

Mantra of Spiritual Awakening : Swami Vivekananda as A Poet

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*Mukam karoti vācālam
pangum langhayate girim /
Yat kripā tam aham vande
paramānanda-mādhavam //*

—‘I salute Mādhava (Lord Krishna), the Supremely Blissful One, by whose grace a dumb individual can become eloquent, and a lame person cross over mountains.’

My talk today is devoted to Swami Vivekananda’s poetry. The reason I quoted the *shloka* above is because Swamiji himself was fond of this *shloka* of Sridhara Svāmi. We get a description of the impact of his Chicago Address which he later narrated in a letter written to Alasinga Perumal, his ardent disciple, on 2 November, 1893. I want to read a long passage from that letter. Swamiji writes:

‘... There was a grand procession, and we were all marshalled on to the platform. Imagine a hall below and a huge gallery above, packed with six or seven thousand men and women representing the best culture of the country, and on the platform learned men of all the nations of the earth. And I, who never spoke in public in my life, to address this august assemblage!! It was opened in great form with music and ceremony and speeches; then the delegates were introduced one by one, and they stepped up and spoke. Of course my heart was fluttering, and my tongue nearly dried up; I was so nervous and could not venture to speak in the morning. Mazoomdar made a nice speech, Chakravarti a nicer one, and

they were much applauded. They were all prepared and came with ready-made speeches. I was a fool and had none, but bowed down to Devi Sarasvati and stepped up, and Dr. Barrows introduced me. I made a short speech. I addressed the assembly as “Sisters and Brothers of America”, a deafening applause of two minutes followed, and then I proceeded; and when it was finished, I sat down, almost exhausted with emotion. The next day all the papers announced that my speech was the hit of the day, and I became known to the whole of America. Truly has it been said by the great commentator Shridhara—“मुक् करोति वाचालं—Who maketh the dumb a fluent speaker”. His name be praised! From that day I became a celebrity, and the day I read my paper on Hinduism, the hall was packed as it had never been before. . . .’¹

I quote these lines to bring to mind the great, inspiring personality of Swamiji. I wanted to begin by saying a lot about Swamiji, but these things are well known. Nine volumes of his *Complete Works* have already been published. They are also in the process of revision. Professor V. K. Gokak, a very eminent scholar, who became a Vice-Chancellor, and then also a President of the Sahitya Akademi, said that one of the sonnets of Swamiji called ‘The Cup’ is one of the greatest poems. The point I am trying to make is that though nine volumes of his *Works* are out and hundreds of books on Swamiji have been written, still we don’t

know Swamiji. I have been reading Swamiji since my Ph.D. days because I worked on ‘Mysticism in Indian English Poetry’, and I wrote a small section on Swamiji’s poems.

In my Ph.D. thesis I made some mistakes about Swamiji’s poetry. I said that there is very little description of the mystical experience in his poetry. *Well, that’s a wrong statement* and I want to correct that mistake now.

In the English poems we don’t have a proper description of the non-dual mystical experience. But in Swamiji’s Bengali poem ‘A Song on Samadhi’ it is there. So I want to correct my own mistakes. But what I am trying to say is that for thirty-five years I have been engaged in studying Swamiji’s works and I had the privilege of editing, making a selection of Swamiji’s work which Penguin has published and recently I did another one for Routeledge. But my experience is, the more you read Swamiji the more you understand how little you know because it’s like an iceberg of which you only see the tip, underneath is something vast and, maybe beyond it, there is something we can’t conceptualize. They say that the *dharmakāyā* of the Buddha is very vast—You can’t experience it. Swamiji was also like that. The more you approach him the more you realize your own limitations.

So when it comes to his poetry I find that not much work has been done on that. My point is, I now believe that there is an inspiration and depth of Swamiji’s poetry which we have not fully comprehended. We may know or we may think that we know a lot about Swamiji, but we must admit that we have not yet understood him. Vivekananda still remains somewhat unknown, an enigma. It’s easy for us to repeat what others had said about him because, you see, the devotional mentality comes easy to us. But we need to work very

hard to study and read him critically in order to go into the depths of his mission, because his was a very grand mission. During Swamiji’s time, India was going through a challenging uncivil war—a war over culture. But Swamiji shows us the way to tide over the crisis. He shows us the way how not to succumb to any attack and yet be open and remain tolerant without being scared and anxious and still remain strong. There are many such things. My humble submission is that we are confounded by how little we know when it comes to understanding Swamiji. But try we must. This particular aspect has been acknowledged in the book *In Search of God and Other Poems* published in 1947 when they first collected Swamiji’s poems and put them in a book. Some of these poems were put together because they were in letters and they even joined things to create a poem. So there are many such issues to go into. Again, they gave titles which Swamiji had not given. There are a few things like that. But the point is we don’t understand what Swamiji intended. The editors of the said book have said:

... it is difficult to say which is more prominent in them—the poetic appeal or the spiritual urge. These two aspects are inseparably combined in them. It would be good to know when and under what impulse each poem was written (or should we say revealed?). Unfortunately, however, sufficient data are not now available, and only vaguely do we know how some poems were inspired. The inner workings of the mind of a prophet are undoubtedly beyond the reach of ordinary knowledge. Sometimes these are deliberately kept hidden from the profane eyes. The inner life of the saint and the seer is too sacred and too deep to be known by, or communicated to others. Outward events or external circumstances but remotely suggest what may be within

that mind before thought finds expression in words which afterwards form part of spiritual legacy of the world.

Poetic genius of Swamiji

So I start with an admission of my limitations. I am going to offer you a few glimpses into the poetic genius of Swamiji. The first thing we have to understand is Swami Vivekananda was neither a systematic nor a serious, prolific poet. He wrote occasionally and that too when he felt inspired. That is to say, poetry was not his forte like Rabindranath Tagore who wrote poetry all his life from the age of sixteen or seventeen or maybe earlier. Tagore was a professional poet, if I may say so. But Swamiji was not like that. When he was inspired he wrote. This is the first thing.

However, Swamiji had a highly developed aesthetic sensibility. He was musically gifted. He was known to play the Indian drums, tabla, pakhawaz, and sing feelingly to the extent of moving Sri Ramakrishna so much that he would be instantly transported to a different world and have *samādhi*. It is not surprising then that he burst into poetry during the last nine hectic years of his life. It is not known whether he wrote or composed earlier. The earliest poems bloomed when he was in America. But from the available record we know that he wrote about forty poems of which less than twenty-five were originally written in English. Then he wrote some compositions in Bengali, about eight in number, a couplet in Hindi and some in Sanskrit. Then he also translated some very interesting verses such as the *Nāsadiya Sukta* from the *Rigveda*. He also translated some of Bhartrihari's *shlokas* from *Vairāgya Shatakam* and also Shankara's *Nirvānashatkam*.

The point I am trying to make is that, as

a student of literature, if you look at Swamiji's limited poetic output, it may not seem very significant. But it is very significant from the spiritual and national dimensions. These are the two things I am going to elaborate with the help of a few examples.

Let us understand one thing first. Though Swamiji was able to write in four languages including Sanskrit, as a wandering monk with a very busy schedule, he hardly had time to sleep. You see how many lectures he had to give in the West, especially in America! Anybody would have got burnt out. Even then, he snatched some time to write those poems. This is no mean feat. It is not an insignificant achievement. We have to understand this in the light of his larger role as a philosopher, as an activist as a national figure, and perhaps as India's first modern missionary to the West. This is what the historian, A. L. Basham has said.

Why Swamiji is so important? In olden times there were of course Indian missionaries who worked in the East as well as in the West. But in modern times it is Swamiji who started the trend—the East to West trend. That is why we have a very good record of what Swamiji did. In the book *The American Veda* Philip Goldberg has come to an astonishing conclusion that the present openness, tolerance and religious outlook of the Americans is a remarkable shift from the exclusionism of 1893 that Swamiji encountered to the pluralism of the Hindus. So this change in the outlook of the world is partly due to Swamiji's influence on the monotheistic religions. Swamiji did many things. He started an inter-religious dialogue. He also started a science-spirituality dialogue. And amidst all these, he wrote some poems also. Isn't that remarkable?

Let us now try to understand how

Swamiji wrote his poems. It seems that many of the poems were written in an inspired state for a particular occasion. His first known English composition was later published under the title 'Quest for God'. The editors then changed the title to 'In Search of God and Other Poems'. This was a letter he wrote on the 4th of September 1893 to Professor John Henry Wright of Harvard. In that letter he says:

Dear Adhyapakji,
 ... Here are a few lines written as an attempt at poetry. Hoping your love will pardon this infliction.

The poem, irregular in rhyme, structure and metre, is about the speaker's search for God in vain until the latter is discovered right by his side. This God beside man rather than within him or outside is also the common object of worship of Hindus, Christians, and Muslims thus unifying all the faith traditions. The poem ends with an ecstatic Vedantic declaration with the Swamiji's explanatory note placed right within the text:

"Thou art", "Thou art" the Soul of souls
 In the rushing stream of life.
 "Om tat Sat om." Thou art my God.
 My love, I am thine, I am thine.²

Swamiji writes a note. 'Tat Sat means that only real existence.'

The poem starts with a quest for God and you look everywhere for Him and finally you find Him beside you, in this poem. Later he says you find Him within. You can see how the poem builds up to a climax which is Vedantic and which in the end cancels separation. So, with this spiritual component he starts his first poem which is part of a letter.

Poetic exchange

There is a poetic exchange with Mary

Hale. It started in his letter to her from New York on the 15th of February, 1895. In the poetic exchange that followed with Mary he was trying to explain something to Her, and as somebody from the Abrahamic tradition she could never accept the truth that 'I am He'—*Aham brahmāsmi*. That is very difficult. So the poem now:

Now Sister Mary,
 You need not be sorry
 For the hard raps I gave you,
 You know full well,
 Though you like me tell,
 With my whole heart I love you.³

So, here he was trying to pacify her after criticising her. The poem however is not meant merely to remove any misunderstanding between them, but to expound his idea of *Brahmajñāna*. So you see, there is a spiritual dimension to everything. No wonder it was published after the opening doggerel was edited out as a standard known poem and supplied with a title 'Song of the Free'—in the collection of the Swamiji's verses. This is the verse:

Nor angel I, nor man, nor brute,
 Nor body, mind, nor he or she,
 The books do stop in wonder mute
 To tell my nature; I am He.

Before the sun, the moon, the earth,
 Before the stars or comets free,
 Before e'en time has had its birth,
 I was, I am, and I will be.

Of the above lines the anonymous editors of the volume say: "The Song of the Free" gives a glimpse of the inner joy of one who has cut asunder the bondage of Maya and has attained to "liberation-in-life" as they say in Vedanta. Was the Swami speaking of his own inner spiritual experience of the highest monistic truth? ... This is the note that is given in the book. This unequivocal declaration of

the self's identity with the Absolute is not merely personal but follow the Upanishadic *mahāvākyas* such as *Tattvamasi*, *Aham brahmāsmi* and so on. Swamiji likewise asserts: 'I am beyond all sense, all thought, The Witness of the universe' and 'Know once for all that I am He.'

Mary Hale responds in the same spirit with a return poem in which she teases the Swami on his verse and also accepts the wisdom of his words. She says:

The monk he would a poet be
And wooed the muse right earnestly;
In thought and word he could well beat her,
What bothered him though was the metre.

His feet were all too short too long,
The form not suited to his song;
He tried the sonnet, lyric, epic,
And worked so hard, he waxed dyspeptic.

...
My scolding letter I deplore
And beg forgiveness o'er and o'er.

The lines you sent to your sisters four
Be sure they'll cherish evermore
For you have made them clearly see
The one main truth that "all is He".⁴

But you see the difference between 'all is He', and 'I am He'. That is the difference between the two. Swamiji says 'I am He'; she says, 'all is He'.

Literary achievements

Now I want to look at Swamiji's literary achievements and, in this connection, I want to consider two of his poems. The first is a really great poem—'Kali, The Mother'. This very significant poem was written during his visit to Kashmir where Swamiji had great spiritual experiences at Kshir Bhavāni and so on. In this poem, Swamiji exalts the terrible form of the goddess thus:

...
The flash of lurid light
Reveals on every side
A thousand, thousand shades
Of Death begrimed and black—
Scattering plagues and sorrows,
Dancing mad with joy,
Come, Mother, come!
For Terror is Thy name,
Death is in Thy breath,
And every shaking step
Destroys a world for e'er.
Thou "Time", the All-Destroyer!
Come, O Mother, come!⁵

Now let us try to understand what Swamiji was doing in this poem. After professing the non-dualistic Vedanta (Advaita) somewhat in the tradition of Shankara, Swamiji became an ardent Kālī-worshipper in the last years of his life. Kālī has been, of course, his Guru's favourite deity. But Vivekananda had preferred the more rational theology of the formless divine as embodied in the Advaita Vedanta. This poem came to him during his visit to Kashmir in 1898, as I have already mentioned, where he had a notable spiritual experience at the shrine of Kshir Bhavāni. Sister Nivedita, who was with Swamiji, observes: 'His brain was teeming with thoughts, he said one day, and his fingers would not rest till they were written down. It was that same evening that he came back to our house-boat from some expedition, and found waiting for us, where he had called and left them, his manuscript lines on Kali the Mother. Writing in a fever of inspiration, he had fallen on the floor, when he had finished—as we learnt afterwards—exhausted with his own intensity.'

This receiving of the whole experience coming from a different world, Sri Aurobindo calls it overmind poetry. It is not mental at all. It is coming from the higher

realms of consciousness like the Vedic mantras. That is why I called it *māntric*. The ancient seers, rishis could hear these mantras somehow floating in the *antariksha* (intervening space between the sky and the earth). They were like information streaming down in the cosmos. They could pick it up. Swamiji could also pick this up and then he felt exhausted.

Romain Rolland also celebrates this poem. He says:

He had a terrible vision of Kali—the mighty Destructress, lurking behind the veil of life—the Terrible One hidden by the dust of the living who pass by, and all the appearances raised by their feet. During the evening in a fever he groped in the dark for pencil and paper, and wrote his famous poem *Kali the Mother*; then he fell exhausted.⁶

Here Romain Rolland is actually quoting and paraphrasing Sister Nivedita. Since he is such a great writer, you see, how he puts it. He paraphrases Nivedita's lessons that she learnt from Vivekananda. This is the important part. What are these lessons? These are:

Learn to recognise the Mother as instinctively in evil, terror, sorrow, and annihilation, as in that which makes for sweetness and joy. Fools put a garland of flowers around Thy neck, O Mother, and then start back in terror and call Thee 'The Merciful'. . . . Meditate on death. Worship the Terrible. Only by the worship of the Terrible can the Terrible itself be overcome and Immortality gained. . . . There could be bliss in torture too. . . . The Mother Herself is Brahman. Even Her curse is blessing. The heart must become a cremation ground—pride, selfishness, desire, all burnt to ashes. Then and then alone, will the Mother come.

And the English woman [actually an Irish woman], shaken and bewildered by the storm, saw the good order and the comfort,

of her Western faith disappearing in the typhoon of the Cosmos invoked by the Indian visionary.

Once more we see in this paroxysm the will to heroism which to Vivekananda was the soul of action.⁷

Normally we want to worship the Divine only in the benign form. We only want to sing praises that He is merciful, He is kind, He is compassionate and we only want the nice soft side of the Divine. But Swamiji was telling Sister Nivedita that the Divine is everything. There is nothing apart from the Divine.

A friend of mine wrote me the other day: 'You know, my sister's son had a hair-line fracture. He is a little boy. He was running and fell down.' So I replied to cheer my friend: 'Children heal very fast and so he is going to be well again.' After some days, the sister wrote to me: 'God has already healed him.' So I was tempted to ask—If God healed him, who broke the bone? Of course you can't say these things. But we have to think about this. Swamiji wants us to take off the veneer of politeness, sweetness. I mean, God of course is all that; but God is also something—like the *Vishwarupa* that Sri Krishna showed Arjuna. Thousands of mouths were devouring, thousands of earths were being created and destroyed, and such things. But we make such a big mountain of our own little sorrows! And here comes Swamiji's hard knock. So this poem—'Kali the Mother'—offers a very great lesson and helps us to understand the Divine rightly in both the aspects—the terrible as well as the benign. This is how Sister Nivedita herself has reminisced:

As he spoke, the underlying egoism of worship that is devoted to the kind God, to Providence, the consoling Divinity without a heart for God in the earthquake, or God in the volcano, overwhelmed the listener. One

saw that such worship was at bottom, as the Hindu calls it, merely ‘shop keeping’, and one realised the infinitely greater boldness and truth of the teaching that God manifests through evil *as well* as through good.⁸

The idea of the Absolute is both manifest *Prakriti* (Nature) or Transcendental—both with or without form, beyond both good and evil. This spiritual teaching of Sri Ramakrishna Vivekananda had both imbibed and then learnt through experiences. The poem, Kali the Mother, thus embodies a philosophical depth and complexity which is not evident at first sight.

‘The Song of the Sannyasin’ was written in July 1895 at the Thousand Island Park, New York, where he lived for seven weeks. Miss S. E. Waldo has recorded: ‘There were twelve of us, and it seemed as if Pentecostal fire descended and touched the Master. One afternoon, when he had been telling us of the glory of renunciation, of the joy and freedom of those of the ochre robe, he suddenly left us, and in a short time he had written his “Song of the Sannyasin”, a very passion of sacrifice and renunciation.’⁹

The poem is in unrhymed blank verse and has a peculiar structural arrangement. There are 13 stanzas and each of them ends with the refrain: ‘Om Tat Sat, Om!’, ie ‘That is true’. *Om* is the mystic and hallowed syllable. The first stanza comprises eight lines, the second contains seven lines. The third, fourth and fifth also contain seven lines. The fifth and sixth include six lines, while seven lines are there from the seventh up to 12th. The last stanza again has only six lines. My theory is that the movement of renunciation seemed to be reinforced by the poetic structure of the poem as it drops off lines. It becomes more and more concentrated on its way to the climax—even lines, as it were, are being shed in this whole fire of renunciation.

Vivekananda exhorts his readers, possibly the potential sannyasins or serious *sādhakas* to discover speedily their true essence, and to renounce anything that may be a hindrance to reach the goal. This poem is a veritable battle-cry calling serious aspirants to renounce wealth, emotional and mental vexations, ignorance, *karma*, name, forms, family, the duality of subject and object, the vain search for the self in external things such as in books and temples—in short, all allusions of attachment to life. He says:

Have thou no home. What home can hold,
thee, friend?
The sky thy roof, the grass thy bed; and food
What chance may bring, well cooked or ill,
judge not.
No food or drink can taint that noble Self
Which knows Itself. Like rolling river free
Thou ever be, Sannyāsin bold! Say—‘Om
Tat Sat, Om!’¹⁰

We know Swamiji himself lived like that all his life. This poem, therefore, is a clarion call to spiritual life having the effect of arousing an urge in us to renounce and realize the Self. It is the heroic mode of *veera-rasa* infused with bold manliness that uplifts and inspires the readers and gives the confidence to venture into self-realization, which he says or is everyone’s birthright. It seems to suggest that to be human is to have courage to free oneself completely from one’s lower nature. Arise, awake, and stop not till the goal is reached—stresses the poem stanza after stanza. In fact that is the motto of Swamiji.

This spirit of renunciation is taken to the farthest point in ‘My Play is Done’. The only thing that I want to say is that this poem is suffused with a kind of pathos or *karunarasa*. So you see how Swamiji balances the *veerarasa* and the *karunarasa*. Both the poems are about renunciation.

Regarding his ‘The Hymn of Samādhi’ even the editors of *In Search of God* have said that it ‘... indicates beyond doubt that it is the expression of direct experience. No wonder that it tends to raise the mind of the reader to a very high plane and to infuse him with lofty aspirations. ... even translation has not obscured the innate effulgence of the poems.’ The point is this that this experience of non-dual consciousness is the bedrock of Vedanta and this is what we all aspire for, because without the experience, without the *anubhava*, the *vicāra* (discrimination) has no basis. And this is where the *anubhava* component of Swamiji comes through the original Bengali poem. This reminds us of Sri Aurobindo’s poem called *Nirvana*. He says:

All is abolished but the mute Alone,
The Mind from thought released, the heart
from grief,
Grow inexistent now beyond belief;
There is no I, no Nature, known-unknown
The city, a shadow picture without tone,
Floats, quivers, unreal; forms without relief
Flow, a cinema’s vacant shapes; like a reef
Foundering in shoreless gulfs the world is
done.

The reason I bring Sri Aurobindo is that he wrote a book called *The Future Poetry* where he tells that the height of poetry is in *mantra* because through *mantra* vibration can transform the reader. It is not merely a mental construct. He said, the *māntric* vibrations are available in our Vedas, but then afterwards they were lost. That’s his thesis. His idea is that in future we will return to the *māntric*. And what I am arguing here is that Swami Vivekananda is opening this path to writing a *māntric* poetry in English. It is like putting the *yajnopavita* or sacred thread on the body of the English language to make it fit for the composition of the *mantras*.

Now, the poem ‘To The Awakened India’ he wrote to mark the shifting of the *Prabuddha Bharata* in August 1898 from Madras to Almora Himalayas. The journal *Prabuddha Bharata* actually means the awakened India. India at that time was lying supine under a pall of *tamas*, and then Swamiji returning from the West via Colombo awakens this whole nation sunk in a state of torpor in colonial darkness. There was so much poverty that even Bankimchandra, the great novelist, evoked a wonderful scene in *Anandamath* where you see Goddess with no ornaments and devoid of any flesh in the body to suggest the predicament of the Mother! Then he goes on to say how She should be! So Swamiji gave the powerful *mantra* and then the nation awakened. And the *Prabuddha Bharata* is that. This whole journey—this triumphal march from Colombo to Almora is a grand story. Wherever his feet touched, the dust of India was coming to life. The young people got inspired and emboldened. Vivekananda became a celebrity, our first national figure. They pulled his chariot and carried him on their shoulders. This could happen because Swamiji had transformed them with his energy. This was the power he had. In the poem, ‘To The Awakened India’, he said,

Once more awake!
For sleep it was, not death, to bring thee life
Anew, and rest to lotus-eyes for visions
Daring yet. The world in need awaits, O
Truth!
No death for thee!¹¹

So this *Bhāratavarsha* has a truth to tell the world and it is for the sake of the truth that she has to rise again. This is Swamiji’s message and this is exactly what Mahatma Gandhi later said. The poet believes that India is not dead but only asleep. What is needed is a renewal of its spirit for the world awaits its truth. Swami writes:

Resume thy march,
With gentle feet that would not break the
Peaceful rest even of the roadside dust
That lies so low. Yet strong and steady,
Blissful, bold, and free. Awakener, ever
Forward! Speak thy stirring words.

So, India is not to trample on other people and show its power. If you go to see the Republic Day parade, you will find the roads are all filled with tanks and all that. Well, that also is needed as the brahmacharin of the parable that Sri Ramakrishna narrates in the *Gospel* tells his disciple, a cobra: I told you not to bite, but I didn't ask you not to hiss. You have to hiss to protect yourself when you are being beaten. So, along with *bāhuvāla* or physical strength, India has to show her *ātmavāla*. India must not only wake up but resume her march humbly but steadily. India which is somnolent must rise up to a state and stature of the awakener:

Thy home is gone,
Where loving hearts had brought thee up
and
Watched with joy thy growth. But Fate is
strong—
This is the law—all things come back to the
source
They sprung, their strength to renew.

So, no matter if a home is gone and if through colonization she is almost destroyed, but she is still not dead; she can start afresh because the land of her birth is snow-clad and unsullied Himalayas is still intact. These natural and spiritual roots can be rejuvenated. Swamiji is saying that the source of India's strength is in the Himalayas which is still pure and pristine and that is her spiritual strength. So though materially it is completely defeated, there is one place, its spiritual strength, regarding which she is indomitable.

Then start afresh
From the land of thy birth, where vast cloud-
belted
Snows do bless and put their strength in
thee,
For working wonders new. The heavenly
River tune thy voice to her own immortal
song;
Deodar shades give thee eternal peace.

Now he says that the goddess, the daughter of the mountain, Goddess Umā Herself, the Divine Mother herself, the *Shakti*, that power can give India the strength of untiring love.

And all above,
Himala's daughter Umā, gentle, pure,
The Mother that resides in all as Power
And Life, who works all works and
Makes of One the world, whose mercy
Opens the gate to Truth, and shows
The One in All, give thee untiring
Strength, which is Infinite Love.

So, *satyameva jayate* (Truth alone triumphs). This is the truth India believes in and India must rise to give the world this truth:

Then speak, O love!
Before thy gentle voice serene, behold how
Visions melt and fold on fold of dreams
Departs to void, till Truth and Truth alone
In all its glory shines—

This is India's message to the world:

And tell the world—
Awake, arise, and dream no more!
. . . Be bold, and face
The truth! Be one with it! Let visions cease,
Or, if you cannot, dream but truer dreams,
Which are Eternal Love and Service Free.

The point is that this is like a *mantra* of national awakening. So you have got a *mantra* of spiritual awakening as well as a *mantra* of national awakening.

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