

Out Of Nothingness...

Out of nothingness he appeared as everything.
He appeared to me, though to himself he was already apparent.
Before then, there was no colour in red, or eyes with which to perceive it, nor the language to describe it.
But if he could, then to whom would he describe for He himself is all knowing and the source of all things.

In all things he is manifest.
Though some say that He does not exist, they fail to realise that He is the sole reason for their existence.
That such little intelligence may give birth to so much pride in an ignorant man,
Nirankar is truly merciful to forgive such impudence time and time again.

There is no time.
Time is a measure of movement.
He does not move yet he moves beyond time and transcends all its directions.
Just when he came and for long He is here is of no concern.
With Him there is no question of when and where for He is before the beginning and beyond the end of all that was, is and will be.

He is the perfect support for He does not stand nor does he sit.
Suspended within Himself he holds all things and drops none, nor does He carry for he is but Himself his own load.
Standing on His own shoulder He higher than all things conceivable but is lower than that which cannot be dropped.
Infinitesimally small He becomes bigger than that which lacks further space for expansion.

He is the doer in what is done.
He is the force that acts upon Himself and moves to a new state of which He already is.
He shakes the earth through natural phenomena, or his will, and shaking with it He becomes the result of his own action.
Himself the humble drop, He is but the ocean too, and the water that gives life to the thirsty.

Before travelling He has reached His destination.
A companion to Himself He travels afar so as to meet Himself, yet does not leave His home.
Thinking to Himself He is Himself the answer to all his questions, and yet he asks so that He may indeed know this.
He does not cheat to find the answers in the test that He has Himself written.
He works hard to succeed in what he had already achieved.

He is the art in artist.
Whispering silent music He is the greatest composer and the most absorbed member of the listening audience.
The emptiness in space is anonymously filled by his presence.
It is a secret that seems so obvious that the so-called intelligent refuse to believe it.

It hurts me to know that I cannot explain your glory completely.
Though in reality, I have but only experienced a very minute part of you also.
When I am totally you then I have not the tongue to say so.
I fail to understand why You enjoy putting yourself in such a predicament.

Whether one needs love or not may seem irrelevant at first, but once you have loved you cannot do without it.
Without you, I am character without personality.
I am everything that came from the Nothingness.

