

Poetry

of the Mystics

Saturday 28th June 2025

This collection of poems was compiled
for the 'Poetry of the Mystics' event hosted by the
School of Philosophy & Economic Science.

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of further contemplation & private study.

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मनोबुद्ध्यहङ्कार चित्तानि नाहं
न च श्रोत्रजिह्वे न च घ्राणनेत्रे ।
न च व्योम भूमिर्न तेजो न वायुः
चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहम् शिवोऽहम् ॥ १ ॥

चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहम् शिवोऽहम् ॥ १ ॥

चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहम् शिवोऽहम् ॥ १ ॥

I am not my mind, my intellect or my identity;

Neither am I my senses of hearing,

taste, smell and sight;

I am not the space, earth, fire or air;

I am the embodiment of eternal bliss,

I am Shiva,

I am Shiva

Chid Ananda Rupah

Shivoham Shivoham

Nirvana Saktam – Sankara v.1

**Tell me, O Swan your ancient tale.
From what land do you come, O Swan?
To what shore will you fly?
Where would you take your rest, O Swan,
And what do you seek?
Even this morning, O Swan, awake, arise, follow me!
There is a land where no doubt nor sorrow have rule:
Where the terror of Death is no more.
There the woods of spring are a-bloom
And the fragrant scent "He is I" is borne on the wind:
There the bee of the heart is deeply immersed,
And desires no other joy.**

Kabir

**Go to that impenetrable realm
That death himself trembles to look upon
There plays the fountain of love
With swans sporting on its waters**

Mirabai

To what shore would you cross,
O my heart?
there is no traveller before you, there is no road:
Where is the movement, where is the rest,
on that shore?
There is no water; no boat, no boatman, is there;
There is not so much as a rope to tow the boat,
nor a man to draw it.
No earth, no sky, no time, no thing, is there:
no shore, no ford !
There, there is neither body nor mind: and where is
the place that shall still the thirst of the soul?
You shall find naught in that emptiness.
Be strong and enter into your own body: for there
your foothold is firm.
Consider it well, O my heart! go not elsewhere,
Kabîr says: "Put all imaginations away,
and stand fast in that which you are."

Kabir

**The moon shines in my body, but my
Blind eyes cannot see it;
The moon is within me, and so is the sun.
The unstruck drum of Eternity is sounded within me;
But my deaf ears cannot hear it.**

Kabir

**Listen, O friend, to the thunderous roar of Shabd,
Which reverberates throughout the firmament.
Water, which becomes turbid by relishing the earth,
Gets cleansed of its impurities when filtered.
Waves of pure bliss emanate from the heart
When the moss that covers it is removed.**

Tulsidas

Lightning flashed in my eye, O friend,
And brightly did shine the light of the moon.
I got a glimpse of the Invisible within,
And thirst and longing for the Lord were aroused.
My ears received the boon of Unstruck Music,
And Knowledge came like the explosion of light,
O Friend.

Dark clouds began to scatter and the sight
Of the Divine Mansion was revealed unto me.
Beyond the sun, the moon and the tunnel,
Tulsi beheld the abode of the Lord Almighty.

Tulsidas

न मे द्वेषरागौ न मे लोभमोहौ
मदो नैव मे नैव मात्सर्यभावः ।
न धर्मो न चार्थो न कामो न मोक्षः
चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहम् शिवोऽहम् ॥ ३ ॥

चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहम् शिवोऽहम् ॥ १ ॥

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Nirvana Saktam – Sankara v.3

**I have neither aversion and attachment
nor greed and delusions;**

I have no sense of possession or vanity;

I am not bound by the pursuits of duty,

Acquisition, consumption or liberation;

I am the embodiment of eternal bliss.

I am Shiva, I am Shiva

Chid Ananda Rupah

Shivoham Shivoham

Nirvana Saktam – Sankara v.3

**Hiding in this cage
of visible matter
is the invisible
lifebird
pay attention
to her
she is singing
your song**

Kabir

**What is that flute whose music thrills me with joy?
The flame burns without a lamp;
The lotus blossoms without a root;
Flowers bloom in clusters;
The moon-bird is devoted to the moon;
With all its heart the rain-bird longs for the shower of rain;
But upon whose love
Does the Lover concentrate their entire life.**

Kabir

O my friends
What can you tell me of Love,
Whose pathways are filled with strangeness?
When you offer the Great One your love,
At the first step your body is crushed.
Next be ready to offer your head as his seat.
Be ready to orbit his lamp like a moth
giving in to the light,
To live in the deer as she runs toward
the hunter's call,
In the partridge that swallows hot coals
for love of the moon,
In the fish that, kept from the sea, happily dies.
Like a bee trapped for life in the closing
of the sweet flower.
Mira has offered herself to her Lord.
She says, the single Lotus will swallow you whole.

Mirabai

Deeply absorbed within that place which is
Ever-existing, in dhyana sit
And sing unto your own self your own song:
In that essence of bliss remain immersed
Looking at all the tricks of your own Self.
Yourself search for your own self and then be
Enamoured of yourself, taking firm stand
Yourself upon your own legs all the while.
Theres no one that exists except yourself,
This samsar's nothing but a magic show;
You are the ocean playing with its waves;
Calming these waves seek your own Self and then
Turn back again to look on your own Self.
Being entrapped within the magic coils
Of nature's meshes you forgetful are.
Now, be acquainted with your real Self.
In thought, invariable, the Atma you,
Devoid of every change by nature worked.
Be, then your Self, your own !

Sri Brahmajna

The 'I' that floats along the wave of time,
From a distance I watch him.
With the dust and the water
With the fruit and the flower,
With the All he is rushing forward.
He is always on the surface,
Tossed by the waves and dancing to the rhythm
Of joy and suffering.
The least loss makes him suffer,
The least wound hurts him-
Him I see from afar.
That 'I' is not my real self;
I am still within myself,
I do not float in the stream of death.
I am free, I am desireless,
I am peace, I am illumined –
Him I see from afar.

Rabindranath Tagore – The Later Poems

**Within this body
breathes the secret essence.
Within this body
beats the heart of the Vedas.**

**Within this body
shines the entire Universe,
so the saints say.**

**Hermits, ascetics, celibates --
all are lost
seeking Him
in endless guises.**

**Seers and sages perfectly parrot
the scriptures and holy books,
blinded by knowledge.**

**Their pilgrimage,
and fasting,
and striving
but delude.
Despite their perfect practice,
they discover no destination.**

**Only the saints
who know the body's heart
have attained the Ultimate, O Tulsi.
Realize this, and you've found your freedom.**

**While teachers trapped in tradition
know only the mirage
in the mirror.**

Tulsidas

**"The one I longed for has come home;
The raging fire of separation is quenched.
Now I rejoice with Him, I sing in bliss.
The peacocks at the cloud's roar
Dance with unbound joy;
I rejoice in ecstasy
At the sight of my Beloved.
I am absorbed in His love;
My misery of wandering
In the world has ended.
The lily bursts into bloom
At the sight of the full moon;
Seeing Him, my heart blossoms in joy.
Peace permeates this body of mine;
His arrival has filled my home with bliss.
That very Lord has become my own
Who is ever the redeemer of His devotees.
Mira's heart, scorched by the blaze of separation,
Has become cool and refreshed;
The pain of duality has vanished."**

Mirabai

When I existed,
You did not.
Now You exist
and I do not:
as a storm lifts waves
from water --
still they are water
within water.
Like the tale
of the serpent
and the rope --
I know a little
of the secret.
Seeing many bracelets
we think gold has many forms --
but it is always forever gold.

Ravidas

**You are me, and I am You -- what is the difference
between us?**

**We are like gold and the bracelet,
or water and the waves.**

Ravidas

त्वमहमसि । अहं त्वं च । मध्यमवयोः किं भेदः ।

सुवर्णकङ्कणं च समा वयम् । तरङ्गं सलिला चोपमा ॥

Ravidas

No ornaments

Survive

A crucible.

Fire reveals

Only molten

Gold.

Tukaram

I have found the sea,
An ocean limitless.
I have opened a treasury unending,
Its jewels blaze with the lustre of a thousand,
thousand suns,
And they blaze here, in my soul.
Of a sudden,
Without any effort of mine own,
I have heard the eternal Secret,
I have learned to know God.
Here in my life hath blossomed
The flower of perfect union.

Tukaram

अहं निर्विकल्पो निराकाररूपो
विभुत्वाच्च सर्वत्र सर्वेन्द्रियाणाम् ।
न चासङ्गतं नैव मुक्तिर्न मेयः
चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहम् शिवोऽहम् ॥ ६ ॥

चिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहम् शिवोऽहम् ॥ १ ॥

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Nirvana Saktam – Sankara v.6

I am changeless and formless.

I exist everywhere, and permeate All Senses.

**I am always the same and have neither
freedom nor bondage.**

I am pure Knowledge and Bliss.

I am auspiciousness,

I am Shiva. I am Shiva

Chid Ananda Rupah

Shivoham Shivoham

Nirvana Saktam – Sankara v.6

Suddenly

**There was Before I saw it, the vague
Past, and Now. Forever. Nearby
was the sandy sweep of the Roman Road,
and where we sat the grass was thin.
From a bare patch of that poor soil, solitary,
sprang the flower, face upturned,
looking completely, openly into my eyes.
I was barely old enough to ask
and repeat its name.**

**'Convulvulus,' said my mother.
Pale shell-pink, a chalice
no wider than a silver sixpence.**

**It looked at me, I looked back,
delight filled me as if
I, not the flower,
were a flower and were brimful of rain.
and there was endlessness.
Perhaps through a lifetime what I've desired
has always been to return
to that endless giving and receiving,
the wholeness of that attention,
that once-in-a-lifetime
secret communion.**

Denise Leverto

Be Still.

Listen to the stones of the wall.

Be silent, they try

To speak your name.

Listen

To the living walls

Who are you?

Who are you?

Whose

Silence are you?

Who (be quiet)

Are you (as these stones

Are quiet) Do not

Think of what you are

Still less of

What you may one day be.

Rather be what you are (but who?) be

The unthinkable one

You do not know

Thomas Merton

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.

Don't go back to sleep.

You must ask for what you really want.

Don't go back to sleep.

**People are going back and forth across the doorsill
where the two worlds touch.**

The door is round and open.

Don't go back to sleep.

Rumi

The Inspiration You Seek

Is Already Within You.

Be Silent And Listen.

الهاماتی که در جستجویش هستی در درون
خودت است
سکوت کن و گوش بده

Rumi

**Be Quiet the Secret cannot be spoken,
it is wrapped in Silence.**

ساکت باش، راز را نمیتوان گفت،
در سکوت پیچیده است
در سکوت پیچیده است

Rumi

**Listen to the secret sound,
the real sound,
which is inside you.**

The one no one talks of

Kabir

**Follow my ways and I will lead you
To golden-haired suns,
Logos and music, blameless joys,
Innocent of questions
And beyond answers:
For I, Solitude,
am thine own self:
I, Nothingness,
am thy All.
I, Silence,
am thy Amen !**

Thomas Merton

**All things
are too small
to hold me,
I am so vast**

**In the Infinite
I reach
for the Uncreated**

**I have touched it,
it undoes me
wider than wide**

**Everything else
is too narrow**

**You know this well,
you who are also there**

Hadewijch II

Did you see it, drifting, all night, on the black river?
Did you see it in the morning,
rising into the silvery air -
An armful of white blossoms,
A perfect commotion of silk and linen as it leaned
into the bondage of its wings; a snowbank,
a bank of lilies
Biting the air with its black beak?
Did you hear it, fluting and whistling
A shrill dark music
– like the rain pelting the trees-like a waterfall
Knifing down the black ledges?
And did you see it, finally, just under the clouds –
A white cross Streaming across the sky, its feet
Like black leaves, its wings
Like the stretching light of the river?
And did you feel it, in your heart,
how it pertained to everything?
And have you too
finally figured out what beauty is for?
And have you changed your life?

Mary Oliver

Beauty is the Garden

Scent of roses, murmuring water

Flowing gently . . .

Can words describe the indescribable?

زیبای در باغچه است
بوی گل سرخ، آب زمزمه کنان، آرامش باز
شدن شکوفه ها
ایا کلمات میتوانند آنچه را که توصیف
شدنی نیست توصیف کنند ؟

Rumi

Precious soul, do not delay
embark on the wondrous journey
to the sea of meaning!

Remember, you have passed through many stages
do not resist, surrender to the journey.

Wash your wings from the earth's clay
and follow the trail of those before you.

Do not linger in the potter's shop
break the jug and flow with the stream of life.

Rush down from the mountain to the sea
for the mountain offers no refuge.

Do not wander east or west
aim straight at the sun!

From its light, like the moon,
You will sometimes be a crescent
and sometimes full.

Rumi

Such love does
the sky now pour,
that whenever I stand in a field,
I have to wring out the light
When I get
home.

Saint Francis of Assisi

One day you will see me sprawled in the tavern
My turban pawned, my prayer rug stained with wine.
Intoxicated with the teasing kiss of my beloved
I see his curls dancing on the palm of my hand.
Rested, he is tempting me to stay awake
and feast with him till dawn.
How blessed I am that this charmer
entices my spirit away from this world.

Rumi

***Just these two words He spoke
changed my life,***

“Enjoy Me.”

***What a burden I thought I was to carry –
a crucifix, as did He.***

***Love once said to me, “I know a song,
would you like to hear it?”***

***And laughter came from every brick in the street
and from every pore
in the sky.***

***After a night of prayer, He
changed my life when
He sang,***

“Enjoy Me.”

St Teresa of Avila

***In the inner stillness where meditation leads,
The spirit secretly anoints the soul and heals our
deepest wounds.***

St John of the Cross

Spring, your luminous face
resembles the face of the Friend
Have you borrowed it from Him?
You are a feast for the eyes
yet your essence is hidden
like that of the soul.
The trials of winter are over
Beautiful rose, lift your head and smile.

Rumi

There is dew on these poems in the morning,
and at night a cool breeze may rise from them.
In the winter they are blankets, in the summer a
place to swim.

صبح ها روی این شعرها را شبنم گرفته شبها
نسیم خنک، در زمستان روکش هستند و
در تابستان جای شنا

Kabir

May the light of your soul guide you.
May the light of your soul bless the work you do
with the secret love and warmth of your heart.
May you see in what you do the beauty of your own
soul.
May the sacredness of your work bring healing,
light and renewal to those who work with you and
to those who see and receive your work.
May your work never weary you.
May it release within you wellsprings
of refreshment, inspiration, and excitement
May you be present in what you do.
May you never become lost in the bland absences.
May the day never burden.
May dawn find you awake and alert,
approaching your new day
with dreams, possibilities, and promises.
May evening find you gracious and fulfilled.
May you go into the night blessed, sheltered and
protected.
May your soul calm, console, and renew you.

John O'Donohue