



‘The solitary space
That my heart loves
Has her and me only.’

A JOURNEY INSIDE

-Dr. Madhu Batta



**Dedicated to H.H. Shri Mata Ji Nirmala Devi
Founder of Sahaja Yoga**

A Journey Inside

By Dr. Madhu Batta



Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Jai Shree Mataji

The love of our dear Mother wants me to share the humble creative efforts with all of you. It's an offering at Mother's lotus feet, written in a very simple way but they are the outpourings of my pure love for Mother and nothing else. No better occasion than this great time of Golden Jubilee Celebration of Sahasrara opening.

About me

I am an Associate Professor, teaching English at Ramanujan College, University of Delhi. I have been practicing Sahaja Yoga since the year 1992 and this collection of poems is a record of my love and devotion as well as inner struggles.

With Regards

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Prayer

Holy muse inspire me

and make me absorb

The holy spirit of Kabira

and devoted and elevated

Mind of Rumi

Give me the farsighted eyes of Rabindra

And his expansive soul's yearnings

Wanderings

Still do I wander

here and there

Thirsty for the divine nectar

My soul enmeshed in the body's cover

Always yearning to touch Your heights

Destination

I caught Your hand

and went wherever You took me

I had tasted the bliss

of Your company

And believed

You would take me to my destination.

I crossed the river of pious love

drenched myself completely

up to the inner core of my heart.



Dispersed and scattered love

Wherever I went.

Misconception, falsehood, selfishness

Betrayal, anger, revenge,

Mockery and frustration met me

In the woods that followed.

Sufferings and pains strengthened

my bond with You.

Your love and light

went on guiding me.

I went on walking

and then You revealed Yourself.

You were my destination

Not only the guide.

The Solitary Space

The solitary space

that my heart loves

Has Her and me only.

She, emitting light and beauty

Bringing cool breeze all around

Soothing every limb and mind.

The space can be created anywhere

Only Her grace is needed.

The surrounding crowd and jarring noise

Become ineffectual

When the connection is made.

The mind, glued to her feet,



And the heart, brimming with joy,
are the only reality of the moment.

Scatters Beauty

The complications of heart and mind
make me sluggish and inert
The heart that never wants to hurt any
and the mind rebelling against the crushing attitudes
Devises many strategies, opens many war fronts.
The helpless heart tries to take command
The enemies of the heart capture it and bind it.
It slips like water from beneath the huge iron gates
Hides itself in some solitary space
Recollects Mother and prays
Regains its health and scatters beauty.

Until When (i)

Until when
Will I not speak of the realized souls.
The coming generation
Will think us fools
Blind followers
of some dogmatic teaching.
Such illuminated bright souls
Rejecting obsolete and selfish
Doing many transforming works
Enlarging visions, spreading fragrance and beauty.



Until When (ii)

Until when

Will You not sing

Of heavenly glories

scattered everywhere

The enchanting beauties

of each leaf of every tree

The beautiful forms

of varied hues of erect trees and bowing fruits

Of waving leaves and smiling flowers

Dispersing freshness and joys

Until When (iii)

Until when

Will you remain silent

And not utter a word

of the realism of magic

That your Mother does.

The silent working

The silent creation

The silent annihilation

The silent protections

The silent bestowals

The silent outpourings

The silent scatterings

And the silent openings

of the blocked hearts.



Until When (iv)

Until when

Will you not speak of

Your encounter with Her.

Your presence in Her presence

Your hearing of Her

divine laughter

Your fear of Her

divine anger

Your reverence for

Her blessings

Your knowledge of

Her divinity

Your experience of

cool breeze

Your acknowledgement of

The truth of Her every word.

Until When (v)

Until when

Will I not pour out my heart.

The joy of Her company

The touching of Her smile

In the deep core of my heart.

Her breaking of the chains

Encircling my brain

Her covering net

That protects me everywhere.



The invisible net
Stronger than the iron cloak
No spear
Could ever enter.

Until When (vi)

Until when
Will I only see
And not disclose it to anyone.
All my brothers and sisters
born out of Her Sahastrara
are sacred persons.
Blessed by Her, protected by Her,
loved by Her, and raised by Her
On a higher pedestal.
They are not common folk
They cannot fight or go on ego trips
Cannot be jealous of their brothers and sisters
They are Her children
special and chosen ones.

Until When (vii)

Until when
Will we not talk
About our problems
In terms of chakra's catches.
Our divine mother
gave us pure knowledge



We are pure spirits

Nothing impure should

Touch our souls

Our Mother being purity itself

Nirmal

Where there is no dirt.

Until When (viii)

Until when

Will we hesitate?

To accept our own catches

And start curing them.

Our Divine Mother

gave us divine techniques

To cure them and remain pure.

We are 'blessed ones'

How can we remain impure for long

Our impurity is harmful to us

Obstructing the growth of collectivity

Let's cure our chakras

And the chakras of our brothers and sisters.



Purity

O heart

Go on seeking forgiveness

Until your irritation with others

Does not stop

Your non-reactive stage is the only purity

Make it Your hall-mark

Go on checking Your purity

Soul Pitied The Mind

My soul burnt with anger

at the cunning of my mind

The lies, the deceits

That were creating filth

And marring the sweetness.

But when it stood

In humility asking for forgiveness

narrating the meshes of the practical order

demanding their needs

It pitied the mind and the compulsions.

And sought forgiveness from the Mother

Need of No One

Turn inward

And You can talk to Her

No need of anyone, of any place

Constant chatting, scolding and chidings

As before the mirror



Will give you need of no one
A true companion, a true friend
A true counselor, a true healer
What else do you want
In this world of confusions
When The Great One has incarnated
And become your constant companion

Love

All the restlessness of the world
Is the restlessness to meet Him.
All the flow of rivers
And gushing forth of the blood in the body
From head to toe
Is just love.
The blowing of the wind
Its running with all its wild power
From one place
to the other
Where the heat of emotions
has lifted it from earth
is nothing but love.

Magnanimity

Your unmatchable magnanimity
makes me feel ashamed of
my own small gifts.
I went on enjoying and plundering



Unmindful of ever being grateful to You.

How soon my own bounties stop
If not acknowledged.

Oh Mother! Bless me with Your
capacities and attitudes.

Talking

What is the use of talk

All talk leads to bickering
Stemming out of ego and superego.

Only talk with the self
Brings You nearer to The Great One

Go on talking, asking,
Pleading, confessing, accepting

Then be one with Mother
She will take You to *Shiva*.

Forgive

Until how long

I will not forgive those
Who are not like me.

How can I worship Her
And not admire the variety

She has created.
The unique and different

Have a beauty of another kind.
My forgiving only gives

A chance to my happiness



To come to me.

Standing at a distance

It just waits

With many flowers.

Innocence and faith

How can they be helpless?

They are the most powerful tools.

They will make cunning and untrusting

Bow down before them.

Sooner or later

They are bound to win.

They are bound

To change the others.

Dignity

Until when I will not become aware of my dignity

The supreme creation of God

All the beasts of my previous life

Have to be shunned now

I am made in the likelihood of my creator

How can I be low, mean cunning

Revengeful and untrusting

The God bestowed me with all the treasures.

He has spread the earth with gifts

all around

And what I am Hiding

and how long and from whom?



My own room

Thanks Mother

For providing me my own room

A room where

I can get Your light

And in that light

See myself and my flaws

Where I can

Pray for my dear ones

And pray for all the afflicted

Where I can

Be with You and drenched

Drenched with cool vibrations

And create a heaven in

this small room

This room away from the

crowd and away from all

Giving enough space

to my mind to enlarge.

My Lawyer

You're my lawyer

Mother

Enough have I fought my cases

With my own ego and super ego.

Let me surrender all cases

at Your lotus feet.

What I am what I did



It is all that You made me
That You bade me.

How can be I low, mean and inferior
When all the time I look at You
And seek guidance.

All my priorities all my tasks
Came to me at Your bidding
Now no longer shall I fight my cases.

Be In My Heart

Mother please don't slip away
From my heart.

The chosen seat should remain filled
And gracious smile never leave Your face.

The enemies of my soul, the anger
The rebellion, the ego, the retaliation

Be away and away
Far away in the sky

Far below in the earth
Never in the vicinity

Never Never near my heart.

Full Splendor

When I know my *chakras*
And see the blessings on them

When my heart bows
in complete recognition of Thee

Then You reveal Yourself



in Your full splendor
I know not when
The sad heart becomes
silent and joyous.

Taming

Mother only You know
How to tame my egoistic brain
The lord of duty
Makes me work
I know it's Your working
Still the egoistic brain
Always takes the chance
To pamper itself
Not long before the
Secret whips tame the brain
And the bowed heart
Recognizes again, Your power.

Inspiration

Since time immemorial
You gave the inspiration
To the creative minds
To weave the words and
Create the music.
What a great magic
The touch of Your feet
Brings to their minds.



Many untouched chords of
their bodies get awakened
And many hidden treasures
are discovered.

The Spur to create
find manifestations.

Tears Roll Down (i)

Tears roll down my eyes
When Your light shines
Over my head.
I see my egoistic behavior
My stubborn habits
My crushing and revengeful
Nature, emerging again and again
Though in very subtle and minute ways,
Yet capable of reminding
me of its former ugly forms.
The cunning strategies and
Unforgiving attitudes
Annoying the *ganas* within me
Yet Your forgiving smile
Always giving consolation.

Tears Roll Down (ii)

Tears roll down
My eyes when
I remember my arrogance



of moral righteousness
Judging others, passing comments
When I too shared with them
The same attributes, though
In different degrees
At different targets.
How could You forgive my insolence?
Tears roll down to
Think of that forgiveness.

Tears Roll Down (iii)

Tears roll down
My eyes when I see
What I criticized in others
What You were forgiving.
What I too was forgiving
In my loved ones
Yet did I hate the same
In many whom I abhorred.

Tears roll down (iv)

Tears roll down
My eyes when I see
When I see the miseries
And affliction of others
While I rolled and burned
My mind with my small pains.
When the light and the time



showed me my selfish indulgences
In my own complaints,
My intolerances in petty small affairs
Tears rolled down.

Mother dear

Fill my heart with Your love
over brimming love, drenching me
And all who come near me
and to my mind.
Mother dear! let Your forgiving
nature flow through me
And Your smiling gestures
be mine to please others.
Let my heart be filled with
love and love only
For all those heads that bow before You
making me forget and neglect
All their shortcomings and obstinacies.
their obstinacies not to understand You
Not to know Your secret whips
and obstructing others growth
And their own
Mother! fill me with surrender and surrender
I know You have some long-term plans to execute
through our seeming pains and anguishes
And always have the greater good in mind.
Mother give us the capacity to stand erect



Even when the burdens of problems
 make us bow and bow
When body loses its capacity to work
 when the attack of negative forces
Make us doubt and feel guilty
 when even *Ganesha* leaves
His chosen abode.
 when we move out of our heaven

Of Your company
 into the dark forests of ignorant minds
Where groups and groups agree and raise fingers
 creating imbalances and forcing hides.
At our one call You come back and lift our hearts
 clear the fog and show us the way.

Portrait of Mother

She scolded herself
 for getting hurt so soon
If the great comforter and consoler
 was there
Where was the need
 to be so low spirited.
It was not for naught
 The smiling portrait of the Mother.

The Beams of Divine Love Speak

Why do you create
 stiff artificial Barrier around You?



I try to touch the Inner chords

but you resist so hard.

You writhe in pain

sigh in frustration

And weep in helplessness

The mental barricades of conditioning

do not break.

Sometimes ignorance

Sometimes too much knowledge

Sometimes over activity

Sometimes lethargy, sometimes over-confidence

Or the lack of it

The worship of god of duty

Or the mammon god

Hamper My way to reach You.

Obstinacy

My ego-centric ideas

Made me suffer

My sufferings are infectious

Sometimes - they make

Many others suffer

Increasing my own

I sat in the shelter

of my God's feet

My mind covered in fog

still waiting for the Grace

My prayers were refused first



But I remained obstinate.
My obstinacy dwindled
the heart of my Mother.
And the Angels were sent
to bless the bowing Heart
To break the hard chains
encircling my mind
To open the tiny pores
and receive the love
Showers of god.

Rebellious Cells

The rebellious cells
of my brain block
The way to heaven.
little injustices, hypocrisies
And worldly vices swell
their sizes and make them
Barriers to my soul's
upward march.
The strong-will makes
them bow down
Puts the chains of Mother's love
and reminds of Her graces
and glories
The way is cleared
And heaven comes nearer.



The Streak

I took a bag

on my shoulder

Filled with tabs of love.

Over half of my journey

The precious stock was finished.

Love-repellent forces

were strong in the air

exhausting it soon.

They took me

soon in the camp

And kept me

captive for long.

One streak from

the fragile roof

Reached again

the core of my heart.

The streak of love and

light with Mother's voice.

I rushed and escaped

And followed

that light

wherever it took.



The Intense Experience

Know not where 'I' is lost

When my Kundalini rises

And finally touches Your feet

Each and every cell of my open hands

Has sensation sweet and breezes cool

The body turns into thick trunk of a tree

With joys ineffable and unfathomable

And suddenly the drop becomes the ocean.