

## Vyasa Puja – Glorification of the Spiritual Master

This lowly, wretched soul reflects,  
On this auspicious occasion;  
The gifts that 'Sri Guru bestows,  
To bless with divine persuasion.

Our poor and miserable lives,  
Have been saved by divine grace;  
You pierce our hearts with pure sound,  
And enlighten this darkened place.

You teach to chant with attention,  
Attachment for the Name's flavour;  
To develop *ruci* and love,  
For our veritable saviour.

By following your instruction,  
We see that maya fades away,  
Like mist dispersing in the sun,  
Our sweet Lord manifests this way.

In this regard we are then shown,  
The steep path led by your kind hand;  
To pleasure groves of the divine,  
A couple and their merry band.

Seated in a secluded place,  
My *seva* begins -sweet content;  
A flower garland by hand made,  
For Radha's beloved's endearment.

In such jewelled surrounds,  
With gracious forms and pleasing minds,  
Imbued with spontaneity,  
To always please Radhika's kind.

Such beautiful maidservants of,  
*krishnananda Pradayini*;  
Alert with constant devotion,  
To the needs of *Radharani*.

Rising, *sakhis* and *manjaris*  
Glide with effortless devotion;  
A rhythm at Radha's side, to,  
Increase conjugal emotion.

Unceasing in their love's seva,  
Peaceful, alert and reposed,  
At the ready, to assist,  
The heart's desires exposed.

Newcomers with apprehension,  
Are encouraged, or chastised;  
To do ones *seva* without wait,  
And offer gifts without reprise.

These glimpses of eternal life,  
Reposed in my heart so dear,  
Await the key of attention,  
To hear the holy names so clear.

For the spiritual domain is,  
Entered through the door of sound,  
Leaving behind maya's nightmare,  
To fondly embrace the unbound.

These treasured gifts await the one,  
Who follows your kind instruction;  
And with steady perseverance,  
Conquers over all obstruction.

Blessed is he that cares only,  
To follow your divine decree;  
To carry as one's life and soul,  
And forever love and serve thee.

I have no qualification,  
No requisite *Adhikari*;  
I fall, stumble and oft offend,  
Please, I beg you to forgive me.

May you accept this offering,  
And kindly bless my poor attempt,  
To glorify and appease you,  
And rid my heart of vain contempt.

In you I rest all my life's hope,  
For no gifts of this world I want;  
No pleasing comforts satisfy me,  
And aspirations simply haunt.

You are so kind to the fallen,  
And give *Krishna's prema-bhakti*;  
Please take pity on one so low,  
And glance down upon me kindly.