

Survive & Thrive: A Journal for Medical Humanities and Narrative as Medicine

Volume 7
Issue 1 *General Issue*

Article 10

2022

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Recommended Citation

Devaguptapu, Sailaja (2022) "Towards Infinity, Another Mile," *Survive & Thrive: A Journal for Medical Humanities and Narrative as Medicine*: Vol. 7: Iss. 1, Article 10.

Available at: https://repository.stcloudstate.edu/survive_thrive/vol7/iss1/10

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Towards Infinity, Another Mile

I believe to strive and thrive is about the deep dive within to plenish the self-drive. As put forth by Kamlesh D Patel, lovingly known as Daaji, *"It is in the stillness of the mind that we perceive the heart with clarity. By constantly observing the inner weather, we steer through life wisely, steadfastly, sans regrets."* And *"We can wait for that inner inspiration to come or we can actively cultivate it. The choice is ours. Choosing to actively cultivate the inner inspiration of the heart is Heartfulness."*

'Another mile' is a beholder of one such several reflective moments of the meaning making process. An intent to share the soul-searching journey to connect and warmly greet all those who might be traversing this path, at times with overpowering self-doubts! *How many of us haven't witnessed ourselves being lost to our own stories to be found in else's? And, sometimes the other way around?*

I would be living a lie if I were to not let these lines to flow through me. Yet another, denying something has permeated the being, orchestrating people, events, places and books that witnessed the path I traversed to have reached at a *new* me. To have lost the fear, to have arrived at a state of not being bothered about instant gratifications nor regretting the delays. Of simply being and letting be. Of unfailingly and constantly being guided by a force which prompted to pen this reflection. A willing resignation of faith, of not attempting to straighten the meanders for no river that reached its destination ever controlled its direction or sought unto itself a straight path.

A yearning to be more and more with myself, the universe extending opportunities towards this. An eventual acceptance that something has dramatically shifted in the inner landscape, mirroring it in the external world. And I would no longer be the same old self unless am comfortable regressing and putting up with the constant awareness of it too. A feeling which can no longer be ignored for it sort of feels self-denial. The awareness of *knowingly* living a lie!

In retrospect, I wouldn't have been nurtured in the libraries rich with books on spirituality, life and shared meaning making, lulled in Master's cottages and dormitories of Heartfulness Institutes two years full time without a reason. *In silence, gently allowing me to connect to the reservoir of peace within and to let others bathe in the same.* It was once beyond my limited psyche that it was an enabling mechanism to facilitate me through the dark night of the soul unto an awakening which would remain an endless dream yet an inexplicable reality at the same time.

Endless meditations, each unfolding as a love story of its own fragrance yet one yielding to another, messages pregnant with revelations, silent retreats to help connect the dots by reconnecting to one's own self and to others from this sacred space of the divine void. To be later followed by experiences which call for demonstration of externalising the interiorized values learned during the shift. The interconnectedness of all that unfolded, with me as its witness. No longer in existential mode but constantly seeking for meaning and wanting to create one where its eroded, to moving on to not judging anything as meaningless or meaningful.

A feeling of wanting to grow and evolve yet at the same time nothing left to be known or made known having made it to Home already. Lost yet firm, a feeling of belonging everywhere yet nowhere, a knowingness of conquering without striving, new unknown phase yet not insecure. Lots to do yet it's all done and doing without doing by simply being and allowing things to manifest.

As though the path as the destination and the wayfarer the path unto thyself. The peels of ignorance falling apart one after another to be able to stare at one's nudity for isn't that the journey all about. Unto nothingness and from there to everything beyond? Unto a beauty beyond itself and a reality seemingly not exist but can surely be felt. Where bliss knows no bounds and peace thrives unconditionally. Where one no longer seeks having a feeling of being with the sought and it no longer matters what life has in store. All said and done yet a new beginning unto a destination reached and a fresh start from the eternity to the infinity. A gamut of paradoxes to arrive at the questions through the answers found!

The unexpected recurring crossroads yet signs loud enough to arrive at sudden clarity helping navigate through the mazes. The constant synchronicities as though the guardian angels and invisible guides nudge through the puzzling journey. Whether or not moving on is no longer a choice for the only choice seems to let the tapestry unto something grandeur unfold itself. Allowing the transition to be the bridge across forever. As though the journey has just begun to never end. For the threads seem to interweave a divine destiny unfolding itself upon the cosmic canvas!

Contemplating and wondering at the magnanimity of life, telling the Universe I am ready for the change, I walked down to the elevator of my apartment even as the feelings of love, forgiveness and acceptance pervaded my being. When the doors of the elevator opened, I find the Universe greeting me with yet another sign - a locket of the Jesus cross on the elevator floor. As tempting as it was to own this blessing and keeping the locket with me as a sign of this change, I handed it over to the lady guard as someone whose it was might

go searching for it. I anyway had my inner search doubly reinforced! All this symbolically on the day of Holi, the Indian festival of colours. As though to let go something redundant in me forever, to never let it hold me back to my limited self again! From complexities to simplicity, from impurities to purity¹, and from myself unto my Self - another mile!

Another Mile

Another mile I walk
Another stride I make
Another day to wake
For said someone,
Miles to go before I sleep

Yet, fell asleep whence any?
Another world to peep
Arcane promises to keep
For, could know none the expanse of the Ogenus deep
Nor the vastness of the welkin's streak!

Why thence words mince in vain
Swords strike in pain?
Hath none whence to lose nor gain
Loseth thyself too, another when slain
Doth not the sun and the moon themselves unto another instead let wane?

To love for love's sake
Unto a brighter world, bricks bake
To let flow in peace the human lake
For, how else the Lord upon the Gaia thyself remake
The Beloved, the lover's longing slake?

Fades not the amber to embitter
Whence to make cues knows too the twitter
Thyself unto the inutile to not litter
Another call to wake
The lover as the Beloved, thyself to let remake

Turns the passerine unto the tree
As doth too, the bee
An impetus neither yet foresee
A greater will to let prevail, together as though chose to be
In the nowness, revel!

Blossoms aplenty, naive
Letting the vital deep dive
Roots thine nourishing the turf
Whilst surrendering merrily too, the scurf
Pervasive sagacity let thrive!

Away flap the winged sages
Unto another strophe flip too the pages
Culminates one, commences another sojourn
As though to let the wheel of life into motion
Gross to subtle thaws too the frozen!

Seeker reuniting with the sought
Yet, lessons merely self-taught
Veils up build, veils off fall
The poets as though to enthrall
The combers through thine pitter patter when ponder

The hearts in silence letting commune
For, to be felt needs no words the rune
Turns before the morn unto the noon
Unto the ambits of the dusk how else the pageants attune
Body unto mind, mind unto soul, soul unto the spirit and the yonder!

The mesmerising silhouettes spells cast
Carefree of the future and the past
Seem to afloat the ferry with thine mast
All in its time
Hath thine own beatific riddle, each rhyme

As though to let be a pawn in the mime
Yet, brook to shift the paradigm
Seamless coursed the river
To acknowledge thine giver
Live giving, the onlooker to beseech

The other helping, each
The Holy Grail reach
For, the ranch isn't the Home
Low or high, teensy or vast the dome
Reckons not whence befalls the quietus

Breaths begets too the hiatus
The stifle amidst the notes as renders the music
On goes whence the clock to tick
Hands long or short, built thin or thick
As to act merely hath right, not unto the denouement

Of the chronograph, the clock a segment
Hours passed a figment
To set forth the divine intent
To let not the mortals slacken
Unto the immortality, to awaken

To not fitter away and wrestle
Amidst the hustle bustle
The storms too witnessing, unscathed nestle
As denies not unto the firmament
The lilac whence thine derma ruthlessly slit

A garland unto the unseen Supreme be knit
Light thine let extinguish, lamp elsewhere to (be) lit
As though were remitting an unknown debt
Whilst winds harsh unceasingly swept
Wounds inflicting the boors callously crept

The sores a strength unto the adept
As though, the orison to invoke
Goes the fire with smoke
As the ablutions off cast
The grime to rid, unto thine reverie abide steadfast

To reignite the faded spark
The thunders too strike through the dark
Thine divinity to let revive, the Clark
For, voyages new to embark
And heavenly ties with the deep blue to reconcile!

To merge, seem to gesture the isle
From complexity to simplicity
From impurities unto purity
From the self unto the Self
Towards Infinity, another mile!

Sailaja Devaguptapu

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1. During the Heartfulness practice of rejuvenation, it is affirmed that one is cleaned from complexities and impurities. And simplicity and purity are restored.