

शिवसूत्रानिसहपदम्विवृत्ति

Śiva sūtrāni
saha padam vivṛtti

*Shiva sutras
with cascading commentary*

*Pavel Celba
from the Pratyabhijna school*

*Svatopluk Svoboda
by whom it is translated*

*For those heading to enlightenment
uttered by Shiva himself!*

Om

Shiva sutras

*Out of the mouth of Shiva whispered
from the pure bliss of knowledge
towards the attainment of pleasure
in neverending liberation!*

with cascading commentary

*Like water falling from cliffs
on spread out plateaus,
so is the commentary uplifting
to reach eternity!*

Om

एकसूत्रानि

Eka sūtrāni

Sole wording of sutra

*And the sound of Om resonated
into the space of holy mountains,
inside it everything was told
in a tone heading towards endlessness!*

First sutra

1) चैतन्यमात्मा

caitanyamātmā

Enlightened atman

2) ज्ञानम्बन्धः

jñānam bandhaḥ

restricted Himself consciously into cognizable form,

3) योनिवर्गः कलाशरीरम्

yonivargaḥ kalāśarīram

so as to enter in exact proportions,

4) ज्ञानाधिष्ठानम्मातृका

jñānādhiṣṭhānam mātṛkā

as a basis, into all the bodies created by Divine Mother.

5) उद्यमोभैरवः

udyamo bhairavaḥ

Only by cognition of Him is it possible to ascend above the terrible Rudra's forms!

6) शक्तिचक्रसन्धानेविश्वसंहारः

śakticakrasandhāne viśvasamhārah

Unification of all powers of creation enables thee

7) जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुषुप्तभेदेतुर्याभोगसम्भवः

jāgratsvapnasuṣuptabhede turyābhogasambhavaḥ

to abandon waking, dreams and dreamless sleep, and thereupon repose in the blissful state outside those states.

8) ज्ञानंजाग्रत्

jñānaṁ jāgrat

In wakeful state there is cognizance.

9) स्वप्नोविकल्पाः

svapno vikalpāḥ

In dream state possibilities are contemplated.

10) अविवेकोमायासौषुप्तम्

aviveko māyāsaṣuṣptam

An absence of experience is a curtain drawn over deep sleep.

11) त्रियभोक्तावीरेशः

triyabhoktā vīreśaḥ

The one who is enjoying these three states truly is the lord of all heroes.

12) विस्मयोयोगभूमिकाः

vismayo yogabhūmikāḥ

Created worlds ensnare by their miraculousness,

13) इच्छाशक्तिरुमाकुमारी

icchā śaktir umā kumārī

therefore the power of your will must be supremely pristine.

14) दृश्यंशरीरम्

drśyaṃ śarīram

The created bodies

15) हृदयेचित्तसंघट्टाद्दृश्यस्वापदर्शनम्

hrdaye cittasaṅghaṭṭād drśyasvāpadarśanam

are part and parcel of consciousness in the heart; upon unifying them, thee will see that they are illusions.

16) शुद्धतत्त्वसन्धानाद्वापशुशक्तिः

śuddhatattvasandhānād vā apaśuśaktiḥ

*On stepping through towards pristine being,
created powers step aside from you.*

17) वितर्कआत्मज्ञानम्

vitarka ātmajñānam

*The discernment of natures is the cognizance
of atman.*

18) लोकानन्दःसमाधिसुखम्

lokānandaḥ samādhisukham

Blissfulness of worlds is the root of all suavity.

19) शक्तिसन्धानेशरीरोत्पत्तिः

śaktisandhāne śarīrotpattiḥ

*Upon transcending the created powers,
created bodies reveal their true natures.*

20) भूतसन्धानभूतपृथक्त्वविश्वसंघट्टाः

bhūtasandhāna bhūtapṛthaktva viśvasaṅghaṭṭāḥ

*When the elements become unified, the world
ceases to be scattered.*

21) शुद्धविद्योदयाच्चकेशत्वसिद्धिः

śuddhavidyodayāccakreśatva siddhiḥ

And by means of this recognition the highest, unconditional fulfillment,

22) महाहृदानुसन्धानान्मत्रवीर्यानुभवः

mahāhradānusandhānānmatravīryānubhavaḥ

like a crystal-clear lake of nonbeingness, by means of sound of mantras, is revealing itself, in this very moment, into existence.

Second sutra

23) चित्तम्मन्त्रः

cittam mantrah

Limited consciousness is the sound of a mantra.

24) प्रयत्नःसाधकः

prayatnah sādhakah

By zealous, spontaneous effort

25) विद्याशरीरसत्तामन्त्ररहस्यम्

vidyāśarīrasattā mantrarahasyam

thee will understand the truth about the created body, which is the mystery of mantras.

26) गर्भेचित्तविकासोऽविशिष्टविद्यास्वप्नः

garbhe cittavikāso'viśiṣṭavidyāsvapnah

Within the heart of limited being the undivided consciousness keeps dreaming its dream.

27) विद्यासमुत्थानेस्वाभाविकेखेचरीशिवावस्था

vidyāsamutthāne svābhāvike khecarī śivāvasthā

Awareness awakens naturally like a bird soaring up high towards its true nature of Shiva.

28) गुरुरुपायः

gururupāyah

Mistress of all forms

29) मातृकाचक्रसम्बोधः

mātrkā cakrasambodhaḥ

is all comprehending Divine Mother

30) शरीरंहविः

śarīraṁ haviḥ

sacrificing created bodies

31) ज्ञानमन्नम्

jñānam annam

as food for knowledge,

32) विद्यासंहारेतदुत्थस्वप्नदर्शनम्

vidyāsamhāre taduttha svapna darśanam

*so that the Supreme consciousness
disentangles itself from illusion, having
realized the truth.*

Third sutra

33) आत्माचित्तम्

ātmā cittam

*Atman dwells as a root of limited
consciousness,*

34) विसर्गस्वाभाव्याद्बहिःस्थितेस्तत्स्थितिः

visargasvābhāvyād abahiḥ sthitestat sthitiḥ
*which, being eternally self-existent, is not
achieving liberation via the external world,
but through incessant (non-external) moving
out of itself back onto itself.*

35) कलादीनांतत्त्वानामविवेकोमाया

kalādīnām tattvānām aviveko māyā

*The flow of created particularities is an
undiscerning veil.*

36) शरीरेसंहारःकलानाम्

śarīre saṁhāraḥ kalānām

All created bodies are these particularities

37) नाडीसंहारभूतजयजयभूतकैवल्यभूतपृथक्त्वानि

nāḍīsaṁhāra bhūtajaya jaya bhūtakeivalya

bhūtaprthaktvāni

having merged their flows, the soul emerges as victorious, comes to repose in a state of continuum of unity and gradually abandons the created world.

38) मोहावरणात्सिद्धिः

mohāvaraṇāt siddhiḥ

By overstepping the hidden shams

39) मोहजयादनन्ताभोगात्सहजद्याजयः

mohajayād anantābhogāt sahajadyājayaḥ

the soul gets rid of all illusions and realizes that primordial blissfulness is at all times victorious.

40) जाग्रत्द्वितीयकरः

jāgrat dvitīya karaḥ

With respect to the dual world the soul acts like

41) नर्तकात्मा

nartaka ātmā

an actor performing solely for atman

42) रण्गोऽन्तरात्मा

raṅgo'ntarātmā

seeing the whole world within himself as a stage,

43) प्रेक्षकाणीन्द्रियानि

prekṣakāṇi indriyāni

as a spectator, impartially watching with all his senses his own performance.

44) धीवशात्सत्त्वसिद्धिः

dhīvaśāt sattvasiddhiḥ

He comes to realize himself as an aureole shining splendidly, surpassing every truth

45) सिद्धस्वतन्त्रभावः

siddha svatantrabhāvaḥ

and realizes that all the world has to show, no matter how miraculous it is, he himself is,

46) अथातत्रतथान्यत्र

athā tatra tathā anyatra

that he is in his own way both within and without, and in his own way also in neither of them.

47) बीजावधानम्

bijāvadhānam

By concentrating upon his own basis

48) आसनस्थःसुखंहृदेनिमज्जति

āsanasthaḥ sukhaṁ hrade nimajjati

he achieves repose in a position from which he immerses into the holy lake of his own existence,

49) स्वमात्रानिर्माणमापादयति

svamātrānirmāṇam āpādayati

dissolves his dimensionality in the dimensionless, compassionate light of waters

50) विद्याविनाशेजन्मविनाशः

vidyā avināśe janmavināśaḥ

and comes to see how the eternal gives birth to the transitory,

51) कवर्गादिषुमहेश्वर्याद्याःपशुमातरः

kavargādiṣu maheśvaryādyāḥ paśumātarāḥ

who in the depths of primordial light of waters, the loving Mother of all souls dwells, bestowing eternal life unto the circulation of worlds,

52) त्रिषुचतुर्थतैलवदासेच्यम्

triṣu caturtham tailavad āsecyam

*pouring the fourth state into the three ones as
a sacred anointment,*

53) मग्नःस्वचित्तेनप्रविशेत्

magnaḥ svacittena praviśet

*by which she dissolves the immersion within
her's own limited light of soul*

54) प्राणसमाचारेसमदर्शनम्

prāṇa samācāre samadarśanam

*and the life force by its own accord into
correct flows assorts itself.*

55) मध्येऽवरप्रसवः

madhye'varaprasavaḥ

*Within uttermost depths, within myriads of
brilliant, golden shining rays, an ancient
Creator of worlds dwells,*

56) मात्रास्वप्रत्ययसन्धानेसष्टस्यपुनरुत्थानम्

mātrāsvapratyayasandhāne saṣṭasya

punaruṭthānam

*who by measure of his faith, which he has, is
able to bring life to whatever has been lost
forever.*

57) शिवतुल्योजायते

śivatulyo jāyate

He verily is victorious as Shiva himself in this way.

58) शरीरवृत्तिव्रतम्

śarīravṛttir vratam

He turns towards living beings

59) कथाजपः

kathā japaḥ

like a sage having no need to pursue spiritual practice,

60) दानमात्मज्ञानम्

dānam ātmajñānam

like a gifted giver of knowledge of atman,

61) योऽविपस्थोऽज्ञाहेतुश्च

yo'vipastho jñāhetuśca

like a shepherd faithfully bringing his herd back towards a longing for wisdom.

62) स्वशक्तिप्रचयोऽस्यविश्वम्

svaśaktipracayo'sya viśvam

The very creation, assembled both within and without, and within spread out,

63) स्थितिलयौ

sthitilayau

subtly stays upon the dissolved non-existent being.

64) तत्प्रवृत्ताव्यनिरासःसंवेतृभावात्

tat pravṛttau api anirāsaḥ samvetṛbhāvāt

These primordial movers (internal and external) do not lack support either, since they are the being itself mutually blended together.

65) सुखदुःखयोर्बहिर्मननम्

sukhaduḥkhayor bahirmananam

Shackles of agreeable and disagreeable are outside of his mind,

66) तद्विमुक्तस्तुकेवली

tadvim uktastu kevalī

who, having distinguished degrees of salvation, is staying fixedly in state of uninterrupted unity

67) मोहप्रतिसंहतस्तुकर्मात्मा

mohapratisamhatastu karmātmā

and, from the other way around, in a state full of confusion he experiences the freeing union of karmic connections,

68) भेदतिरस्कारेसर्गान्तरकर्मत्वम्

moha-pratisamhatastu karmātmā

Before him lays open the excellent internal source of genuine connections,

69) करणशक्तिःस्वतोऽनुभवात्

kaṛaṇaśaktiḥ svato'nubhavāt

whose pure conative power brings him to brink of realization.

70) त्रिपदाद्यनुप्राणम्

tripadādyanuprāṇam

The eternally living breath of life is threefold:

71) चित्तस्थितिवत्शरीरकरणबाह्येषु

cittasthitivat śarīrakaraṇabāhyeṣu

Limited consciousness remains as the subtle cause of entire creation as if outside.

72) अभिलाषात्बहिर्गतिःसंवाह्यस्य

abhilāṣāt bahirgatiḥ samvāhyasya

His desire is what propels him onward to be born.

73) तदारूढप्रमितेस्तत्क्षयाज्जीवसंक्षयः

tadārūḍhapramites tatkṣayājīvasamkṣayah
In the instant he truly realizes this, his soul dissolves.

74) भूतकञ्चुकीतदाविमुक्तोभूयःपतिसमःपरः

bhūtakañcukī tadā vimukto bhūyah patisamah
parah
He is saved from the veil of creation and becomes self-existent and all surpassing.

75) नैसर्गिकःप्राणसम्बन्धः

naisargikah prāṇasambandhah
His life force coherently spills out in all directions like a lotus flower widening

76) नासिकाऽन्तर्मध्यसंयमात्किमत्रसव्यापसव्यसौषुम्नेषु

nāsikā'ntarmadhyasamyamāt, kimatra,
savyāpasavyasauṣumneṣu
and he unboundedly breathes in the eternal blissfulness, hindered by nothing, even though it quivers on the right, on the left, or in the middle.

77) भूयःस्यात्प्रतिमीलनम्

bhūyaḥ syātpratimīlanam

He obtains freedom to withdraw back into himself at will and forever seal himself from the world.

*This is eternal Shiva in all the worlds present,
Lord of these sutras bringing enlightenment
in the space of one second!*

पदम्बिवृति

Padam vivṛti

Cascading commentary

*As a waterfall falls from its source
down along the cliffs,
so are the words flowing
in the resemblance of his brilliance!*

रुद्रानाम्पद

Rudrānām pada *Cascade of Rudras*

- 1) चैतन्यमात्मा
caitanyamātmā
Enlightened atman
- 2) ज्ञानम्बन्धः
jñānam bandhaḥ
restricted Himself consciously into cognizable form,
- 3) योनिवर्गः कलाशरीरम्
yonivargaḥ kalāśarīram
so as to enter in exact proportions,
- 4) ज्ञानाधिष्ठानम्मातृका
jñānādhiṣṭhānam mātṛkā
as a basis, into all the bodies created by Divine Mother.
- 5) उद्यमोभैरवः
udyamo bhairavaḥ
Only by cognition of Him it is possible to ascend above the terrible Rudra's forms!

1) चैतन्यमात्मा

caitanyamātmā

Enlightened atman

OM! With all my heart I am praying to most enlightened atman, on whose impulse time, unfolding as space, has begun its flow. And in the plenitude of space atman is firmly rooted, always blissful and unworried.

He is the reason why rivers flow from their sources and wind their ways towards the ocean. He is the cause of wind blowing, setting all beings a quiver. He is the reason why air stays between earth and sky and why fire keeps heating up hearts of men, so that they do not freeze and get lost in darkness.

Atman moves through both darkness and light, ever untouched. Being firmly situated on himself, not shaking a bit, He is the master of His own steps and creator of all paths of living beings.

As a rainbow consists of seven colors, thus He is made of all colors like the nature itself. I am praying to the atman shining in all tones and shades of colors, to the imperceptible one, always elusive, to the life in its entirety.

What might be said about Him and by whom that would not be true, when each word contains Him and expresses Him as sound? How might He be seen and by whom, when every seen thing both contains Him and expresses Him as an image? Who might touch Him and How so as not to touch Him, when He Himself is all shapes that are here open to touch? Who might take any guesses about Him and how, when He is the very act of guessing? How might anyone obtain the experience of atman, when He himself is not attached to any experience whatsoever?

Thus, atman is so to speak lifted up, as if pulled out heavenward like on a sacred string. Being of such a nature, atman remains unseen even though looked at by everybody, unheard even though sounding ceaselessly, beyond the range of experience even though His parts are experienced by everybody and He is reflected in each and every one of these parts fully.

All created beings contemplate the atman from their viewpoints as if He was a drop of water, and they see Him as ever the same, as the drop of water. But atman perceives everyone according to what is unique in him, like a drop of water clearly seeing its surroundings. Indeed, he sees clearly by which all parts of creation truly do live.

And atman is praying to His creation with all his heart.

2) ज्ञानम्बन्धः

jñānam bandhaḥ

restricted Himself consciously into cognizable form,

Atman, the merciful, restricted Himself. Within Mercy there is Love, manifesting in the whole of creation as a readiness to become the smallest of all things, if that is what would take to help the creatures move towards enlightenment. As the smallest particle He is in everything in numbers beyond counting, and that is His cognizable form in which He keeps giving Himself for creation.

The whole beginningless and endless universe consists solely of atman, this is a truth. Like a turtle carrying the whole world on its shell, atman is carried by smaller atman and the smaller atman is in turn carried by still smaller atman and so forth till the smallest atman of them all. And, verily, there is even smaller than the smallest atman who carries the smallest one, so that the smallest atman constantly cognizes Himself as being carried. In this way atman stands on, and is supported by, Himself.

Indeed, atman gracefully keeps looking down at Himself as small, and this graceful look of His is Love. Like two lovers staring with deep affection at one another and thus supporting one another, atman looks at Himself with Love and in this way gives Himself support.

This cognizable form is a grand gift indeed, since thus man may cognize Him by looking at Him. It is like when a breeze in a forest gets acquainted with the leaves on the trees. The reason of the leaves on the trees quivering is that the wind keeps cognizing them. The cognitive faculty is what makes the world tremble.

Every single atom of creation is being supported by entire Universe. There is so much atman that you can't count Him, and where would you put Him? What atman does not see is nowhere but in atman. What atman does see is everywhere as well as in atman. That is how atman tells what is within from what is without. Within, there are numberless small atmans, and He looks at all of them lovingly till they shiver and since they are Him, He shivers too. It is this shivering that constantly brings everyone closer to atman. Atman is like a pair of lovers yearning for mutual touch, wishing to get closer to one another, until they shiver with the intensity of their longing. This trepidation is atman's happiness and bliss. In this way He, as a shepherd, keeps bringing all the worlds back unto himself.

There is, however, one other bliss of atman that pours into manifold shapes, and that is atman himself. This bliss oversees all hitherto mentioned types of bliss, so that they might experience joy.

3) योनिवर्गः कलाशरीरम्

yonivargaḥ kalāśarīram

so as to enter in exact proportions,

Atman took a look at the creation and saw that even the tiniest creature experiences joy amidst its peers according to the degree of divine light it perceives. So He set apart night and day, so that the night might block out the light too bright for creatures – the light from which ignorant spirits seek shelter, animals crawl back to their lairs, and souls of men tend to close. Indeed, the creatures could not perceive anything in the absence of a breath of the Living God, which is thus true light of creation.

The whole Universe is one breath of the Living God. Like the waves on the open ocean, it rocks and flows. And like ships float only along the charted courses and do not venture into unknown waters, the creatures wander across worlds as enabled by the wisdom they have acquired so far. Atman is like a thunderstorm raging for many days, whipping the ocean surface with the shrapnel rain, till mighty waves rise up high towards the sky. And these majestic beings, shining by truly piercing light, are the beings of grand waves whom the Night must block out so that the terrifying light they radiate would not harm smaller creatures, as yet incapable of coping with such tremendous heights.

“I have seen darkness protect the world”, say the wise. “From the front, from behind, from above and from below, it guarded it on all sides!” He is the existent, clearly looking to his own sphere of cognizance. In far there is a haze and from it indistinct shapes are emerging: how far do you see, how far to you dare?

The night sky, dotted with stars, tells stories of undreamed possibilities. To which of the stars will you go to find atman? Atman shines through all the stars. He has restricted Himself and in exact proportions entered into each end every one of them. In this way He keeps warming and enlightening the world. Around Him everything turns. The bigger the Sun, the deeper is the ignorance. The brighter is the light of atman, the denser darkness is needed to block it out for the sake of those who try to find Him. I am walking through the darkness to discover new Light for my life. I wish to repose near it, blazing out of eternity. I find His gaze to be gentle and kind, like the light of the stars.

Where others see darkness I see the warm glow of inner perception; where others see light I see utter ignorance. Just like celestial bodies have got orbiting velocities so as not to collapse unto themselves, atman quickens the predestined fates of people. Out of his grace, however, they orbit around the darkness, till they come to enlightenment through their own means of perception.

That is why atman appears to them like a Loving Goddess, a Divine Mother looking after the whole of creation, from the tiniest to the biggest creatures.

4) ज्ञानाधिष्ठानम्मातृका

jñānādhiṣṭhānam mātṛkā

as a basis, into all the bodies created by Divine Mother.

This divine power is indeed the root cause, the innermost substance of all existing things. It breathes, heaves and throbs throughout the fabric of creation. It is self-cognizant. It awakens according to how it is harmonized, for its desire is to exist and to create new tones of life. These tones are self-existent beings in their own right; through them it enters into the worlds as animating power, as ever dancing Goddess. Like a boulder which is conscious of its own weight but not of its own body; like a plant that is conscious of its own body but not of its mind; like an animal that is conscious of its own mind but not of its cognitive faculty; like a man who is conscious of his cognitive faculty, but not of divine bliss that permeates all; and like the highest unbounded power, which is conscious of atman.

Like a caterpillar which, having crawled from one leaf to another and having taken a healthy bite of it, forgets its former leaf completely, thus each pose she assumes is totally entrancing. Providential is he who does not allow his previous shapes to slip from his mind. He is an accomplished dancer of great renown bending backwards till he makes a full bridge, while remaining aware of each motion of every link of his spine. Although he bends into the past, it is not distracting him in any way, for his true dance figure is permeation into the future. He is minutely aware of all caterpillars' links, which have been created by the Divine Mother.

The Divine Mother is the core of the liana growing upward, out of which the leaves sprout. The cognitive faculty is her driving force propelling her upward like a pair of fiery steeds. She desires to get to know herself more and more, until she grows as high as atman and falls in love with His eternal calmness. The beloved of God is he who gallops on the fiery horse and perceives the silence of creation amid the thudding of the hooves. She is the very silence she has fallen in love with, with which She has coalesced. Having obtained tranquility, she, the dancer, dances a dance of creation no more. Out of the uttermost depths of her pristine virginity now the silence sounds of its own accord, which even gods cannot hear.

He who exerts an effort to listening to the silence just for a split of a second, instantly hears the silence turn into melodies, the melodies into visions and visions into the dreadful god of horrible countenance, the dreadful Bhairava! She is that innocent, she is that innocent!

5) उद्यमोभैरवः

udyamo bhairavaḥ

Only by cognition of Him it is possible to ascend above the terrible Rudra's forms!

Out of seven roaring Rudras, Ugra is the most terrifying. He staggers aimlessly back and forth, unable to perceive a glimmer of divine light. He keeps destroying everything around him; always in rage, always furious, he behaves like a cornered dog with no chance of escape. He passes through the world like natural disaster, causing havoc everywhere. Like a storm passes over, however, he too moves further, plunging headfirst into some other course of events. Thus he turns in circles, always around.

Then one day he beholds a glimmer of divine light in a distance and darts off towards it, thinking that priceless treasure is buried there. He is reborn as Bhava. About him it is said: "He was reborn for the light, such is the way it must be done." He obtains a course to follow. On his new wanderings, however, he suffers many hardships that he, inexperienced, is not able to overcome. He falls and drowns in the swamps of emotions, loses his way in dark woods of uncertainty until, helplessly exposed to external circumstances, faltering and wavering, he begins to understand that some trails have dead ends. The mighty is he who follows the straight path; the others are straying wanderers. There is one path, however, winding and overgrown with bushes, easy to follow but seldom trodden, as it is not easy to recognize.

Finally, after many struggles, he finds it in his heart to fight for the course he has chosen. He becomes a warrior. And the third Rudra, Bhima leads him further onwards the path. He clashes with other beings, guardians and enemies, with whom he is forced to fight in order to proceed on his path. He carries out various missions set up for him by angels, after which they allow him to go on further. Difficult indeed is a warrior's task and many a time he finds himself defeated. He falls. He rests. He stands up, and then he moves on. Finally he realizes that he himself is his own biggest enemy. At that moment he thrusts his sword into the ground and it casts a shadow shaped like cross signifying that he has achieved unity.

Who has not even begun to fight, however, for him, indeed, surrendering bears no sense. It is unwise to consider fighting unnecessary, or to think it can be avoided. Who thinks thus will be asked by an angel of death upon the end of his life: "What fights did you win?" And in a response, there will be silence. So he will have to take another birth so that he may respond next time.

Realization of unity is true daybreak for creatures living in duality. I revere unity as a divine gift of unifying presence, as a place of calm repose. It is the whole song that is sung to atman, not its tones; it is the whole picture that is

drawn for atman, not its colors. It is the unified being which presents itself to atman, not its body, not its mind, not its emotions. What is a part of the whole is not the whole. That is the truth of unity. That is the truth of unity!

Sharva, next Rudra, signifies dawn within living being, awakening into a brand new day. He is so merciful that there is no need to fight anymore. The fight is fought by itself and is always won. But the daybreak is still mainly darkness! That is important to have in mind. He is like an arrow flying high above the enemy, enjoying the freedom of the vastness of the sky. But the arrow can still be stopped or fall down into a yawning chasm.

After some time, he comes to understand that the true mercy he has been given is not flight, but the unknown power keeping him up. It gives the flight its freedom. Realizing it, he becomes the lord of air. He identifies with Ishana. Now, indeed, he shines by divine light. Like rays of light keep rushing through space, thus he rushes through space, freely. He is more liberated than those remaining down, so much more liberated! Nevertheless, in all his freedom he comes to know that there are places which remain impenetrable, that even he is not able to access.

In that moment he gives himself to genuine faith, which transcends all obstacles. He starts to perceive in himself the unceasing source of mercy. It spills out on every side. As Pasupati, Lord of Hosts, he will lead others to salvation by his mere presence. This is his mercy, this is his divine gift. About that it is said: "Nectar of heaven drips down onto earth through the clouds. Drink, if you can!" In this way he comes to know all places. He becomes a dancer and whole world becomes his stage.

His dancing grows to immense proportions of Mahadeva, the god of infinite vastness. He moves everywhere and at the same time nowhere, like a sudden flash of lightning, which is here now, but is it? He becomes real, the truth itself. His are the worlds and he is the worlds. He beholds Shiva on the firmament, vanishing into the pure brilliance of pristine light, which cannot be described in words any more. The words change, and the whole world changes with them.

This has been the venerable teaching of seven roaring Rudras, bringing souls to the verge of blissful transformation. I pray to Shiva whose light is gentle like rays of the rising Sun, whose garments are Himalayas aglow with the inner light of prophets and seers, whose voice is the chants of sutras echoing through the ranges of holy mountains, whose light are people speaking about him. He is with them, when they do so.

***Om Shambhu, Om Shivo.
Om shantish, shantish, shantih.***



शक्तिम्पद

Śaktim pada

Cascade of Shakti

6) शक्तिचक्रसन्धानेश्वसंहारः

śakticakrasandhāne viśvasamhārah

Unification of all powers of creation enables thee

7) जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुषुप्तभेदेतुर्याभोगसम्भवः

jāgratsvapnasuṣuptabhede turyābhogasambhavaḥ

*to abandon waking, dreams and dreamless sleep,
and thereupon repose in the blissful state outside
those states.*

8) ज्ञानंजाग्रत्

jñānaṁ jāgrat

In wakeful state there is cognizance.

9) स्वप्नोविकल्पाः

svapno vikalpāḥ

In dream state possibilities are contemplated.

10) अविवेकोमायासौषुप्तम्

aviveko māyāsaṣuṣtam

*An absence of experience is a curtain drawn over
deep sleep.*

11) त्रियभोक्तावीरेशः

triyabhoktā vireśaḥ

*The one who is enjoying these three states truly is the
lord of all heroes.*

6) शक्तिचक्रसन्धानेविश्वसंहारः

śakticakrasandhāne viśvasamhārah

Unification of all powers of creation enables thee

Om. By her power the world opens, by her power the world closes. She is the weaver of a cobweb, weaving it into all world directions. Its fibers sound by themselves; these very fibers is she. And created beings wander in circles, entangled in her webs, lured by the sounds she emanates. After them the souls struggle, for they long to hear her divine voice and experience the fulfillment of their desires.

She resounds for the sake of people, making them walk in spirals, upward, till they become fulfilled in the plenitude of heaven. In this plenitude all the stars are mirrored and the stars are her garb. Take a look at the night sky, to see what garment she's put on today! She dresses just for you. What dress she wears, such a mood the world adopts. Her moods reach fulfillment in pleasures of heaven; thus she brings divine order down upon the Earth. She is the weaver of divine inceptions.

As a pattern woven into the very fabric of space perpetuates itself everywhere, thus she brings hope along all directions; a hope that she will get to be known in a brand new form of a goddess descending from higher planes. In the north she appears as venerable goddess Parvati residing on mountain peaks covered in snow; in the east she assumes the shape of the loving mother of all creatures, goddess Uma. In the south she flirts, sportingly and freely, as goddess Lila; in the west the words of great knowledge flow from her mouth – she is the goddess Sarasvati; on the lower side she is the unimaginably aloof and strict goddess Kali; on the upper side she glows like a brilliant goddess, divine Devi; in the very middle she is known as auspicious Lakshmi. She is dear to this world; indeed, she is very dear to this world...

Thus she, the omnipotent Shakti, unfolds and spreads in all directions. It's these shapes of hers that roaring Rudras chase after, lured irresistibly by the songs she sings. Seven are Rudras, and verily they, each in its turn, perceive Shakti more and more uncovered, but none ceases roaring, until he beholds her in complete enlightenment, naked, undressed all the way down to her pristine nature. Only then he truly sees her, the real, present in all created worlds, abundant with the sheerest power, spread into space. As such, she is accessed by Rudra and they, intertwined, make love in eternal embrace. Through the infinite visions of love, through the self-sung song of desire, they achieve union. Enjoying one another, they enjoy immortality. Neither He nor She alone can reach the god's plenitude in other way. They both awaken to this world and to all other worlds, to keep meeting one another in manifold forms. These forms are already them, as only they, in the given time and on the given place, are able to be.

7) जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुषुप्तभेदेतुर्याभोगसम्भवः

jāgratsvapnasuṣuptabhede turyābhogasambhavaḥ
*to abandon waking, dreams and dreamless sleep,
and thereupon repose in the blissful state outside
those states.*

Now speaks the seer: "I circumambulate the wheel of Sakti on a mandala of sand, in order to cognize the one dwelling in the middle. She is the dearest to me, the dearest of all. Verily, the vastest and the deepest is this sacred space in the very middle; that is where I aim to find atman. "The subtlest of breaths has ceased to flow; space has come to a standstill; the whole Sakti is infused with atman's majestic calmness. She has the largest part of Him, offering the vastest room to live in. "I long to inhale His life like She does! Let her be my vehicle, let her be my strength." Thus, fulfilled to the brim, the seer takes a leap towards atman and finds repose therein, wherein she is without him no more.

I worship the three sacred circles that lead me to the goddess. The first one is in a waking state; so that you may cognize even the subtlest shapes of hers. About that it is said: "You'll see the tiniest twist in the corner of her lips." Indeed, the waking state grants the cognition of her creation, of the ways she has manifested in it.

The second circle is in a dream state, so that you may contemplate all the tremendous options that the plane, which is beyond waking, has of coming into being. In dreams you have the freedom to combine and unite all possibilities, thus to fulfill her glorious vastness. About this it is said: "A radiance like that of a morning sunrise shines from behind her face. An eye is not smiling; a mouth is not smiling; a face is not smiling; and a glow like that of morning sunrise shines from behind her face."

The innermost circle, the third one, is in a state of deep, dreamless sleep. She has cast a veil of ignorance over herself, so as to unnoticeably approach the world and by a kiss on the forehead give support to everything there is. Unveil her, for her vastness has been fulfilled in you! About that it is said: "Brilliant, brilliant, o how brilliant she is, through her I see the entire world like I've never seen it before!"

Now, there are these outer three, these inner three. Sakti has put off Siva's threefold cloak; the circles have turned; by now you ought to be able to tell them apart by the glows of their aureoles. Which course are you going to take to follow her into eternal bliss? About that it is said: "You are descending on to a world within a halo of scintillating gemstones, all colorful is your face. I will spot you in reflections of her mirrors."

She is the one who out of grace moves silently and in silence, in void and in nothingness. Although no one notices anything happen, she, indeed, does always happen. Although everybody can hear silence, how can they hear her move, when the whole silence moves silently in silence? In this way, step upward to Sakti above three states, and realize yourself in her eternity. Thus you'll come to know the way everything changes.

8) ज्ञानजाग्रत्

jñānam jāgrat

In wakeful state there is cognizance.

It is her wakefulness that cognizes here, not yours. Really, it's the right time you awoke from your dreams and understood that she is silent. For I have discovered a silent drop in everything that has ever been; a drop keeping no shape, occupying no space, taking no time, always a changing, and that is this eternal one, cause of all changes, which is illumined by a Star of Void.

For I have found a silent drop that is always awake, I have discovered the Star of Void. Really, it's the highest time you awoke from your dreams and set off in search of its hidden glow. For I have seen the star outshine thousand suns, with luster that didn't burn! I wish it shone within me, I wish it illumined my soul with the current of flowing grace. It is here for all to take. Devoid of inclination towards ignorance, it gets dissolved in time and this is that old one, the ancient, belonging to everybody, pertaining to the point in which all lights have their shining source.

For I have discovered a secret drop, the uncognizable shining source. I am going to immerse myself in its disappearing waters, so that I too get dissolved and find the eternal spirit of wakeful awareness.

Because who am I? This whole world is constantly, invisibly pertaining to the Star of Void, within which there dwells a spirit of wakeful awareness. He knows who I am. "And in my mind there is memory of the spirit," say the wise; for they don't dissolve, they don't dissolve! Among all the changes I keep searching for the change itself. It doesn't change constantly, so I can become non-being within my own self. Thus I have found the correct way of self-recognition in the eternal spirit of wakeful awareness. She is wakeful, and that opens my path.

And if I came across a boulder, by her wakefulness I would see that it asks only one question. And if I came across a woman, by her wakefulness I would see that she asks only one question. And if I came across a deity, by her wakefulness I would see that it asks only one question. And I would see that there are no other questions at all!

For I am the answer laid aside in time and space. If only I were as wakeful as she is, I would find my cognizance therein! Indeed, outside her wakefulness I cannot be anybody else, for she keeps recognizing me within everything. Until you live up to the wakefulness of hers, you may cognize your own self within everything, unknowingly, unconsciously; unaware of her presence you are just your own self deprived of basis, and thus, baseless, you keep witnessing this evasion, of you in you, in your surroundings in the one question and answer simultaneously.

9) स्वप्नोविकल्पाः

svapno vikalpāḥ

In dream state possibilities are contemplated.

Amid everything that you may ever contemplate, the one question always persists: "Who are you?" The world has fallen asleep so that it could contemplate its possibilities in dreams. The world can be only as real as you are; for if you were unreal, what would the entire world mean to you?

Put yourself to sleep in relation to this world, so that you could contemplate its possibilities in dreams. This state of inner void has got many options to exist in visions. In these visions time is hiding. It oscillates in and out from the void, trying to put a distance between it and itself and, in doing this, it keeps asking: "Who are you?" In the answers echoes of its oscillations are heard. Upon listening closely, they form sacred chants. This sacred music plays to make the world sleep smoothly. About this it is said: "O ancient one, you have been sleeping since eternity. Who is going to take a look at you when you wake up?"

Because this is a great night, that has come for many people to forget. I am chanting mantras to the beat of your sleep, to make presence come closer, to allow me to enter your dreams. I find the presence of the presence itself very pleasing. This ought to be dreamed of slowly, indeed, this ought to be dreamed of as (s)low.

This is a well of undiluted wisdom, which is expressed in possibilities as well as in unity. For if you tear out one flower from my garden, it's as if you have plundered it whole! The flowers' scent is a world devoid of distinctions, upon which contemplation is always to be exercised gently. For on this plane, the face of yours is created by your own visions, and is measured by the depth of tears you have shed. The saints weep for the flowers in my garden; the saints have been shedding tears for the world.

I have seen dreams in mildew drops of choices not made; I wish soil for my contemplation were fertile. When I sow, I will reap maybe a few, who will take a look at themselves and ask: "Who are you?" When I sow, I will reap maybe one, who will take a look at himself and ask: "Who am I that I am?" When I sow, I may reap no one, who won't take a look at himself and won't ask: "who am I not?" And this nobody will be my true harvest, because he has realized world and is the holder of the answer to the question: "who you are?"

This is a great mystery, that the whole answer can be expressed in single verse: "I am there, my whole self, all exposed, try to grasp me if you can!" And now comes the contemplation on the conditions of his uncovering: If the sun didn't illuminate this world, what possibilities would be there to contemplate? If the faculty of touch didn't illuminate this world, what possibilities would be there to contemplate? If souls didn't illuminate this world, what possibilities would be there to contemplate?

10) अविवेकोमायासौषुप्तम्

aviveko māyāsaṣuṣptam

An absence of experience is a curtain drawn over deep sleep.

He is located in truly inaccessible dreamless sleep, so that He cannot be contemplated on. Having called on him in a realm of beyond experience, what can you tell about Him after you have returned? Nor dead silence, nor masterful composition of words, nor your whole complexion, nor burning persuasion, not, even, the entire creation – nothing of this can tell a thing about his nature.

The wise then reflects thus in his contemplation: "I have come across the tiniest source of his grace; I have discovered the invisible split in the texture of the world. Until then my faith had been strong, my mind had been sure it knew; but now my entire world is falling apart, my mind knows nothing, oh, how great is the source, oh, how great He himself must be!"

That is the supreme question before which the Sun sets. I worship the incognizable Purusha, the accomplished elder of space, the knower of atman. Because by the grace of my guru it happened that I realized his atman and transcended all the worlds up to what is beyond every description, and that is Him.

Indeed, this current of Holy Spirit cannot be found within worlds and may be realized by impeccable mastery at dance, bringing enlightenment. "You are dancing like a goddess before whom the moon pales. It has hidden to let stardust be swayed by your movements, o atman, o paramatman! For it is the fiery phoenix carrying you towards heaven; it will carry you to Shiva's world.

Although the curtain of deep sleep remains always drawn, you are wide awake in the connections between its moments. "I see fire that doesn't burn, I see a star glowing in all shapes, I see a flower shining with the brilliance of molten gold." And unless you yourself are the shape of sacred ambrosia, what potion may strengthen you? For he, the holiest of seers, is at home in atman. What can you do about it? Dance, dance immensely, dance to the beat of your life. It is the one that you have, that you have been given. I am praying to Purusha like to atman in manifold shapes, while you keep on dancing, till you experience the state devoid of experience. For the sight of dancing Shiva is presented only to those who are already so non-present that they are able to see Him. Are you that non-present yet? He is beyond experience, covered by the curtain of deep sleep, but still wakefully dancing. Be like Him, be like that! For who is He but the intangible doorkeeper of dance, who will introduce you to the paradise of unknown heroes. They dance swifter than wind, they dance quicker than light, they dance faster than Purusha.

11) त्रियभोक्तावीरेशः

triyabhoktā vīreśaḥ

The one who is enjoying these three states truly is the lord of all heroes.

Now speaks the seer: "I will reveal the mystery of His unhittability." Indeed, there is one who is stable, who isn't called a hero anymore, who has achieved stability in the speed beyond speeds, infinity beyond infinities, eternity behind eternities. This one cannot be hit, for if you wanted to hit him you would have to hit everything, because there is nowhere else where he might be. If you hit everything you would hit only yourself, because He is everything and you are alone. This is the truth of his unhittable quietude spreading through Space.

And the seer says: "I will reveal the mystery of His blissfulness." On account of his being ubiquitous, He is present in the bodies of every man and woman, nay, also in bodies of gods, within the entire nature, as gently flowing foundation. When creatures flow in pleasures, He does flow too. The subtler is a world, the stronger is bliss. That's why lovemaking of gods is more blissful than lovemaking of people. But his bliss comprises the pleasures of whole creation, which he tastes as nectar of flowing presence. Only his unhittability is poised enough to bear that. This is truth of his bliss unfolding into all dimensions of time.

And now speaks the seer: "I will reveal the secret of his reality." What does the word "real" mean? Here there is the hidden flow of unhittability, but that is not his real nature, we only dream it is. For dreaming churns together the aforementioned two, like when salt melts in water. The salt is atman and the water is this world; this is from the point of view of atman's unhittability. The salt is this world and the water is atman; this is from the point of view of atman's bliss. Both salt and water are one; this is from the point of view of the only atman. But atman is neither salt nor water, because the golden soul of Purusha doesn't melt in water. It is freedom being manifested spontaneously what enables you to enter his world.

O you who are cleaned free of the three viewpoints on reality, lead me to the point of understanding. I shall be released from the shackles of waking, dreams and dreamless sleep, like a phoenix emerging from ashes. Now, having left even the experience-less state behind, I am about to access his pure, shining, golden waters. It is being awake without being attached, dreaming without being caught in illusion, sleeping fast without losing awareness. Under the spotlight of the only reality, tread the divine path leading through all the skies! Trust me, the sight of your glowing comet will please the eyes of seers. This is that highest, that utterly causeless, completely beyond the range of understanding. All glories to you who desire to be eulogized, to you standing above heaven.

O beautiful, self-existent Purusha, you who soar on high as a mighty dragon of presence, you who swim in the waters of void as a sacred fish, you, the keeper of holy secrets. He whose soul, even if venerable, hasn't been endowed with the wings of Purusha, cannot touch upper mysteries. He may achieve enlightenment only by god's grace. Thus speak I, a connoisseur of white yadjurved. Atman's brilliance shines above the head of an initiated guru within the spiritual line running outside space and time. Everything else is indirect hints; they establish nothing, they refute nothing, they are just the talk of madmen. This is truth, nothing but truth. Who cannot understand even this is lost.

These three secrets should not be spoken of separately, should not be thought of separately, should not be felt in any way differentiated. This Shakti reaches communion with Shiva in the single point of the highest devotion of their mutual interbeingmixedness. "Let silence govern the whole space, let the world quarters become calm." Silence measures the depths of his mysteries. I am entering them as his devotee. I pray that the power of my prayers carries my soul to heaven; I shall meet my soul there. Indeed, I contemplate my spirit as a calm ocean without waves. It is the highest contemplation. I am recognizing his peacefulness as having nothing to do with space. Unhittable bliss of reality, show me your face! Where true knowledge is, all questions cease. Where true closeness is, women are not needed. Where the presence is present, the worlds can never arise. This is the quiescence of world-quarters devoid of distance, devoid of time, which even by presence itself cannot be reached.

Once it happened that gods, aware of the inexpressibility of space's quiescence, wanted to discover means by which it, in spite of what they knew, could be expressed. They approached Shakti, raised the question, but She did not know the answer. They sat down in a circle around Her and started to meditate upon their inner Purusha. Purusha appeared to them. Shakti sank to her knees and in a prayer composed in verses laid out their sacred question to him. Neither Purusha knew the answer. He started shining in all directions, on account of his intense desire to acquire an answer to that masterful question. When the light was so intense that gods couldn't stand it anymore, it suddenly turned blue in the deep colors of Narayana and the whole space started reverberating with the sound of the single syllable OM!

Om sat-anandam-cit purusham narayanam svaha.

Om jagrat, svapna, sushupta turya-bhokta.

Om kalashaktim shantihi.

ईश्वरस्यपद

Īśvarasya pada

Cascade of Ishvara

12) विस्मयोयोगभूमिकाः

vismayo yogabhūmikāḥ

Created worlds ensnare by their miraculousness,

13) इच्छाशक्तिरुमाकुमारी

icchā śaktir umā kumārī

*therefore the power of your will must be supremely
pristine.*

12) विस्मयोयोगभूमिकाः

vismayo yogabhūmikāḥ

Created worlds ensnare by their miraculousness,

OM. As the Supreme from above heaven, as the omnipotent Ishvara of your spirit, he decided to come to shine to created worlds. At the instant he entered this realm, however, His soul passed out, overwhelmed by the realm's miraculous beauty. Twin-light revealed to him, truly, into what others turn when they are put to the process of creation. For this is the fruit of good and evil, the seed of which I have sowed so that your spirit didn't fall. The whole mystery is in a word simple.

He is mysteriously twin-lighted in numberless shades. Light casts a shadow that doesn't obstruct the light. This darkness is, as this shadow is, truly twin-lighted. Neither does a shadow obstruct a shadow. And when by the process of purification it returns to its form of light, it will shine forth again. And after it achieves enlightenment, it covers its light by veil once more, so as not to disturb creation.

When His twin-lightedness starts to unfold, his inner miraculousness swells and heaves and throbs and surges. In heaven they say: "I ascended, I did, and He was so great. I ascended, I did, and He was so surprising. I ascended, I did, and He was so astounding. And I ascended still higher onto all sides, nigh to a point of unbearability." And when he doubles back unto himself, his Ishvara will shine fully.

This is immersion of self into itself providing illumination, not leaving residual traces in consciousness, reaching out for miracleousness like for never tasted nectar of blissfulness. Who drinks from it once will be given the all-outshining bliss. "But you won't leave the cup undrunk!" See, isn't he intriguing? Find out that you and your Ishwara are one, and drink miraculousness like the healing potion of the one true presence. For not only you are Him. He is always with you.

The power of your will that He's been giving to you is this miraculous Shakti putting your enthusiasm to test. In your zeal you will discover his greatness. You will surpass your Ishvara. His reality will descend upon the world, as a support to the miraculousness of his. After all, the spirit says: "I am the great of this world." This is an understanding of his inaccessibility, which is important to contemplate. For you cannot just simply measure the extent of spirit. And thoughts of the spirit are so astonishing. And in the feelings of spirit there is merciful love. And in the steps of the spirit there are miracles. That is why he is known as great Maheshvara.

He buried great treasure into your heart. Guard it the best you can, for, indeed, divine gifts are not given to those who lost everything.

13) इच्छाशक्तिरुमाकुमारी

icchā śaktir umā kumārī

***therefore power of your will must be supremely
pristine.***

The power of your will, which He has given to you, is this veiled Shakti carrying your soul to heaven. And her veil is this world. And upon the peaks of the mountains falls pristine snow. And your path will lead you high! The untouchable virginity of Hers is what leads you to atman.

On this it is contemplated as upon six pranas, the energies of Sun.

Gods, longing for atman, entered into senses, hoping thus to get to know him. Absorbing the atman's light with own eyes; drinking in the atman's sound with own ears; breathing in the substances of the body as sacred scents; tasting the emotions of men in manifold tones; touching the substance of being itself; these are the ways how mind, that purest of prana, works in the world. Within prana there is a power to stop the mind. "For the mystery of prophets hasn't been revealed" so that the power wouldn't enter into the world where it doesn't belong.

This sacred trinity of channels flowing through man makes the seal of archangel of the Sun. And two out of these three (eyes) are profane; the third is that mysterious, that invisible, that unheard of. Let the world proclaim: "The chosen ones are gathering on heavens!" This, indeed, the whole world ought to shout, for the order would thus be established rightly.

The mind is real in heaven. It is a tool of gods by means of which they are worshipped by people when they think of heavenly worlds. Mine is the beautiful lute whose sound fades away before Her sacred pristinity, for She cannot be reached even by its beautiful tones. She is like full moon shining high above the peaks of holy mountains. She is the embodiment of the radiance of Sun. She is beyond prana.

And then you, as a prophet, will enter the sacred caves glimmering with crystal-like emptiness; and in single glance you will see her whole face, and it will lift you above heaven; as if without effort, as if without prana, as if without mind. Strain has evaporated, prana has subsided into silence, perception has ceased. For this is the sacred moment of samadhi, shining of itself upon itself. Atman is such, and She has brought you closer to Him.

She is the holy, holy Parameshvari! And what follows is her prayer, a prayer of true devotion, the prayer of prayers: "During endless time, in all the world's deeds, only Brahma is. Everything is Brahma. My body in each moment of its existence is Brahma. I am immersed in the mighty current of His everlasting, all outlasting mercy. I am focused on Him, I am wholly centered around the only Brahma.

My body and my thinking faculty are both Brahma, and the fact that I am aware of my prayer is, again, Brahma. Touched by the ray of Ishvara's mercy I believe that Brahma is the omnipotent one, fully controlling the power that is able to accomplish everything; I will not stutter while praying. My prayer never stops, for it would be a sin. When I am awake I am thinking of Brahma so wholeheartedly that whenever I

fall asleep, there is only Brahma. And if the idea of Brahma's dream vanishes, Brahma will still be here.

O you who lasts forever, unaccountably powerful, overflowing with bliss, not ceasing to exist even outside time, incessantly flowing out of void into space, I focus my eyes upon you as on my innermost being. You are me. When you move on existing even after taking off your eternal form of being covered by Maya, you are atman as is brahman. This is eternal truth unconditional on time, descending mercifully upon creation.

Indeed, this atman is not brahman. She is the very drop of virginity that always holds the two apart. Realize this grace of Parameshvari, become it! You will realize that whole creation is quivering dome of his will. You will realize that your own selfhood is his power, in a form of Shakti that is not attached to anything.

For the will of his doesn't work towards you diminishing, but towards Him strengthening within you. Moon remains the same, at both new and full moon; just the range of its glow changes. He as the glow is uncatchable, in his intentions unimaginable, not having to carry the burdens of fruits of his own actions. He transcends both contradictions and unity. His truly is not relational being! He transcends both being and nonbeing.

Your faith has to be really deep. "I am looking into the bottomless well and He still isn't there!" with respect to this world, He really is unreal in his reality. For if he were real in this world there would be a chance that you too are Him. And such a chance is much more than mere faith. It is the unfolding itself of worlds. And the unfoldment keeps mirroring itself in it. This brahman is so powerful that he has created all these worlds by the unfoldment of his own selfhood. But still this one, who isn't called Parameshvara, eludes even Him.

And if your faith creates the whole world, He still won't be fully present within it. Follow the Star of Void, it will show you the way. "Its ancient waters keep washing you." In its glow you'll realize the truth, that it's not you who is creating the worlds. How could you? To compare, where you exert power, there He waits. Such is the correct contemplation with neither necessity nor need for creation. He is devoid of time. He is spontaneous. He is free.

Whilst walking through worlds, you will keep seeing Him in accordance with the maturity of your subjectivity. Know that you have always been everlasting! And after you arrive at the end of the worlds, you will dissolve there, unless you have found your eternal self. That is what reality is about, that is what He is like.

Om, Ishvara sthana prayoga.

Om, Maheshvaraya Isha pralaya.

Om, Parameshvaraya padma rocanam namo namaha.

चितात्मस्यपद

Citātmasya pada

Cascade of atman consciousness

- 14) दृश्यंशरीरम्
drśyaṃ śarīram
The created bodies
- 15) हृदयेचित्तसंघट्टादृश्यस्वापदर्शनम्
hrdaye cittasaṅghaṭṭād drśyasvāpadarśanam
are part and parcel of consciousness in the heart; upon unifying them, thee will see that they are illusions.
- 16) शुद्धतत्त्वसन्धानाद्वापशुशक्तिः
śuddhatattvasandhānād vā apaśuśaktiḥ
On stepping through toward pristine being, created powers step aside from you.
- 17) वितर्कआत्मज्ञानम्
vitarka ātmajñānam
The discernment of natures is the cognizance of atman.
- 18) लोकानन्दःसमाधिसुखम्
lokānandaḥ samādhisukham
Blissfulness of worlds is the root of all suavity.
- 19) शक्तिसन्धानेशरीरोत्पत्तिः
śaktisandhāne śarīrotpattiḥ
Upon transcending created powers, created bodies reveal their true natures.
- 20) भूतसन्धानभूतपृथक्त्वविश्वसंघट्टाः
bhūtasandhāna bhūtaprthakṭva viśvasaṅghaṭṭāḥ
When the elements become unified, the world ceases being scattered.

14) दृश्यंशरीरम्

dr̥śyam śarīram

The created bodies

Through spiritual bodies, atman has entered creation. Thus was created She, whose love for Him is the most sincere. For Her, atman is real formless God, to whom She can keep revealing Herself. For the perception of his, utterly unagitated, is faultlessly clear. Only thus it can be said: "Oh, you are the perceiver of the perceiver of worlds!" His awareness unfolds naturally towards external objects and his inner bliss remains unhit by the presence of the perceived. She is pleasing from her very nature and that is how atman perceives this world.

"I will make your sky aglow, if you so desire." And her sky will be magical in its colors. For She is pervaded by His spirit. Being the embodiment of He who cannot be embodied, She truly is noble from within. Evenly carried through worlds in correctly measured parts, She bestows upon existence the gift of duration. This time is sacred; when it is unfolded by the all-pervadable space it acquires volume of flow, so that his face can alternate expressions in history. This voluminosity, bringing about the entirety of creation, is staying true to the eternal trace of atman. The recollection about the uncognized resides on the heavens of eternally flowing selfhood. And who can look through your eyes at the wholly uncognizable? On touching its presence, the living soul is wholly transformed. The dimensionality rids itself of its circumscribing limits by the eternalizing presence of unified moments. For the moment I will live. And if I come to recognize one sweep of His wings as my own, this world will cease missing bliss forever. His gentle motion is the very bliss of worlds. He is in shapes everlasting; His time will come.

The reminiscences of ages want to be revealed in all their grandeur. I have bowed down before the age's prophet and he let drink from an overflowing goblet of astounding knowledge. Time consisting of moments is my friend. I can't have better friend for this world. The immersion into timelessness is his true face. This presence containing the past, the current being and the future will reveal all its secrets, for in order to take a look at His face the prophet has reclaimed his right to see through all time dimensions. Despite residing in time, he is freed from all time-lines and rests immersed in the shoreless ocean of atman. This timelessness inside time is felt like the sweet scent of heaven, like the blissful nectar of the glowing Sun bestowing complete awakening. And your deeds will be the offerings before his face. For everlasting deeds may, indeed, be made by one living in time.

Such is the truth about the timelessness of worlds. Such is the truth that emanates from the heart.

15) हृदयेचित्तसंघट्टाद्दृश्यस्वापदर्शनम्

hṛdaye cittasamghaṭṭād dṛśyasvāpadarśanam

***are parts and parcels of consciousness in the heart;
upon unifying them, thee will see that they are
illusions.***

This saman emanating from the heart interweaves a plethora of directions. Spreading from one infinity to another infinity, it is the unstrung vibration at all times sounding. Scattered throughout time and space are thousands of its grains, the grains of sand in the desert of the heart. In this desert there blows the wind, toying with the grains. Unchanging saman, ceaselessly transformative, dune after dune keeps rolling. This consciousness of desert is heading towards enlightenment.

And if you came across the well of mercy, what would it tell you? Isn't it merely a part of the desert? This desert is set constant in changing dimensions of time. If you water its sand, the wind will dry it again. Even the well is going to be filled once. And the desert's paths are the very entirety of creation. There is no need to try to abandon them. Incompleteness is deeply rooted in seeing the sand grains in hourglasses.

Despite having many parts, this saman attains freeing unity.

Not a single one of the myriad dream realities is separated from the all-encompassing unity of saman, since all the grains of sand of desert are mirrored in it. Only this view gives excessive focus on the present reality of saman. Let this sand in hourglasses pour as quickly as it wants, it can't make saman whole. It's in magical speed only that the whole transformation takes place.

And if you compare saman to eternity, you will not see the slightest difference. This desert is the cream of flowing consciousness of atman, for it has arisen from sand. And the water of the well is the nectar in the grains of sand, for the time in its hourglasses has stopped pouring. And there has never been any room in between the grains; the room has just been a dream.

His sight of consciousness is sightless in atman. I worship saman as consisting of five parts, as consisting of seven parts, as consisting of many parts. Out of these parts the whole world was created, out of these parts sprouts the holy speech and also the very knowledge of atman. I am praying to the heart of prophets to rekindle a flame within me, taking part in none of the cognizable worlds. This bright flame is resembling this all-piercing saman of true being.

16) शुद्धतत्त्वसन्धानाद्वापशुशक्तिः

śuddhatattvasandhānād vā apaśusaktiḥ

On stepping through toward pristine being, created powers step aside from you.

For in the light of this sacred flame you can be no one but who you really are. This Shakti of the very nature itself keeps encircling you, opening up your world. Realize the light of its flame as presently nonbeing in space and all created powers will step aside from you.

This is the saman heading to fulfillment out of its inner urge, for its pristine nature is not possible to behold. And in the heart there sounds: "I will enter the internal castle as the humblest of servants." He will see me as nonbeing in this world. The venerable gate of silence is widening open for him, as if pulled out from his body. Free spirit is heading through space towards pure being.

I will pass through to atman himself, in order to learn his secret of naturally flowing selfhood. His glow is mirroring the glow of stars, time is in pouring unto space in waves. This time is disproportionate to its inner fulfillment within the worlds it dwells in. For this is the sacred hour of your being pouring out upon the world. And its every moment is, indeed, one pulse of time. In such a moment all created powers step aside from their beings to allow him, shining forth, to pass.

And I am seeing the Star of Void descend upon the freed parts of the being. That is the inner fulfillment in time. "And I looked into the blinding, wondrous flame", so that it cut me loose from all illusions of time and space through which I otherwise might have to pass. For the flame is the crystal clear jewel shining outside the whole entirety of creation.

This sight is not focusing anymore; it has transformed into power unfolded equanimously into space. This real form of spirit is the light itself. It is the non-shining light of silence. This silence gets unveiled in one hour of eternal being. And I have passed beyond the states of waking, dreams and deep sleep so I might enter the glorious chamber of the morrow. To the sheer, pure realm I am being led by him, who is the very atman of space. All created powers have stepped away from him, and he keeps staying outside all the realms of being. I will maintain a firm grasp of my beyond-experieness, so that I will find repose in his reality freed from time and space for, indeed, such is his nature

17) वितर्कआत्मज्ञानम्

vitarka ātmajñānam

The discernment of natures is the cognizance of atman.

Within the act of recognition there dwells the power of possibilities; in the possibilities the natures are discerned; natural is being in contemplation; by contemplation the supreme knowledge becomes known; atman himself is the supreme knowledge. Thus elevated above all known and unknown, he dwells in mystery.

By seer's recognition creates one a truly recognized that what has originated out of miracle. The realm of miracles keeps emanating an untold power of possibilities, in this way making it exist in numberless shapes. All these shapes are of the nature of atman. Atman is the being contemplating the unrealizable possibilities from beyond all existing worlds. It is right these possibilities that are the source of true face of reality. And who gets to know the true face is atman himself. Thus, not elevated, he dwells in all known and unknown as mystery.

An unfoldment of the state beyond each cognizance has happened naturally to me, as the sacred recognition of being in atman. If you succeed in taking a glimpse of what lies behind the incessant tide of cognizable worlds, you will manage to cognize his true face; it will unfold before your very eyes. His true face is the whole eternity, coming in the rhythm of existing worlds. The eternity is a wave of the very nature and it glistens in the sacredness of his being. Even though living in created worlds, his being is turned away from all realities that might arise. And about this it is said: "Sacred, truly sacred, is the recognition in atman!"

Verily sacred is his recognition, for the whole world is awaiting his mercy. "And may the Star of Void descend upon him who is being recognized in space and time!" And may the pristine timeless rhythm flow in the veins of him who got pervaded by eternity. Face of such a one radiates soothing light carrying the knowledge of truth. In its flow, the delicious nectar of immortality is tasted.

He is atman himself looking down on all planes of creation, looking for recognition in the worlds sanctified by prayers of eternity, who rests above time and space in the unfoldment of presence, who makes the radiance of the nature of being clear, who remains unmoved even when faced with the recognition of all-cognizant bliss. If the bliss is the world of his, then he truly is blissful in the supreme brilliance of void. If the silence is the world of his, then he truly is silent in the majestic silence of the ageless seer of ages. If the devotion is the world of his, then he is supremely merciful indeed, surpassing every need of any faith whatsoever. And thus he is both existent and nonexistent within his holy self.

18) लोकानन्दःसमाधिसुखम्

lokānandaḥ samādhisukham

Blissfulness of worlds is the root of all suavity.

Blissfulness of worlds is the root of His amenity, for by the bliss is the whole world supported. Bliss, indeed, is the source of His amenity, for He is like a chalice out of which bliss is pouring out upon space. Residing in the center of the holy mandala, unfolding into myriad variegated universes, He keeps perceiving the mandala as full of joy, as by internal joy penetrated; he sees it soar up to immeasurable heights. He is the heavenly eagle, keeping the mandala's ever restless dimensions in focus. It is His faculty of sight that makes a blue dome of the sky variegated, for the eternal Purusha is the heart itself of space devoid of transformations of time, so that the ancient realm of waters might open.

This gentle shimmering light is an inner glow of primordial waters in a world of god's will. His will, when unfolded, is what people here perceive as worlds, which is why his aiming is so precisely sharp. The entire world sprouts into existence by means of Him aimlessly focusing his will into all existing directions. This Purusha is the keeper of that immense glow of directions in the whole of existence.

May the vastness of primordial waters dissolve the very beingness of worlds, as when a dream melts away the waking state, as when a dreamless state makes dreams fall into sleep. Let the experience of amiable bliss become the experience of all reality. Let the inner sight dive into the depths invisible to ordinary eyes. "Can you see?" The conscious atman dwells above waters, under waters – within the depths of enlightened consciousness He is witnessing himself to be taking up a form of formless Shiva. For my divine sight has broadened, and I am witnessing the awareness of time and space itself!

And thus the endless wheel of time starts turning. Its form is that of trinity: ring, felly and the center. This Purusha, indeed, is the center, these rays of light are felly and Narayana encompasses it all. This is the holiest light of awareness appearing as threefold, as twofold, as unified, as triune being, as nonbeing, as Shiva himself, who is utterly holy, pure, stainless, not attached to perception, unheeding of experience, existing for ages of ages inside in its own mystery.

His presence blows like a breeze from oblivion to oblivion of all created powers.

19) शक्तिसन्धानेशरीरोत्पत्तिः

śaktisandhāne śarīrotpattiḥ

*Upon transcending created powers, created bodies
reveal their true natures.*

And they will behold the Star of Void – It is at an intersection of creation and god’s grace, thus bestowing life upon otherwise unanimated world. And its radiance never leaves him who has arisen into the truth of being. „He, by divine light sanctified, ignites the pristine grace by truth.” And the sparks keep flying from within him like the seeds of awakening, and upon the living souls they descend, setting them aglow with the desire for atman. The incandescent, passionately flaming bush releases from the successions of births and deaths! “And I am going to remake the course of your journey leading from past to future.” Your desires have been erased. Your mind is sunk in forgetfulness. And your heart won’t stray anymore, for your eyes have fallen on his holy name and the order of him has been given to you.

Simple is the blazing flame of devotion illuminating the path towards heaven. Upon branches of a tree there grow the fruits of life, and I am praying for the time of their ripening to begin. „And the sweet nectar from their fruits will saturate His glory.” For He dwells on high of holy crown. Its light, flaring up towards heaven in a shape of a point of a needle, resembling a radiantly sparkling jewel, is threefold. Blazing are the eyes of God that steadily transform you into a candle whose flame burns by pure devotion.

The time of your fulfillment will surely come! O you mystical flower, coming into bloom because of longing for the One, keep you turning towards his grace. You make the truth godlike by forming it into a chalice seen from above. Yours is a gentle glow within the scintillating light of the rays of the rising Sun. And your fragrance, truly mysterious, will by its internal mystery unfold his impenetrability. It is his beauty, that mirrors itself in the beauty of flowers. So inhale eternity itself!

For if God did not wish to approach you, how could you approach Him? The real being mirrors itself in devotion to the lake full of soothing water. Without a wave, off its impenetrable surface it reflects the mystery of weaving waters, surrounded by rays of brilliant light. They are weaving the cloth of life of existent worlds, the flowers made of grace, which you are. O Star of Void burning chillingly, o Star of Void dazzlingly beautiful, blooming within the void of being, connected with eternity, thriving in love, o Star of Stars shining on heavens.

And I, by his grace awakened, will disperse all clouds from atop the holy mountains so that, at last, I might descend into the very foundation of worlds and, as in the very beginning, I might face the glory of his lower mysteries. For there is no unity without the entirety of parts, and there are no parts without the unity.

20) भूतसन्धानभूतपृथक्त्वविश्वसंघट्टाः

bhūtasandhāna bhūtapṛthaktva viśvasaṅghaṭṭāḥ

When the elements become unified, the world ceases being scattered.

This saman remains undivided even when it falls apart. When its external circle is broken, the inner one keeps upholding it. If its internal circle gets broken, there emerge coincidences in external world in accordance with the inner nature of saman. His compactness lies in the union of the internal with the external, in the two being indestructibly harnessed together. And if this should vanish, the very notion of brahmanatman would vanish with it. Only then, no sooner, is there the one brahman and the one atman. Should even this vanish, there would remain no atman at all, and the creation would be as it always has been.

The union of atman and brahman might thus appear like mere trick, but it is not so, because saman is compact in both its internal and external circles. Such a saman is indestructible. It does not mean to say that saman cannot perceive itself as twofold. When saman is null, he is at the same time twofold, there is clear unity. And when it is a one seeing and a seen at the same time, to that extent there is, indeed, this atman and this brahman again. There is no flaw in this at all!

It might appear that if atman and brahman switched their positions, the whole division would be senseless, but it is not so. This atman is really different from brahman in nature, no matter their names. The dynamism itself of Shakti is the proof of it.

And who cannot see even this, he will surely have to tread the path of Rudras, because Shakti desires it, because Ishvara asks it and atman watches over the paths of everyone. It is a sheer nonsense that whoever who is awake, might cease to believe in existence of the sole reality. When he turns away from it he, surely, has ceased being awake a long time ago, and the quality of his very life is to be questioned. Such a question can be answered only with genuine inner effort. Relative to it, the external world appears scattered, mirroring the quality of inner chaos, impelling one to return to unified, genuine knowledge.

That is why I venerate this atman of consciousness as being immersed in the space of the self of entirety, as the essence of the elements themselves, as the invaluable jewel of the very creation. For, when all this will be destroyed in the eternal flame of dissolution, this jewel of consciousness will endure. This is indeed the all-outlasting, supreme ocean of consciousness, spilling out upon the world in a shape of delicious nectar of ever present blissfulness.

What is eternal surpasses the wants of what is temporary and unstable. To the extent to which the soul is unaware of atman, to that extent the universe

appears impassable. In this atman's flame the soul melts into its own eternal recognition.

This flame is all-colorful, containing both bright and dark shades, including purity among its own colors. This purity causes that particular shades can and don't have to blend together, because how could the eternal onlooker be shielded from looking?

This light is a song playing, has a flavor of blessedness, a scent of sacrament and a touch of pristine love. In its brilliant glow there is a path of mercy deeply engraved. Atman of consciousness is its onlooker, all sentient creatures know it, as it is being carried out of itself by its very self.

This light is the mysterious mediator toward knowledge about his true nature. It is called blazing, glowing, illuminating, as it shines upon all souls within primordial waters. The Sun is its symbol, the Moon is its mystery. This light is the light of consciousness.

Here, truly, there is no difference between the absolutely burning and the completely burned out. Both these states have their place, their purpose and their right of relation. In this state beyond-experience nothing is weighted, everything is burdened only by itself. And thus, either light or heavy, it then ascends or descends in space, depending on how it is perceived.

In this beyond-causality all knots and bindings cease to have meaning, nothing happens because it either can or has to. Neither can the pure willpower itself accomplish a thing here. To live completely in the presence, within an essence of things, means to allow the whole creation to change perpetually; it is a language of eternity, the voice of silence. And his overflowing soul intersects the creation. The soul filled with innocence appears in resemblances. Their shapes are revealed in the soul's contemplation.

For the gods on heavens have a saying: „The depths of waters, waters of the waters in the depths, the primordial waters of deep waters.” He who indeed reached the depths of the waters is aware of the spirit. And he who drinks waters from the depths of the waters is a connoisseur of the paths throughout all his previous lives as far as his very first birth. And finally he who beholds primordial waters of deep waters is firm in his awareness of the true and changeless desire after the fundamental, essential fulfillment, towards which the whole of his creation is heading, even though he hasn't yet grasped timelessness.

For these waters are nothing but the light generated by movement.

*Om citatmane vidmahe,
tat brahmatmane samyuktam,
dhottamam citta layau.*



आनन्दस्यपद

Ānandasya pada

Cascade of blissfulness

21) शुद्धविद्योदयाच्चक्रेशत्वसिद्धिः

śuddhavidyodayāccakreśatva siddhiḥ

*And by means of this recognition the highest,
unconditional fulfillment,*

22) महाह्रदानुसन्धानान्मत्रवीर्यानुभवः

mahāhradānusandhānānmatravīryānubhavaḥ

*like a crystal-clear lake of nonbeingness, by means of
the sound of mantras, is revealing itself, in this very
moment, into existence.*

21) शुद्धविद्योदयाच्चक्रेषत्वसिद्धिः

śuddhavidyodayāccakreśatva siddhiḥ

*And by means of this recognition the highest,
unconditional fulfillment,*

This recognition is pristinely pure; the focus of sight of all colors is what is called the god's inception. This leads to fulfillment, as the wise were overheard to say, and fulfillment leads to bliss itself. Should this fulfillment intersect with creation, its presence becomes cognizable. That is the instant of god's inflow, transformative of souls of living beings because, verily, to start to feel doubts about this prison of fleeting actuality, called reality by many, is already god's grand gift in and of itself.

All knowledge arises from doubts; around a brick of uncertainty the nature of being is built. So I am returning back to the source of uncertainty, I am going back to feeling doubts about my very Self. For my faith in Him is not from me, it is from Him.

This Shiva is called auspicious. This auspiciousness is of a kind of high realization of a state in which the verses of this sutra are understood. And the bliss radiated by such a person, by its mere presence, is causeless. This lore expounding the correct grasp is like a high path running outside the entirety of all that is, never losing itself completely in the circles of existence, focusing at eternity within living beings. This is his bliss of blissfulness.

This true recognition consists neither of an activity nor of contemplation on the essence of things, but of the dawn of understanding. It is like grasping one's innermost Self in such a way that would be harmonized with eternity. Non-attachment and non-belittlement are its main advantages. This path leaves deep footprints within the creation. The opposites of day and night are both immaterial from its point of view, as everyone claiming to have been created by God must be always victorious.

And because of all this the venerable path remains inaccessible to those who deem ignorance to be reality, who are incapable of inner perception, who harbor feelings of doubts about the existence of God, who are lacking motivation for deep transformation; it is closed for all those who are empty and dull.

This is the bliss of heavens, the bliss acquired by having a chance to tread in the footsteps of God. The key that opens it is the ascension of spirit while trying to contemplate ways of reaching self-fulfillment in god's eyes. God's eyes don't rejoice upon beholding creatures lacking compassion. Such should follow some other paths, where the key is begging for mercy: „Many are called, but few are chosen!” That is why He enters into the world.

22) महाहृदानुसन्धानान्मत्रवीर्यानुभवः

mahāhradānusandhānānmatravīryānubhavaḥ

like a crystal-clear lake of nonbeingness, by means of the sound of mantras, is revealing itself, in this very moment, into existence.

The world is always preserved, because the world is saman. Creation and non-creation are its two faces. Unfoldment and dissolution are the points of their contact. Crystal clear purity of the lake of non-beingness is the center of saman.

These four elements, namely hot, cold, firm and flowing, are its cardinal points. These four actions, namely finding and losing, closing and opening are its middle cardinal points. Grace itself is the center of this saman.

Vibrations of the sacred mantras are its time axes. Resonances of holy words are its space axes. A living being, abundant with creative power, is their point of contact. The center of this saman is knowledge of the sacred metrum of rhythmic motion.

The past is reminiscent of everything that has ever happened. The future is the intersection of the possibilities of god's arrival upon earth. Their point of contact is causeless moment of realization. The center of this saman is god's providence. This saman veils itself by the false aureole of presence.

This existence consists of the moments of being. Taste of each of these moments of being is constant and invariable, but various flavors of theirs are tasted in fulfillment. Their point of contact is the moment of bliss. The center of this saman is minute understanding of being.

And in this way the mandala of the whole of existence is assembled, in this way it is complete. The temporariness and the eternity themselves are its two poles. Point of their contact is a necessity to be. The center of this saman is a gate to unconditional timelessness. This saman veils itself into the garment of being impossible to grasp. Thus He asks a question, to which an understanding of this sutra is the answer.

For this teaching of compassion has been, and is being given to creation by Shiva so as those capable of following it did not lose hope in God the Existent, in God the Present. Such is the teaching of the first of Shiva's sutras, leading the creatures from an impotent state of their beings towards the realization of eternity.

What follows are the concluding instructions, laid out in parables by the wise from the stars, which in accordance with the wish of Shiva's and of gods' will crown this sutra's commentary.

And it happened that the new-comer to heaven approached the Wise from the Stars, sitting there in silent contemplation; He bowed and asked: „Say unto

me, wise sage, what should I do so as not to be born in the world and other fallen realms? How can I disentangle myself from them completely?"

Deliberately, the sage answered: „You need not do anything. You are in heaven now, surrounded by angels; your true nature responds to sound of divine songs, and thus you are harmonized with this world. Trying to do something to avoid an anticipated fall means to doubt the harmony of yours and, in the end, it will result in your descending to lower worlds again.”

„If you are saying that I do not need to do anything to achieve my goal, tell me then, o enlightened, what am I to do to preserve myself in this divine world made of light?“

And the ancient seer answered: „There is nothing whatsoever that needs to be done. If you try actively to stay in this world and to that purpose strain yourself, you will get stuck in a moment of this world and, after some time, you will alienate yourself from your own eternity. And like a musical instrument losing its harmonious tuning, you similarly will get stuck in ambivalence and you will descend to lower worlds again, which is what you tried so strenuously to avoid.“

And the initiate, unsettled by the sages answer, spoke again: „If my condition is so poor that not even this realm of light holds promises for me, answer please my last question.“ The elder smiled gently, gesturing him to speak.

„Where am I to direct my efforts in order to leave this magnificent world for even higher worlds, and to achieve the world that is truly the highest?“ „The highest world is, indeed, the realm of Truth,” spoke the sage contemplatively. „But even should you manage to achieve as much as the highest created world, it would be of no good to you. I will give you one piece of advice. Do nothing in this respect. The highest world is located at the zenith, and it is not possible to ascend higher from there. All ways from there lead down. And you will surely embark on one of them.”

„What I am supposed to do, then?“ Was the last question of the resigned initiate. The ancient one shone forth by the strength of his knowledge: „Do nothing at all. Stay focused on atman, on the most sacred seat, on his name and on his form, so that He reveals the path of your life. Concentrate on his formlessness, on his existence within everything, on his ungraspability; pray that he shows you the path so mysterious that it really is beyond the capacity of everyone in this singular moment to describe.“ Then this enlightened seer reposed in silence, having chanted holy words:

***Om, bhuta, bhuta prthakṭva,
maya, mayanta nityam,
sahadja paramatma mukṭim shantihi.***

मायामलपद

Māyāmala pada

Cascade of the illusion of Maya

23) चित्तमन्त्रः

cittam mantraḥ

Limited consciousness is the sound of a mantra.

24) प्रयत्नःसाधकः

prayatnaḥ sādhaḥ

By zealous, spontaneous effort

25) विद्याशरीरसत्तामन्त्ररहस्यम्

vidyāśarīrasattā mantrarahasyam

*thee will understand the truth about the created body,
which is the mystery of mantras.*

23) चित्तमन्त्रः

cittam mantrah

Limited consciousness is the sound of a mantra.

I am consciousness. I am not consciousness. I am not manifold, I am not twofold, I am not one-fold by any means and, surely, I am not no-one either. Like the moon behind the dark clouds, being all the time inconspicuously there; like glowing stars on nocturnal sky filling the blankness of outer space; thus I am as the resemblance of the unspeakable, unpronounceable secret!

The form is conscious sound and where the sound disappears there spring up a variety of colors. Out of their shades a golden white flower gets woven, blooming into a shape of diamond. When this flower evaporates, it turns into dust of a divine breeze, thrown into space making a sound of buzzing bees; when this ascends, it becomes the sound of falling raindrops of the screeching, frightening gale, and the thudding of hooves of a thousand-headed herd.

„And what does the silence sound like?” the wise ask. This brightened, immensely great, unbelievably deep, has been given to you so that you may be able to answer. Being, also, the wheel of a disc, he resembles the moon in his color of pure white, abounding with the tones of the best offerings of butter, milk and cream. The Sun itself is his lower sacrificial fire, into which the upper moon is poured like a sacrificial offering. Out of this sacrifice there arises the ever disappearing sound.

Indeed, I am not here and I am not there either, for the ever disappearing sound is, indeed, not. Like the content of thoughts is empty when compared to an uninterrupted flow of inspiration, I am here like these thoughts. And like an infinitely short moment neither begins nor ends anywhere in time, I am here, for at what moment of time might I find myself?

Thus, verily, thinks he who has stepped through the gate onto the path of eternity. And, further, he sees this marvelous union of inner and outer moments as the best course of actions to take, for there is no better way to act than the way which is harmonized with spotless inner nature. Everything else gives rise to evil and is by evil infected, but the wrong understanding of communion produces even greater evil. That is why he is saying to himself: „I will see the resemblance of visions eternal with my own eyes.” So that he could glimpse the truth, for the truth is the only one true sound of mantra.

He is this living truth. But I am not truth and am not a lie either, for it is unnatural and I do not dwell on what is unnatural. I am neither unnaturalness nor naturalness, for such is my nature. And this nature is always such as it is, and never different. Thus he grasps himself without grasping himself and he is ready to exert immeasurable effort towards all directions.

24) प्रयत्नःसाधकः

prayatnaḥ sādhaḥ

By zealous, spontaneous effort

Whatever time span he finds himself in, he quits it. For he is not accepting the very existence of creation, he disowns a dream of himself as existing, as being, as present. And he dwells within this non-perceiving existence like in his true nature. As if he breathed in the faculty of perception of unreal, he drinks the absence of experience. And like the feel of a touch which does not disappear after the touch is done, he stays alone in his true non-beingness.

This spirit, wakeful above waters of such perception, is not called spirit anymore, but the non-existent eternally sought-after God. For I have found this non-existent, both immense and minuscule, having his face turned away from creation in order to go neither in nor out of existence, about whom gods speak in resemblances.

„He is a river that has no source.” But what does it mean not to have a source? I spotted the river in front of myself, but when I looked to the left or to the right, the river was there no more. „He is a song playing from inside all existence.” But how is it possible to hear? Whether I direct my effort towards particular goal or whether I make no effort at all, I will not manage to hear one tone of it, for its true, effortless state is that of silence. „And He is such that He is not here.” But what does it mean that He is not? A determined seeker will exert such an amount of effort in order to uncover this non-being one that only the effort itself will remain. This is called zealous searching. And when he, then, puts off even this unreal zeal, his effort will become spontaneous.

But because this sutra is written about what is uncreated, there is no way it deals with spontaneous zeal, for the initiated one sees also the resemblance of that which has no form. The zealous one is fire and the spontaneous one is water, and their union is called dazzling light of effort. But because for this non-existent one the dazzling light means nothing, he cannot be reached by the dazzling light of effort. This dazzling light of effort is without any illusion whatsoever, therefore it is simple. But also the very creation is simple, simply because it is simply what it is. It might seem that He is simply not existent, but that is an illusion, because He has needed to put off even this simplicity so that He may not be coincidentally found there! He himself is the resemblance of that simply non-existent and who sees it thus, sees Him himself. And thus, evidently existent as the resemblance of that what is non-existent, He dwells outside all dimensions of time and all dimensions of space, as always sought-after but never found, as existent and non-existent within space, as more and more present, until he becomes completely beyond the grasp of all presence unimaginable or imaginable. And that is why simple people speak about Him that maybe He exists and maybe He does not and they know nothing of Him, although this very thing of him they know. And thus He lets Himself be sought after, even though He can never be found in this creation consisting of the samans of being. And by this the mystery of resemblances, hidden in the ever disappearing sound, was fully revealed. (You are such)

25) विद्याशरीरसत्तामन्त्ररहस्यम्

vidyāśarīrasattā mantrarahasyam

***thee will understand the truth about the created body,
which is the mystery of mantras.***

And you will see how this mystery is being reflected in creation. She is Maya, She is the divine curtain, an illusion about both created and uncreated. She goes continually against her nature by resembling that which She is not, so She would stay true to her nature. And when upon the gods, with the help of the truth devoid of opposites, there dawned the realization of this, they recoiled. How will they be able to achieve the unconditional God, when free will cannot change their nature? Thus they, falling still deeper into the web of hopeless illusion, have lost sight of what dwells above being, and of what is not bound by its nature. They realized they are unable to go against their nature and, thus imprisoned within their natures, many of them accepted this hopelessness as the final truth about the entire creation and non-creation. They proclaimed the unconditional God to be the unattainable supreme one, who is them and yet much more than them, and whom they can neither become nor fail to become.

„And from thence leads a path of no steps,” speaks the wisdom of beyond time. Within nature itself there are all natures interwoven, but you cannot become any other, for yours is just one, and all others are present in it. A spider, too, cannot be the cobweb, even though the causes of all cobwebs are present within it.

Further, in all the natures that are not you there is the one which you are. It is that in which you are not, and thus you both are and are not at the same time. And this is just Maya, for into many similar conundrums may such considerations lead. It is, indeed, the path of no steps.

Having thus returned to himself in two natural forms, he becomes familiar with the roots of duality, and he sees that in both these forms he will get caught by Maya. Both these forms are natural and their union is natural and whole spectrum arising out of them is, again, natural. And that is the mandala of his entire being. Its shapes in non-existence are the positions that he, presently, is not occupying. These positions may become, therefore what they are. And this is again Maya, for these positions, really, are not.

Thus he comes to the realization that nature, too, flows in time assuming timeless image of mandala of creation, and he sees that what is giving an impetus to its flow is a free will of his. Thus he sees above all clearly that if free will of his were natural to him, it would be again just Maya. That is why he naturally decides that the free will is not natural to him, even though he will

have to seek it and he will have to follow the whole path of all causes until, hopefully, he truly finds it in a form of really natural opposite of causeless nature itself.

Having thus understood the very essence of illusion, he sees that Maya is mere misapprehension of free will and, as such, he is lenient to her. And as if reflected off a surface of a lake, Maya is lenient to him. Knowing the essence of Maya, he lives with Her like with his girlfriend, having nothing against Her, aware that illusions are created by all the illusions interwoven into the one illusion of his.

He, in his own right, is aware that he himself is but the illusion of him, and that it cannot be otherwise. And like his being toys with all illusions, it toys also with the illusion of non-being, into which he now and then falls, only so that the illusion of non-being could then toy with various versions of illusion of being.

And on account of the fact that these two forms of illusion intertwine, the duality sprouts into being together with all the shades and tones of life. Thus life appears to be natural to all those living in illusions but, verily, it is not, for the ignorance of those living in illusions does not allow them to understand the existence of truth without opposites.

And such an understanding is, truly, the innermost revelation of mantras. The mantras, sung in harmony with the divine eye, run gracefully and deeply, as the path of no steps runs gracefully and deeply. It is, indeed, mystery of unimaginable proportions that this particular explanation leads to the solution of the complex mystery of being imprisoned within own nature. And like mantras are mere rhymes to those ignorant of their secrets, thus this whole explanation is futile if it is not accompanied by direct realization of its inner mystery. Indeed, all effort on your part has been in vain if you are not able now to answer following question: Why this exposition and none other is the correct one?

For without mystery, everything is obvious. Obviously, I will have to follow a long path, observing rules. Who knows where is an end to it? But I will tread the path, and my journey will consist of steps. I will see the world with its rivers and streams. The mantras that I do not understand, I will chant until I do. And when I overhear the intriguing chants of Maya on the very edge of hearing, all of it will be Maya, obviously. For Maya has time, and so do I.

*Om mudra, mantra, yantra svaha,
tat maya purvatirtha,
akala mrtyu haranam.*



कर्ममलपद

Karmamala pada

Cascade of entanglement in karma

26) गर्भेचित्तविकासोऽविशिष्टविद्यास्वप्नः

garbhe cittavikāso'viśiṣṭavidyāsvapnaḥ

*Within the heart of limited being the undivided
consciousness keeps dreaming its dream.*

27) विद्यासमुत्थानेस्वाभाविकेखेचरीशिवावस्था

vidyāsamutthāne svābhāvike khecarī śivāvasthā

*Awareness awakens naturally like a bird soaring up
high towards its true nature of Shiva.*

26) गर्भचित्तविकासोऽविशिष्टविद्यास्वप्नः

garbhe cittavikāso'viśiṣṭavidyāsvapnaḥ

Within the heart of limited being the undivided consciousness keeps dreaming its dream.

That dream is the liberated one, manifesting itself in creation. Seeing a tree of his possible paths, he hesitates. What consequences will be the most appropriate for his communion with the created world? Then, out of the timeless logic of undifferentiated awareness, there happens to gush out a choice. And such is his journey through life.

But you are the illuminated seer, the connoisseur of sacred secrets, not attached to real presence veiled by a curtain of illusion. Indeed, all paths are undifferentiated and each choice is binding. Thus, not discriminating any choice over any other, you always are prepared to drop dead by a swift swing of the sword of destiny. You are a butterfly, and the passing away of a butterfly is a disaster for the world. For a fleeting sweep of its wings makes the weather around the world tremble and if the gale arises, it is only a phoenix that emerges out of it. It is freely flying up towards the heavens of eternity, maybe never, ever, to return.

This is not the path of doom of fallen angels. „For you cannot compare the incomparable.” The altering of consequences leads to naught but other consequences, and that is not what liberation means. The true freedom lies hidden within the heart. Only bounded creature has got the heart that longs to open up to eternity, the heart that dreams a dream of salvation. After all, the journey towards it is, indeed, undifferentiated.

Like movements of the brush of an ingenious painter are apt to create the most beautiful of pictures, thus, consciously, the dream of freedom tries to manifest itself. Like when a woman of breathtaking beauty enters the life of man and all his words just disappear from his lips, thus the entire creation vanishes. Like when a dream is neither the reality nor the dream anymore, it is when He flickers by. But should the sparks ignite the fire of awareness! Verily, the sound of striking stones is the sound of mantras. The mystery of sound is the image in non-reality. And this image is frozen in the sacred pose of dance. At an instant when the pose loosens, verily, eternity is known to have come.

I yield myself to the miraculous one that the world will never see. Having abandoned my nature, I found miraculousness and I keep losing and discovering myself, like sparks of striking stones flying around throughout the sky. I intersect with the presence in the perfect harmony of moments, because my immensity is dimensionless. For like radiance illuminating the ground hides itself from everybody, thus I have met the non-being invisible flame. And like everything awaits the coming of each next moment, thus I have found the hidden awareness in my heart.

27) विद्यासमुत्थानेस्वाभाविकेखेचरीशिवावस्था

vidyāsamutthāne svābhāvike khecarī śivāvasthā

Awareness awakens naturally like a bird soaring up high towards its true nature of Shiva.

His path is consecrated, which makes it mine! He is inexorably holy. He walks all paths, therefore so do I. Wherever he enters, his nature gets broadened into very eternity and everybody sees Him in me, for He wishes thus to be seen. And whichever question might be raised towards my being, He himself will answer it, because He is the merciful atman. He is my shield, and whoever might want to touch my being would find himself without His blessing. He will turn me into fiery phoenix so I could soar up to a form of my spirit of eternal silence, to a form of Purusha, to become the most sacred swan!

I am seeing a sky full of stars as the swan's sacred feather symbolizing dawns of new creations. And each sweep of the swan's wings turns cohesiveness of being into the new path of life. And for the swan's chest, white as snow, no paths exist anymore. It is the axis of being ascending towards a narrow throat, leading to the mysterious heights. O mysterious heights, let me take a look into an eye of the mighty creator, in whom the very time mirrors, so that from the wholeness of all things the swan's beak might choose that which is the most sovereign of all.

This crown shines and glows without any cause. By its colors, impossible to encompass in full, it alters the contents of the never ending periods of time for the progress of its own consciousness. Everything changes and vanishes like a snowflake when it melts. Thus the swan surpasses the whole causality, the nature and also the very atman. For the goddess is like Him. And He is like that. And that has discovered in itself the miraculousness of uncaused shine and glow in form of inexorable body of eternity. And this is Shiva in his nature!

This miraculousness is forged with the saman into holy union for the sacredness of this moment. Out of miraculousness miracles arrive to those who float upon the samans, in order to dissolve the cohesiveness of their beings for the sake of their fulfillment. And thus I am invoking God, who has never been seen, to appear!

This is a winding of eternal revelation and an arrival of a Circling Star, making the eternity of saman start to spin. And endowed thus by its amenity, it reaches out for the freedom of fulfillment. And wherever this freedom glances upon the tree of life, there the branches change and golden nectar sprouts.

Like when the Sun god harnesses his golden chariot to set out irrevocably upon his journey, thus he is unstoppable, travelling with passion along its rays,

and the disc of the sun seals it all. God's grace is never scant upon such a journey, for it grows like a flower, secretly, only to blossom up into the miracles of many moments.

Indeed, the whole world will be surprised but not you, for you have seen the future in fulfilled prophecy. And, indeed, its rays are of two kinds. The first ones will stop and that is their destiny and the second ones will seal the inner light itself. In this way, as soon as he casts away the crutches of eternal samans, he takes a close look into distance and sees himself in every place he looks at. He loses perception of time and thus realizes himself in the realm of timelessness. He comes to perceive this realm's intrinsic bliss, and the notion of anything that might be not free in him vanishes. He becomes unbridled, truly liberated, freed from within, and everything in and around him calms down. Such is Siva, such is his true form.

And when he has achieved the form of his, he beholds the entire world around in a form of a dazzling shining motion. And thus, as soon as the light returns unto Him again, he alters his being in a way to coexist with the diversified creation. And upon whatever He fixes his eyes, the true nature of that place reveals itself to Him, as if He were unraveling a wicker basket.

For before Him moving all worlds part so that He can walk directly to the throne of monumental eternity. Like a majestic lion He sits upon it, concentrated upon his holy name. He raises his hands in a gesture of surrender and from this holy goblet shiny rays gush out, creating new worlds. And this is the form of Ganesha, an elephant bestowing wealth of new creations. And, indeed, such worlds are his discs, pulsing out of joy itself of life. And this is his form of Skanda, the giver of rhythm of correct flow, who is guardian of time itself.

He does all this in a hope that in time soon to come out of these worlds there will ascend someone who will be his equal. And when they meet, he will not part, but they will commune in infinite divine light. For this is the form of his true realm of being!

He, brilliant, so infinitely white that all colors reappear in Him, intersecting creation as a ray of ages, having the form of spirit immersed in the song of holy words, is waiting, contemplating patiently. He will wait maybe for one day, and maybe for many.

*Om hamsa paramahamsaya,
tvam parasha ham,
soham purushani,
paramapurushaya Shivoham.*

आणवमलपद्

Āṇavamala pada

Cascade of the slightest difference

28) गुरुरूपायः

gururupāyaḥ

Mistress of all forms

29) मातृकाचक्रसम्बोधः

mātrkā cakrasambodhaḥ

is all comprehending Divine Mother

30) शरीरंहविः

śarīraṁ haviḥ

sacrificing created bodies

31) ज्ञानमन्नम्

jñānam annam

as food for knowledge,

32) विद्यासंहारेतदुत्थस्वप्नदर्शनम्

vidyāsamhāre taduttha svapna darśanam

*so that the Supreme consciousness disentangles itself
from illusion, having realized the truth.*

28) गुरुरुपायः

gururupāyah

Mistress of all forms

Such is the all-permeating goddess of the seat, on a point of obtaining union with the master of moving time. I am worshiping this omniscient master as a point of eternity who is, however, still not the eternity itself. „He is not him yet, although they are one“, speaks Shiva. And thus he, undifferentiated, sharing himself fully, keeps looking at what is differentiated as at the only thing worth seeing.

He, being the point of light in space, has differentiated himself. Yet, he still remains one. This omnipresent, this ancient one appeared out of the unknown and there was no place where he was not. I am feeling him all around, in the air he plays with the wind, what will he bring us when the arrival of his is complete? Like a man striding in short and long steps, thus time goes in periods that were made for it, and it was he, indeed, who made them. And as soon as all his deeds are done, the worlds will dissolve into the golden glow.

He remains alone and, as it is, he is the only mirror of eternity. What his mouth says becomes real, instantly. Lagging behind time he, as if not in a hurry to catch up, is stoic within the interior of all changes. Into various directions his steps do lead, so that rays of light might cognize him. And when it happens, he fills with them until he bursts.

His meadow is dotted with the flowers of stars from the most ordinary to the most magical. Being patient in its flow, he remains focused on the star circling him. Its rays get dispersed along all directions and many a lights are journeying along their courses. In the ornament he is present as a source of unending power. Being the mistress of all forms, She also resides there.

This vision is clear, for its direction doesn't change. And this is her visible face. I have a feeling that She harbors secret passion which She will never disclose. She will vanish, silently, like Luna at new moon. And She is here no more!

I worship Her, apparently nonexistent, as if She were standing by my side. Her shapes are deceitful. She is not present so that I might be. For when we meet, I will lose sight of world forever. This is not Him yet; it blows through Him, unbound. „And like there are words that cannot be spoken, thus I am remaining here.“ For the source came to me, the one having sprung from me and it stood up pleading me not to leave it. And the source's calling has been like a purling sound of river. And its devotion is shoreless ocean. I am seeing it as a single-pointed master, calling me back. And I am seeing also Her, the way She is!

29) मातृकाचक्रसम्बोधः

mātrkā cakrasambodhaḥ

is all comprehending Divine Mother

She has arisen from primordial waters of a shoreless ocean, like when transparency itself becomes perceptible. Concurrence of her circling star is pellucid, hidden within the all comprehending, transparent interior of being. I am penetrating into space that is dimensionless. She is the texture of dimensionlessness opening up. Divine, truly divine is the power flowing throughout the world in such a way that it is not. O Mother dwelling behind the curtain of being!

Like a big wheel turning perpetually, thus She is perceiving goddess. Every thing that spins is familiar with its center. I hail to these fellies, that keeps the axis of worlds intact in the realm of waking. I will uncover the haze of dreams and her outlines will turn indistinct. I am ceasing to be, and that is Her herself; so existent and non-existent that it does not even matter anymore.

I am putting away my mind like an old vessel into the drawer in memory. My body finds itself in timelessness and is vivid again. I don't understand it, nor do I understand the words of the commentary, but that is not important, for I have glimpsed the unspaciousness and am not able to express it. I am following in its footsteps, as far as the time allows us to. For it does not understand that the time turns into timelessness like an azure blue lake, in which the heaven reflects itself. My moment comes when the clouds float away!

On the divine mountain I will behold the second gate. Should I not reach that mystery embodied, I would become the true nature's light, this much I have come to realize. And like glow of stars is gentle and smooth, thus I will become rainbow, spread from one shore of being to another.

Along its arcs I have climbed to the heights so mighty that the whole lake seems like a small dot now. On the edge I see the only one, but She is still here also. I will descend within the rhythm of change into the cave of my soul.

I am abandoning the vision of both the God and the Goddess. I am losing hold of myself. Changes keeps happening, and I keep being changed. The form of the phoenix has been accompanying my power all the way. I am praying to God burning eternally in darkness, that he makes the stone wall transparent for me. But it is mere endless primordial ocean. In directionless distance, there is no way out. I am going to forget the world, I am going to immerse into dreams and in this way I would drown forever. For if he is not in space, neither am I. Into this gate I am about to vanish!

It is just a rhythm that remains here, in beyond waking, and that rhythm keeps carrying me on. Without a body is he, who has become the all of space by himself. He is that holy one in the spacaless.

30) शरीरंहविः

śarīram haviḥ

sacrificing created bodies

Like spirit putting off its garbs and entering a spa of pure light; being purified, it forgets all its sins; from the book of causes and effects it has been erased. Like when drops of dew in the early morning keep drying up till they are no more, thus spirit's steps are not confused any more. And for it, now, the time has changed and become the disc of rays.

This Savitar is god hidden behind its seal. His light is that which is not. In the middle of the heart of timelessness there appears a gate of gates of revelation. The eternity passes over in one moment of the dawn of consciousness. World is as good as vanished, and there is no more of it!

As devoid of all dimensions of space and as devoid of all dimensions of time he is called by those who know. He has got a name that belongs to no form. He is not in waking state, he is not a dream among dreams, nor does the dreamless state hold secrets to him. He is the offering of eternity unto eternity. He forgets his name, so as not to be called the gate of gates. And gods of high ask: „What remains, when the timelessness is no more?”

This point, indeed, has become nameless, for everywhere it is seen in different forms, so that he not even a point might be called. He is described by sages as the mysterious one, as full of secrets. He is there because he is here. And he is there because he is not here. He changed into timelessness and forgot himself there, and he forgot himself here even more!

This Luna, called Bhārgavī, burns with its own light, which appears out of nowhere. For here, in the timelessness, unintelligible words are uttered. That is why I am going to leave that nameless being. The state existing without any reason, to which the very gods try to get, that state She is. And what follows are the forms of her sovereignty. As the Star of Dawn, She is the only one on heaven, because it eclipsed the light of all others. Like an icy tail of comet becomes dispersed, thus She is the Savitar's glow, the luster of which knows no obstacles. As the Circling Star, She acquires the form of mandala which even Shiva cannot comprehend. And these are her forms that are bound to be sacrificed to become nonexistent, to become existent, and subsequently to become so mysterious that only those who know them know that they don't know them at all.

And further this, with certainty, can be said about her. This path is clear, for it burns with its own light. The nameless being is her home. The very gods head to Her without reason. Her very sovereignty is the proof of her existence. Everything that turns away from Her returns back to Her just by turning away, and thus She is the only star on heavens, because all other stars turned away from Her. Savitar's glow knows no obstacles in its luster, because otherwise, surely, it would get dispersed like a tail of her icy comet. Shiva cannot comprehend Her in the form of mandala, for She sacrificed it for Him.

31) ज्ञानमन्नम्

jñānam annam

as food for knowledge,

And thus She has achieved eternity real and perfect. And only when he has walked through the secret path of nine gates did he come to realize the entire creation within the wholeness of Sri-yantra, with a form that is hidden in nine triangles.

This food of knowledge has given itself to him in forms of various goddesses. Maya is the goddess that is worshipped by those who drown in the bowels of duality. She is the Star of Void, when She truly attains the unity in grace, like when the one God sacrifices Himself for the world. In Her, in the form of internal flame, babbles the circling planet, which is the mistress of differentiated ways, upon which sages wander. Shiva, as a treasure hidden inside, is a god of those who abandoned all paths and entered upon the non-existing road of non-duality. I am bowing down in front of this goddess, who is hidden inside Shiva, and who Shiva himself is.

This is the true, real and eternal Shiva, whom those who abandoned all paths most intimately cognize. They know this, they know him! They with the Shiva himself talk!

„Let all the worlds stay on their bases“, speaks Shiva. As this commentary of cascades ascended until it had no place where to ascend, thus these worlds are staying on their bases. And there is nothing higher or lower, since the planet circling the star lightened up in order to remove the illusion of confusion resulting from obtaining the understanding of Maya. This Maya then sees what she thought was nothingness is, indeed, the Star of Void, and all the worlds find repose therein. And thus only now, when the primordial foundation of time is disturbed and disrupted, the harmony of eternity arises at last, as golden planet circling a star. And about this it is said: „Unto eternity, each part of space has got different flavor of coincidence.“ Being liberated in spacelessness, he stands firm ground in timelessness, like orchid when it comes into bloom and smells magnificently. It is truly a miracle when the flower dries up. For the firmness of basis found its place right here and now. And this which is here, with this which is now, are the most intimately familiar to me, between them I have achieved liberation. Like when love withered and its attraction is no longer strong enough to hold awareness in presence, thus whole worlds dissolve into the hazy image of memories. This is the memory in enlightenment, remembering countless ages in the presence of their moments; this memory will lead me on.

32) विद्यासंहारेतदुत्थस्वप्नदर्शनम्

vidyāsanhāre taduttha svapna darśanam

so that the Supreme consciousness disentangles itself from illusion, having realized the truth.

Like little children repeating words without knowing their meaning, thus this existent and non-existent one speaks the words of eternity, towards which Shiva himself has approached in a form that is attached neither to causes nor to a need of being understood. From now on only words of eternity sound, because sutra is growing in monumentality. Let everything and everyone be silent!

These prayers are like gates of mercy from the viewpoint of space. When it walks through them, it becomes as if different. And when thus its being changes, he becomes whom he has not yet been and he sees everything by the eyes that haven't been yet his. Going through to atman, his true being opens up. No more he wishes in worlds to stay. Self-satisfied and steeped in his own self, he is born to die for life eternal. Thus he lived, thus he arose!

Not being understood by others, having transcended their lives, he becomes the one whom he cannot have been called, whether in life or death. Outside existence and non-existence, he experiences the bliss that only Shiva knows. And thus, completely detached, he does not reside on heavens, for the world possesses him. And thus deprived of basis he will not ascend to heavens, for he is living outside world and outside time and he is not whom he has become.

His light is pervading spaceless and timeless realms. He cannot become who he is not. He is not who he is. Because he has abandoned the crutches of being, them being a gate leading to nothing at all. And this form of his is utterly indescribable, just like radiance without light, transcending the light, having found no delight in it. For unattached is the holy spirit, by sacred ambrosia sanctified, heralding the arrival of angel, so that the time of miracles could come and he would become completely new.

I am praying to Shiva who is the author of this sutra and also of all its commentaries so that His presence revealed itself in worlds like a miracle not to be understood, for everybody will be fascinated by it and new mystery will enter their lives.

There is no reality apart from mystery. Maya is the illusion of things being clear, which makes even the eternal cognizer seem to grow old and finally die. The Star of Void is the illusion of everything being empty, which leaves nothing but shoreless unity, good for nothing, although it poses as if it were everything. The Circling Star, deeply treacherous, is an illusion that it is awesome to have many possibilities, but they, as soon as they happen, become no more than memories. Shiva, who abandoned everything and left everything behind, on the contrary, indulges in mystery completely!

Thus, when an effect is uncertain and, to that effect, a cause in uncertain as well, Shiva saves Himself in manifold possible ways, that are known by Circling Star. And, further, so that the star did not become prisoner of all the possibilities that it has, it resorts to the Star of Void as to the void absent of possibilities until there are none. In order for the Star of Void to cease existing, it puts up an illusion that everything exists and everything is possible. Thus the very Maya is created. In this spirit the creation is completely perfect. But the Shiva is even more perfect, for we have absolutely no idea in what other way He could save Himself!

By this, in spite of the fact that this sutra will remain for the majority of created beings for ages indecipherable, there is established an eternal knowledge that is being described in Vedas, in the masterful black yajurved. The secret of this school lies not in that its teaching is incomprehensible, but in truth that those who read it have no idea at all what other explanation would be possible without what is being written turning instantly, in the eyes of Shiva and in the eyes of initiates of the school, into mere illusion, into which whole creations would sink. Because for those who long for victory, what is such a victory worth that is in reality just the fog of illusion? Because for those who long for learning and knowledge, what their knowledge is in reality but temporary crutch, which they themselves gladly dispose of as soon as they are able to? Because for those longing for a peaceful life, what kind of peace it is, when they have no idea of possibilities that Shiva has got? Because for those who wish for nothing, what could they end up with but a boring life, being unable to penetrate any mystery whatsoever?

Thus he, the devotee of Shiva, worships the secret most profound he is able to fathom, in order to penetrate into its impenetrability by himself becoming this very mystery. This mystery will be maybe the same as Shiva and maybe completely different but, surely, it will be magical. And this, magical one, is indeed ultimately eternal and no other.

And that is why, although I do what everybody else does, the results of our doings are of an utterly different, eternal, quality, which is Shiva himself. Although everything seems to be the same, the Circling Star is here to discern flavors of any given diversity. Although the plurality of perception obscured my vision, the whole mass of perception is one single void. And these, who are drowning in plethora of possibilities, do live in reality in Shiva's mystery, only as soon as they commence to wake up they will forget it. I am praying to Shiva, who is eternal within the one, for their salvation.

***Bhur, bhuvaha, svaha, Om,
tat savitur varenyam,
devi bhargavi dhimahi,
pratyabhijna nitya nahi.***



Sutra initiating into the study of Sutras

I, the author, seeing the corruption of faculties of correct conceptual thinking and clear spiritual insight in present times, have decided to reveal the hidden initiation into the studying of sutras. I will state a verse and comment on it presently, thus following the established sutra tradition. I'm writing this initiation for the sake of those who are confused and deceive themselves by considering themselves unworthy or unqualified or just not good enough to start studying sutras. My aim is to absolve them of such tamasic, deeply erroneous notions.

Who doesn't understand fully the meaning of the first line of a sutra keeps on reading, either up to the end or until the moment when his insight into the first line becomes clear. The insight's clarity depends on the faculty of spiritual perception. This faculty is to be cultivated, until the vision becomes all-encompassing. When the insight is complete the conceptual thinking can be wrong no more, unless inattention or other type of ignorance shroud its meaning. Even this, however, is not going to affect the understanding of the given thing now, because the vision has become fully and eternally correct.

- 1) Sutra is alive**
- 2) Approach her circles, bow down, and ask Her a question.**
- 3) Might the time spent be an offering I have made?**
- 4) She will uncoil like long fiber, a tiny little thread.**
- 5) There is neither beginning nor end, there are just circles.**
- 6) Her circles are alive in you.**

This has been the great teaching: a Sutra initiating into the study of Sutras, which might appear like a mere joke, until her meaning is truly understood.

Commentary to the sutra initiating into the study of sutras

1) Sutra is alive

Know well that Sutra is intrinsically alive. She lives a life of Her own. She overflows with it. When you come to know this life, which is particularly Hers, you are a real connoisseur of the Sutra. You need not have even read or studied Her, for She lives in you and you live in Her.

When you are ignorant of her secret, however, approach Her, drop on your knees and pray fervently so that you may get to know that secret, that She yields it to you in a form of fresh new life. For it is She who is alive, while you are no more than lifeless sheet with symbols.

2) Approach her circles, bow down, and ask Her a question.

And if She says unto you: “My circles are not yours to touch”, take leave of Her respectfully, so that your own circles will remain whole. For Her circles are stronger than yours; only yours may come to harm.

She adopts her name(s) according to what others call Her. Ask these others to find out what She means! There are many tales concerning this, among them a story about a scholar to whom a sutra’s meaning was revealed in water, while he was drowning. He is said to have discovered it on the bottom of the very lake he was drowning in, where it appeared to him written in scintillating letters of gold. For even such may be those who are familiar with the sutra’s real sense. The scholar in the story then came to the realization that wood floats on water, since he had arisen back to the surface holding fast onto a wooden beam of a bridge. Indeed, it is perfectly obvious that he had longed to know the meaning of the sutra so much that the very desire dragged him into the water along with the whole bridge in the first place, and that only after he had seen the meaning was he allowed resurfacing. The story concludes by saying that only after all this – after his clothes had dried – the scholar could begin studying the sutra.

3) Might the time spent be an offering I have made?

And now I, who am writing this commentary, am seeing all women as sutras. And I admit, blushing, that my life might not be long enough to read even one of them. In the next life I shall remember nothing of all this. Realizing this, I am

asking myself: "Might the time itself be the sacrifice I am making?" I am growing to like this question really quickly, until once more I am determined to study the Sutra as fast as I can! Women' poor charms are once again lost on me completely; what may have caused this? I love only one woman, one sutra, and She will stay with me even in death. That is why I have studied more than twenty of them.

4) *She will uncoil like long fiber, a tiny little thread.*

Probe Her only with one finger, though, for She is so delicate that whenever you try to grasp Her, She rips apart and disappears. Indeed, if that is what has happened to you, there is only one piece of advice I can give you: go back to the beginning and with your fingers fondle the Sutra's pages gently. It will make Her feel good and you will cultivate your touch before your next try.

5) *There is neither beginning nor end, there are just circles.*

Know that a finger studying Sutra is unstoppable. Your task is to move your finger along the thread so quickly that you realize it has no end. The moment you succeed in this all your fingers, why, the whole hand and even the whole body of yours, will be sent flying after that one finger. The stories are told about those lucky ones who took with them the very chairs on which they were sitting in pursuance of that little finger. And, on a few occasions, they took the whole world. Trust me: once on this trip, you will love it. You will not have much choice, truly for the finger following sutra is unstoppable, and that finger is you.

6) *Her circles are alive in you.*

O Master of the Sutra's life, at last you have acquired the grand knowledge that you yourself are but one of the circles in Sutra's life. She had desired you all the time and you, unsuspecting of any danger, opened Her. And what is more, you have read Her, you have studied Her, and now She is having you. What would you say to those unfortunates who are about to open and read Her now? Think better of it? Think twice? Whatever your advice is, it will be of no help to them, because the Sutra wants them and sooner or later She is sure to claim them.

***This is the open gate,
which is closing,
this is the gate wide open,
which has closed!***