

Kabir Speaks to the Son of Pritha—My Concise Kabir Gita

Partha : This world is full of kith and kin, many people known-unknown,
Tell me wise man, who are my friends, which person is my own?

Kabir : Kabir stands in the market place, wishing welfare of all,
No special friendship with anyone, none an enemy to call;
No kith or kin equals the Sadguru, no donor equals wise men,
No well-wisher equals Lord Hari, no race equals God's children.

*[Kabira khara bazaar mein, mange sabki khair,
Na kahu se dosti, na kahu se bair;
Sadguru saman na ko saga, sodhi sai na daati,
Hariji saman na ko hitu, harijan sai na jati.]*

Partha : How do I find my true friend, my sacred love, my God?
Tell me O sage, where I shall go to seek my very Lord?

Kabir : Like the pupil in the eye, the Lord resides inside,
Knowing not, the illiterate pursue futile search outside;
Like there is oil within the seed, fire latent in flint-stone,
Your Beloved lives inside you, awake to see your Own.

*[Jyon naino mein putli, tyon maalik ghat mahin,
Moorakh log na janhin, baahar dhudhan jahin;
Jaise til mein tel hai, jyon chakmak mein aag
Tera sayeen tujh mein hai, tu jaag sake to jaag]*

Partha : Rites-recitation I do every day and shave again and again,
Tell me O saint, by doing all this shall I not gain heaven?

Kabir : Days have passed by since shaving the head, yet Ram-union is not there,
What's the use in reciting Ram-Naam if the mind is engaged elsewhere?
Neither maya dies nor the mind, dies only the shareer;
But desire-thirst doesn't perish, so laments Das Kabir;
What harm have the hair done, that you shave a hundred times?
Ask the mind to shave off the poison of crooked thought-crimes.

*[Moond muddavat din gaye, ajhun na miliya Raam,
Raam naam kahu kya karey, je man ke aurey kaam;
Maya mari na man mara, mar mar gaye shareer,
Asha trishna na mari, keh gaye Das Kabir;
Keson kaha bigadia, je moonde sau baar,
Man ko kahe na moondiye, jaamein vishey vikaar.]*

Partha : My mind is not in my control, my senses not my own,
Tell me O master, how this battle can ever be won?

Kabir : Slowly and steadily O mind, all things come at their own right pace
Pots of water the gardener pours, fruits come when season's in place;
Reading book after book the worldly die, learned no one becomes,
One who reads the few letters of love, onto him true wisdom comes;
Sadguru dhobi, shishya cloth, soap the name of the Lord,
Wash on firm stone to behold, the divine radiance of God.

*[Dheere dheere re mana, dheere sub kutch hoye,
Mali seenche sau ghara, ritu aaye phal hoye;
Pothe padh padh kar jag mua, pandit bhayo na koye,
Dhai aakhar prem ke, jo padhe so pandit hoye;
Gur dhobi seekh kapda, saboo sirjan Har,
Surti sila pur dhoiye, nikse jyoti apaar.]*

Partha : Tell me what's Bhakti, Love divine, that is my only goal,
Tell me O God, how I can quench this desire of my soul?

Kabir : Untold remains the story of Love, nothing about it can be said,
Like the dumb who eats sweetmeat, only sits and smiles instead;
When Separation-pain burns before and Love-thirst follows the end,
Says Kabir only then you will know, Naam-Union's desire, my friend.

*[Akath kahani prem ki, kutch kahi na jaye,
Goonge kerri sarkara, baithe muskae;
Pehle agan birha ki, pachhe prem ki pyas,
Kahe Kabir tub janiye, Naam milan ki aas]*

[The above is inspired from the priceless dohas of Mahatma Kabir, English translations of which are presented as answers to a few questions posed by the seeker. The dohas in their original form are provided in brackets.]
—Her blessed child **Sri Partha Pratim Chakrabarti**

Magic

The power of sun, and the forces of moon,
Will unite and vanquish the darkness soon.
Just close your eyes and feel the light,
And witness the universe's power and might.
Magic is everywhere, inside and around,
Power of pure love and faith has no bound.

The power of sun, and the forces of moon,
Will unite and reign the universe soon.
A magic never seen, a magic never found,
A magic never felt, outside or around.
Once in your life, look in your heart,
Magic will enchant you, never to part.

—Her blessed grandchild **Antara (Ria) Chakrabarti** (Age:15 Years)