

Padmapadan

Separation from him is unbearable.
I am no padmapada for lotus to bloom at every
Let me hide these untamed tears
Under the pretext of bowing to my master's feet.
No flood of tears daunted me
While the sunlight of his love
Flowed through the entire world.
When I stepped hearkening to his call
Blossoming lotuses popped up to support my feet-
Was it my excellence that performed that feat?
Oh preceptor of Dharma! you have nourished me
both as father and as father and as mother.
How am I to sustain myself in a world
That has dropped down, severed from you?
You, my index finger! let your tip
Ever remain pressed softly to the thumb.
Let the beam of my love
Remain focused on what is yet to be
Till the end, till the very end.

*Translated by
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