

An Imaginary Conversation

It was time to write the next article for Hiranyagarbha. I was already late. I began reading the article on the Divine Mother written by Sree Sree Maa with the intention to translate. As I read, memories flashed, feelings surged. Unknowingly I was enveloped into a cloud of haze. I began imagining or dreaming, I am still not sure. In front of me stood me. Our conversation began:

I asked – ‘Who are you?’
‘I am the mirror of your consciousness.’
‘Then who am I?’
‘You are the existence-consciousness of the mirror.’
‘When I see me through you and you through me, infinite reflections of various sizes and hues form and my world appears.’
‘Infinite reflections are created if the mirror-consciousness is finitely bounded in some way or is blurred.’
‘What if the mirror-consciousness is clean?’
‘Light passes through unhindered and infinitely many, but clear glimpses of the true image are seen.’
‘What if the mirror is unboundedly infinite?’
‘If the mirror is unbounded and clear, one true image is seen.’
‘Is the mirror-consciousness really finite or infinite?’
‘Both.’
‘How does this true image look like?’
‘It has four forms – One in One, All in One, One in All and All in All.’
‘Are they different or same?’
‘Both.’
‘What is seen in the true image?’
‘Reality.’
‘Who shows this Reality?’
‘Power of Reality.’

‘Is Power separate from Reality?’
‘She embraces Reality inseparably. She is the only one who sees Reality directly. You see Reality only through her.’
‘Are they not the same?’
‘They co-exist within each other.’
‘Then am I not part of Reality?’
‘Yes, you are.’
‘Then who are you?’
‘I embrace you inseparably.’
‘Are you she?’
‘Depends on how you see.’
‘Who makes the mirror finite and blurred?’
‘Her Will.’
‘Who cleans it? Who removes the limiting bounds?’
‘Her Grace.’
‘Then everything is she!’
‘Now you are seeing.’
‘Then I do not exist or do I?’
‘You exist in her and she in you.’
‘How do I see Reality directly?’
‘Become one with her.’
‘How do I become one with her?’
‘Through love’
‘What is love?’
‘Her essential nature – also your essential nature.’
‘What is the easiest way to love?’
‘Naturally - Like a little child loves mother.’
‘How can I learn love?’
‘Be with her as a child is with mother. She will pour love and bathe you in it.’
‘Can I see her now?’
‘Okay, only once.’
As I stared, my mirror-consciousness began to expand and covered the whole sky of vision. From within this grand illuminated mirror-sky, the tune of the flute and light beating of drums floated across and a

luminous motherly form, so well-known, appeared. Yet, even after recognizing her, in a sort of daze, I asked, 'Who are you?'

'I am Leelamoyee – eternally engaged in my divine play. I am the playmaker, the playground as well as the play. The Jiva remains mesmerized as I Will his bondage and Grace his liberation, mingling in each that touch of divinity that is so inexplicable yet so obvious – and so important to the perfect fruition of my leela.

Both for Jiva–immersed in ignorance and Shiva – enlightened in knowledge, I am their ultimate resort of all need. My Maya enchains the Jiva into samsara for purposes that only I know; my Kripa breaks those bonds to give him liberation - only to fulfill what I desire. In both, total bondage and ultimate freedom, I reign as the supreme of all that is expected and unexpected.

Amidst all this, I chart the path of progress for all existence - perfecting it over time and space in multitudes of dimensions, with every step moving evolution forward; even an apparent retraction being part of a movement for a forward leap to a grander perfection.

Knowing me is the ultimate knowledge to freedom, yet it results in ultimate bondage – a willing bondage of eternal divine love.

I permeate the world, mind and senses with my presence, yet I remain beyond. All quality is veritably me in expression, yet I remain beyond. The more you think you

seem to know and feel me, the more intangibly beyond I appear.

Though I am every spark of expression of Divine Existence, I remain beyond the reach of every philosophy as the unfathomable depth of the ocean and its undercurrent remains unreachable from the surface waves, howsoever gigantic the waves may be.

Yet even a miniscule effort to approach me touches my very core; and I respond to reach back from my infinitely deep bosom, embracing the source of the effort with utmost tenderness and care.

In my magical magnanimity, I have kept myself present in every nook and corner to be seen, felt – eager to give myself away. Yet, you all cannot find me. When I appear in flesh and blood, alas – you see only the flesh and blood.

I cannot be known; you can only become one with me. Becoming a part of me is the same as becoming one with me. You are already a part of me, only you have to become it, mingle perfectly in me so that I can permeate you and you me, indistinguishably. The way is to attain my nature – pure love.

As the umbilical cord is cut when one is born, I implant my nature through the eternal love-bond that exists between mother and child. That is the seed of sadhana. Pursue that sadhana-seed with everything you have. When it shall flower, you shall become. You already have everything – just become.'



She fell silent and slowly disappeared.
Love drops began to pour within. Bliss ran
through. The dream broke off. All that
remained was the following memory of the
appearance – one of her innumerable
glorious forms –

*Thy wondrous radiant celestial light,
In finite, infinite of infini-delight;*

*Resonating a haunting anahata tune,
Unending liberating time-immune;*

*The horizon where the three worlds meet,
Is that the seat of thy lotus feet?*

*Playing raasa's melodious rhythmic verse,
Thy bosom sustains the entire universe;*

*Thy countless-sun-moon-lit face,
Showers grace on every soul-space;*

*Ten mahavidyas of divine creation,
Crafted thee to supreme perfection;*

*The same light sparkles in Radhika's eyes,
This very tune permeates Goloka's skies;*

*Shakti gyana madhurya sree,
Have mingled in this frame of thee;*

*As Sree Radha with her avatars three,
Took thy motherly form – Maa Jagadhatri.*

– Sri Partha Pratim Chakrabarti
Her Blessed Child