

Twelve Months of Separation

– The Bara Maha –

TWELVE MONTHS OF SEPARATION

- THE BARA MAHA -

BY KIRPAL SINGH,
ADDRESSED TO HAZUR SAWAN SINGH



Hazur Sawan Singh, I., together
with Kirpal Singh, r.



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– The Bara Maha by Kirpal Singh¹ –
ADDRESSED TO BABA SAWAN SINGH

I

With the dawn of *Chet*, my heart grows sad, it is so since I lost my Beloved; I prayed and prayed, but to no effect, and all my efforts were in vain; the Beautiful One did not turn back but went away, He did not listen to all my entreaties and persuasions. Woe betide the day I loved You, oh Beloved, the day when our eyes met.

II

Vaisakh has come and You are not with me. The fire of separation is all-consuming, Love has only brought travail, and no happiness for me. As a separated dove cries in pain, so do I over my lot. Without You the homestead has grown desolate, and fear stalks me within and without.

1 Following His initiation in 1924, Kirpal had a vision of the passing away of His Master – twenty-one years before the actual event. This anguished experience inspired the twelve eclogues in Punjabi translated here.

The twelve months mentioned in these eclogues follow the Indian Calendar. *Chet*, the first of the months listed, concludes on 12th April – the month in which Hazur was to go.



III

With *Jeth* the separation has been quite long; the eyes grow weary looking for You. Give me a glance of Grace and bless my humble dwelling with Your presence; or else send word when You would come, for day and night I keep a vigil for You; without You there is none to befriend me and I have no other support or anchor.

IV

With the coming of *Haar* the world looks dreary and my heart is ravaged with anguish. Meet me but once, oh Beloved! I have long been suffering from separation had I known I would be cheated thus I would have kept away from Love. You have made me desolate, oh Love! Such is the cruel decree of God.

V

Sagan has come, and the separation is unbearable – in anguish, I perpetually call on You; restless like a fish I suffer day and night. My life has been a prey to sorrows. Will no one suggest a cure? As I lie desolate on your threshold, oh Beloved, I vainly call on death to free me from the tyranny of separation.

VI

With *Bhadon*, providence continues me on evil days and I can find no cure or remedy. All my hopes remain unfructified. My fate is cruel and it has not befriended me. Living in bliss, my Beloved has



been taken away from me and none has found for me a remedy. I have tried a thousand ways, oh Love, But there is no escape from the chains of sorrow.

VII

In *Asuj*, I live yearning for You and I burn in the fire of separation. Having enmeshed me in Your Love, wherefore have you gone? Oh my Beloved, You have proved a great cheat. I am restless like a half burnt thing consumed thus with the flames of separation. Who can alter the writ of God, oh Beloved? I am stricken with the pen of fate.

VIII

In *Katik*, I spin out my days wailing in sorrow. None have I to befriend me in this plight. When my Friend has left for His Eternal Home life for me has become a great burden. I find my life beguiled into sorrow and I am as one who is neither living nor dead. I wander asking of You, Beloved, and they treat me as one who went mad.

IX

In *Maghar*, my life is in torment for my Beloved has gone, leaving no clue. All my hopes being singed, I know not where to go. I seek for one who can give me His address. You have left me a cripple, a prey to all torments. I could hardly dream that I would be a wretch like this. Attend to my condition at once, oh Beloved, for my life now hovers on the brink.



X

Poh has brought in its own misfortunes. In deep sorrow I am crying in separation. Whosoever has lost his all he bewails his loss continually. Those who weep away all the time, restlessly they wander the world over. Oh my Lord, wistfully I wait for You and sitting with my sorrowing fellows look for You.

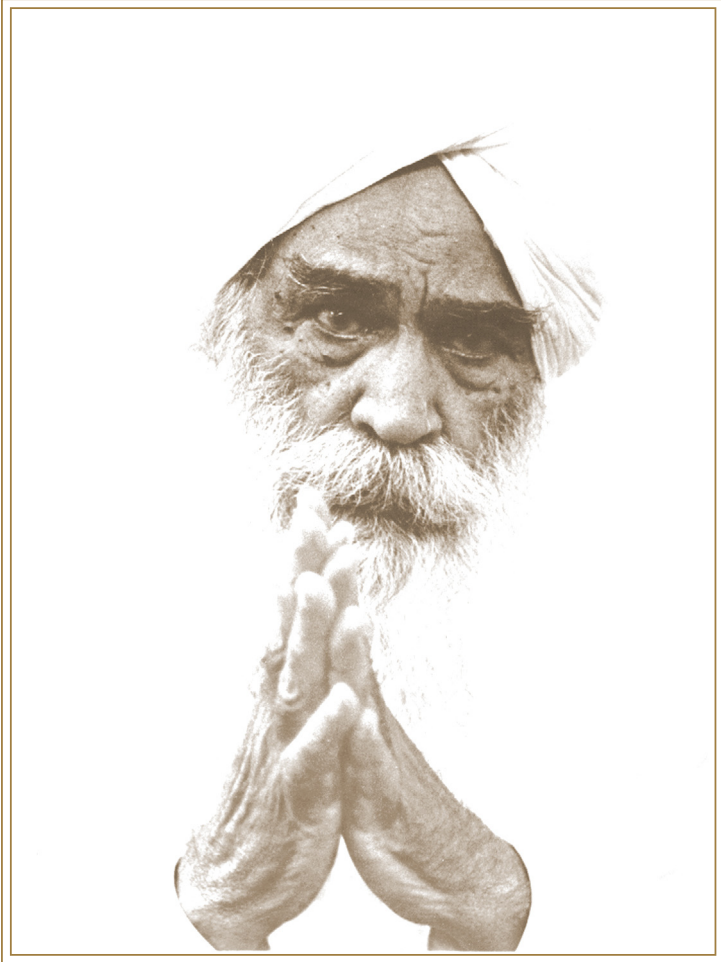
XI

In *Magh*, I painfully await You, oh Beloved! Broken, I have lost all hope of meeting You. Day and night I yearn to see You. Why don't You call me unto You? In utter despair, I pray for death. Yet through these tortures I see death nowhere. With whom can I share what I suffer, oh my Love, now that You are no longer with me?

XII

Phagan has bled me white and there is no hope for me to survive. I still dwell on You – oh come but once for life now seems bereft from the body. When the angel of death comes to take his toll he would not grant a moment's respite! When dying, let me behold You but once, Beloved, let me see Your radiant face, whether I am deserving or not.





Kirpal Singh

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Hazur Sawan Singh, l., together with Kirpal Singh, r.



Oh Beloved Sawan

Thy sight, oh Sawan, gives light to the eyes, Thy Love takes the soul through space immeasurable, Thy memory, oh Beloved, remains fresh with us all the time.

The entire nature, with suns and moons, is envious of Thee. All the flowers and buds and the cypresses tall rival Thee, in vain. Beautiful is Thy form, ravishingly enchanting is Thy sweet smile.

Thou art a sure guide to all on the Path of Salvation, Thou art a fountainhead of bubbling Love for all and sundry; the words of wisdom, chase away pain and affliction, those who take Thy name get absorbed in Ecstasy Divine.

Thou art an endless ocean of beauty and Grace, oh Master. Thou art an ever-expanding flood of Light, oh Lord Thou art Light embodied for all in the sea of life, Thou art the lighted Lamp unto our feet, here and hereafter.

Thou art a living embodiment of compassion, beauty and Grace. Thy light steps are faster than sound and light. Even the grandeur itself bows low before Thee.

The Grace of Thy face puts the blooming rose garden to shame, a Beloved with all humility, Thou hast a dignity that is life inspiring, every act of Thine enlivens the soul and enriches the heart.

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Thine eyes have a superb Divine Intoxication in them, the hermits too try to picture Thy glances over and over again. Thou art a centripetal force for the lovers and a source of loving affection, Thou art an altar for the helpless and a consoler for the forlorn, Thou art the living abode of chastity and naive simplicity, Thou art a merciful guide to the deluded persons steeped in sins.

A look at Thee, oh Beloved, makes one feel that nature herself has expended all her charms on Thee.

Thy words sink into the hearts like firing darts, every act of Thine is but an opener of eyes, the charming talk descends like lightning, the whole creation is ready to make an offering at Thy feet.

Thy teachings, oh dearest of the dear, are nectar for all, the Word made flesh, Thou hast come with a call Home-wards; he, who looks at Thee is irresistibly drawn unto Thee. Even the strangers in their strangeness cannot but acclaim Thee.

How can Thy memory fade away as we live? Thy form shall return even ere death shall come, not a living soul would, but flutter like a moth round Thee, not even an anchorite would, but fall in Love with Thee.

Kirpal Singh

Source: Sat Sandesh July 1968.



Naam is available for all those truly longing to reach God. With the Grace of the one God and the God working through our Master Kirpal Singh, initiation into Sant Mat, the Surat Shabd Yoga, is still nowadays given as a free gift.

So, whoever believes in the gospel of the Unity of Man, may ask for initiation!

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