

O beloved Sawan

Written by Sant Kirpal Singh

Thy sight, o Sawan, gives light to the eyes,
Thy love takes the soul through space immeasurable,
Thy memory, o Beloved, remains fresh with us all the time.
The entire nature, with Suns and Moons, is envious of Thee.
All the flowers and buds and the cypresses tall rival Thee, in vain.
Beautiful is Thy form, ravishingly enchanting is Thy sweet smile.
Thou art a sure guide to all on the Path of Salvation,
Thou art a fountainhead of bubbling love for all and sundry;
The words of wisdom, chase away pain and affliction,
Those who take Thy name get absorbed in ecstasy divine.
Thou art an endless ocean of beauty and grace, o Master.
Thou art an ever-expanding flood of Light, o Lord
Thou art Light embodied for all in the sea of life,
Thou art the lighted Lamp unto our feet, here and hereafter.
Thou art a living embodiment of compassion, beauty and grace.
Thy light steps are faster than sound and light
Even the grandeur itself bows low before Thee.
The Grace of Thy face puts the blooming rose garden to shame,
A Beloved with all humility,
Thou hast a dignity that is life inspiring



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Every act of Thine enlivens the soul and enriches the heart.
Thine eyes have a superb divine intoxication in them,
The hermits too try to picture Thy glances over and over again.
Thou art a centripetal force for the lovers and a source of loving affection,
Thou art an altar for the helpless and a consoler for the forlorn,
Thou art the living abode of chastity and naive simplicity,
Thou art a merciful guide to the deluded persons steeped in sins.
A look at Thee, o Beloved, makes one feel
That nature herself has expended all her charms on Thee.
Thy words sink into the hearts like firing darts,
Every act of Thine is but an opener of eyes,
The charming talk descends like lightning,
The whole creation is ready to make an offering at Thy feet.
Thy teachings, o dearest of the dear, are nectar for all,
The Word made flesh, Thou hast come with a call Homewards;
He, who looks at Thee is irresistibly drawn unto Thee
Even the strangers in their strangeness cannot but acclaim Thee.
How can Thy memory fade away as we live?
Thy form shall return even ere death shall come,
Not a living soul would, but flutter like a moth round Thee,
Not even an anchorite would, but fall in love with Thee.