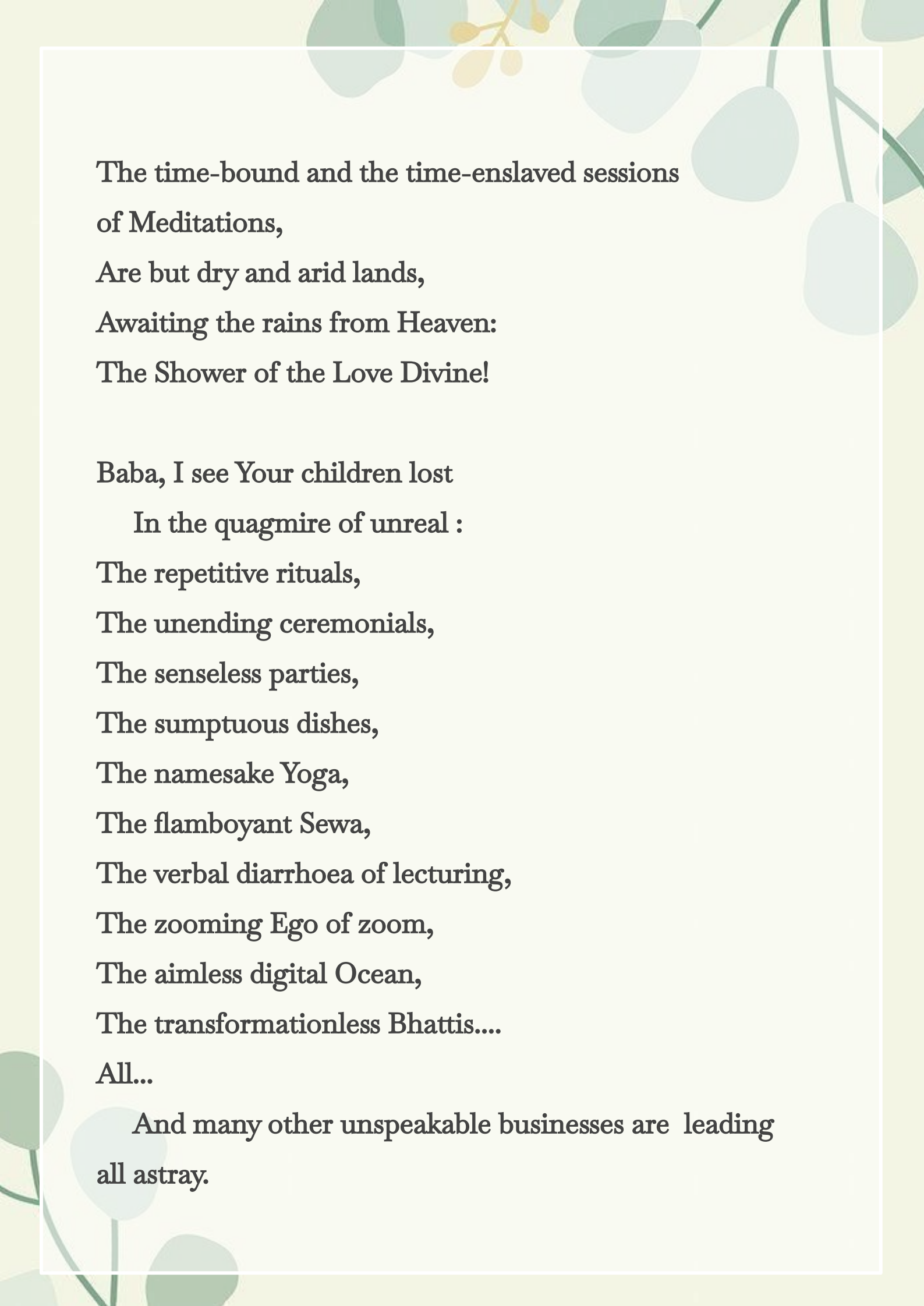


The Missing Something

All gyan galore, almost superfluous,
Scattered all over,
But there is some missing link :
The Experience !

The spiritual lifestyle, almost a run-of-the-mill affair,
Spiraling over and over again,
Satisfactory on the surface,
And yet a vacuum,
Something missing: The Depth !

Words and speeches, almost an empty jargon,
Filling the ears,
Masquerading as Fulfillment,
And yet some emptiness within :
The Intimacy with the Divine!



The time-bound and the time-enslaved sessions
of Meditations,
Are but dry and arid lands,
Awaiting the rains from Heaven:
The Shower of the Love Divine!

Baba, I see Your children lost
In the quagmire of unreal :
The repetitive rituals,
The unending ceremonials,
The senseless parties,
The sumptuous dishes,
The namesake Yoga,
The flamboyant Sewa,
The verbal diarrhoea of lecturing,
The zooming Ego of zoom,
The aimless digital Ocean,
The transformationless Bhattis....
All...

And many other unspeakable businesses are leading
all astray.



Amid the clamoring din
Of show-offs and Exhibitions,

The Silence is lost,
The Divine spark shrouded,
The Celestial music inaudible,
The Divine touch intangible,
And The Streams of Love Divine parched up...

Baba, O Comforter of Heart!
Give us that profound Experience,
That quest for Depth and its fulfillment again!

BK Dr Sachin

Composed on 27.07.2020

7 pm, Peace Park

