

1987

*Offerings by Srila Bhakti Charu Swami Guru Maharaj to Srila Prabhupada*



1987

If I do not remain true to you, Srila Prabhupada,  
I'll lose everything that I spiritually gained.  
Then my heart will become hard as thunder,  
And my consciousness will become eternally maimed.  
With a little knowledge about the spiritual sky  
I'll think myself to be a liberated soul.  
Not knowing that I am just a conceited fool,  
I'll forget forever my ultimate goal.  
Lust, greed, anger, and other vices  
With their incredible force will invade my heart.  
Soldiers of Maya, enemy of Krishna,  
They will mercilessly tear my consciousness apart.  
I'll fall out of your grace, which flooded the earth  
With love of Krishna, the most magnanimous gift.  
An unfortunate soul, not knowing my goal,  
In the ocean of suffering I'll drift.  
If I do not remain true to you, Srila Prabhupada,  
I'll want to occupy the seat you adorn;  
Knowing not how to struggle for Krishna,

In the abyss of anguish I'll be thrown.  
Forgetting that I am your eternal servant  
I'll try to lord over everything that I see,  
Lost as I am since time immemorial  
In the dismal world of agony.  
Thinking you to be an ordinary soul  
I'll try like a clown to imitate you.  
Seducing the souls that sincerely want Krishna  
I'll try to become a cheating guru.  
Maya will offer me all that I want  
—wealth, women, and name and fame.  
Thinking that they are the result of my devotion,  
I'll try to justify my deceptive claim.  
If I do not remain true to you, Srila Prabhupada,  
I'll surround myself with a bunch of fools.  
Thinking myself to be as great as you are,  
I'll join one of those deviant schools.  
Not recognizing my genuine friends  
Who criticize me when I do something wrong,  
I'll stay with the ones who flatter me  
To make my position deceitfully strong.  
Forgetting your glories as the Lord's chosen one,  
I'll try to eclipse you, as Rahu does moon.  
In my treacherous attempt to compete with you  
I'll become bereft of the Lord's greatest boon.  
Maya then will offer me enough rope  
To hang myself with wealth and fame.  
Smearing myself with the stool of pig  
I'll forget Krishna's holy name.  
If I ever deviate from you, Srila Prabhupada,  
Please bring me back to your lotus feet.  
Now that I have realized the consequence,  
Help me become free from Maya's deceit.  
To follow your order is such an easy job,  
And the reward is as high as the spiritual sky.  
Four regulative principles and chanting of names  
Will take us back to Godhead when we die.  
My will is weak and heart so impure,  
But still I want to receive your grace.  
My only hope is the blessings of the Vaishnavas  
And the blows from your divine mace.  
Let me be with you wherever you are  
And serve you so that I can be  
A speck of dust at your lotus feet  
To regain my eternal identity.  
Your most unworthy servant,

Bhakticaru Swami

1988

The Final Instruction

Surrounded by devotees

In Vrindavana

You were preparing to depart.

You lay in your bed

In silent meditation

With Krishna playing in your heart.

The room was filled

With the fragrant smoke

Of frankincense

And sandalwood pulp.

Your body was fragrant

With some divine perfume

From the spiritual sky.

Devotees sang softly the holy name

Accompanied only by a small kartal.

But the sound penetrated

Even the stonelike hearts.

Satsvarupa Maharaja entered with Madhudvisha,

Who left the movement with a girl.

Your meditation broke, and you spoke

Like a father concerned about his prodigal son,

“You got married, breaking your vows. So what?

Still you can serve.”

Pointing at the householder devotees in the room

You said, “Look at them.

They are also married.

So you also can come back and stay

In the association of devotees.

No matter whatever happens,

Don’t ever leave ISKCON.”

You repeated—

“No matter what happens,

don’t ever leave ISKCON.”

I visualize the material nature

An abysmal ocean,

The bodies swept away

In its dangerous currents.

No one can ever swim those waves,

What to speak of the deadly acuatics

That impatiently wait for their prey.

On that ocean there is a ship  
Sailing smoothly with the strong wind  
Of Hare Krishna maha-mantra in its sail.  
The best captain, Srila Prabhupada,  
Is steering that ship.  
Devotees blissfully chant and dance  
On the deck.  
A flag on the mast  
Proudly bears the insignia "ISKCON"  
In the whorl of a golden lotus.  
Who will ever want to leave that shelter?

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In the middle of the night  
The world is asleep.  
Only the sound of the holy name  
Glides through the air of Vrindavana  
From some distant place.  
You try to translate  
In spite of your weak health.  
You did not eat anything for weeks.  
Waiting to serve you, I watch.  
You can't even lift the hand-set  
Of your Dictaphone.  
My heart was heavy.  
Not due to my love for you,  
But because someone had hurt my pride.  
I do not like to fight,  
But passionate encounters hurt me.  
I brood over some insignificant happenings.  
Exhausted, you lay down.  
I walked over to your bed  
To massage your feet,  
Not out of my unalloyed love for you,  
But out of some dry sense of duty.  
My stonelike heart is still heavy from the wound.  
Obsessed with my own feelings,  
I do not appreciate your compassion  
For all and your suffering  
Due to our sins.  
Mechanically I massage your feet.  
You can understand  
What goes on in our hearts.  
Breaking the silence, you say softly,  
"Just offer this life to Krishna."  
The veil of Maya is lifted,  
And my heart breaks, and

Tears come streaming down my eyes.  
“I love you, I love you, Srila Prabhupada!” I cry.  
“If you love me,”  
you replied,  
“then cooperate with them  
who also love me.”  
I resolve in my heart,  
“I will, I will, Srila Prabhupada.”  
Bhakti Caru Swami