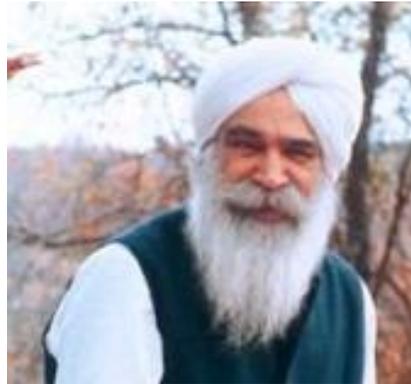


Small Devotional Poems

Dedicated to

Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj



Due to this good fortune,
I have stumbled across You!
God knows, I am bursting with joy
on account of You!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)
A Sufi Master, 1263-1381



A Master is the manifestation of His Love,
and to love the Master is to love the Lord.

(Sant Kirpal Singh)

Philosophy of the Masters: Love



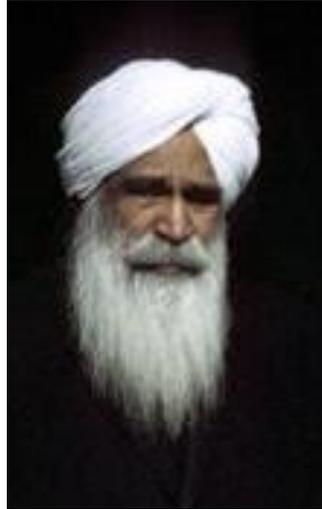
A person in whose heart love for the Master
has been bestowed by God is really fortunate,
because love for the Master is the method
by which we come to love God.

(Sant Kirpal Singh)

santmat-hetruth.de/index.php?option=com_book&book=3886&page=111



So it is first He who loves us, not we Him, you see.
Our love is only reciprocal.
(Sant Kirpal Singh)
ruhanisatsangusa.org/lok/prayer.htm



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



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)

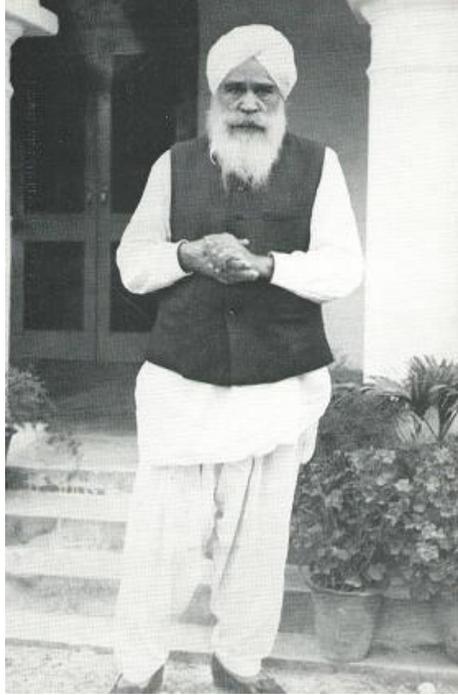


Quite blind are those who see the Perfect Master
as only an earthly being like unto ourselves.
Their fate is to be drowned in hapless sorrow,
and to be captured in the net of Kal.
(Kabir)



Because of initiation by a Perfect Master,
you go across, placing your foot on the head of Kal,
and the Lord Himself will stretch out both His hands,
and take you safe to His own realm on high.

(Kabir)



Should the Lord and Perfect Master both appear together,
at whose feet should I then prostrate myself?

'Twould be my Master's feet, of that be sure,
for He it was who showed the Invisible Lord to me.

(Kabir)



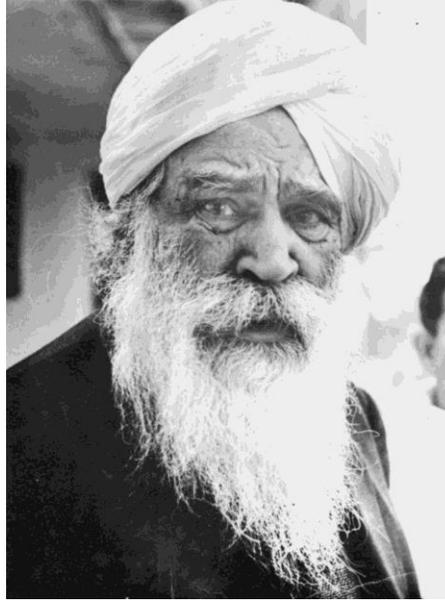
Just to see Thy face again,
I once more took the physical form.
Thy face draws my heart out with its beauty.
Just to see that reflection of God I came again to this world.
(Bhai Nandlal)



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)



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)



As long as You doubt that I am enamored of Your face,
regard me as dust clinging to the paw of Your alley dog.
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



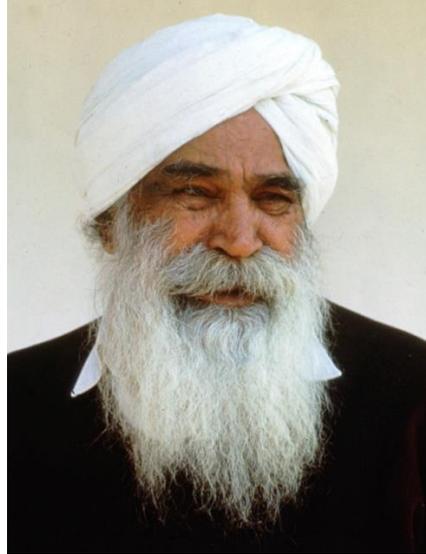
Who am I along Your way that in my abode
flowers should sprout in my soil from Your glance?
And beyond even this, I have received, from Your bounty,
the adornment of Your love upon my heart!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



I am astonished at my good fortune!
Take me by the hand,
O You who grasp the hand of all astonished by You!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



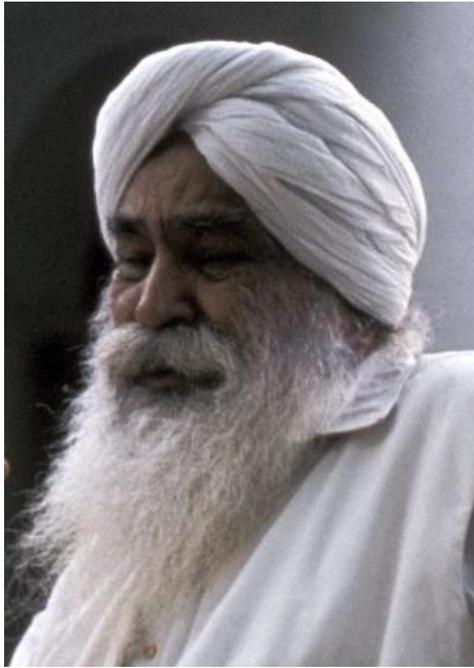
O Master,
I've spent my whole life loving You and have no regrets.
If I die in the dust of Your doorway, dreaming of You,
I will have lived a full life and will die smiling there.
(Hafiz)



The Master is the washerman, His devotee the cloth,
the Word is the strong soap that cleans the mind.
If mind and soul are made clean by the Word,
the cloth will shine with luster indescribable.
(Kabir)



The Master is the potter, and His devotee the clay;
He kneads the clay, removing its impurities,
then shapes the pot, supporting it within
with His own hands, unfailing, strong,
beating the clay from the outside alone.
(Kabir)



He who is born as human
and by good luck is connected with the Sound Current
and practices it, is great. He is the monarch of monarch,
for he will be one with the Creator.

(Baba Sawan Singh)
The Dawn of Light, 192



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)

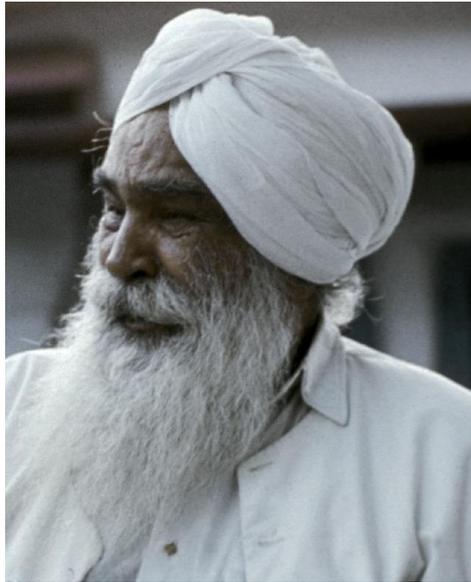


Such is the greatness of a Perfect Master,
that if the world were turned to paper,
and all the forests into writing pens,
and all the seven oceans into ink,
they could not possibly describe His glory.

(Kabir)



In the three worlds and the nine continents,
no one is greater than the Master, none.
Even Kal, the world's Creator,
can do nothing without His power.
Whatever the Master wants, that thing is done.
(Kabir)



Remember, only that breath is truly valuable,
which is spent in remembering the True Name of the Lord;
all other breaths you breathe
spent in some other schemes and plans are useless.
(Kabir)



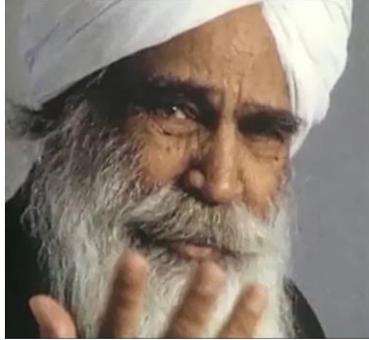
The separated disciple keeps awake in expectation of the Lord;
and frail and weak he is, and faints and falls upon the ground,
all for a single glimpse of his Beloved Lord.
He cries: "If You reveal Yourself after my death,
of what use, pray, will it be at that time?"
(Kabir)



Rise early at dawn, when our storytelling begins.
In the dead of the night, when all other doors are locked,
the door for the lovers to enter opens.
Be wide awake in the dark when lovers begin fluttering
around the Beloved's window,
like homing pigeons arriving with flaming bodies.
(Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul-Khayr)



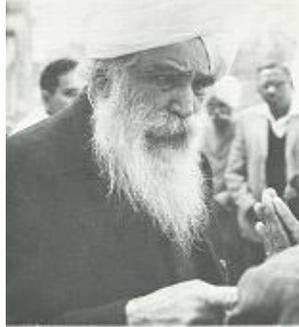
I am the one You created from dust,
a handful of dust moving at Your wish.
You planted this seed,
this growth is obeying that command.
(Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul-Khayr)



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)



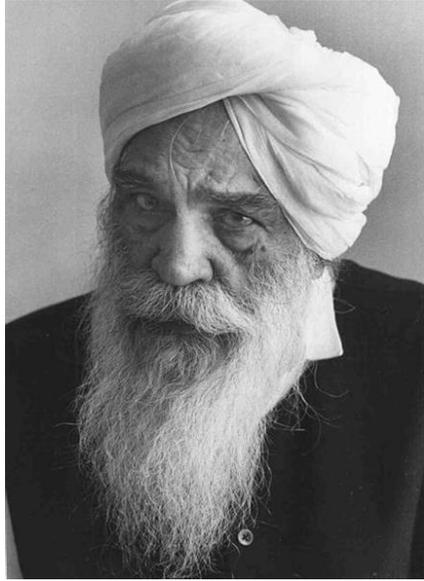
No one is sent away from Your door.
Those on whom Your sweet gaze rests for a moment
become life's eternal darlings.
Any particle which receives the light of Your attention
becomes a thousand suns and more.
(Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul-Khayr)



Beloved,
If life itself abandons me, Your thought won't.
The reflection of the glory of Your face
has been etched onto my heart.
This, neither life nor death can erase.
(Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul-Khayr)



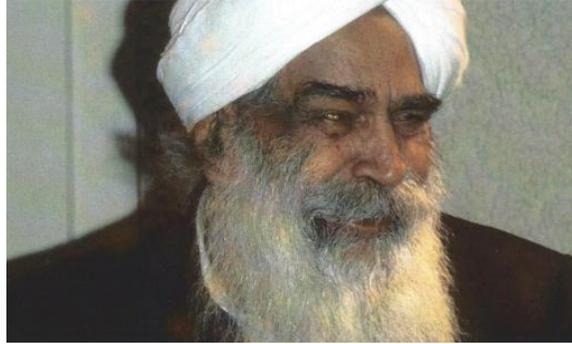
For as long as there is a head on these shoulders
this is what it will contain:
Your love is my ambition, pride, and achievement.
When these shoulders are no more to carry this head,
then it will rest at Your Feet, Beloved.
(Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul-Khayr)



My Father is the Supreme Lord God, my Master.
I am unworthy, but save me anyway.
(Guru Arjan)



If You welcome me, then I am Your accepted one:
If You do not, I am still Your rejected servant!
I should not be worried whether You accept
or reject me: My task, in either state,
is to remain preoccupied with You!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



One day I will have to go and leave this burden behind;
Except for Your name, nothing will be found in my record.
If my head is not in Your hands, O Ravisher of my heart,
at least the dust from under Your foot
will form a crown upon my head.
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



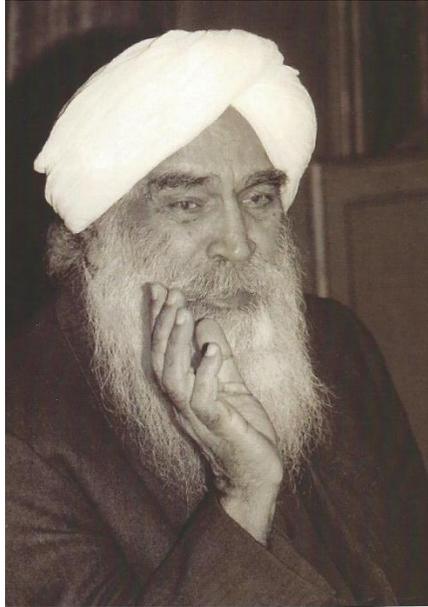
There is a city in which the praise of that good Face resounds:
The hearts of all peoples of the world have been veiled from Him.
We desire Him, along with others, each of whom eagerly waits
to see who's favored, who will gain the Friend!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



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)



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)



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



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)



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)



Each who has seen Your beauty fine utters honestly,
“I have seen the Divine.”
Everywhere Your lovers wait for grace,
remove Your veil, reveal Your face!
(Ahmad Jam)



O Friend, I want Your Sustenance,
O Beloved, I want to serve and obey.
It's my duty to obey and follow You.
My life, my soul, I bestow on You.
I heard the whisper of Your love once,
I yearn to hear that invocation once again!
(Sanai Ghaznavi)



O Master, to find You is my desire, but to comprehend
You is beyond my strength. Remembering You is solace
to my sorrowing heart; thoughts of You are my constant
companions. I call upon You night and day. The flame
of Your Love glows in the darkness of my night.

(Ansari of Herat)

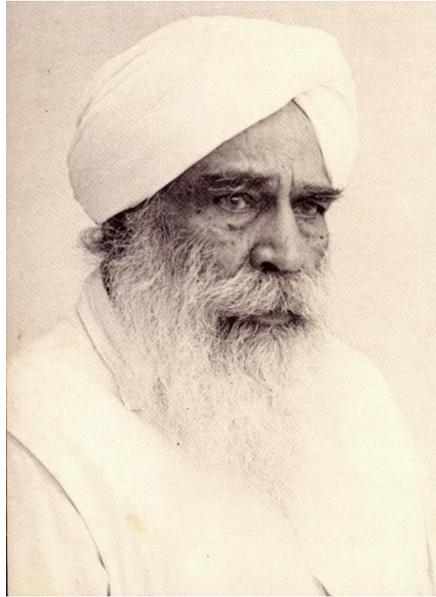


My Master, the love that binds us cannot be broken.
It is hard as the diamond that shatters the hammer that strikes it.
As polish goes into the gold, my heart has gone into You.
As a lotus lives in its water, I am rooted in You.
Like the bird that gazes all night at the passing moon,
I have blinded myself in giving my eyes to Your beauty.

(Mirabai)



I go to the house of my one true Lover.
When I see His beauty, I only crave Him more.
At dusk I go to Him, at dawn I return. Whatever His
pleasure, day and night I am His. The clothes He gives
me, I wear. The food He offers, I eat. Where He wants
me to be, I stay. If He wants to sell me, I want to be sold.
My love for the Beloved has lasted through many rebirths,
without Him I scarcely breathe. She offers herself to Him
in all of her lives.
(Mirabai)



My soul is mingled with Thee, dissolved in Thee,
a soul to cherish as it has Thy perfume!
(Rumi)



You are the life of my life, O Master, the heart of my heart.
There is none in all the three worlds whom I call my own but You.
You are the peace of my mind; You are the joy of my heart;
You are my beauty and my wealth. You are my wisdom and my
strength; I call You my home, my friend, my kin.
My present and future are in Your hands; my scriptures and
commands come from You. Supreme teacher, fountain of wisdom,
You are the path and the goal, tender mother and stern father too.
You are the creator and protector, and the pilot who takes me across
the stormy ocean of life.

(Mirabai)

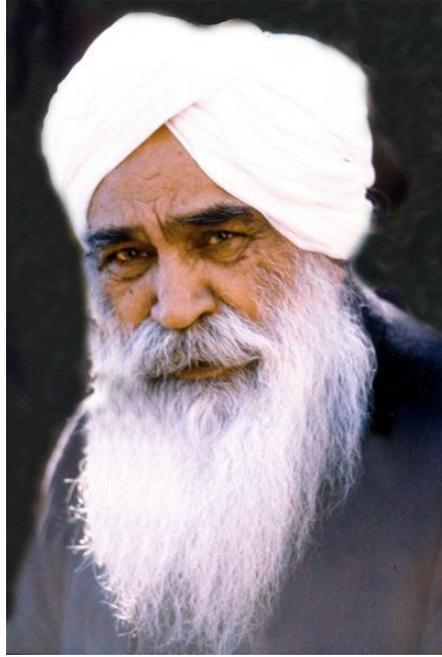


My Friend, He looked, and our eyes met; an arrow came in.
My chest opened; what could it do? His image moved inside.
I've been standing all morning in the door of my house,
looking down the road. The One I love is an herb
growing in secret places, an herb that heals all wounds.

(Mirabai)



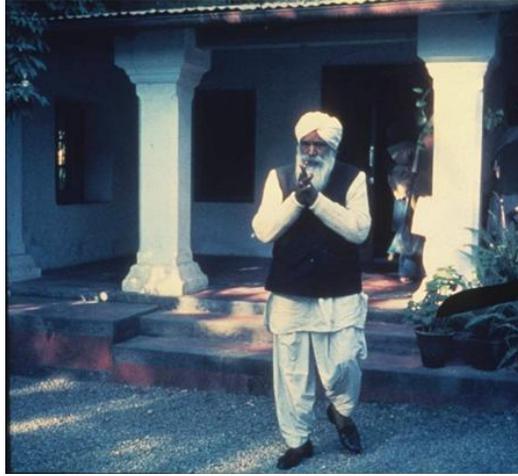
You have taken me as Your partner of all this wealth.
In my heart is the endless play of Your delight.
In my life Your Will is ever taking shape.
And for this, You, who are the King of kings,
have decked Yourself in beauty to captivate my heart.
(Tagore)



Please grant me a vision of Your beautiful form.
The spark You have kindled, make it everlasting.
I think of no other, and in Your Love care for none else.
None has a place in my heart but You. My heart has
become Your abode; It has no place for another.
(Ansari of Herat)



God can only be known through the Master.
If you are being merged into the Master, you will know God.
Only the Master is important for you – only the Master.
The Divine Master is complete in every way.
By simply becoming like Him one becomes complete in every way.
(Bhai Sahib)



The world is happy with the intoxication of wine,
but I have drunk deep from the fountain of love and devotion.
Day and night I am intoxicated with its bliss.
(Mirabai)



I am bewildered by the magnificence of Your beauty
and wish to see You with a hundred eyes!
My heart has burned with passion and has searched forever
for this wondrous beauty that I now behold!
My arrow of love has arrived at the target.
My soul is screaming in ecstasy.
Every fiber of my being is in love with You!
(Rumi)



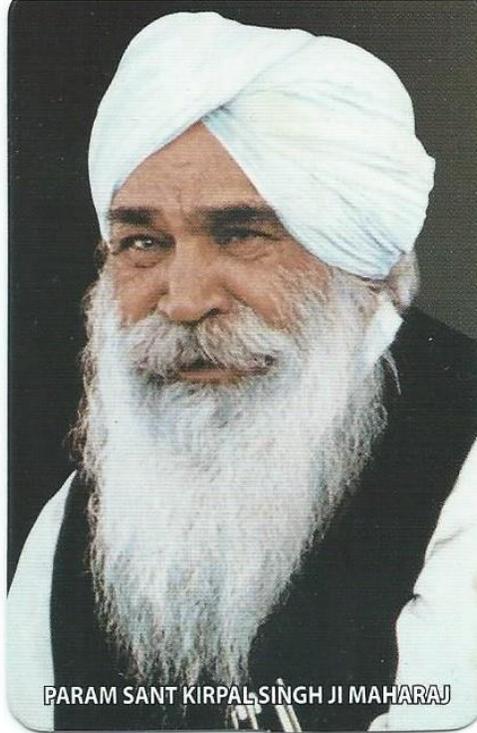
Brethren, my rest is in my solitude, and my Beloved is ever
in my presence. Nothing for me will do but love of Him;
by love of Him I am tested in this world. Wherever I am
I contemplate His beauty. O Thou, ever my joy,
my life, from Thee is my existence and my ecstasy.
From all creation I have turned away, for union with Thee
my desired end.
(Rabia)



“I am the murderer of joy, the widower of wives,
the orphaner of children” said the Angel of Death.

“Why always run yourself down?” said Rabia.

“Why not say instead,
‘I am he who brings friend and Friend together?’ ”

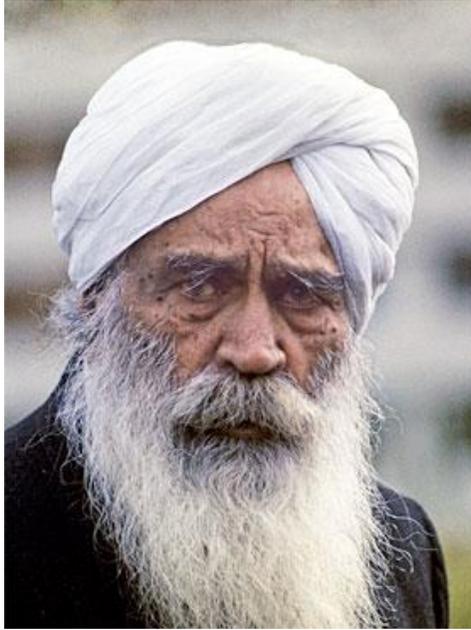


If I die, don't say that he died. Say he was dead,
became alive, and was taken by the Beloved.

(Rumi)



When I go from here let this be my parting word,
that what I have seen is unsurpassable.



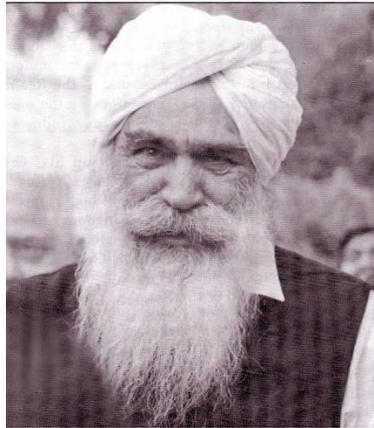
In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play
and here have I caught sight of Him that is formless.
My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with His touch
who is beyond touch;
and if the end comes here, let it come –
let this be my parting word.
(Tagore)



I have great love for all of you.
Indeed, if you knew how much I loved you,
you would dance for joy.
You will become so intoxicated by His love
that it will carry you straight into the arms
of your beloved within.

(Sant Kirpal Singh)

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