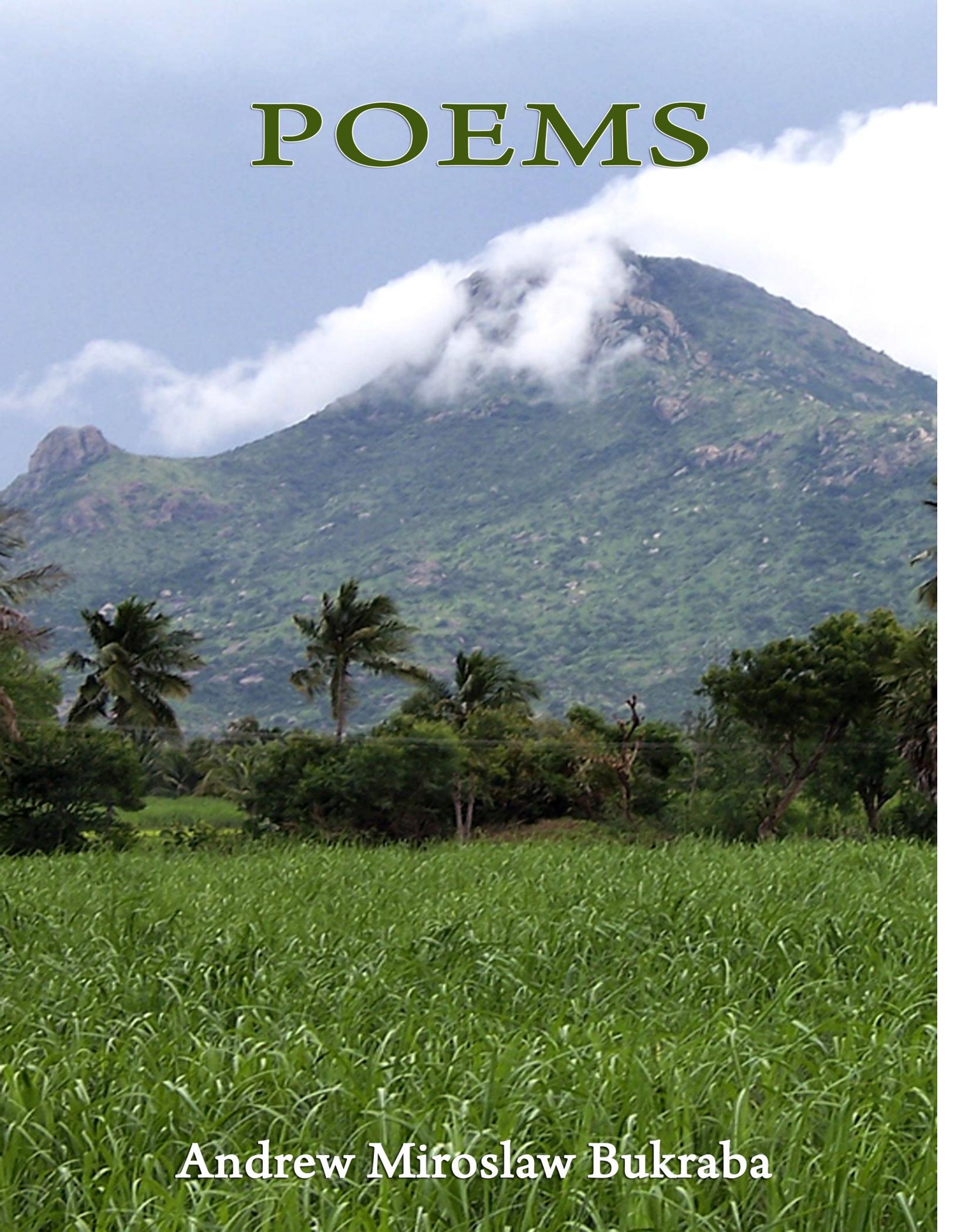


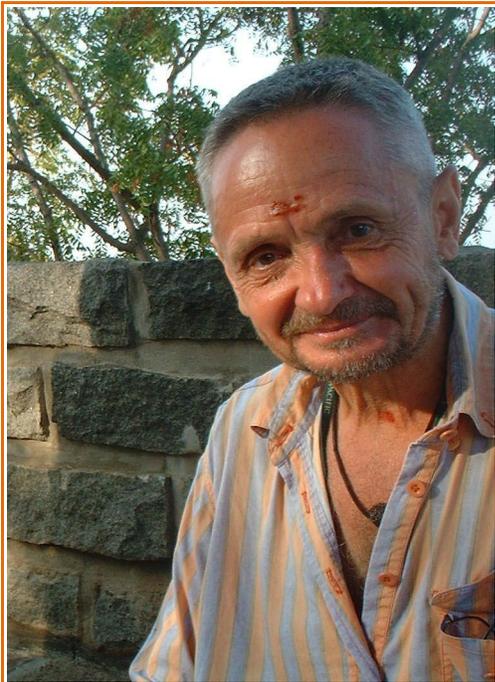
POEMS



Andrew Miroslaw Bukraba

Who is The Author?

His real name is Traveler because, for many incarnations, he was traveling in search of the Only Truth. Recently, though, people are calling him – Andrew, so possibly he is Andrew. Some call him Rascal, so he must be one, at least for now. He is also known as Woodpecker because this was his last profession. One foggy night he had a dream. He was living in a cave with his wife and fifteen naughty children. His body was hairy and very muscular. He was hunting by day and at night tried to procreate more children, as survival to adulthood was rare due to having a fierce dragon – man eater – for a neighbor. The following morning, when he woke up a thought crossed his mind. ‘In a dream I was a cave-man, in my present life I was once called a child, then a student, then an officer, then a husband, an employee, a refugee, a tradesman. What is this unchangeable ‘I am’ to which are attached all those ‘labels’ and names? Now I am not a child, not a student, not an officer but actually I, myself, now and then always was and am the same.’ So he decided, following the advice of the Sage of Arunachala, Sri Ramana Maharshi, to discover who he really is.



Andrew Miroslaw Bukraba a.k.a. Traveler a.k.a. Raskal a.k.a. Woodpecker – was born in 1944 in Lithuania, in a town known as ‘Rome of the North’ – Wilno (Vilnius) - in a family from the clan Gasztold bearing the crest Szeliga Odmienny. One of his ancestors came to Poland from Asia: a general who defeated Genghis Khan. After being knighted by the King, he was appointed for life as Podskarbi Koronny (Minister of Finance of Polish Kingdom). He was the first big landlord in Europe who granted freedom to his feudal subjects and divided his land equally among each of them.

Andrew graduated in Poland with a Masters Degree in Soil Science. In the Polish Army he was a commander of a tank platoon. After his studies he worked at the University, Polish Academy of Science, and later for the government both Provincial and Central. He worked and lived in eight countries – hot and cold, and visited, on his search for the Truth, many more. He is an experienced rock climber and mountaineer, pistol, rifle and AK-47 machine-gun marksman at Olympic level, but recently only shooting at sport targets. He is also a high mountains skier and martial arts fan; a life-long hobby that has served him very well, when needed, in a few difficult situations.

He emigrated illegally to Sweden escaping the clutches of Communism, then moved to England and later got permission to settle in Australia. Throughout his entire life he has been a free and uncompromising seeker of the Truth, and he still is. He is a writer of short stories and poems. He spent a few years in an Indian Hindu ashram, and now lives in South India. He is still thinking where to go next.

Woodpecker, Traveler, Raskal or Andrew can be reached by ‘CONTACT’ page on his website:
<http://bukraba.wix.com/woodpecker-traveler>

POEMS

© 2013. Andrew M. Bukraba – Traveler

2013 FREE edition.

“Siddha Wisdom Trust” - Tiruvannamalai. INDIA



MUKTI GEETA

Salutations to me
Wonderful I am.
Through the renunciation
Of this Universe
Tranquil I am.
I am FREE.
Wonderful I am.
Salutations to my Self.
From My mind the world is born
In Me it exists
As long as I think.
But I do not want to think!
I like only to exist,
To abide in my SELF,
Just to be!
Salutations to me.
To me who is HIM,
To HIM who is ME.
Wonderful I am.
Adoration to my SELF.
I own nothing
And yet all is mine.
Salutations to me.
To me who is HIM,
To HIM who is ME.
Wonderful I am.
Adoration to my SELF.
I own nothing
And yet all is mine.
I see no duality.
I am neither bound nor free.
I am who I am.
Salutations to me.

YOU AND ME

Diving in the abyss of the black holes
I explode in cascades of light
In super novas.
Changing forms, I play
In all dimensions of Existence.
Space is contained in me,
Time I created as an illusion
To make the game more fascinating.
I am the Eternal
Changing, I am unchangeable.
I am alone.
Nothing exists as separate from me.
I am the essence of all substances.
I am the life in all life forms.
I am the light in the suns
And the darkness in the nights.
I am the cold in the interplanetary space
And the heat in the fire.
I am the feeling of surrender in love
And the feeling of possessiveness in hatred.
I am the doer of all – always doing nothing.
I am FREE!
I have neither beginning nor will I have an end.
I am also in him who writes these words
For myself.
Even you are really not you!
You are me!
Wake up! Try to see, to experience.
Do not dream anymore.
Just watch the play.
Just BE.
Be in now.
Only Now is real.
Ignore the time – and it will disappear!
You are already FREE
Because you are ME!!
You were never bound,
You only have, for a while, forgotten your identity!
In this dimension, we are playing now,
It is most difficult
To find the way back home
To ME!
It is a trip to the innermost SELF of you,
To ME!
The distance is enormous
Because it is mental only.
Overcome the mind limitations:
Attachments, desires and identifications
And you are instantly there

As I never was away!
Dwelling everywhere – I reside in you, too.
I am only waiting.
I do not care.
I can wait for millennia.
Time does not limit ME
As I am HIM who created time.
But why wait?
Do it now!
Stop painting the pictures
On the screen of space!
Open your eyes!
You are thirsty, being fully immersed in water.
Wake up and drink, drink, drink...
Your birthright is to be drunk from the Bliss.
Your duty is to realize your true identity!!
To live again as ME
To BE, BE, BE

I LOVE YOU TO LOVE

I love you for all the women I have known.

I love you for all the times we were
Not together.

And for the vastness of space
And for the music of Silence,
And for the lost hope and for the pain.
I love you to love.

I love you for the past and for the future
But I love you now!
I love you for all those years
We were apart.

And for the scent of Indian air
And for burning sun and for pouring rain.
I love you to love.

I love you for our children, which never were born.
And for the graves on our road
And for Autumn winds and new life in the Spring.
I love you to love.

I love you for the rainbows giving hope to others.
I love you for many sunsets
Which we couldn't see together.
I love you for the freedom to love.

I love you to love.

I love you because you are you.
I love you because just in you
I can see my own reflection.

Thanks to you I was able
To break through
The wall of my mirror
And to realize
That all that I can see is only illusion...

And I learned to forget
And I learned to remember....

I love you because such Love is The Way
I love you because This Way is Our Way.
I love you to love...

A CYCLE

I tilled plains' fertile immensity
Big-eared donkeys I had been raising
And I was fishing as my fathers did
Galilean Sea abyss-unruly.

Ashes of my body as a plant's food
Returned to the soil
Of beloved country which has given us
So many prophets.

Let Sabra, when getting married
Remember to plant a flower
And let it grow in the dust of this Sacred Land
To help her to contemplate for a while.

Let her understand this simple truth:
That she is now, what I was before
And she will become, for sure, what I am now.
This is a natural cycle of events.

But did I disappear?
Did I cease to exist?
Then who is whistling as a wind
Between heroic Masada ruins?
Then who is laughing
When she laughs?

I am, pervading all Creation
Changing, I never change.
So, I continue to live
In all Existence, in you all
Though nameless
Having many names...

MUSING

O, dearest Palestine
Ages already passed
Since we left you
In search of the Highest.
But who can have a doubt?
Our bond is still strong!
And life returns
When we are tired
And drink grape juice
From the Jordan Valley
Listening to eternal tones:
Hava nagila, hava...
Do you still exist
Caves, which served us as a home?
O Sacred Language
And rows of so well-known marks:
Alef, bet, gimel...
Do you still praise God
As you did before?
You have been rolled
Precious papyrus
Which we have written
To prove our existence
And to preserve our lofty thoughts.
Is it now so important?
From dust we have emerged
And again become dust only
That the winds of the desert move freely.
O, Palestine
The Way to the Cross,
The place of fulfillment of time.
We would like so much once more...
But somehow we doubt
That we ever will...
O, Palestine
Let all be as it is.
HIS will must be our only wish.
O, Palestine...

WHAT CAN I WANT?

What can I want?
When all is given
What fate can ever grant.
I live, because He wants so
But I am ready
To drop it all
And to go...
On His whisper, on His call.
And when I will go, where can I go?
In all of you I will continue to live hidden
In everything that is around.
I will howl as a wind,
I will snow as white flakes,
I will splash as a stream.
Would I take with me
Even so little as a cent?
No!
I will live all:
And my thoughts and a heart
Beats warm of love for all.
But if sometime
One of my brothers
When
Badly tired
Would happen to sit down and rest
From the madness of his hurry
Let him know:
It is me who warms him
As a sun
And on me is he resting
Body, which is tired.
I am in everything
And everything is in me.
The boundary has disappeared
In Singular Existence of the Oneness
Which lasts forever and ever...
Unchangeable by time
Though in constant changes...
What can I want?

I AM

Being in the crowd,
In solitude I am.
Being alone,
In Presence I Live.

Satisfied I am.
Tranquil I am.
I love all,
Loving none.
I am Love.
I am Peace.
I am Light.
Fulfilled I am.
I am...
Just I am.

SOVERENITY

I am in a sleep
Only the ripples
On the ocean of consciousness
Are flying like little fireflies
Dancing in the air,
Drowning fantasy pictures
On darkness.
Everything is changing.
It is like in a kaleidoscope
With unending possibilities
Of forms and situations.
On what to hang?
Is anything permanent at all?
If I have been born,
Then I have to die.
A sunset is announcing a sunrise
And the sunrise is followed by the sunset.
Then I will be born again.
What a shame!
But, I am ALREADY FREE!!!
As HIM who for fun, probably, created me,
Lives in me as ME.
Finite is an expression
Of vitality in the Reality.
Only entering duality
I could rejoice witnessing the performance
Of myself for myself, in this game
Of freeing myself from the illusion of Maya,
Regaining my Natural State of Sovereignty.

SACRIFICE

There is no receiving
Without giving.

This is the Law of Nature.
Nothing can manifest itself from nothingness.
To get things other things have to be sacrificed.
To get wanted experiences
We have to perform tapas:
To burn in sacrificial fire
Our attachments, desires, habits.
Let us follow the LAW!
Let us sacrifice our egos!
Let us give it as fuel
To the sacrificial fire!
Let the smoke from its destruction
Veil this world of illusion,
Tranquil our senses.
Oh, Lord, we are offering YOU
All of the gross Universe:
YOU manifested in the forms
To YOU unmanifested.
We are sacrificing our egos
To experience our oneness with YOU,
To be as we should be:
Deathless, Unlimited,
Eternally FREE!!!

BECAUSE

Dust I am under the Feet
Of YOU my LORD
And because I am nobody
I naturally bow to all creation,
To all manifested forms
Of YOU my LORD.
I serve all creatures
Great and low
Without differences
Or preferences
Because all are YOU my LORD
In a myriad of forms,
YOU only!
I accept whatever YOU send me
Because I am one with YOU
Because I exist only
As YOUR extension
Because I am Full,
Because I am Free.

BUT

I am small - but
I am the spark
Of the Universal Force!
I am plain - but
I am the ray
Of the Divine Light!
I am alone - but
I am the kin
Of all Existence!
I do nothing - but
The Universal Force
Works through me!
I love all - but
My love does not bind me!
I am the dust - but
From this dust
Is made everything!
I have nothing - but
I am growing richer and richer
Through renunciation - everyday!
I have no fixed place to stay - but
All places are mine
Wherever I go!
I am Free - but
In fact, I never was bound
Only took a nap and was dreaming!
I know nothing - but
Through the intuition
I know what is what, what is not!
I am - but
Who am I?
I am not this
That you see as me.

THE LOST SIGNET

He was born innocent
Enjoying being day and night long.
Tranquil, witnessing happenings
Unconcerned, not involved.
Growing he gradually has forgotten
His sovereign identity
Brainwashed and conditioned
By his family, school, friends
He started to beg for bread
At the very gate of his royal palace.
He started to think that he was bound
By the world of his desires and attachments
He started to believe that he was a slave

Of his intellect, mind and senses.
He was crying for Freedom.
Deathless by nature.
He started to live in fear of death.
He was drinking wine
Enjoying intoxication and believing
That he was enjoying life to its fullness.
Lost in the multitude of beings and things
He, the mighty eagle
Was scratching dirt
Looking for worms – like a chick.
He was not even searching!
For what? Why?
He was lost!
He has lost his royal signet
He has forgotten his identity.
He was dreaming a nightmare.
Where is he now?
The ONENESS is calling him!
His signet has been found!
His time has come!
He is ready to wake up from a dream!
Do you know him?
Maybe you are him?
Please come, come back home!
Please be in a hurry!

FEAR

O fear, the most eroding
Of all feelings
You poison the pleasures
Of life.
You invite us to
What we are afraid of the most!
Those who possess wealth -
Live in fear of thieves.
Those who are healthy -
Are afraid of diseases.
Those who are happy in relationships
Are in fear of betrayal.
Great in honor -
Fear humiliation.
Those who identify themselves
With the body
Live in fear of death.
Free of fear are only a few
Who have renounced:
Wealth, attachments and desires,

Who remember day and night
The illusory nature of the World.
They only live fearless lives.
Dear Ones, fellow brothers
You are welcome to join!

DEATH

Like the eagle gliding in the air,
Watching its prey patiently
Death is watching
Our every move,
Waiting for our appointed time.
But we, ignorant ones, are busy
Gaining wealth, secular knowledge,
Enjoying pleasures of the senses.
We do not remember that
In the hour of our death
All our skills and accumulated possessions
Will be totally useless.
We think that for us the next moment
Is certain.
We are making plans for tomorrow.
We are forgetting that our given time
Is dripping like water
From a leaky vessel.
O FOOLS!
Give up the desire to possess wealth,
Give up the craving for enjoyment,
Free yourself from the delusion
Of your oneness with the body and the mind.
You are not the body!
You are not the mind!
You are INTELLIGENCE, CONSCIOUSNESS,
All pervading ETERNAL REALITY
Unchangeable, unaffected by time,
Ever FREE.
Realize this TRUTH and live in Bliss
Fearless of Death
Enjoying EXISTENCE unending
Unperturbed by death in lasting PEACE.

AND WHAT?

And what?
You have fallen, my brother.

You have done it, you say.
And what?
The greatness of man
Is not in not falling
It is in the ability
To rise higher after the fall!
And what?
You have learned the lesson.
Now, do not do it again
You have experience
And what?
You are a bit wiser
And have some blue spots
On your bottom.
What do you say?
You still like to learn
Through the falls
You are most welcome!
Do something,
But do not repeat the same!
And what?
You will grow, but slowly
Getting wise with time
Till one day, exhausted, you will say:
It's enough! From now on
I will listen to the whispers of the ONENESS!
And what?
You can start to do it - even today.
You are most welcome!

A FOOL I AM

A Fool I am!
They run after it,
I am running away.
They desire it,
I do not care.
They enjoy it,
But it is annoying me.
A Fool I am!
They row against the current,
I float freely.
Who is right?
The crowd living by the patterns
Or one without prejudice,
Relaxed watching the life?
A Fool I am!
But I am a happy fool.
Is it so, or is it not?

Say the word!

AWAKENING

When grace assumes the form
Of Sudden bravery
And engulfs one
He will cross the circle of safety,
Freely enter the UNKNOWN.
In the darkness of ignorance
HE will find the light of Wisdom.
Thrown between a multitude of beings
He will start to abide in Peace of the ONENESS.
He will smile lovingly to all
In the bliss of Freedom.
Relieved from attachments and cravings,
Expecting nothing from nobody
But ready to give everything to everybody

He will walk the path of life relaxed
Unconcerned about diversities,
Unperturbed by the obstacles,
Tranquil, but fully alert and attentive.
He will watch the movie of the happenings
With the wonder of a child.
He who finally has come to live in the SELF
As the SELF in permanent and perfect identification with IT,
He who by doing it has become IMMORTAL,
He knows all that is worth being known,
He has achieved all that a mortal can achieve in life,
He has gained all that one can gain in this World.
Now, year by year
Century by century
He will play the hide and seek game
With HIMSELF
Changing forms, moving in space,
Wearing different shapes.
You too can play with HIM.
Simply follow the rules of the game:
Forget your desires,
Give up aspirations of having status,
Shake off the costume of importance.
You are as great
As you are humble.
Become a nameless servant of all.
Do not complain when pain comes,
Do not get excited when happiness arrives.
Confront the challenges of your destiny
With your head up!
Do not avoid difficulties.

Remember: All is given to you
Only to help you to grow in Wisdom of consciousness.
Stop identifying yourself with the body and the mind
Learn to watch the 'movie of life' as HE does
– Childlike.

The grace in abundance is flooding you.
Now it is up to you to get into the boat.
Be brave!

Drift to the UNKNOWN!

Do not row!

It is certain that you too
Will reach the land of Promise,
The Paradise of Eternity where HE dwells.
You too will become FREE as HE is.
And one day you will realize
That, in fact, nobody else but you
ARE HIM!!

DUST I AM

I always was and I always will be.
The writings call me Eternal One.
From me the stars and galaxies were formed.
The wise do know and have respect - the fool thinks he's greater
They wash me off age by age,
From the prophets' and sages' feet.
From me kings and beggars are made.
The Bible called me clay.
You think you are different?
Not even an inch!
You are my child,
From me you were born,
And me you will become when gone.
Dust I am. Free Dust, Cosmic Dust.
Only I am who I am.
I take a million forms.
I can be whatever can be.
It's a game, it's a play,
Witnessing innumerable cycles of creation and dissolution
I last, changing forms, moving in space.
From me the sound OM comes and universes pop.
Dust I am. Free Dust, Cosmic dust.
But if you look well, look closely, You will find my secret:
I do not exist at all!
I am HIM who plays and HE is me,
We are not two, but one.
I ask you now: "Have fun,
Take part in the game,
Find who you are,

Join the team
Be in Peace, be well.”

