

# WORSHIP

***Aum ...***

At the feet of the Good and Wise Lord I bow down full of adoration ... You are the breath and soul of the immeasurable universe, which you penetrate into every fiber, every atom and every energy particle ...

You, Wise Lord, are the Unnamable Reality ...

You are the breath and the pregnant juices that penetrate our Mother Earth ...

You are the Living Reality ...

You are the Elusive Germ of Life ...

You are the Cosmic Consciousness ...

You are the Originator, the Inspirer and the Destroyer of all that seems to exist and which is nothing but Your Form of Appearance, in which You play with Yourself in the timeless Time of the spaceless Space as the causeless Cause of the effectless Effect ...

You cannot be named, and yet each of the countless names is Your Name ...

You cannot be seen, and yet each of the infinite manifestations is Your Form ...

You cannot be heard, and yet the universe breathes Your Voice ...

You cannot be felt, and yet I only come into contact with you, wherever I turn ...

It is impossible to prove Your Existence and yet all the powers used to show or deny

You are only Your Power ...

O Good and Wise Lord, unlock my dark intellect ...

Touch my eyes and make them seeing ...

Touch my ears and make them hear ...

Unlock all my sleeping senses so that I only can see, hear, and feel You ...

Take away the veil that encompasses my spirit so that I may follow, serve and worship

You in the purifying Light that is Yours ...

Take away everything that is incidental and place me face to face with Your Essence, so that I, serving You, I may not lose myself in all kinds of incidentals ...

Let Your Shining Face be my Guide, my Beacon ...

Glory to the Unnamable, Who is my Father and my Mother, Who is my Beloved and my Friend and Who is my Self, closer than my garment, closer than my breath and closer than the beating of my heart ...

***Aum ... !***



**Ātma Muni**

(Edited version from:  
"India my Country",  
Book 3, Part 13)