

# Dadaji Speaks

(A self-interlocution)

by  
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Credulous tongues have packed the air  
With Ostentatious chant and prayer  
Void of heart-contact with the lip  
And sacred show of river-dip,  
Burning of incense at the shrine  
By way of bribe to the Divine –  
Imprisoned souls of humans can't  
Be fried by worship, prayer and chant  
Heart-quiet rootedness within  
Alone absolves the stain of sin,  
Alone without the need to pray,  
Clears the deep dark and shows the way,  
A way out of blind darkness, and  
Proves that withinness is the hand,  
The only hand of the Divine  
Exiling sense of yours and mine;  
Beyond the need of temple-gongs,  
Beating of cymbals, sacred songs  
All that is born is Holy Birth;

Heaven is reborn upon the earth  
With all that any mother's womb  
Creates between a gloom and gloom,  
Creates between a glow and glow  
To keep up the world's passing show.

External worship is a grim  
Insulting travesty of Him,  
At the hearts core the dark unknown  
Sits all alone, sits all alone  
On an unpublished jeweled throne,  
Sad at the millions in whose breast  
He finds a seeking which, at best,  
Is but a blind external quest.

Take my advice I have been sent  
To you as God's own Instrument  
Precise and certain – which at ease,  
Keeps solving earth's uncertainties.  
Unraveling man's complexities.

The light that works in me sublime  
Does not belong to space or time,

I'm here amidst you, to fulfill  
Its dark design, mysterious will,  
If you would know me you must know  
That, amidst all, I come and go.  
Even as I go and come with all  
That comes and goes and goes and comes  
Between the dawn and evenfall;  
I am fulfillment, of his call  
Who has dispatched me to this earth  
Without the blare of fifes and drums  
Has sent me to bridge death and birth,  
Look at me! I am just a man  
Who have been since the world began,  
I am not extra-ordinary, I'm  
Lone representative of time  
Born of the timeless; even as you  
Could be if you would let me through  
The gateway of your being but  
The gateway seems forever shut  
Yet, it is not! I'm here to see  
That it shall open unto me  
Who have arrived in human form  
To take the sleeping world by storm.  
Through me the Dark Divine is out,  
To make the doubter doubt his doubt;  
The credulous to reach a state  
Of faith, majestic, calm and great!  
I've come here with a mighty mission  
To smash the chains of superstition.  
If you would care to understand  
Who I truly am, let your hand  
Not tremble when it touches mine:  
God never drew a severing line  
Twixt me and you. The moon and sun  
Are witness that I am the one  
Who broke unto the many, just  
To bridge the planets with dust.

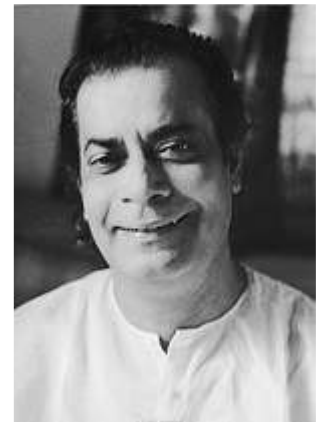
I am the One who am but one  
Of multitudes who breathe, and run  
The business of the angels; though  
You do not know, you do not know,  
Each one of you are all divine

Beyond the need of temple shrine,  
And temple – bells and temple smells  
Of fragrant incense; Gaze on me!

I am your Immortality!  
The naked soul within me loathes  
The cunningness of saffron clothes  
That with their colour comes to stress  
Publicity of holiness,

I've come here to fulfill the task  
Of tearing off mask after mask,  
Until of them no trace be left,  
But the true human face be left  
Shining with light of centuried skies  
God-wonder beaming from its eyes.

Yes, I am Dadaji, I am  
An inwardness, that never knew  
The least small shadow stain of sham:  
Lo! You are I and I am you.



Dadaji