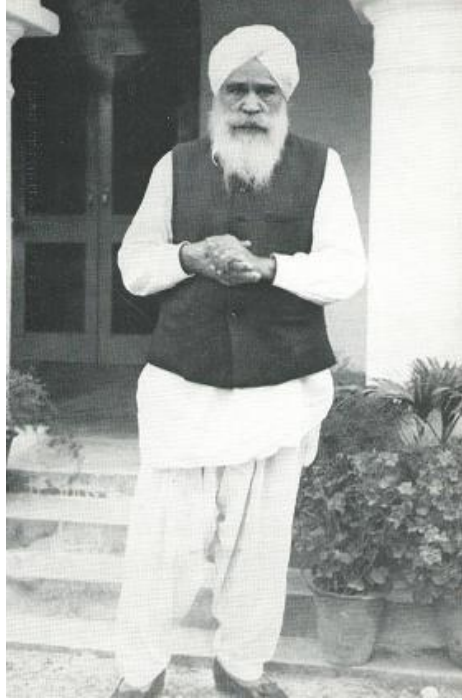
Oh,
When will dawn for me that day of blessedness
when He who is all Good, all Beauty, and all Truth
will light the inmost shrine of my heart?
When shall I sink at last, ever beholding Him,
into that Ocean of Delight?
(Ramakrishna)



If Thou speakest not I will fill my heart
with Thy silence and endure it.
I will keep still and wait,
my head bent low with patience.
The morning will surely come,
the darkness will vanish,
and Thy voice pour down in
golden streams breaking
through the sky.
(Tagore)



In countless births have I wandered
away and away from Thee. This birth
I have dedicated to Thee and staked on Thee;
I now live in hope to meet Thee once again.
(Ravidas)



To love the Master, O sister,
is to love only sorrow.
He murmurs sweet words while he's with you,
then forgets and departs.
Mira says to her Lord, bring back Your beauty.
When I can't see You,
that absence knives open my heart.
(Mirabai)



Those eyes which are weeping
for the sight of the Beloved
will one day surely behold Him.
In love, weeping acts as a ladder.
When you make a ladder of your eyes,
then you will automatically be speeding
towards the sky.
(Shams Tabriz)



I wish that I had wept so much in my
longing to meet the Lord that the tears
from my eyes had swelled into a river,
and every tear drop had turned into a
spiritual pearl. Then I would have
placed all those pearls before
the altar of my Beloved.
(Rumi)



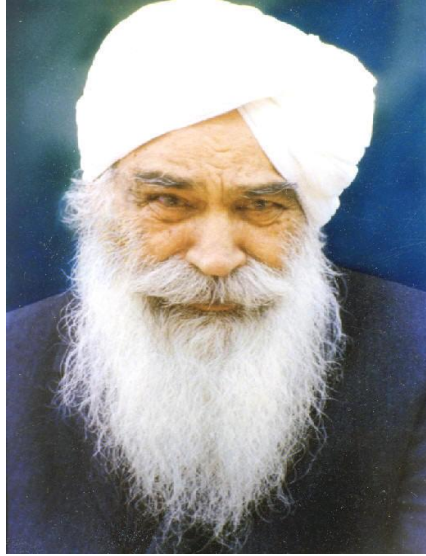
I feel repentant and sad
as I know not how to contact my Beloved.
He lives in the high heavens
while I am a creature of the earth
and miserable without Him.
(Kabir)



I painfully await You, O Beloved!
Broken, I have lost all hope of meeting You.
Day and night I yearn to see You –
why don't You call me unto You?
(Sant Kirpal Singh)



O Lord,
I, a beggar, ask of Thee
more than a thousand kings may ask of Thee.
Each one has something he needs to ask of Thee;
I have come to ask Thee to give me Thyself.
(Ansari of Herat)



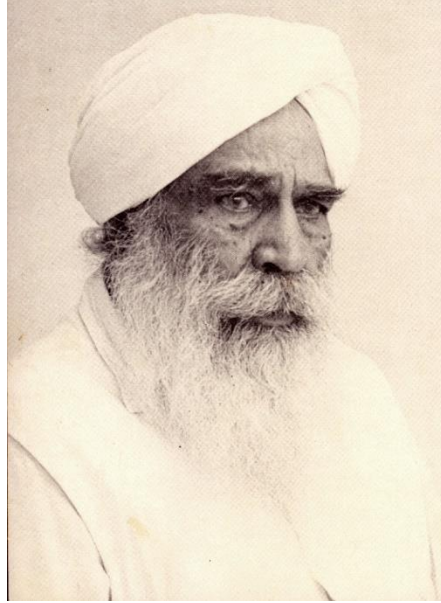
Friends,
Let those whose Beloved is absent write letters –
mine dwells in the heart,
and neither enters nor leaves.
Mira has given herself to her Lord.
Day or night, she waits only for Him.
(Mirabai)



When you've surrendered both the mind and body,
there's nothing more that you can then surrender.

How very sad it makes me feel to think
there's nothing more I now can give my Master.

(Kabir)



Never again in this world
have I beheld beauty like Yours.
Mira says: My Lord, when shall we meet?
Great will be the joy of that meeting.

(Mirabai)



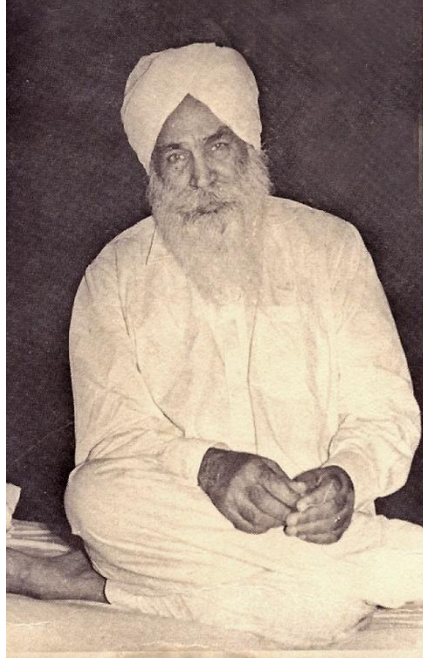
I live in yearning for You
and I burn in the fire of separation.
Having enmeshed me in Your love,
wherefore have You gone?
(Sant Kirpal Singh)



He has awaited me for countless ages,
for love of me He has lost His heart:
Yet I did not know the bliss
that was so near to me,
for my love was not yet awake.
(Kabir)



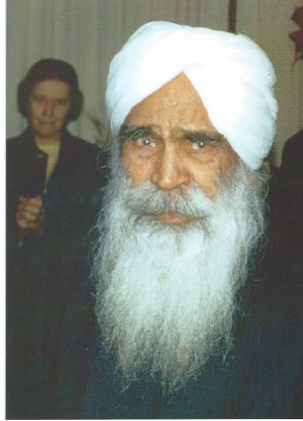
Each night I pray is a happy night for me,
because the messenger of my Friend is near to me.
Everyone loses his light when night comes.
For me, my Light comes when time for prayer comes!
Day of separation gone, the night of Union arrives;
O day, please end, let the night remain!
(Sanai Ghaznavi)



How could the soul not take flight when
from the glorious Presence a soft call
flows sweet as honey, comes right
up to her and whispers,
“Rise up now, come away.”
(Rumi)



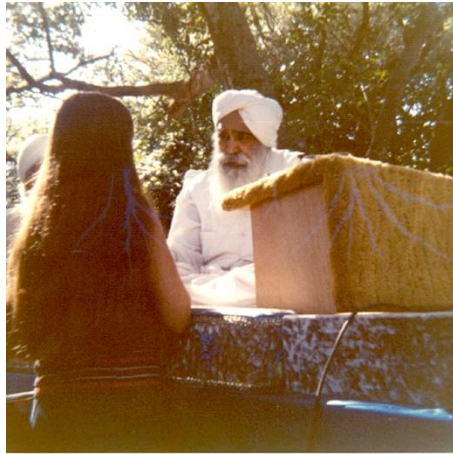
O Lord,
You have seduced me.
I was seduced.
(Carthusian Liturgy)



O Master,
I've spent my whole life loving You
and have no regrets.
If I die in the dust of Your doorway,
dreaming of You,
I will have lived a full life
and will die smiling there.
(Hafiz)



My Lord,
I have no key to open doors,
nor the power for forgiveness;
O Peerless One, our Creator,
what harm if You hear the cry of this afflicted one?
Without Your will creation would not be.
Without Your guidance we would be powerless.
If you overlook what I have done
or where I have failed,
I would gain everything, and You lose nothing!
(Ansari of Herat)



The world is full of beautiful things
until an old man with a beard came into my life
and set my heart aflame with longing
and made it pregnant with love.
How can I look at the loveliness around me,
how can I see it,
if it hides the face of my Beloved?
(Persian song)



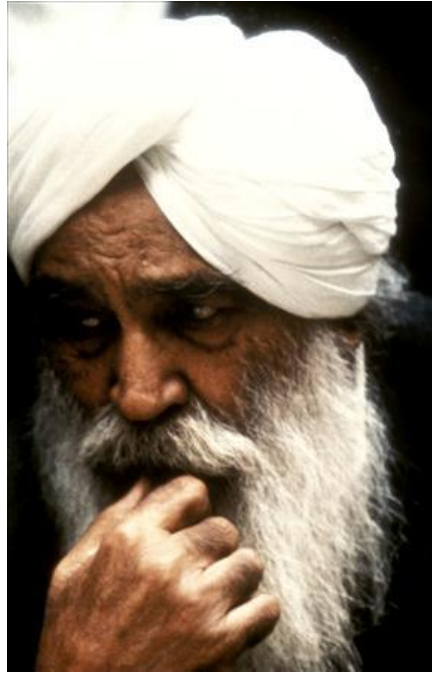
O Master,
The stars are shining:
all eyes have closed in sleep;
the kings have locked their doors.
Each lover is alone, in secret,
with the one he loves.
And I am here too: alone,
hidden from all of them –
with You.
(Rabia)



When the way to the tower
of the Beloved's palace is blocked,
then in the dust of this door's threshold
let us put our head and stay.
(Hafiz)



O Master,
I know You taught us
that we couldn't get to You
without much effort and without Your help,
but all this silence is leading me astray.
(Hafiz)

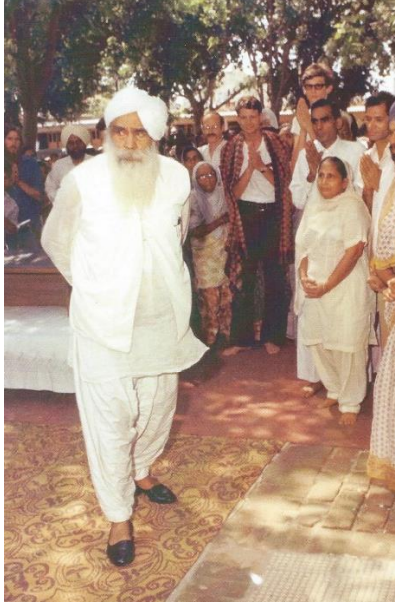


It is the burn of the heart that I want.
It is this burning which is everything –
more precious than a worldly empire -
because it calls God secretly in the night.
(Rumi)



Oh, my Beloved,
you will find us every night,
on Your street, with our eyes
glued to Your window,
waiting for a glimpse
of Your radiant face.

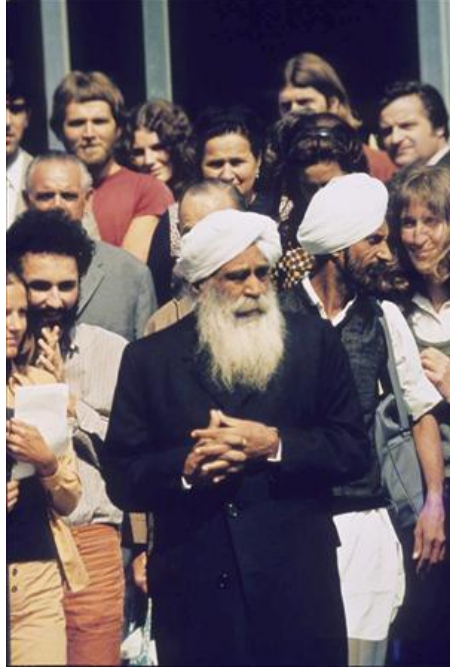
(Rumi)



Because of the desire to be Thy devotee
once again I took this physical form.
(Bhai Nandlal)



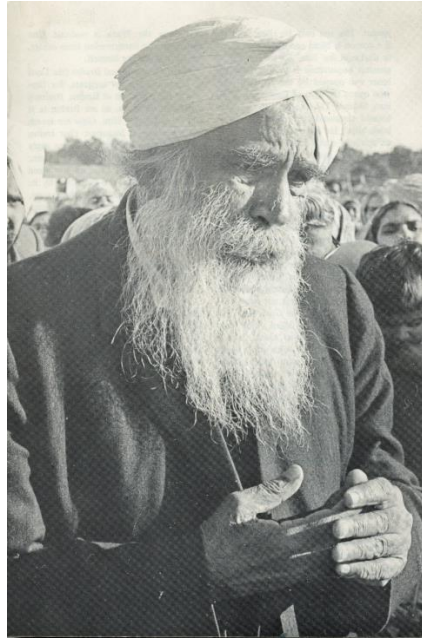
Those years are the best of my life
which are spent in remembrance of Thee.
O Satguru, when I forget Thee
those moments are like death.
(Bhai Nandlal)



My soul is like a young doe-eyed maid
with lips still bruised from last night's
Divine Passion
but my Master makes me live like a humble servant
when any king would trade his throne
for the splendor my eye can see.
(Hafiz)



Hafiz himself is singing tonight in
resplendent glory, for the cup in my heart
has revealed the Beloved's face,
and I have His oath that He will
never again depart.
(Hafiz)



I once had a thousand desires,
but in my one desire to know You
all else melted away.
(Rumi)



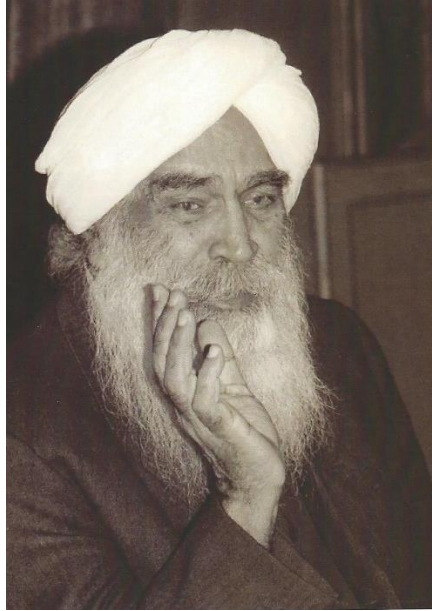
The sweetness and delights of the resting-place
are in proportion to the pain endured on the Journey.
Only when you suffer the pangs and tribulations of exile
will you truly enjoy your homecoming.
(Rumi)



If I die, don't say that he died.
Say he was dead, became alive,
and was taken by the Beloved.
(Rumi)



Someone connected with a college
where Master was speaking asked Him,
"How many disciples do you have?"
Master said, "I have no disciples.
Only God has disciples.
These people are my friends.
I love them and they love me."



From my first breath I have longed for Him.
This longing has become my life.
This longing has seen me grow old.
(Rumi)

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