

# Poems from Golconde

By

"Anugraha"

'Offered at the feet of Sri Aurobinod and the Mother'

## Matrimandir

Sitting in a secret chamber  
Of silence and of peace,  
Hidden deep inside the heart of Auroville,  
Into a temple of the Mother  
Of none other than One.  
On majestic columns that are carved in stone,  
With the divine names of Mahasaraswati,  
Mahakali, Mahalaxmi and Maheshwari;  
Carved in an Earth bowl of petals of gold,  
And is surrounded by emerald lush greens,  
On the banks of an overflowing Banyan tree;  
That, that is a pathway to the journey,  
Into the depths of One's own inner being.

('Golconde', February 2, 2013)

## Resonating

Resonating:  
What a beautiful word it is.

For only empty vessels can resonate together ,  
Empty of their egos and desires,  
Empty of their expectations,  
And empty of their demands too;  
They resonate then,  
Full of joy and suffering,  
Aspirations and hopes,  
Cares and concerns ,  
For each and the other,  
Alone on this journey that is called 'life'.

('Golconde', February 3, 2013)

## The Gate

I am the Gate,  
I am the Light,  
I am the Voice,  
I am the Guide,  
I am the Spirit,  
I am the one, the only One,  
You have been seeking  
With your aching heart,  
Full of a deep longing,  
And a secret yearning,  
In eternal Time.

I will lead you to a peace and silence  
Of love and beauty,  
That overflows with joy and bliss.

O soul! O soul seek no further,  
This is the end of your journey,  
And the beginning of a new one.

(At Sri Aurobindo Samadhi, February 2, 2013)

## The Dawn

A force works in an apparent sleep,  
The conscious power of the Divine:  
Bringing forth into Light a new reality.

In that silent space of the Night,  
A lamp is lit.

The Child sleeps in the cradle of the Unknowable,  
Lulled with the music of the Spheres.

The Truth awakes  
At the end of the Night  
Bringing in a dawn of peace and bliss.

('Golconde', February 6, 2013)

## Shraddhavan

The nightingale flows in some times  
Into the heart of Auroville -  
With her melodious and rhythmic voice,  
Singing the epic of the daughter of the Sun;  
The divine word that drips with honey ,  
The word that whispered into the Lord of Tapasya,  
A boon that he received from the Divine Mother,  
A saving grace for the likes of mortals like me.

In a rapturous voice  
Full of sweet melodies,  
The gentle variations of tones ,  
That reflect a deep understanding,  
And shed a light of deep meaning,  
On words that are etched in gold,  
And have the fragrance of the many  
The many powers of the Divine Mother  
That descend in eternal time.

Her singing taking us beyond the words,  
A mystic feast for the human ears.

Some call her, that nightingale  
A trust personified.

('Golconde', February 6, 2013)

## Look.

O Sri Aurobindo, O Sri Maa,  
I want to adore you  
Through a look in the smiling eyes  
Of those two urchins  
Playing with abundance and with joy  
On a street across the temple  
That sits on the well  
Of sand and dreams.

O Sri Aurobindo, O Sri Maa,  
I want to adore you  
With a look of compassion,  
On the poor beggars  
Sprawling and crawling, in dirt and filth  
On a street across the temple  
That sits on the well  
Of sand and dreams.

O Sri Aurobindo, O Sri Maa,  
I want to adore you  
with a look of exasperation,  
At those harsh and rude, cold and crude,  
Volunteers of stones and bones,  
With stony faces and angry looks,  
On a street across the temple  
That sits on the well  
Of sand and dreams.

O Sri Aurobindo, O Sri Maa,  
I want to adore you  
with a look in humility  
At you Sri Aurobindo  
Who tirelessly so worked ,  
With eyes that could hardly see,  
with eyes that could miss no thing,  
On the epic of the Divine Word,  
A boon received on your own,  
To save me, one among many,  
An Ignorant and mere mortal,  
From the clutches of death.

O Sri Aurobindo, O Sri Maa,  
I want to adore you  
with a look of admiration  
At you Sri Maa  
Who worked so tirelessly,  
With a frail body that could hardly breath,  
With a smile that would move the hearts,  
Standing for hours in a balcony of eternity,  
Sitting faraway in a balcony at infinity,  
a look of compassion, a look of mercy,  
A look of love, a look of joy,  
At the ones standing below,  
With folded hands and a look of humility,  
On a street across the temple  
That sits on the well  
Of sand and dreams.

O Sri Aurobindo, O Sri Maa,  
With a look from the heavens,  
May we, may we  
That sit on the well of sand and dreams.  
Be worthy of the Grace of Thee.

Amen.

('Golconde', February 8, 2013)

A Note to The Editor

To the Editor,

Feb 12, 2013

Sir,

I am sending these poems for a possible publication in your magazine. If you think that any of these are worthy of publication in your esteemed magazine, they should be published under a pen-name "Anugraha" and with the following dedication, "Offered at the feet of Sri Aurobinodo and the Mother"

Thank you for your time and consideration,

With regards,

Raja Marathe

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