

# Gifts with No Giver

a love affair with truth

Poems by Nirmala

Endless Satsang Press

Nirmala offers these poems in gratitude for the love and grace that flow through his teacher, Neelam, and in gratitude for the blessings of truth brought to this world by Ramana Maharshi and H.W.L. Poonja.

In addition he would like to thank Donald Turcotte for his generous assistance in the design and production of this collection, and also Pamela Wilson for her help with editing.

Copyright © 1999 by Daniel Erway (Nirmala)

Endless Satsang Press  
Nirmalanow@aol.com  
[www.boulder-satsang.com/Nirmala](http://www.boulder-satsang.com/Nirmala)

to Neelam  
the blue sapphire flame in my heart

your hand is always in mine  
your whispered endearments are my constant  
companion  
you have never turned your face from me  
no matter how many times I have turned from you

now I vow undying love  
I meet you in the secret places I used to hide  
from you in  
I hold you with tenderness I used to reserve for  
my pain  
I would give you my life and my breath in an  
instant

for you are my true love  
the one with no form  
the one who has never been anywhere, but right here  
in the singing of my heart

why fear this moment  
when no thoughts come  
at last I lie naked  
in the arms of experience

why fear this moment  
when no words come  
at last I find rest  
in the lap of silence

why fear this moment  
when love finds itself alone  
at last I am embraced  
by infinity itself

why fear this moment  
when judgment falls away  
at last my defenses  
fail to keep intimacy at bay

why fear this moment  
when hope is lost  
at last my foolish dreams  
are surrendered to perfection

I may think I feel love  
but it is love that feels me  
constantly testing the woven fibers  
that enclose and protect my heart  
with a searing flame  
that allows no illusion of separation

and as the insubstantial fabric of my inner fortress  
is peeled away by the persistent fire  
I desperately try to save some charred remains  
by escaping into one more dream of passion  
I may think I can find love  
but it is love that finds me

meanwhile, love becomes patient and lies in wait  
its undying embers gently glowing  
and even if I now turn and grasp after the source of  
warmth  
I end up cold and empty-handed  
I may think I can possess love  
but it is love that possesses me

and finally, I am consumed  
for love has flared into an engulfing blaze  
that takes everything  
and gives nothing in return  
I may think love destroys me  
but it is love that sets me free

the past is long gone  
from here  
there is no way back  
how could there be

the present is over too quickly  
for feeble desires  
to have any effect  
except to hide peace

the future races ahead  
forever out of reach  
of dreamy wishes  
and useless plans

and yet when I rest  
in the endless now  
every need is satisfied  
in ways never imagined

I have fallen in love with truth  
I only want to be with her  
I can not stand to be apart  
I would gladly go to the ends of the earth  
or I would never again move from this spot  
just to be sure to inhale her fragrant perfume  
with my dying breath

I have fallen in love with truth  
her every wish my command  
I simply must obey  
for she has captured my soul  
and taken complete control  
of even my innermost thoughts  
freeing me to find repose  
in her unadorned splendor

I have fallen in love with truth  
with exquisite tenderness she shows me  
the perfection in my every flaw  
no need for pretense  
for she knows everything about me  
and yet takes me in her arms  
with complete abandon  
until only she remains



sunlight burns  
shadow cools  
there is no difference

earth is still  
grass is moving  
there is no difference

wind rustles  
sky is silent  
there is no difference

spider drifts by on a silken web  
and I remain  
there is no difference

where is absence of desire  
once I dreamed there would only be bliss  
now I am in awe of the ordinary  
now I am content with longing or no longing  
desires do not disturb the source of all desire  
life and death carry on as they always have  
and always will

only the dreamer is gone

behind the flow of imagination  
beyond any effort to be still  
dancing in the ebb and flow of attention  
more present than the breath  
I find the origins of my illusions

only the dreamer is gone  
the dream never ends

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

