

Dr. Shuddhananda
Bharati

The Poet's Forum
Kavi Arangam

Artistic renderings of sweet experiences



ASSA
Editions

Editor's Notes

There are several flowers and fruits in the literary grove of Shuddhananda Bharati that attract attention. We are publishing these treasures - from the great epic poem *Bharata Shakti* to simple poems for children, dividing them into 20 anthologies. We are presenting *The Poet's Forum* to you.

Kavi Yogi has experienced God in nature and merged with him in ecstasy. *The Poet's Forum* is the artistic renderings of his sweet experiences. Kavi Yogi explains to us about poetry's birth, blossoming, grace, temptations, growth, ripening, its value to human life and its benefits to the world, with unique artistry. The whole book is rendered like a painting of words of his insight. It includes his poetic dreams. This anthology is called *The Poet's Forum* because he had read all these poems in many forums and a number of radio stations in the world. His idea of purity and equality in art is taking shape in this book.

It is a real pleasure for me to present *The Poet's Forum* to you. We have much to learn from this wonderful text! Thank you to Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *The Poet's Forum* to us.

With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*.

Christian Piaget

Courage!

*The night is through,
The chain of slavery
It is already broken -
I am full of courage!*

*Peace in the morning,
A golden sun rises
Like a lion superhuman
To accomplish my dream.*

*A hopeful smile,
Docile as a child
Who plays in the infinite
With a fiery star.*

*My journey is over;
I enjoy time;
The universe is my nest;
Of eternal spring.*

Song of Unity

*Unite. Unite, Unite, Oh Souls
Unite and play your roles
Unite in mind, unite in heart
Unite in whole, unite in part
Like words and tunes and sense in song
Let East and West unite and live long
Trees are many; the grove is one
Branches are many; tree is one
Shores are many; sea is one
Limbs are many; body is one
Bodies are many; self is one
Stars are many; sky is one
Flowers are many; honey is one
Pages are many; book is one
Thoughts are many; thinker is one
Tastes are many; taster is one
Actors are many; the drama is one
Nations are many; the world is one
Religions are many; Truth is one
The wise are many; Wisdom is one
Beings are many; breath is one
Classes are many; college is one
Find out this One behind the many
Then life shall enjoy peaceful harmony*

Peace Anthem

*Peace for all, peace for all
For all the countries peace
Joy for all, joy for all
For all the nations joy
A rosy morning peace
A smiling summer joy (Peace for all)*

*All for each and each for all
This is the golden rule
Life and Light and Love for all
For all that live our love (Peace for all)*

*Work and food and clothes for all
Equal status for all
Health and home and school for all
A happy world for all (Peace for all)*

*No idle rich, no more beggars
All are equal workers
No more tears, no more fears
The heart is full of cheers (Peace for all)*

*No atom scare, no fat mammon
No room for war demon
Like leaves in trees, like rays in the sun
We are one communion,
One Divine communion (Peace for all)*

*The good in you is good for all
Your life is life for all
The God in you is God for all
Your love is love for all (Peace for all)*

*For he or she or it or rest
This collective life is best
This Universal Life is best
North or South, or East or West (Peace for all)*

*Peace for plants and birds and beasts
For hills and streams and woods
Peace in Home - land and air and sea
Dynamic peace we see*

Peace for all, peace for all

Immortal Peace for All



Presentation of Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

11th May 1897 – 7th March 1990

The wise one to the cosmic age

Although more than 90 years old, in his school in the south of India, *Kavi Yogi Maharishi* (great divine visionary, wise poet), Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati worked like a young man of twenty. When he was asked his age, he answered: "My age is Courage!" The Yogi wrote several hundred works in English, French, Tamil, Hindi, Telugu and Sanskrit; five thousand songs, and fifteen hundred poems in French. The magnum opus of the man conscious of the presence of God in him, *Bharata Shakti*, (in 50,000 verses) described his ideal: only One Humanity living in communion with only One God in a transformed world! *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental and unique work. The Yogi depicts the essence of all the religions, of all the prophets and saints, all the approaches of yoga and all the cultures on an allegorical fabric. It is a book for any age which all spiritual researchers and all nations should read and meditate on. His commitment is summarized in his book celebrating his life, *Pilgrim Soul*. The three poems mentioned in the opening express perfectly his ideal. His mantra, *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*, nourishes our souls and guides our steps toward the inner joy *Ananda*. It means: The light of Grace and power of the pure supreme Almighty bless us of peace, happiness and prosperity! Let the beauty and greatness of soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda bloom and scent the entire Earth of its divine message and his spiritual and unifying benefactor!

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Shuddhananda's

Poet's Forum

1. Goddess of art

In the poets' forum of the arena of the world
We perceived refreshing beauties
In the fields, the musical instruments were tuned
From the forest, intoxicating sounds of flute were heard
On the mountains, people enacted plays
At the seaside, drums were beating loudly
In deserts, people sang songs of chaste Tamil
The sea at Kanyakumari jumped happily, beating waves
The songs of "Sangam Tamil" sounded brightly
The fragrant breeze was spreading the songs far and wide.
While the songs and plays of people, nature and life
Filled the air,
The goddess of art beckoned the poet
To come to the hall of audience.
"Please listen to the feasts of poetry hosted by
The great versatile poets."
Vyasa, Valmiki, Homer, Kalidasa
Kamban, Dante and Virgil
Composed great epics;
After Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Racine,
Victor Hugo, Goethe and other
Great poets of the past
Poured out magnificent poetry,
The goddess of art wondered

Whether there was no more poetry to be heard.
Searching in both the directions;
Those who were wearing ornaments sang tune Thud,
Those who were covered with shawls sang tune Sahana.
The voice of jealousy gave a false note
The voice of flattery scattered away abuses
The great glorious talented poets
Voiced: "No more poetry now."
The goddess of art, upset, asked in a sad voice
"Kamban sang like the spate of the Cauvery River,
Ilango sounded the *Silambu* with sweet melody,
Arunagiri sang in the style of a cascading waterfall,
Thiru Manikkavachakar sang sweetly like dripping honey,
Bharathiar roared like the sound of victory drum,
The king of poets Ravindranath was there -
All of them lived in the land
Where now the divine embers of
Knowledge were dying;
Why so? The goddess of art
Lamented to the almighty God."

The sage poet

"Oh goddess of art, I, a creative thinker,
Have come to you as a tired, disappointed son
After searching in vain for true love."
Thus saying, a sage stood in front of her.

Starting of a movement

The goddess of art looked at him
He had a growth of beard and whiskers, a body

Lean and tired with arduous penance, a fatigued look
Which came with hard work and little rest,
A flame of intelligence, deep, wide eyes,
A mellow voice like flute which soothed the listeners.
She peered at the poet with great concentration and asked:
“Where were you so long, where had you disappeared?
You have come after people have forgotten you
Oh the poet who made *Bharata Shakti!*
Tell me your story and start to sing again.”
What did the new poet say?
“I am a poor man, who has sung poems
In praise of God, a loner who has lived and wandered
with sages,
An orphan who has no one
To care for in the world. Oh mother!
I have had plenty of experiences around the world
But have never attained praise or glory,
A loner who searches for a secluded spot
In woods and mountain caves
For doing penance. All my songs are
In praise of God, hearing your voice I
Came here: the nectar of wisdom!
What is your command for me?”

The goddess of art

“Oh poet, I understand you.
From the age of eight you were inspired to write poems,
Learnt a number of languages, studied a number of religions,
Served the public, the good old poet!
Quiet and disciplined for years, acquiring the gifts of God,

Came here, the creative genius!
A movement is starting for you.”

Poet’s five objects

“Oh mother, the nectar of love, the eternal fruit!
I have five ideals
For which I live and breathe:
Without differences in caste and religion
All mankind to live in harmony and love,
Disciplined in mind, body and soul.
Uniting the human race of the world
To live in fraternity in a new world
With genuine love for each other
From the sentiments wishing to live freely with
The pure soul which lies inside us.
The brightly blossoming equality,
To achieve balanced discipline in all fields
Among mankind,
To make them attain the highest goal,
I sang and sought your blessings
Oh Mother! Grant me an organisation.”

New awakening

The munificent goddess, mellowed to my request,
Showed me a dwelling beautifully built
In the pleasant grove of ‘renaissance’ and said:
“Live here alone doing penance, write poetry,
Create pictures of ideas aesthetically
Giving a new awakening and bringing common good to

The whole universe. One day the world will perceive,
And understand the unique attractive poems
In the palace of art, of the time goddess;
That will be the day when you too will attain
immortality.
Your name will be cherished,
Your spirit of equality will succeed.
Be brave and spirited.
This message will become true today.”

2. What is poetry?

The voice of the soul

In the picturesque orchard where
Rows and rows of flowers bloom
Bunches of luscious fruits abound
Our mother had set a stage for poetry,
Asked learned men to explain
What is poetry; I will do the job of
Gathering and explaining the poets' ideas:
The voice was sweet like cuckoo
The words were repeated like parrot
The style graceful like a peacock's stutter
Where could you find such profound knowledge?
The poet's immortal spring rises from
The sweet vibrations of sound
Produced by the musical instruments;
Even a cuckoo will be inspired and poetry will flow
From its heart if flute is played.
True poetry is the talent to paint a beautiful picture

In the small space at the end of a peacock's feather
It is immortal poetry which is the voice of the soul
Of the song that outlives the singer.

Poetry! Poetry!

The beauty of the surroundings in the season
The honey sweet tunes of the summer bee
The drama enacted by thunder and lightning in the sky
The melodious rhythm of pouring rain
The sound of the waterfall, the sparrow's flight
The voice of the ocean - all are poetry.
The wide space of the silent sky
Where planets mingle, separate
And circle, poetry blossomed
While time enacted plays;
Poetry is born in the dark sky where
Millions of stars go in a procession and merge
With the rising light of the sun.
Poetry is the blossoming flower of the earth
Poetry could perceive the world in eyes;
In the heart of the poet who had become blind
A poem was conceived in wonderful manner.
This spirited heart was the fertile grove of poetry
The knowledge which had become Iliad in the poor being
Is the natural spring of poetry.

The immortal poetry

There is sentiment in human heart
There is electricity in flood

There is feeling in life
Poetry is the result of the tender mingling
Of heightened range of feelings.
The ripe mango is sought, not for its
Golden skin but for the taste
Just like the sweetness of honey is hidden
Poetry too lies inside life.
It ripens in seclusion by the grace of God
Settles down with the taste of the soul
It is sweet like coconut water
Poetry is created by the great minds
Whoever they be, whatever the language
Time or place, all of them are eternal
Poets who will live,
Longer than the world, Oh mother!

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Editions ASSA
Grand'Rue 180 – 1454 L'Auberson – Switzerland
Phone : +41 (0) 24 454 47 07
Fax : +41 (0) 24 454 47 77
Email : info@editions-assa.ch
Web : www.editions-assa.ch
