

BEING  
AUM



*A collection of poems*  
MINOTI ROY

*Translated by*  
MUKTESHWAR KSHIRSAGAR

Crystal Lighthouse Productions LLC  
www.crystal-lighthouse.com

ISBN 978-0615910574

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Cover art by Dr. Renuka Parmar  
Cover and interior design by Devyani Seth

Printed by CreateSpace, an Amazon.com company

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CRYSTAL  
LIGHTHOUSE  
PRODUCTIONS

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## PREFACE

The artisan bowed down and touched her feet not knowing why he was summoned. With a smile on her face, the Queen opened her treasure trove brimming with jewels. “You are the chosen one, pick what you can. Use your art and make me a necklace!” said she.

Similar was my fortune when one sunny morning, Minoti Roy, alias “Monima”, asked me to do the translations of her Bengali poems, fully aware that I did not know the language. Then followed three memorable months of my life. She would explain a couple of poems at a time, word by word and as the meaning sank in, I would translate them in English. Understanding the Bengali text, trying to feel the emotions expressed and then casting them in a poetic form in English required hours of being in her energy field. Often, while getting into the narrative, I could see Monima getting into uplifting moods and reliving memories that would transport me to different worlds. I could feel a purifying effect taking place within me. I have attempted to express my gratitude in the following lines:

Dear Monima,  
 These couple of months I was on a voyage  
 A voyage of joy  
 A journey of revelation  
 An excursion into realms unknown  
 A passage into the play of myriad emotions!

I witnessed the birth of a New Earth  
 I danced with the gopis, full of mirth

My chest swelled with pride of Indian glory  
 I shuddered at the blaze of Kali’s fury

Shiva’s Tandav, Shriram’s temple bells  
 Krishna’s flute casting magical spells

Ramkrishna Paramhansa’s and Thakur Ravi’s sight  
 brightened up my world, with my eyes shut tight

I felt blessed to observe the cosmic union  
Tears of gratitude blurring my vision

I have tried to capture the magic created by you  
Please grace this work, my humble tribute to you

Thank you very much for assigning me this task  
What more can anyone ask?

When the translation work was over, I sought her permission to compile the poems as a book. Monima agreed. Like the artisan, I selected 42 poems. As my understanding deepened, I discovered that, based on the common dominant sentiment, the poems could be grouped into five sections, which also aided convenience of presentation in the book. The sections are called—“At the feet of Masters,” “The Musings,” “The Call,” “In Communion with Divinity” and “The Experience”.

The last six poems in the section titled “The Experience” are like a crescendo in a symphony, a fitting climax to a body of heavenly music. Whereas in the case of commoners, many life cycles may pass without getting even a fleeting glimpse of the Divine, Monima recounts how on multiple occasions she is swept off her normal consciousness and visited by imagery of Divinity. “Spectacle of rising Kundalini,” “The Yogic Vista” and “Worshipping the cosmic union” is the trilogy of poems capturing her three such out-of-the-world experiences. Here she records all that unfolds in front of her and its impact on her Being.

Energy crystallizes to take a form displaying itself as matter and matter evolves transcending the form to become one with energy. Incarnation of the Supreme as a human being and the spiritual evolution of a human, culminating in dissolution into the Supreme are designs of Destiny. The final three poems, “In Sync with Shiva,” “Playing with Ma Kali” and “With You in my Being—I become AUM”, reverberate with the above thought leaving a discerning reader spellbound.

What could be an appropriate title for such a compilation? On display were various topics, a wide range of emotions and issues related to different sections of society such as men, women and youth. A title needs to reflect that which is common to all the creations in the book.

It transpired that the one thing common to all the poems is the State of Being of Monima. These poems have not been composed intellectually

but they have *happened* to her after she had experienced the Divine. In the prologue “I am AUM” Monima says:

However miniscule and worthless I may be  
I know deep within, I am part of thee

In “Worshipping the cosmic union” she records:

My being expands to take in the world  
And then becomes the center stage

In “With You in my being—I become AUM” Monima closes by realizing:

AUM was the beginning and beyond the end is AUM  
With You in my being I become AUM

In reverence to the fact that this entire literary creation has emanated from somewhere within her while she remained in an evolved state of existence, this collection of poems has been given the title “Being AUM”.

I am thankful to my friends Krishna Solegaonkar, Snehal Solegaonkar, Kishore Kelekar, Trupti Kelekar and Vijay Parmar for their valuable suggestions after going through the manuscript. Heartfelt thanks are due to Devika Thakkar of Crystal Lighthouse Productions, USA, and Devyani Seth without whose enthusiastic encouragement and consummate technology and design support the publication of this book would not have been possible.

Adorning the cover is an oil-on-canvas painting by artist Dr. Renuka Parmar. It depicts the turmoil and churning of the Bhavasagar, i.e., ocean of life. From the churning rises the orb of knowledge, the Eternal AUM.

— Mukteshwar Kshirsagar

*Mukteshwar Kshirsagar, former Deputy Director with the Times of India Group, is a disciple of Smt. Minoti Roy. An alumnus of I.I.T. Mumbai, he is a technocrat by training and has worked as a corporate executive with a career spanning 33 years. He expresses his worldview of human affairs in short stories, essays and poems in English, Hindi and Marathi.*



## PROLOGUE

### I am AUM

What am I if not the least?  
It's You and You alone that exists

Here and there, everywhere  
In my very being, now and forever

I am just a wisp of water vapour  
You are the massive cloud cover

I am nothing but a quivering droplet  
And You are the boundless rolling ocean

A speck of dust is what I am  
You are the mountain kissing the sky

I am a grass blade quaking in the wind  
You are the forest, mysterious and deep

But however miniscule and worthless I may be,  
I know, deep within, I am part of thee!

I am AUM, I am AUM, I am AUM



I

AT THE FEET OF MASTERS

## Mahavatar Babaji

*The ageless Himalayan Master Mahavatar Babaji initiated Monima into Kriya Yoga. Here she pays her tribute to him and entreats him to enable her to realize her destiny.*

In the pitch-dark night  
    You light up my path  
Everything I know  
    is all what You taught

While blessing me with bounty  
    You keep testing me  
Whenever slightest danger lurks  
    You are the one to protect me

You are my Guru, Mahavatar Babaji

With every breath of mine  
    Your fragrance I inhale  
And purer I become  
    every time I exhale

You move with my subtle being  
    thousands of miles in space  
And always bring me home  
    again safely to my base

You emerge on the earth  
    every time in a form anew  
But at the core You remain the same  
    an innocent child, pure as dew

Ravaging Time bows to you  
    be it past, present or future to come  
While others stay but a fleeting moment  
    You alone are the permanent one

You are the Divine Author  
    and the world acts out your writ  
Can even a ripple arise  
    lest that is your express wish?

You ordained for me  
    a purpose so bright  
Life cycles have lapsed  
    but continues the fight  
You know I have struggled  
    with all my might  
Yet the end, so elusive  
    is nowhere in sight

Please grace me  
    at least in this birth  
And let me honour  
    my purpose on earth

Jai ho my Guruji, Jai ho my Babaji!



II

THE MUSINGS

## Why is Kali Ma dark?

*Kali is the ferocious form of the Sacred Feminine who takes birth to protect her children and kill the demons representing evil. Monima vividly portrays her vision of Ma Kali. She warns the seeker that individuals must live out their destiny and only then will they be worthy of the grace of Kali.*

To grasp your true nature  
     is certainly not child's play  
 You stepping on Lord Shiva,  
     a potent image, what does it say?

Ties of the mundane world  
     shackle and chain us to the ground  
 Pray come, release us all  
     from the grip of the enemies around

Vanquished demons' skulls in the pond  
     send shivers up our spine and chest  
 And there you stand, up in arms,  
     garland of the skulls around your neck

We fall prey to our foes with fright  
     and get assaulted left, center and right  
 The all-powerful Mother then takes birth  
     and banishes the evil from face of the earth

She consumes the monsters causing menace,  
     gobbles them up and frees the human race  
 Brilliance of the Mother dazzles the sight,  
     not easy to look at, she is so bright

She kills the demons, drinks blood like a predator  
     and then she unleashes a deafening laughter  
 That resonates in the universe with triumph of a victor

By killing the killer she protects us all  
     filling our lives with celestial mirth  
 Complete surrender at her pious feet  
     will resurrect the troubled from cycles of birth

Mother's mercy showers on all  
     be he the highest or lowliest of all  
 She'll pick you up and take you on her lap  
     will cajole you at times or let you sometimes fall  
 Everything she does is for benefit of all

Sometimes she loves, at times she plays  
     sometimes she slaps, at times she slays  
 No one can know what lies in fate  
     but Mother is always there watching one's state

Forefront is not for her, she stays behind  
     you have to walk the path, you have to mind  
 At times your chosen way, may lead to hell  
     it's then for you to seek pardon and tell.

Ma will then pick you up and wipe you clean  
 Love you and bring you back from the den of the Mean

She is the savior, she bears the brunt  
     of all our sins and miserable stunts  
 She takes upon her all our venom stark  
     is it then any wonder why She is so dark?



III

THE CALL



## Call for Youth

*Realizing that so-called "tradition" is a burden that inhibits progress, Monima displays a forward-looking temper by calling upon youth to summon courage to destroy the archaic and ring in a fresh dawn of awakening.*

Get up ye youth and shed your stupor  
Don't you see tears in the eyes of your mother?

Stir up and energize your hidden power  
Respond to the call of the Universal Seer

Unleash the typhoon and take up the charge  
Let the aged rest and ahead you march

Dynamite the old and construct the new  
Use your muscle to make dreams come true

You lack nothing, just peek within self  
Dump the begging bowl and feel your strength

Discover, unshackle and realize your spunk  
Why act like a blind man who is also drunk?

Don't wallow in the sorrow  
Brought on by your sloth, my boy

Shake off the slumber  
Spread your wings  
and fly into the radiant sky

You are the youthful men and women  
Boundless energy is your true domain

Dormant volcano simmers in your gut  
Blast away the yokel and let the fire erupt

If you wake up, all will join  
What will then cloud the bright sunshine?

Demolish the demons of hesitation and fear  
Banish the ego from far and near  
Life at the highest level is solely yours  
Prove worthy of His Grace, by realizing your power



IV

IN COMMUNION  
WITH DIVINITY

## Janmashtami

*Raas Krida is the enchanting dance performed by Krishna surrounded by gopis, his childhood playmates. Responding to their ardent fervor of love and devotion, Krishna multiplies himself and simultaneously dances with every gopi, submerging the devout gopis in celestial ecstasy. Engulfed by a similar fervor of devotion, Monima herein asks the Lord, "Will you come and dance with me?"*

O my God, the Lord of my life,  
will you come and dance with me?

You may come with masculine pace  
Or you may wear feminine grace  
I will take up any color for me,  
will you come and dance with me?

My being will waltz in sync with you,  
swaying to the magical music spun by you  
Rhythm of drums will be haunting me  
will you come and dance with me?

Replete with affection, you anchor love  
this Universal emotion unites all in one  
I feel your presence every moment near me,  
will you come and dance with me?

You will let me rest at your feet—no doubt  
Floating in my own tears, here I seek you out  
I know for sure, you care for me,  
will you now come and dance with me?



V

# THE EXPERIENCE



Minoti Roy is a guiding light to innumerable disciples in their journey of life. She has been walking the path of spiritual living since an early age. She received her initiation from Shri Ramkrishna Paramhansa who appeared in her dreams when she was seven years old. In later years, teachings of Swami Vireshwaranand, who was a direct disciple of Sharda Ma, moulded her persona. She has had the rare

fortune of having learnt Yoga from Swami Shivanand and Kriya yoga from the ageless Himalayan Master, Mahavatar Babaji, both astrally.

*Being AUM* is an English translation of some of her poems originally written in Bengali. These are reflections of an enlightened soul covering a range of subjects including human endeavor and experience of the Divine.

**Mukteshwar Kshirsagar**, former Deputy Director with the Times of India Group, is a disciple of Smt. Minoti Roy. An alumnus of I.I.T. Mumbai, he is a technocrat by training and has worked as a corporate executive with a career spanning 33 years. He expresses his worldview of human affairs in short stories, essays and poems in English, Hindi and Marathi.

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U.S.A. \$9.99

