

MY BEGGING BOWL:

I am one with the Golden Begging Bowl, I do not earn, I cannot earn I do not believe in earning not the daily bread not even the bread of soul. I get everything through his grace unending grace—grace of my Guru Nanak I insist on begging from door to door, my friends are ashamed of me, my wife is ashamed of me, my children do not like me begging like This, but if The man driving in the Coach refuses me bread, The Sun- lit gates of Nature open and I enter Those eternal Cities of light, where begging perhaps is The highest Culmination of all true artistic and religious Conduct of man.

There dwell the powerful, “says my Guru Nanak” and they sustain all who knock at their door” knock and it shall be opened unto you”. Please do not know me as a man clad in silk, I am in torn rags, these are petty details that concern pretty minds who insult me here my brother, but how does it matter? As long as the red glow of HIS eyes intoxicated by the flow of the midnight breeze the soul is not affected as long as I am kept in good humour and in the warmth of flow of divine feelings,

I tell you I believe in wandering from door to door and begging my loaf not from common man but from those beautiful- men bejewelled with his divine Grace, never mind if they give me no loaf let it be a pouring of cold water from their brass vassal on to my cupped up palm. They smile at me, they give me flowers, they give me fruits, they give me kind glances-they give me the sight of themselves all that serves me and I move on.

DHAN GURU NANAK.