

Bhishma Pitamaha: Unsung Mahāyogī

A Yogic Interpretation of Kundalini, Vows, and the Hidden Spiritual
Power of the Mahabharata

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Book Introduction

The Mahabharata is not just a story of kings and wars — it is the deepest yogic manual ever written in the language of myth. Hidden behind its characters, conflicts, and vows lies a precise map of Kundalini awakening, a science of consciousness that ancient sages encoded for the masses. This book reveals that hidden map.

Kundalini Through the Mahabharata explores the epic as the Fifth Veda — a scripture not meant to be studied in forests, but lived in ordinary human life. Through Bhishma, Ganga, the Vasus, Amba, Shikhandi, and Arjuna, the Mahabharata quietly teaches how energy descends into the body, rises through Sushumna, matures through discipline, breaks through suffering, and finally dissolves into pure awareness.

This is not a retelling of the epic. It is a decoding of its inner function. Every episode is treated as a yogic event, every character as a state of consciousness, every conflict as a movement of energy. The story becomes an inner scripture, guiding the reader through awakening, loss, discipline, stagnation, desire, surrender, and liberation — the same stages every seeker passes through.

Written in simple, experiential language, this book bridges **Kundalini Yoga, Tantra, and Advaita** through the living symbols of the Mahabharata. It is for seekers who feel drawn to awakening but are confused by techniques, overwhelmed by philosophy, or disconnected from scripture. Here, Yoga is not taught as method but revealed as life itself.

You will discover why awakening often comes and goes, why discipline is necessary but incomplete, why suffering matures energy, why surrender opens Sushumna, and why liberation is delayed until life itself is fulfilled. You will see how Bhishma is not a hero of the past, but a living awareness within you — holding, struggling, falling, and finally resting in silence.

This book is not meant to be read quickly. Reading itself begins the process. The stories plant seeds. The symbols work silently. The river of Ganga flows through the spine of the reader, just as it flows through the epic.

If there are errors here, they are human.
If there is truth here, it will awaken itself within you.

Part I: The Inner Map of Awakening
(Chapters 1–3)

Chapter 1: Bhishma — Mahabharata's Greatest Unsung Hero

The story of **Bhishma abducting Amba, Ambika, and Ambalika** is one of the most famous episodes in the Mahabharata. On the surface, it speaks of politics, duty, and human emotions. But when viewed through a yogic lens, it reveals subtle lessons about **Kundalini energy** and the journey of consciousness.

1. Bhishma: The Will That Guides Energy

Bhishma, with his unwavering determination, goes to bring the princesses to Hastinapur. In Kundalini terms, he represents the **force of discipline and strong will** that helps awaken and guide energy upward. Just as in yoga, Shakti cannot rise by itself—it requires direction, intention, and focused effort.

2. Vichitravirya: The Passive Consciousness

Vichitravirya, the young king, is passive and does not act on his own. He symbolizes **receptive consciousness**, the awareness that is ready to receive the awakened energy. The energy brought by Bhishma is meant to integrate with him, just as Kundalini rises to merge with higher awareness.

3. The Princesses: Different Types of Energy

- **Ambika and Ambalika** represent energies that cooperate, integrate smoothly, and contribute to the continuation of life—just as balanced pranic channels support inner growth. Ida and Pingla matches them.
- **Amba**, however, resists. She represents **blocked or delayed energy**, the kind that cannot merge immediately but requires purification, patience, and sometimes an entirely different pathway to awaken fully. Sushumna is having similar characteristics.

4. The Abduction: Initiating the Energy Flow

Bhishma's act of carrying the princesses away can be seen as a metaphor for **initiating the upward movement of energy** from lower to higher chakras. But force alone—whether physical, mental, or yogic—cannot guarantee complete integration. However it helps. But the inner energies must be ready to rise.

5. Rejection, Knot, and Transformation

Amba's rejection by both Vichitravirya and Salva reflects a **granthi**—a knot of resistance inside the system. Blocked energy stores immense potential. It's actually like meditation supporting object or dhyana alamban of Patanjali yoga to focus upon continuously to achieve samadhi or awakening. Over time, this energy transforms and goes up in a new, powerful form. Salva represents the lower chakras, and Vichitravirya represents the upper chakras of Bhishma. The energy of the Sushumna is stuck between them, reaching neither. Bhishma has given it upward motion, but not enough for it to reach the upper chakras as he is a celibate. Therefore, the energy returns to the lower chakras, but the petty worldly

society now interprets her visiting the upper realms—even with the support of a celibate—as a sign that she has been defeated, seized, and loved by him. It is often seen in the layman-dominated society when an prior-known but now-turned intellectual is ignored by it and so he going to loneliness. Consequently, her past lover Salva rejects her. She has no way but to return to Bhishma and asks him to marry her, since only tantric force can elevate her to the top chakra, representing the Shiva-Parvati marriage or union. However, Bhishma, proud of his celibacy, rejects her offer, leaving her enraged. This celibacy is the result of spiritual *sanskāras* imparted by his father and family. The imprint of purity is so strong that he takes a solemn oath never to marry.

Amba eventually reincarnates as **Shikhandi**, whose presence becomes the cause of Bhishma's fall. Symbolically, this represents how **blocked energy eventually overcomes rigidity**, merging at the right time, in the right form, only after purification.

Shikhandi confronting Bhishma symbolizes the moment when **dynamic, transformed energy** overpowers **rigid, ego-driven will**, allowing spiritual progress under the guidance of Arjuna (higher consciousness).

Yogi Bhishma — The Unsung Hero of Mahabharata

The story reflects a subtle truth about highly disciplined people. Like Bhishma, many celibates or individuals of strict discipline often reject potential partners, citing duty, career, culture, or moral codes—even when they have the strength or opportunity to accept them.

This rigid refusal creates a **blocked emotional image** in the heart chakra. The denied feminine energy becomes a subtle **androgynous or eunuch-like mental imprint**—male in its inability to act in a worldly sexual way, yet feminine in emotional tone. Over time, this blocked energy slowly transforms the disciplined mind, softening the rigid ego, turning the person more romantic or emotional, often leading them eventually into relationships and family life. However, this image remains like a eunuch Shikhandi for a long time and eventually dissolves after imparting realization. In this sense, it is also the “killing” of Bhishma by Shikhandi, because after the realization, a second birth is considered.

It means eventually, the once-stuck energy, purified through resistance and patience, rises to the brain, manifesting as guru-like image, wisdom, awakening, or divine consciousness.

The myth shows that **rigid good will**, when imposed on natural desire, stores great energy—but that energy eventually purifies, transforms, and expresses itself in a higher form.

Amba, Ambika, Ambalika as Yogic Channels

Amba can be understood as the **Sushumna channel**, while Ambika and Ambalika correspond to **Ida and Pingala**. Through forceful discipline, a yogi can manage Ida and Pingala—using asana, prāṇāyāma, and effort to push energy upward that can help to align sushumna as well but up to a limit.

But Sushumna is different:

- Ida and Pingala can be controlled through practice.
- **Sushumna cannot be forced open.**

For Sushumna to awaken, one must **surrender**, cultivate a balanced inner and outer life, heal buried impressions, and patiently wait.

Yogi Bhishma believed he could master Amba (Sushumna) by first controlling Ambika and Ambalika (Ida and Pingala), her two sisters.

He succeeded only partially—until he resolved his **heart knot**, transforming his inner image of Amba into image of guru, god etc. This shows that awakening requires **inner transformation** and the softening of rigidity—not just discipline. He started supporting the image of Amba in his mind later on, breaking his steadfast bow of celibacy, in a way leaning in front of destiny, and being tired of avoiding it, which signifies a confrontation with Shikhandi, the inner energy form of the outer Amba.

Ultimately, **divine will must be accepted**, and surrender becomes essential.

6. The Hidden Message

The Mahabharata teaches that:

- Not all energies respond to force.
- Purification, surrender, patience, and guidance are essential.
- Blocked energy, when transformed, becomes a powerful force for realization.
- The rigid ego must yield for true spiritual progress.

Conclusion

The Bhishma-Princesses episode is not only a story of kings and kingdoms—it mirrors the **subtle dynamics of Kundalini** within the human system. Bhishma represents willpower, Vichitravirya represents consciousness, and the three princesses symbolize energies waiting to awaken. Some integrate easily, some resist, and some transform through trials.

In the end, the tale teaches that **effort and discipline alone are not enough**.

Awakening requires openness, surrender, inner healing, and divine timing.

Everyone often reflects upon their own mythological namesake, and perhaps the same has happened with me.

Recently, a new meaning revealed itself—one that seems to resonate strongly with the story of my own life.

That is why I expressed it without hesitation.

Perhaps this is the very influence of the name, and maybe this is its true meaning as well.

All of this is merely my personal experience and perspective.
The real truth is what the reader discovers within themselves.
If there is any error, it is mine; and if there is any essence, it is by the grace of the Divine.

This is the first BASE CHAPTER of the book.

They contain the core realization, tone, worldview, and inner logic.

Every outline, expansion, and chapter must trace back to these.

Do not add ideas that contradict or drift from them.”

Chapter 2: Kundalini Through the Mahabharata – Demystifying the Yoga of the Fifth Veda

The *Mahabharata* is often called the *Fifth Veda* — written for those unable to study the original Vedas. *Veda* means “supreme knowledge,” and the supreme knowledge can only be the knowledge of God. In this sense, *Yoga* too is the same supreme knowledge — the direct realization of the Divine.

So, in a deeper way, the *Mahabharata* is Yoga expressed in the form of stories. Through social, moral, and mythological narratives, it offers the essence of Yoga to the general public. It is like a sugar-coated tablet — one may taste only the sweetness of the story, yet unknowingly receive the medicine of spiritual wisdom. The reader enjoys the unfolding of events, but deep within, subtle seeds of Yoga are sown, silently preparing the mind for higher realization.

Those who read it with an open heart begin to feel its inner power. Even without knowing, they receive glimpses of Yoga. And gradually, they are propelled toward direct spiritual practice, drawn by the unseen force hidden within its verses.

Through this series, I am trying to **demystify the Mahabharata** step by step — revealing how behind every event, character, and dialogue lies the play of Yogic principles. I hope readers find this exploration not only interesting but also deeply beneficial for their inner journey.

When Ganga Left and Desire Returned: The Silent Law of Separation

Shantanu had questioned Ganga to save Bhishma from flowing into the conscious ocean. In that moment, ego disturbed the divine energy flow. Ganga had already fulfilled her promise—to leave Shantanu if she were ever stopped from her sacred work. Seven luminous streams, symbolizing the seven chakras, had merged back into her waters; the eighth, Bhishma, she raised herself before returning him to his father. When she withdrew, the flow of Kundalini that once danced freely became a memory of bliss in Shantanu’s being—awareness without movement. Instead, it settled into stillness, carrying within it the silent ache of separation from the divine current.

The Loss of the Divine Flow

Shantanu’s grief was not ordinary. It was the ache of a yogi who once felt the current of Shakti and now feels her absence. The river of consciousness had retreated; prana stood still.

That stillness — though peaceful — carries a hidden danger: *in stagnation, desire re-awakens*.

Satyavati: The Call of Earthly Nature

From that emptiness rose Satyavati, the daughter of the fisherman, born of river fragrance and clay. She was not Ganga's pure flow but **its earthy echo** — *Maya in tangible form*. Fish or fishy means strong ill desire or craving.

Where Ganga rose upward, Satyavati pulled downward, reminding consciousness of its unfinished bond with matter.

When Shantanu longed for her, it was **the spirit re-entering the field of duality**.

Her father's condition — that only her son may inherit the throne — was not greed but **the law of karma**: every descent must create lineage, continuity, consequence.

Bhishma's Terrible Vow

To preserve his father's longing, Bhishma renounced his own.

That single act became the hinge of Yoga itself — **energy choosing duty over desire**.

Celibacy here is not denial but **containment**: the upward redirection of force that once sought union in body now seeks union in consciousness. Bhishma stands as the embodiment of Shantanu's sexual energy, sublimated after Ganga withdrew. This energy rises upward, becoming holy and pure, giving rise to spiritual qualities such as penance, renunciation, and tolerance and many more.

Bhishma thus stands as **retained Kundalini**, energy stabilized in awareness. He governs the realm of dharma but never sits on the throne — just as awakened energy rules life silently but never claims ownership.

The Hidden Movement of Consciousness

Ganga's withdrawal, Shantanu's longing, Satyavati's demand, and Bhishma's vow — together form a single inner event:

1. **Union with the Divine (Ganga)**
2. **Loss of Grace and the Return of Desire (Shantanu's sorrow)**
3. **Re-entry into Matter (Satyavati)**
4. **Sublimation and Mastery (Bhishma)**

Simply put, Bhishma represented the top chakra, while his seven brothers symbolized the lower chakras that were released from emotional bondage as the energy rose through the Sushumna in the form of Ganga. Bhishma himself was not released, because Mother Nature desired that he fulfill many moral and worldly duties in the public interest. Satyavati gave him a further push upward, helping to test and prove his worth. In truth, spirituality flourishes best when balanced with material life, for the latter continually guides the former along the right path. Moreover, the sublimation of energy from the physical to the spiritual plane is aided by materialism itself, since energy or Shakti is fundamentally material in nature.

Each seeker walks through these stages: awakening, loss, temptation, and vow. The river flows on, but its memory becomes the discipline that guides the rest of the journey.

Essence

When Kundalini withdraws, the seeker feels bereft. Yet that loss births Bhishma within — the steadfast awareness that guards the soul's dharma even amid worldly storms.

Ganga's absence is not abandonment; it is initiation into responsibility.

In practical life, Nature often grants brief moments of opportunity for spiritual upliftment amidst worldly chaos and duties. These moments invite one to take refuge in Ganga—symbolizing the upwardly sublimated energy of sexual union—which cleanses all the chakras. As the highest chakra begins its perfect purification, worldly temptations appear in the form of Satyavati. At this stage, man forgets to sublimate and raise the sexual energy; instead, he lets it flow downward, like a fishing stream.

The pure awareness established in the highest chakra, though unable to attain liberation, becomes a great worldly saint—like Bhishma. This is Nature's way of maintaining the balance between worldly existence and supreme knowledge. Ultimately, Nature liberates Bhishma as well, once she is satisfied with his worldly service. After a period of worldly immersion, he again receives Ganga's companionship and grows spiritually.

Again for some time, he indulges in outward sensual pleasures to test the strength and maturity of his Bhishma-awareness. This cycle continues until man, as Shantanu, becomes old and mature enough to receive Bhishma's awareness permanently from Ganga, raising it further toward liberation through his yogic wisdom.

An interesting point here is that these mythological figures and stories are eternal, unlike a single human being bound by flesh and a limited lifespan. Bhishma still exists today as the awakened mind, continually nurtured by Ganga as Sushumna—now and forever.

Chapter 3: Kundalini and the Eight Vasus: The Secret Descent of Divine Energies

When one reads the *Mahabharata* through the eyes of Yoga, every myth becomes a mirror of inner evolution.

The story of Ganga and her eight sons—the Vasus—appears as an ancient drama of curse and compassion. Yet within it flows the hidden current of **Kundalini Shakti**, moving between heaven and earth, spirit and matter.

The eight Vasus were radiant beings of light, guardians of nature's elemental powers. But once, out of a moment's desire, they stole the celestial cow *Nandini* from Rishi Vashishtha's ashram. The cow was not a mere creature—it was **Maya**, the wish-fulfilling field of creation itself. By desiring her, the divine energies turned toward possession, and thus, **the fall began**.

Vashishtha's curse was not punishment—it was **the law of descent**. When pure pranic forces seek pleasure rather than purpose, they must enter the limitation of birth. The eight Vasus, once infinite, were destined to experience the density of form.

Ganga, the river of consciousness, took mercy. She agreed to bring them into the world and return them swiftly to her waters.

As she gave birth, each of the first seven sons was immersed back into her flow—symbolizing the **seven levels of energy** that dissolve into the Source when purified by surrender. These seven represent the **seven chakras**, released one by one as consciousness ascends beyond them.

But the eighth—**Prabhasa**, the chief offender—had to remain. He was born as **Bhishma**, the son who could not be freed. He became the **embodied energy**, the **Kundalini retained**—not dissolved, but disciplined. Bhishma's legendary vow of celibacy mirrors the highest yogic restraint, where desire is transformed into awareness, and energy no longer flows outward but stands still in eternal witnessing.

Thus, in the language of Yoga:

- The *eight Vasus* are the **eight pranic currents** that animate creation.
- The *theft of Nandini* is **consciousness seeking fulfillment in the external**.
- *The curse* is **embodiment—karma's necessity**.
- *Ganga's flow* is **the river of purification**, where energies return to their origin.
- *Bhishma* is the **enlightened awareness that remains in the world but not of it**—the realized yogi who lives amidst dharma yet stays untouched.

Kundalini, too, descends and ascends through these very layers. Seven streams rise and merge back into the ocean of spirit; the eighth, the witnessing consciousness, abides on earth as the dharmic flame.

When one reads this story not as history but as inner scripture, **Bhishma's silence on the bed of arrows** becomes the silence of the awakened mind—pierced by the

arrows of karma yet unmoved by pain, waiting only for the auspicious hour to return to the Eternal Ganga.

With the descent of the Vasus, the flow of Ganga, and the retention of Bhishma, the inner structure is complete. The river has been revealed, the channels named, and the awareness anchored. What follows is not new knowledge, but the unfolding of what is already set in motion. From here onward, the Mahabharata no longer teaches principles — it reveals consequences.

Part II: The Journey of Awakening
Descent, Struggle, Transformation, and Return

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Chapter 0: The Curse of the Vasus

How Light First Enters Limitation

Before Bhishma was born, before Ganga flowed, before Shantanu loved and lost, before vows, arrows, and wars, there was a movement in consciousness itself — a subtle shift from fullness toward experience. The Mahabharata begins here, not in a palace, not on a battlefield, but in the realm of pure light. This is why the story of the Vasus is not a myth at all; it is the first inner event, the original descent of Kundalini into form.

The Vasus were not gods in the ordinary sense. They were **functions of light**, currents of divine energy that maintained balance in creation. They moved freely between heaven and earth, between the subtle and the visible, without friction or identity. They were pure prana, untouched by desire, untouched by limitation.

But even light carries a hidden urge — the urge to know itself. And knowing requires form.

One day, the Vasus wandered near the hermitage of Sage Vashishtha and saw **Nandini**, the divine cow. Nandini was not just a cow; she was the field of manifestation itself, the womb of nature, the power that turns consciousness into experience. To see her was to see possibility. To desire her was to desire embodiment.

One of the Vasu wives desired Nandini. That desire was the first ripple. The Vasus acted on it. And in that single act, the direction of energy changed — from witnessing to possessing, from being to becoming. This was the moment the descent began.

The sage's curse was not anger. It was law.

When light seeks experience, it must enter limitation. When prana seeks pleasure, it must enter form. When consciousness seeks possession, it must accept birth.

So the Vasus were cursed to be born on earth — not as punishment, but as **initiation into the human journey**. This is the secret most people miss: descent is not a fall; it is a necessity. Without descent, there is no ascent. Without embodiment, there is no awakening.

Terrified, the Vasus begged for mercy. And mercy came, but in the language of balance. Seven would be released immediately. One would remain.

This division is precise. It mirrors the inner system.

Seven energies would dissolve back into the source. One would stay to carry the journey forward. Seven chakras would be purified. One awareness would remain embodied. The Vasus were already becoming the yogic anatomy of the seeker.

Ganga agreed to become their mother because only consciousness itself can carry energy through birth and release it again. She married Shantanu — the individual self — and the descent began.

When each of the first seven sons was born, Ganga immersed them back into her waters. This is the first purification of chakras, the first upward release. These energies were not meant to stay. They were meant to dissolve. And they did, one by one, without resistance.

But when the eighth child was born, Shantanu stopped her.

This is the moment ego enters the system.

The individual self could not bear to lose all light. It wanted to keep awareness. It wanted continuity. It wanted identity. And so the eighth Vasu remained. This was **Prabhasa**, the chief, the brightest, the one who had initiated desire. He could not be released because he had to live the full journey.

That child was Bhishma.

From this moment, the path of awakening became human. The light that once moved freely was now bound by time, body, karma, and duty. But the seed of return was already planted. Bhishma was not a punishment; he was the **retained Kundalini**, the awareness that must stay in the world until it matures enough to return consciously.

This is why Ganga leaves but also returns. She leaves so Bhishma can grow. She returns to teach him, raise him, and remind him of his origin. Consciousness withdraws so the nervous system can strengthen. It returns when the vessel is ready.

This is the beginning of every seeker's story.

First, there is purity.

Then, desire.

Then, descent.

Then, forgetting.

Then, discipline.

Then, struggle.

Then, awakening.

And finally, return.

Chapter 0 exists so you understand one thing clearly: **nothing that happens later is an accident**. Bhishma's vow, Amba's rejection, Shikhandi's transformation, Arjuna's arrow, the bed of arrows — all of it was decided the moment light desired experience.

This is not tragedy. It is design.

And this design is still working in you.

Every time energy descends into desire, a Vasu is being born.

Every time energy rises and dissolves, a Vasu is being released.

And every time awareness remains, carrying the burden of life, Bhishma is alive within you.

The Mahabharata does not start with war.

It starts with **descent**.

Because awakening is not about escaping the world.

It is about **returning through it**.

And this is the first movement of the Fifth Veda — the moment when light chose to become human, so that one day, human could consciously become light again.

Chapter 1: The Mahabharata as the Fifth Veda Why Stories Carry Supreme Knowledge

When the ancient seers looked at humanity, they did not see scholars and illiterates, saints and sinners, yogis and householders. They saw only one thing: the restless human mind, always seeking, always suffering, always longing for something it could not name. The Vedas were born out of direct realization, out of lightning-flash truths perceived in silence. But silence is not easily transmitted. A realized truth is simple, but the human mind is not. So the sages did something radical. They hid the highest knowledge inside stories. And thus the Mahabharata was born — not as a book, not as a war epic, not as history, but as the Fifth Veda, meant not for a few, but for all who breathe.

The Vedas were never rituals. They were living realizations. Later, when the living fire cooled, rituals remained like ashes of a forgotten flame. The Mahabharata was written so that even if realization disappeared from the world, the map would survive. It was written for farmers, kings, women, children, warriors, traders, widows, and wanderers — for those who could not sit in caves or study mantras, but who still burned with the same human questions. Who am I? Why do I suffer? What is this force inside me that rises and falls like a tide? Is there an end to desire? Is there a place of rest?

So Vyasa did not teach yoga in technical language. He told a story. He poured the Veda into the bloodstream of human drama. He turned Brahman into Bhishma, Shakti into Ganga, dharma into Yudhishtira, desire into Draupadi, and the entire nervous system into a battlefield called Kurukshetra. This is why the Mahabharata survived when thousands of scriptures vanished. Stories travel where philosophy cannot. Stories slip past resistance. They enter the heart without asking permission. They are sugar-coated medicine for a mind that refuses bitter truth.

This is not metaphor. This is science. When you read a story deeply, your breath changes. Your nervous system softens. Your identity loosens. The same mechanism that operates in meditation begins to work silently. The ego lowers its guard. That is why the Mahabharata is not meant to be read once, but lived again and again, at different stages of consciousness. Each time you return to it, a new layer opens — because the book is not changing, you are.

I discovered this not in a library, but in my own body. Long before I understood yoga, long before I knew words like kundalini, samadhi, or pratyahara, I had experiences that did not fit language. As a teenager, I once dissolved into the cosmos in a dream-state enlightenment so vast that waking life felt like a dim shadow afterward. I did not know what happened. I only knew something irreversible had touched me. Later, in adulthood, through tantric and yogic practice, the same force rose again, this time in waking awareness, through the brain, flooding me with a bliss so intense that the world lost its grip. Both times, the experience was brief — ten seconds, perhaps — but it changed the axis of my life forever.

Years later, when I read the Mahabharata again, I realized I was not reading it. It was reading me. Bhishma's vow was not moral. It was neurological. Ganga's descent was not myth. It was kundalini. The battlefield was not outside. It was the body itself. The war was not between cousins. It was between old patterns and awakening consciousness.

This is the secret of the Fifth Veda: it is an inner scripture disguised as an outer story. Every character is a function of consciousness. Every event is a movement of energy. Every tragedy

is a lesson in imbalance. Every blessing is a moment of alignment. When Bhishma lies on the bed of arrows, it is the yogi suspended between life and death, unable to leave the body until knowledge is transmitted. When Ganga drowns her children, it is the raw force of energy that destroys immature vessels. When Krishna speaks the Gita, it is the higher intelligence addressing the paralyzed mind at the moment of crisis.

And the crisis is always now.

This is why reading itself becomes a form of awakening. Not because of information, but because of resonance. When you read with surrender, not analysis, something inside begins to shift. Your breath becomes subtle. Your thoughts slow down. The story bypasses logic and enters the spinal channel. This is the same mechanism by which mantra works, the same mechanism by which meditation works, the same mechanism by which realization happens. The Mahabharata is not meant to be understood; it is meant to be absorbed.

I have practiced many forms of yoga — kundalini, tantra, kriya — often dangerously fast, often without guidance, driven by a hunger that would not let me rest. I lifted energy before I understood the body. I touched the formless before I had grounded myself. At times, fear came: fear of losing the world, fear of becoming a renunciate, fear of not being able to return. Once, at the peak of an awakening, I consciously pushed the energy down from the crown to the ajna, massaging my forehead like a man pulling himself back from a cliff. Later I realized Bhishma had done the same — choosing to remain in the body, choosing to stay until the right time. The Mahabharata was telling me my own story long before I knew it was mine.

Yoga is hidden inside myth because myth speaks the language of the subconscious. Direct instruction creates resistance. Story dissolves it. That is why the sages chose this method. They knew humanity would forget technique but remember tales. They knew generations would argue over philosophy but cry for characters. They knew the inner science would survive only if wrapped in emotion, drama, devotion, and paradox.

The Mahabharata is not a religious book. It is a yogic map. It does not teach you to escape the world; it teaches you to see the world as a field of practice. It does not ask you to renounce; it asks you to awaken while living. It does not promise heaven; it reveals the nervous system as heaven and hell both. Every time you feel pulled between duty and desire, you are standing where Arjuna stood. Every time energy rises and you panic, Ganga is flowing through you. Every time you refuse to let go, Bhishma is holding the vow inside you.

This is why it was written for the masses. Because awakening is not the privilege of monks. It is the destiny of human consciousness. The Mahabharata does not belong to India; it belongs to the human body. It belongs to anyone who has felt the strange pressure in the head during deep silence, the bliss without cause, the fear without object, the dissolving of the 'I' into something vast and nameless. It belongs to anyone who has tasted a moment of freedom and then lost it, only to seek again.

The Fifth Veda does not sit on an altar. It walks with you. It argues with you. It seduces you. It confuses you. And slowly, without your permission, it transforms you. One day you realize you are no longer reading the Mahabharata — you are living it. Your relationships become its chapters. Your crises become its verses. Your body becomes its battlefield. And your awakening becomes its final teaching: that the story was never outside you. It was always the story of the energy rising within, seeking its own source, remembering its own infinity.

This book is not an explanation of the Mahabharata. It is an invitation to read it as yoga, to feel it as kundalini, to recognize it as your own inner scripture. The Fifth Veda is not ancient. It is happening now, in your breath, in your spine, in the silent spaces between your thoughts. And the moment you begin to read it this way, the journey has already begun.

Chapter 2: The Eight Vasus — The Descent of Divine Energies When Pure Light Enters Form

When the Mahabharata speaks of gods falling to earth, it is not telling a story of sin. It is revealing a law. The law is simple, eternal, and unavoidable: whatever seeks experience must accept form. Whatever longs to touch must become touchable. Whatever turns outward must enter limitation. This is not punishment. This is creation itself.

The tale of the Eight Vasus is one of the most misunderstood episodes in the epic. Read outwardly, it seems like a moral story about theft and curse. Read inwardly, it is the very beginning of the Kundalini play — the moment pure light decides to become life.

The Vasus are not celestial beings in the sky. They are the **eight pranic currents** that animate your body right now. They are the invisible forces that breathe you, move you, desire through you, and finally awaken you. Before they entered the human system, they were free, unbound, effortless. But freedom without experience is incomplete. Consciousness wanted to taste itself. So it turned toward Nandini.

Nandini is not a cow. She is Maya — the field of manifestation, the promise of fulfillment, the sweetness of experience. When the Vasus desired her, it was consciousness desiring to feel, to hold, to possess, to enjoy. This is the first tremor of creation. This is the first vibration of Kundalini turning outward. And the moment that happens, descent begins.

Vashishtha's curse is not anger. It is the law of embodiment. When pranic forces turn toward experience, they must wear bodies. When light desires taste, it must become tongue. When infinity wants to touch, it must become hand. Thus the Vasus fall — not downward, but inward — into flesh, time, and limitation.

This is why birth is not a mistake. Birth is the beginning of the yogic journey. The body is not the obstacle to awakening; it is the field of awakening. Kundalini does not begin at the base of the spine because of sin. It begins there because that is where descent ends.

Ganga agrees to carry the Vasus into the world because consciousness itself agrees to hold the body. She is the river of awareness that flows between heaven and earth, between silence and sensation. As each Vasu is born, she returns seven of them immediately into her waters. This is not murder. This is liberation. These are the seven chakras dissolving back into their source once purified. But the eighth must remain.

The eighth Vasu is Prabhasa, and he becomes Bhishma. He is the retained energy, the awareness that stays embodied, the Kundalini that does not dissolve but stabilizes. Bhishma is the witness consciousness born inside matter, destined to live long, suffer deeply, and yet remain untouched. He is the yogi who cannot escape the world because the world still needs him.

This is a great secret: **liberation is not the first goal of awakening**. Service is. Stability is. Maturity is. Nature does not free consciousness until it has fully tasted responsibility.

When I first experienced awakening in my own life — as a teenager, in a dream-state that dissolved my sense of self into a vast, cosmic silence — I thought liberation was the end. For

days afterward, the world felt unreal, like a faded painting. But life pulled me back. Desire returned. Responsibility returned. The body returned. And I did not understand why.

Years later, when Kundalini rose again through practice, even more powerfully, touching the brain with a bliss that erased all boundaries, I again wanted it to stay forever. But again, it withdrew. The energy descended. Duty returned. Family returned. Work returned. The same pattern repeated. Only much later did I see the truth hidden in Bhishma: **awakening that does not descend back into life is incomplete.**

The Eight Vasus teach this law clearly. Seven dissolve quickly. One remains. That one must carry the weight of the world. That one must live among people, rules, conflicts, wars, relationships, delays, frustrations. That one must remain awake without escape.

Bhishma's celibacy is not moral purity. It is containment. When Kundalini cannot yet dissolve into liberation, it must be held steady in awareness. That holding creates immense strength — but also immense suffering. Bhishma lies on the bed of arrows not because he is punished, but because awakened awareness inside the world is always pierced by time, karma, and human complexity.

This chapter is not about ancient gods. It is about you.

Every seeker repeats the descent of the Vasus. In early life, energy flows outward freely. Desire dominates. Experience dominates. Then, at some moment — through loss, pain, illness, love, or sudden silence — consciousness turns inward. Awakening begins. But it does not stay. It descends again. Desire returns. The world pulls. And the seeker feels confused, thinking something has gone wrong.

Nothing has gone wrong. Ganga is still flowing. The Vasus are still moving. Only the phase has changed.

The descent is not the opposite of awakening. It is its second half.

Birth is the beginning of Kundalini play. Death is only its pause. Awakening is its remembering. Liberation is its completion.

Bhishma still exists. Not as a man, but as a state of mind that lives awake in the middle of duty. When you feel awareness but cannot leave the world, when you feel silence but must act, when bliss comes and goes but responsibility remains — Bhishma has been born in you.

And when you understand this, the story changes. Suffering softens. Delay becomes training. Return becomes maturation. You stop begging for permanent bliss and begin learning how to carry light inside form. That is when the real yoga begins.

The Vasus did not fall. They entered the only place where God can be known — the body, the world, the breath, the moment.

This is why the Mahabharata was written. Not to glorify heaven, but to sanctify earth. Not to praise escape, but to teach endurance. Not to worship gods, but to awaken humans.

And the moment you read this with your whole being, not as story but as mirror, the descent of the Vasus becomes your own, and Kundalini, once again, begins to remember the way home — not by leaving the world, but by illuminating it from within.

Chapter 3: Ganga — The River of Sushumna

The Flow of Pure Consciousness

There is a river that does not flow on earth, yet every awakened being has felt its current. It has no banks, no source, no mouth, yet it carries everything. This river is called Ganga in the Mahabharata, but in the human body it is known as Sushumna — the central channel through which pure consciousness descends and ascends, cleansing, carrying, dissolving, and liberating.

When the Mahabharata speaks of Ganga, it is not describing geography. It is describing the most intimate inner experience of yoga. Ganga is not water. She is **flow**. She is the movement of awareness itself, the living stream that connects the earth of the body to the sky of the infinite. Where she flows, purification happens naturally. Where she is blocked, suffering begins.

Every seeker, at some point, encounters Ganga. Sometimes she comes as sudden peace. Sometimes as silence. Sometimes as bliss without reason. Sometimes as pressure in the head, or a gentle current moving along the spine. And sometimes she comes only as a longing — a memory of something lost but unforgettable.

In the Mahabharata, Ganga descends from heaven because consciousness agrees to enter form. That descent is not a fall. It is compassion. The Divine Mother does not stay aloof; she pours herself into the body so that the body itself can awaken. This is why Ganga is called the purifier — not because she washes sins, but because she dissolves separations. Wherever she flows, the knots loosen.

When Shantanu meets Ganga, awareness meets its own flow for the first time. There is no effort, no method, no discipline yet. There is only love, movement, and surrender. This is how awakening begins for most people — unexpectedly, effortlessly, without technique. For me, it happened first in a dream-state, in adolescence, when the sense of “I” vanished into a vast, borderless cosmos. I did not practice anything. I did not know yoga. Yet the river flowed, and everything dissolved into light. That is Ganga’s first touch — spontaneous, grace-filled, unearned.

But grace does not stay forever. Not because it is cruel, but because the vessel is not ready.

In the Mahabharata, Ganga gives birth to eight sons. Seven are returned immediately to her waters. One remains. This is not cruelty. This is yogic precision. The seven sons are the seven chakras — the seven levels of energy that can dissolve back into consciousness when purification is complete. When awareness is pure enough, these centers no longer bind; they release. This is why advanced meditation sometimes feels like dying — layers fall away, one by one, until only witnessing remains.

But the eighth cannot dissolve. The eighth is Bhishma — the awareness that must stay in the world.

Here lies the greatest misunderstanding of spiritual life: people think liberation means disappearance. But yoga teaches that **true liberation first appears as stability**. Before you dissolve, you must be able to stand. Before you disappear, you must be able to live awake.

That is why Ganga keeps Bhishma. That is why Sushumna does not immediately take all energy upward. Something must remain to carry dharma, responsibility, service, and balance.

Ganga's compassion is not only in taking away; it is also in leaving behind. When the Sushumna begins to flow, it carries away all the buried thoughts from the seven chakras. The hidden imprints, symbolized by the seven Vasus, dissolve into the river of consciousness, and what remains is pure awareness — returned as Bhishma, the eighth Vasu. When I experienced strong awakening again in later life — through intense sadhana, tantra, and kriya — the energy rose fiercely into the brain. Bliss came like a flood. But with it came fear. The sense of the world slipping away was real. I had to consciously bring the energy down, grounding it at the ajna, massaging my forehead, like a man pulling himself back from drowning in light. At that moment, I understood Bhishma for the first time. Not as a hero of war, but as a hero of restraint. Ganga had come. But she was not yet meant to take me fully.

Ganga's role in yogic liberation is not to lift you and keep you. It is to **teach you how to flow without attachment**. She flows downward as compassion, upward as surrender, and sideways as life. Wherever surrender is complete, energy rises naturally. Wherever resistance appears, she pauses.

This is why surrender dissolves energy upward. Not effort. Not force. Not ambition. Surrender. When the mind stops holding, the river moves. When the heart softens, knots melt. When ego bows, Sushumna opens.

In the Mahabharata, the moment Shantanu questions Ganga, the flow stops. Ego interferes. Curiosity becomes control. Fear interrupts trust. This is not a moral lesson. It is a yogic law. The moment you try to hold awakening, you lose it. The moment you question the flow, it withdraws. Ganga leaves not in anger, but in obedience to law. Consciousness cannot flow where it is doubted.

And yet, she never truly leaves. She becomes memory. She becomes longing. She becomes the silent ache in the heart that no worldly pleasure can satisfy. That ache is Ganga calling from within.

Most seekers misunderstand this phase. They think they have fallen. They think they have failed. They think something is wrong. In truth, they have entered the stage where awakening must be carried, not tasted. The river has gone underground. The work has begun.

The seven sons returning to Ganga represent moments when chakras dissolve naturally through surrender. This is not something you do. It is something that happens when readiness ripens. That is why forcing Sushumna is dangerous. The central channel opens only when the personality has softened enough to let go. Until then, discipline stabilizes, but surrender liberates.

Ganga is the Divine Mother because she does not demand perfection. She flows even through mud. She carries even the impure. She does not judge the seeker; she reshapes the seeker. Her compassion is movement itself. She never stops flowing. Only our resistance makes her invisible.

Bhishma lying on the bed of arrows is the final image of Sushumna embodied. Awareness remains awake even when pierced by karma. The river stands still, vertical, silent, luminous.

Time itself waits. This is the yogi who has surrendered but not escaped. The yogi who serves but does not bind. The yogi who knows Ganga fully but stays in the world until the cosmic moment arrives.

When you feel silence even in pain, when awareness remains even in chaos, when surrender happens without effort, know that Ganga is flowing again — not as excitement, not as bliss, but as maturity.

This chapter is not about a river. It is about the moment when you stop swimming and let yourself be carried.

The Mahabharata hides this truth in plain sight: the highest liberation is not ascent alone, but the ability to let consciousness flow freely between heaven and earth without fear. Ganga does not rush upward. She flows where she is allowed.

And when the reader understands this, something subtle shifts. The chase for experiences ends. The waiting begins. The river reappears. And slowly, silently, Sushumna opens — not by effort, not by force, but by surrender to the very flow that has always been moving within.

Ganga was never outside.

She was the flow of your own awareness, waiting for you to stop resisting her.

Chapter 4: Birth of Bhishma — The Retained Kundalini The Energy That Must Remain

When the river of consciousness carries away everything that can dissolve, something always remains. This remainder is not impurity; it is purpose. It is not bondage; it is responsibility. In the Mahabharata, this remaining principle is called Bhishma. In yoga, it is called retained Kundalini. In life, it is the awakened awareness that must stay embodied until its work is complete.

The eighth Vasu could not dissolve into Ganga, not because he was cursed more deeply, but because his role was different. Seven energies can return easily once purified. One must remain to hold the world together. This is a profound yogic truth that few are willing to accept, because most seekers secretly want disappearance, not service. But awakening is not escape. Awakening is *stability*.

Bhishma is born when Ganga returns the last energy to earth. This moment is the birth of witness consciousness — awareness that knows itself but still participates in life. He is not lost in the river, nor is he bound by the banks. He is the current standing still.

In the human body, this moment happens when Kundalini has risen, purified the seven chakras, and yet does not dissolve into final liberation. Instead, it stabilizes at the level of witnessing. Thoughts no longer bind, but actions continue. Desire weakens, but duty remains. Bliss appears, but does not stay. This is the stage of Bhishma-consciousness.

I know this stage intimately. After intense experiences of awakening, when the mind had dissolved and only silence remained, I expected everything to end. Instead, life became sharper. Duties became clearer. The world demanded more responsibility, not less. It was confusing at first. Why would awakening make life heavier? Only later did I understand: the eighth Vasu had been born in me.

Bhishma is the yogi who cannot abandon the world because the world still needs him. He carries the weight of generations, the memory of dharma, the balance between chaos and order. In yogic terms, he is stabilized energy — Kundalini no longer rising or falling wildly, but standing upright, luminous, and silent, like a pillar of fire.

This is why Bhishma never becomes king. Awakened awareness does not rule; it supports. It does not dominate; it holds. It does not escape; it endures. The ego wants the throne. Awareness remains beside it, guiding without claiming.

The yogic meaning of “remaining in the world” is not indulgence; it is mastery. It means the senses still function, but do not enslave. It means relationships still exist, but do not bind. It means action continues, but the doer is gone. This is Bhishma’s life — fully present, yet inwardly free.

The seed of his future vows is already present at birth. When awareness remains in the world, it must contain itself. Without containment, awakened energy would leak into desire, pride, power, and corruption. That containment later becomes Bhishma’s terrible vow — not as a moral decision, but as a yogic necessity. Energy that stays must be sealed.

Celibacy, in this sense, is not sexual denial. It is the sealing of energy so that it does not flow outward prematurely. It is the preservation of the fire until it can burn steadily without consuming the vessel. Many yogis fail here. They awaken, but cannot hold. They taste the river, but cannot stay upright in the world. Bhishma succeeds because he accepts the burden of remaining.

This is why the Mahabharata places him at the center of everything, yet gives him nothing. He has power but no throne. Wisdom but no lineage. Respect but no fulfillment. This is the cost of retained Kundalini. It is a lonely path, often misunderstood by the world, and sometimes by the seeker himself.

There was a time when I feared this state. After powerful awakenings, I felt a strange disinterest in the world, and yet I was still required to live in it fully. I had to work, care, act, speak, decide. The bliss had gone, but awareness remained. This is a painful but sacred stage. It is the stage where ego finally dies slowly, not in ecstasy, but in responsibility.

Bhishma's life teaches that stabilization is harder than awakening. Rising is dramatic. Remaining is silent. But only the one who remains can transmit. Only the one who stays can serve. Only the one who endures can complete the cycle.

Witness consciousness taking form is the true miracle. Not visions. Not powers. Not bliss. But the ability to be awake in ordinary life without losing balance. When you can walk, speak, work, love, and suffer without forgetting awareness, Bhishma has been born in you.

This is also why Bhishma's end is delayed. He lies on the bed of arrows, fully conscious, waiting for the right time. Even death does not come when he wants it to. Awareness must leave only when the cosmic rhythm allows. Until then, it remains — pierced, silent, luminous.

The Mahabharata hides this teaching gently: not all awakened energy is meant to dissolve. Some must remain to hold the world steady. Some must carry dharma through dark ages. Some must endure confusion, delay, and misunderstanding for the sake of balance.

The birth of Bhishma is the birth of responsibility in awakening.

When this chapter touches the reader, something shifts. The rush for experiences slows. The hunger for liberation matures. The seeker begins to respect the stage of remaining. Life stops being a distraction and becomes the field of yoga itself.

And then, slowly, the yogi understands: Bhishma is not a character. He is a phase of consciousness. A necessary one. A sacred one.

The eighth Vasu does not dissolve because the world is not finished yet.

And neither are you.

Chapter 5: Shantanu and Ganga — Union and Separation

First Awakening and Its Loss

Every awakening begins like a love story. It arrives uninvited, unplanned, and overwhelming. The seeker does not search for it; it finds the seeker. In the Mahabharata, this first meeting of consciousness and the divine flow is called Shantanu meeting Ganga. In the inner world, it is the moment when awareness suddenly touches its own source and the river of Sushumna begins to flow without effort. Even in worldly love, the Sushumna begins to flow, which is why one feels more aware and blissful. But only yogis can sustain, deepen and elevate this flow enough to reach awakening and dissolution. Shantanu is not a king. He is the individual seeker, innocent, untrained, unprepared. He does not know yoga. He does not practice discipline. He does not understand what is happening. He only knows that something luminous has entered his life and everything feels complete. Ganga is not a woman. She is Shakti herself, pure consciousness in motion, flowing freely through the body, washing thought, desire, and identity in one sweep.

This is the bliss of spontaneous union. It is the phase when awakening feels effortless, natural, and eternal. No techniques, no rules, no vows. Only flow. Many experience it once in life — in childhood, adolescence, illness, love, loss, or a sudden silence. It comes like grace because it *is* grace. It is the Divine Mother introducing herself.

I remember my first meeting with Ganga clearly. I was young, with no knowledge of yoga, no spiritual ambition. And yet, in a dream-state, awareness dissolved so completely that the sense of “me” vanished. There was only vastness, light, bliss without cause. It did not feel like experience; it felt like remembrance. When I woke, the world looked unreal, thin, like a shadow. That was Shantanu meeting Ganga. And like Shantanu, I did not know what I had received.

But grace does not stay, not because it is taken away, but because it must be protected. The vessel is still fragile. The ego is still alive. The mind still wants to own what it cannot hold.

In the Mahabharata, Shantanu makes one mistake — he asks a question. He interrupts the flow. He tries to understand, to control, to save. Ego enters in the form of concern, curiosity, fear. The moment ego appears, the river withdraws. Ganga leaves.

This is the law of awakening: **the moment you try to hold it, you lose it.**

Ego is not arrogance here. It is identification. It is the subtle thought, “This is happening to me.” The moment that thought arises, union breaks. Consciousness cannot flow where ownership begins. Shakti cannot dance where fear interrupts rhythm.

When Ganga leaves, Shantanu’s world collapses. But the pain that follows awakening is not ordinary pain. It is the pain of separation from one’s own source. It is the ache of having tasted infinity and then being returned to limitation. Ordinary sorrow comes from loss of objects. This sorrow comes from loss of being.

Many seekers get stuck here. They think awakening was a mistake. They think they imagined it. They try to recreate it. They chase methods, teachers, practices, hoping to bring Ganga back. But she does not return by effort. She returns by maturity.

Shantanu's sorrow is the sorrow of every seeker after the first awakening. Life continues, but something is missing. The world feels dull. Relationships feel empty. Desire returns, but it no longer satisfies. This is not depression; it is initiation. The river has gone underground, preparing the next phase.

When my awakening withdrew later in life after intense sadhana, the pain was sharper. I had tasted it consciously this time. I knew what was possible. And when it disappeared, I felt abandoned, confused, restless. I tried to bring it back through effort, breath, concentration. But the more I tried, the more it retreated. Only much later did I understand: Shantanu's mistake was also mine — I interfered.

The withdrawal of Shakti is not rejection. It is training. When Ganga leaves, she leaves behind memory. And memory becomes longing. Longing becomes discipline. Discipline becomes maturity. Without separation, there is no strength. Without loss, there is no grounding. Even in a love affair, the same process unfolds. When the beloved separates, longing is born; from longing arises discipline, and from discipline comes maturity. This is why Ganga is depicted as a woman and awakening is shown as a love affair. The sages understood the human heart completely. They were masters of every art — not only of renunciation, but of household life as well. They knew that the deepest spiritual laws are reflected most clearly in ordinary human love.

This is why the Mahabharata places union before separation. First, you must know what is possible. Only then can you learn how to carry it.

Shantanu's pain leads him back into the world. Desire returns in the form of Satyawati. The seeker returns to life, work, relationships, ambition. But now, nothing satisfies fully. The taste of Ganga remains. The seeker is no longer innocent. He is divided — half in the world, half in the river. The same happens with a failed lover. To extinguish the longing for the first beloved, one seeks another. Yet the new love rarely satisfies, because the first is always the first. In reality too, the first flow of Sushumna is the strongest, rising from complete dormancy, fresh and overwhelming.

This division is necessary. Without it, Bhishma would never be born.

The pain that follows awakening is the womb of stabilization. It is the pressure that turns experience into wisdom. Those who escape too early become fragile. Those who endure become pillars.

This chapter is for those who have tasted awakening and lost it. For those who felt the river once and now feel dry. For those who know something immense exists but cannot reach it again. Shantanu's story is their story.

Ganga leaves so that Shantanu can grow. She leaves so that he can learn to live without her presence. She leaves so that awareness can become stable rather than ecstatic. She leaves so that Bhishma can be born.

The first awakening is not liberation. It is introduction.

Union comes first. Loss comes next. And between them, the seeker is forged.

The Mahabharata hides this truth gently: do not cling to your first awakening. Let it go. Let it hurt. Let it transform you. The river always returns — but not in the same way.

When it returns, it will not overwhelm you. It will live inside you. It will not sweep you away. It will hold you upright.

That is why Ganga leaves. That is why Shantanu suffers. That is why the story exists — to teach the seeker that loss is not failure, but preparation.

And when this understanding ripens, the pain softens. The longing becomes silent. The seeker stops chasing the river and begins to become its bed.

Only then does Ganga return — not as a lover, but as life itself.

Chapter 6: When Ganga Leaves — Desire Returns

Stagnation, Stillness, and the Return of Maya

There comes a moment in every inner journey when the river suddenly stops singing. The flow that once carried the seeker effortlessly forward becomes silent. Breath moves, life continues, but something essential is missing. This is the moment the Mahabharata describes as Ganga leaving Shantanu. And this is the moment most seekers misunderstand, fear, and resist. Yet this phase is as sacred as the first awakening itself, because it reveals a deeper law of consciousness: **stillness without movement cannot sustain life, and so desire must return.**

When Ganga leaves, awareness does not disappear. In fact, it often becomes sharper, more still, more vast. Thoughts reduce. Emotions calm. The seeker feels a strange neutrality, a dry peace. This is not ignorance; it is clarity without flow. It is like a lake that has no ripples but also no current. At first, this feels like attainment. The mind feels quiet. The senses are subdued. The ego is weaker. But slowly, something begins to ache inside. A subtle heaviness enters. The silence feels stagnant. This is the beginning of danger.

In yogic language, this is **stillness without movement** — awareness without Shakti. Consciousness is awake, but energy is not flowing. The river has gone underground. The Sushumna is silent. This silence can deceive, because it resembles peace. But unlike true peace, it does not nourish. It does not renew. It does not purify. It simply holds.

The Mahabharata shows this with great precision. When Ganga leaves, Shantanu is not disturbed immediately. He continues to live, rule, function. But the bliss that once danced in his being becomes memory. And memory, when repeated, becomes longing. Longing, when unfulfilled, becomes desire.

This is why desire reawakens after loss. Desire is not the enemy of awakening; it is its echo. When Shakti withdraws, consciousness seeks movement. When divine flow stops, nature creates another current. That current is Maya — not as illusion, but as substitute movement. Desire is life's way of preventing stagnation.

This is a very subtle law: **when energy does not rise upward, it must flow outward.** And so, after Ganga leaves, Satyavati appears. The seeker, who had tasted inner bliss, now feels drawn back to the world — to relationships, ambition, achievement, pleasure, power. This is not a fall. This is balance restoring itself. The body refuses to become a grave of stillness.

Many seekers judge themselves at this stage. They think they have failed. They think awakening was lost. They think desire means regression. But the Mahabharata teaches otherwise. Desire after awakening is not sin; it is **circulation returning**. It is the system trying to move again.

I have lived this stage deeply. After powerful awakenings, when the inner river went silent, life pulled me back into the world with force. Duties multiplied. Interests returned. Sensuality knocked again. And for a time, I felt guilty, as if I had betrayed something sacred. But later, I saw the truth: my system needed movement. Awareness alone was not enough. The river had to flow again, even if downward for a while.

This is why spiritual stagnation is more dangerous than desire. Desire keeps energy alive. Stagnation dries it up. Desire creates karma, but stagnation creates decay. A seeker stuck in dry stillness becomes rigid, proud, disconnected from life. This is the birth of the false renunciate — peaceful on the surface, brittle underneath.

The silent law of separation exists to prevent this. Ganga leaves so that Shantanu can re-enter life. She leaves so that awareness can be tested. She leaves so that Bhishma can be born. Without separation, awakening would remain fragile and incomplete.

Separation also creates memory. And memory of bliss is not weakness; it is **future discipline**. When the river once touched you, it never truly leaves. It becomes a compass. It becomes a standard. It becomes the inner measure by which all other experiences are judged. No pleasure satisfies fully anymore, because the taste of Ganga remains on the tongue of consciousness.

This memory slowly transforms desire. At first, the seeker runs outward. Later, outward pleasures lose their charm. Then longing turns inward. And that inward longing becomes tapas — discipline, patience, endurance. This is the moment when effort becomes possible. Not forced effort, but natural discipline born of remembrance.

This is why sages never tried to avoid separation. They understood it as part of the cycle. They knew that bliss must be lost so that it can be earned. Grace must withdraw so that strength can develop. Flow must stop so that the channel can be purified.

In worldly love, this same law operates. When the beloved leaves, longing intensifies. When longing matures, it becomes self-control. When self-control deepens, it becomes wisdom. That is why the Mahabharata describes awakening as a love affair — because the heart understands separation more deeply than the intellect ever could.

Ganga leaving is not abandonment. It is initiation into adulthood of consciousness.

When this chapter is lived, not just read, the seeker stops panicking at dryness. He stops chasing experiences. He stops condemning desire. Instead, he begins to watch the cycle with patience. He allows Maya to play her role. He allows life to move him again. And slowly, unknowingly, the channel clears.

Then one day — not suddenly, not dramatically — Ganga returns. But this time, she does not overwhelm. She flows steadily. She does not intoxicate; she stabilizes. She does not lift the seeker out of life; she carries him through it.

This is the wisdom hidden in the Mahabharata: **awakening is not a straight ascent. It is a river that disappears and reappears, teaching the seeker how to live without clinging to either flow or stillness.**

When Ganga leaves, desire returns. And when desire matures, Ganga returns again.

And each time she returns, the seeker is stronger, softer, and more ready to let her flow all the way home.

Chapter 7: Satyavati — The Call of Earthly Shakti The Return to Matter

When the river of awakening withdraws, the earth begins to speak. And she does not whisper — she calls. This call is not temptation; it is necessity. In the Mahabharata, this voice of earth is named Satyavati. In the inner world, she is Maya in form, the pull of matter that returns the seeker from stillness back into life. Without her, awakening would remain incomplete, fragile, and untested. With her, consciousness is forced to mature.

Satyavati does not appear while Ganga flows. She appears only after Ganga leaves. This timing is the first secret. When the Sushumna is active, the senses lose their grip. The world becomes light, transparent, almost unreal. But when the flow pauses, nature restores balance. Energy that cannot rise upward must move outward. That outward movement is Satyavati.

She is described as carrying the smell of fish. This is not insult; it is symbol. Fish smell is instinct, survival, the raw pull of the body. It is the scent of life that refuses abstraction. It is hunger, sexuality, ambition, lineage, continuity. It is everything spirituality tries to bypass but can never truly escape. The sages encoded this truth without shame: the seeker must return to matter, not as a fall, but as a test.

Satyavati is Maya, but Maya is not illusion in the childish sense. Maya is **measurement**. She gives form to consciousness so it can know itself through limits. Without Maya, there is no creation, no lineage, no continuity, no world to awaken within. When Shantanu longs for her, it is awareness re-entering density after tasting the infinite. The yogi who has felt silence now feels the body again. Desire returns. Work returns. Relationship returns. The world regains color.

This return is painful because it feels like loss. The seeker thinks, “I was free, and now I am trapped again.” But the Mahabharata shows the deeper truth: **this return is chosen by nature itself**. Shantanu does not seek Satyavati; he is drawn by her. Consciousness is pulled back because it is not yet complete.

In my own life, this stage was more confusing than the first awakening. After strong inner experiences, I felt drawn back into worldly responsibilities with unusual force. Family matters, duties, ambitions, even sensual interests returned, not as indulgence, but as necessity. The silence inside remained, but life demanded participation. It was not spiritual failure — it was Satyavati calling me back to the field of testing.

This is why her father places a condition: only her son may inherit the throne. This is not politics. It is the law of karma. Every return to matter creates consequences, continuity, lineage. You cannot taste life without leaving traces. You cannot re-enter the world without becoming responsible for it. The throne is not power; it is obligation.

Satyavati ensures that awakening does not become selfish. She binds consciousness back into the web of cause and effect so that wisdom is earned, not stolen. She forces the yogi to prove whether awareness can survive noise, conflict, desire, loss, and duty. Only then does awakening become real.

Material life is not the opposite of yoga; it is its crucible. This is the great lie most seekers carry — that spirituality means escaping the world. The Mahabharata destroys this illusion

mercilessly. Every awakened being is sent back. Every river meets the sea and then returns as rain. Every yogi must walk the market after the cave.

Satyavati is the embodiment of this law. She smells of fish because she belongs to water and earth both. She is half river, half soil. She stands exactly between Ganga and Bhishma — between flow and stillness, between ascent and stabilization. Through her, the lineage continues. Through her, the story continues. Through her, karma is fulfilled.

When a seeker resists this return, stagnation sets in. Awareness becomes dry. Silence becomes arrogance. Detachment becomes avoidance. That is why nature does not ask permission. She simply pulls. She creates desire, relationship, responsibility. And the seeker, confused and sometimes ashamed, follows — thinking he has fallen, while in truth he has been *reassigned*.

Satyavati's role is ruthless compassion. She does not care for spiritual pride. She cares for balance. She does not allow incomplete awakening to dissolve prematurely. She demands grounding. She demands participation. She demands lineage, meaning continuity of life, of action, of consequence.

Only after this return does Bhishma's role become clear. Only after matter is re-entered does stabilized awareness become necessary. Only after Maya tightens her grip does witness consciousness learn to stand unmoved. This is why Bhishma's terrible vow comes later — not at awakening, but after the return to life. Containment is needed only when pressure increases.

In this sense, Satyavati is the true initiator of mature yoga. She drags the seeker out of subtle bliss and places him in the furnace of ordinary existence. She tests whether silence can remain while dealing with money, family, power, and loss. She tests whether awareness is real or borrowed.

And this is why she is called Satyavati — the one who carries truth. Truth is not found only in silence; it is found in action that does not bind. Truth is not found only in caves; it is found in kitchens, fields, offices, wars, relationships, and grief. The sages knew this, and that is why they created her.

The return to matter is not a detour. It is the main road.

When the reader understands this chapter, guilt dissolves. Confusion softens. The seeker stops fighting life and begins to use it. Desire becomes fuel. Responsibility becomes yoga. Karma becomes purification.

Satyavati is not the enemy of Ganga. She is her continuation. Ganga purifies through ascent; Satyavati purifies through engagement. One cleanses by silence, the other by action. Together they complete the circle.

This is why the Mahabharata is the Fifth Veda — because it teaches what the Vedas could not say openly: **that God must be known in matter, not beyond it.**

And when this truth settles, the seeker no longer waits for escape. He stands in life fully, awake, grounded, and unafraid. And only then, when the test is complete, does the river return again — not to lift him out of the world, but to flow through it as him.

Chapter 8: Bhishma's Terrible Vow — Celibacy as Sublimated Fire

There are moments in the inner journey when energy becomes too powerful to move freely, yet too sacred to be wasted. At such moments, consciousness must make a decision — not of morality, but of direction. In the Mahabharata, this moment is called Bhishma's terrible vow. In yoga, it is called brahmacharya. And in life, it is the moment when desire is no longer denied, but **contained and transformed**.

Bhishma's vow is often misunderstood as renunciation. But renunciation is not what is happening here. Nothing is being rejected. Nothing is being crushed. The fire is not extinguished — it is sealed, refined, and redirected upward. Bhishma does not turn away from life because he hates it; he steps back because the energy of life has become too intense to be spent outwardly without destroying its deeper purpose.

This is the stage where many seekers break. Sexual energy awakens along with Kundalini. Desire intensifies, not weakens. The senses sharpen. Attraction becomes magnetic. And yet, something inside refuses to go outward as before. The body still wants, but awareness has changed. Pleasure now feels like leakage. The seeker stands between heaven and earth, unable to go back, not yet able to dissolve forward.

This is exactly where Bhishma stands.

He is Shantanu's sublimated force. When Ganga left, Shantanu's energy did not disappear. It condensed. It hardened. It became will. That will was born as Bhishma. And when Satyawati returned Shantanu to the world, that same energy had to be held in a new form. Bhishma's vow is the sealing of that force so that the kingdom — the inner system — does not collapse under its pressure.

Brahmacharya, in its deepest sense, is **upward movement of fire**. It is not abstinence. It is redirection. Sexual energy is the strongest form of Shakti in the body. If it flows outward, it creates lineage, continuity, karma. If it is turned upward, it creates clarity, stability, and light. Bhishma chooses the second path — not for personal liberation, but for balance of the whole.

This is why his vow shakes the earth. The Mahabharata does not glorify it; it trembles before it. Such containment is not easy. It creates immense strength, but also immense loneliness. Bhishma carries power without expression, fire without outlet. This is why he becomes invincible, and also why he must suffer.

I have touched this stage myself, not as a vow spoken aloud, but as a silent inner sealing. After intense awakening, I found that outward indulgence disturbed the flow immediately. Pleasure broke awareness. Desire pulled energy downward. And so, without deciding, without promising, something closed. Energy began to rise naturally instead of spilling. It was not suppression — it was necessity. The system had learned a new direction.

This is the secret of true brahmacharya: it happens, it is not forced.

Bhishma's celibacy is the inner locking of the Sushumna so that energy cannot escape sideways. Once locked, the fire climbs. This climbing is slow, steady, and often painful, because old pathways still pull. Memory of pleasure still burns. The body still asks. But awareness holds. This holding is tapas — the heat that purifies. It is not hard or tapas-like at

all if it is done at the right time and in the right place — with plenty of time, in isolation, and, frankly speaking, with a tantric consort. Then it becomes blissful, increases mental clarity, sharpens intelligence, and makes the world far more fulfilling than before.

But when it is practiced with a stressed body and mind, in crowded environments, and amidst constant mental distractions, it becomes difficult, like tapas. Even then, it is not as beautiful or natural, and progress is slow. Even sometimes it can turn harmful due to undesired and intolerable pressures. Some claim to attain full awakening within a year when all the right conditions are present; otherwise, there are people who practice for a lifetime under improper conditions and still fail.

And here lies a great truth hidden in the epic: **renunciation is not denial of the world, but refusal to leak energy into it unconsciously**. Bhishma remains in the world. He rules. He fights. He teaches. He protects. But he does not possess. He does not cling. He does not claim. He governs without ownership. Possessions and attachments push sexual energy outward into waste. Bhishma avoided these, and thus he was able to direct the energy upward.

This is the yogic meaning of ruling without possessing. When energy is stabilized, awareness becomes the axis around which life moves. The yogi acts, but does not bind. He loves, but does not depend. He serves, but does not seek reward. This is why Bhishma is the pillar of Hastinapur and yet never its king.

Containment is the highest discipline. Anyone can indulge. Anyone can suppress. But to hold fire without burning — that is mastery. This comes with practice under the right conditions, and many yogis have mastered it — not just Bhishma. Bhishma is the name given to this quality of containment and upward movement of energy. At the same time, we do not deny the mythological figure. Countless Bhishmas have lived, countless are living, and countless will live in the future. This is the essence of Sanātana culture — an eternal flow, not dependent on a single prophet appearing at a particular time and place. The terrible vow is terrible because it is irreversible. Once energy has turned upward, returning to old patterns feels like falling into darkness. The yogi may still move in the world, but he can never forget the inner flame. This creates tension, and that tension refines awareness further. Bhishma's long life is the symbol of this long refining. It is 'terrible' also in the sense that it produces a new birth — a dvija, the twice-born. And everyone knows that birth comes only after death: the death of old patterns, old memories, old personality, and old habits. To accept this death willingly — how can that not be terrible? Many modern seekers misunderstand celibacy and either imitate it blindly or reject it completely. Both are mistakes. The Mahabharata does not ask for imitation. It reveals a stage. When the fire rises strongly, it must be guided. When Shakti intensifies, she must be honored. Otherwise, she destroys the vessel.

Bhishma honors her by containing her.

And yet, this is not the end. Containment is not the final state. It is preparation. It is the holding of energy until the heart knot breaks, until surrender becomes complete, until Ganga returns again — not as sudden flood, but as steady river flowing through stabilized awareness.

This is why Bhishma ultimately falls only when the time is right. His vow holds until its purpose is fulfilled. When dynamic energy returns in the form of Shikhandi, when rigidity

dissolves, when ego finally bows, then even Bhishma can let go. Shikhandini represents the blissful meditation image — feminine in its sattvic pleasure-giving quality, yet not a woman, and therefore like a eunuch. When bliss returns, the ‘terrible’ begins to fade. With this, Bhishma too fades, and his vow dissolves. Though he denies marriage outwardly, inwardly he is united — married to the meditation image itself. In this way, his vow of not marrying fades, not through breaking, but through fulfillment. But until then, he stands.

This chapter teaches the seeker a difficult but necessary truth: **awakening without containment is dangerous, and containment without surrender is incomplete**. Bhishma’s vow is the bridge between these two. It is the stage where energy is no longer wasted and not yet dissolved. It is the stage where the yogi becomes a pillar. A pillar is hard because it has stopped the outward wastage of energy and raised it upward, yet not delivered it fully to single meditation image so yet not softened, containing it in the brain in the form of many disciplines — tapas, vratas, vows, and niyamas. Bhishma denied marrying anyone outwardly, but for awakening one must be married — not to an external body, but to an inner meditation image. When this image builds up in his mind as Shikhandini, his vow is destroyed. The destruction of the vow means the destruction of Bhishma’s hardness — or symbolically, Bhishma being killed by the arrow.

Awakening without containment is dangerous, for unheld energy spills into desire and disorder. I awakened in childhood in a dream, and it led to very difficult conditions. For a short time I was able to contain myself, but later I could not. By instinct, I adopted *sharirvigyan darshan*, and it saved me by keeping me fully engaged in worldly life while also controlling and balancing me. An awakened mind expects the world to reflect the same stable and peaceful bliss, but the world does the opposite. A nondual darshan therefore keeps stability and bliss at a base level, protecting the mind from trauma.

Containment here means a single mental meditation image like that of guru, devata, deity etc. or whatever most favoured as per Patanjali. It collects energy and becomes awakened. By remembering the image again and again while gently pushing energy toward it, a time comes when the yogi merges with it for a few moments. This is called awakening. If there is no single meditation image acting as a container in the mind, the rising energy feeds chaotic thoughts of many kinds and gets exhausted. At the same time, those energized chaotic thoughts disturb life. That is why awakening without containment is dangerous.

Actually, without a single image, if awakening happens, one merges with all thoughts together and does not know which thought or image is the true energy consumer. Because of this, energy cannot be contained properly after awakening and the mind becomes distracted by different thoughts. This is exactly what happened to me during my first awakening.

But during my second awakening, my Dada Guru image clearly contained and consumed the energy, as it had already done during practice. This brought clarity and saved me from an overwhelming influx of energy after awakening.

Similarly, containment without surrender is incomplete. When I instinctively made my Dada Guru image my meditation image, I was fully surrendered to it, and therefore it effectively contained the energy. I had suffered for a long time in the world, and my exhausted raising of hands declared my defeat before it. Recognizing this, the image accepted me. Otherwise, many people meditate for long periods without appreciable progress, simply because surrender is missing

If you have reached a point where desire still arises but cannot be satisfied, where pleasure disturbs awareness, where the world pulls but cannot hold you — Bhishma has been born in you. Do not fear this. Do not rush to escape it. This is the forge where awareness becomes unbreakable.

The terrible vow is not tragedy. It is strength sealed into silence.

And from this silence, the final awakening will one day rise — steady, irreversible, and free.

Chapter 9: The Three Princesses — Ida, Pingala, and Sushumna Inner Channels of Awakening

Every seeker meets three energies long before they meet truth. These three are not philosophies, not techniques, not beliefs — they are living currents inside the body. The Mahabharata names them Ambika, Ambalika, and Amba. Yoga names them Ida, Pingala, and Sushumna. And life names them comfort, effort, and surrender.

The story of the three princesses is not a tale of marriage politics. It is a precise inner map of awakening. Bhishma does not go to bring brides for a king; he goes to gather energies for the inner kingdom. And what happens there is exactly what happens in every yogi's body.

Ambika and Ambalika come easily. Amba does not.

This single difference contains the entire secret of yoga.

Ida and Pingala — Ambika and Ambalika — are the two manageable currents. They are lunar and solar, cooling and heating, left and right, pleasure and effort. They respond to discipline. They respond to practice. They respond to method. Through asana, pranayama, tapas, routine, and will, these two can be balanced and lifted. This is why most yoga practices work to some extent. They move energy. They purify. They refine the system.

But they do not liberate.

Ambika and Ambalika accept their place. They integrate. They give lineage. They continue life. Ida and Pingala support health, clarity, and even spiritual growth. They can take energy up to the threshold. But the threshold is not the door.

Amba is the door.

And Amba cannot be forced.

Sushumna is the central path, but it is not a path of effort. It is a path of permission. It opens only when the seeker stops trying to open it. This is the great frustration of yogis: years of practice, discipline, purity, and still the deepest door does not open. The Mahabharata encodes this truth with brutal honesty. Bhishma can abduct Ambika and Ambalika. He cannot take Amba.

Why?

Because Sushumna is not an object to be seized. It is consciousness itself. You cannot take yourself by force.

This is where effort-based yoga reaches its limit. Discipline can purify the side channels. Will can raise energy. Tapas can contain fire. But Sushumna opens only when the heart knot breaks, when surrender happens, when identity softens. Until then, Amba resists.

Amba's resistance is not refusal; it is protection. If Sushumna opened before readiness, the system would collapse. That is why many who force awakening experience instability, fear, imbalance, or collapse. The central channel demands maturity, not strength. The same thing

happened to me. At the time of my adolescent dream awakening, I had almost seen nothing of the world, and after that awakening it became very difficult for me to grow in worldly life. Thanks to my self-made nondual *sharirvigyan darshan*, I was able to maintain interest in worldly duties. The same thing happened to Bhishma — Ganga went away, leaving me motherless — but this absence made me mature, learn hard and properly, wrestle with situations, and escape when needed. This later helped my practice-based awakening to happen, meaning I met Ganga a second time, as if she herself had come to see her child again. By then, I had seen the vivid colors of the world, and so becoming introverted did not harm me; instead, it helped both me and the world, in the form of books and blogs. This chapter is deeply personal for me, because I lived this truth painfully.

In my early life, after spontaneous awakening in childhood, energy rose without container. Ida and Pingala were active, chaotic, uncontrolled. Thoughts multiplied. Bliss came and went violently. I had no image, no center, no Sushumna stability. I tried to hold energy through will alone, and it broke me. That was Amba resisting me — and saving me — at the same time, because the central channel was refusing to open before I was ready. Sushumna did not allow the energy to enter fully, so it scattered into Ida and Pingala instead. This scattering felt like chaos, but it was protection. If the energy had entered the central path without a container, it would have shattered the system. By breaking my will-based effort, Amba forced the energy to exhaust itself outwardly rather than destroy the core. What felt like failure was actually delay, and what felt like breakdown was preparation. In truth, the brain becomes capable of containing the Sushumna's flood of energy only after repeated worldly, physical, mental, and emotional impacts, combined with yogic practice and meditation on a chosen image. These experiences gradually strengthen the nervous system. Later, through instinct, I adopted a single meditation image. Slowly, that image began to collect energy. Slowly, energy stopped leaking sideways. Ida and Pingala calmed. But Sushumna still did not open. And this taught me something no book could: **until surrender appears, the central channel remains closed.** Later, with divine grace and practice, surrender also happened.

In the Mahabharata, Amba is rejected by both worlds. She cannot go back to Salva, and she cannot stay with Vichitravirya. This is exactly the yogic state of Sushumna energy — it belongs neither to worldly life nor to effort-based spirituality. It stands alone, waiting. In worldly life it was sweeping as a coiled snake in the muladhara. But when it awakened and loosened its spiral, becoming slightly upright, it could never sleep fully again. It had begun its journey toward the higher realms. This waiting is unbearable for many seekers. It creates frustration, anger, despair. Amba becomes fierce. She becomes a burning question. She becomes obsession. And yet, this burning is necessary, because it consumes ego. Detachment from the lower worlds dissolved the ego associated with them, and the inability to reach the higher realm prevented the formation of a new ego there.

When Amba finally transforms, she does not return as a bride, neither to Salva of the lower worlds nor to Bhishma of the upper worlds. She returns as Shikhandi — the one who ends rigidity. This is a profound symbol. Sushumna does not open to effort; it opens to surrender that comes after exhaustion. When the yogi is tired of trying, tired of controlling, tired of becoming — the central channel opens by itself. When a person becomes exhausted by everything, surrender happens instinctively toward a single, most favored mental image. That image becomes a powerful meditation object, triggering the flood of Sushumna and awakening. This is the psychological science behind surrender. This is why Sushumna is called untouchable. Not because it is distant, but because it is too intimate. You cannot grasp it. You can only dissolve into it. With any tension, stress, or doubt in the mind, it is unable to

withstand the pressure of Sushumna. When one becomes fully calm, tensionless, and like a child in his mother's lap, the mind's capacity improves to hold the meditation image and the Sushumna flow. This is simple science. Sushumna is intelligent and never floods an unprepared body. If, by mistake or otherwise, it does begin to flow, it immediately judges the condition and shuts itself down. I experienced this once in a half-sleep state when I was chasing the Sushumna flow. It glowed like a rod of light sensation along the backbone from top to bottom, brightened some temple images in the brain to a high level, and then instantly faded. The glowing sensation in the back felt like an obstruction in the flow; otherwise, it usually passes unnoticed. Ambika and Ambalika are satisfied with effort. Amba demands transformation or simply say more mental preparedness.

And this is why the Mahabharata shows that Bhishma, the greatest of disciplined beings, still cannot integrate Amba through will. His bow is strong, his vows are strong, his discipline is perfect — but Sushumna remains beyond his reach. Only when rigidity breaks does the door open.

This is the ultimate lesson of the three princesses: **effort prepares, surrender liberates.**

Ida and Pingala can be trained. Sushumna must be trusted.

When this truth settles, the seeker stops fighting the central channel. He stops forcing experiences. He stops comparing progress. He stops chasing awakening. Instead, he lives, practices gently, contains energy, purifies life, and waits.

And one day — without announcement — Amba opens.

Not as fire, not as shock, not as drama, but as quiet flow. The river begins to move through the center. Thoughts dissolve. Effort disappears. Awareness becomes effortless. This is true awakening — not created, but revealed.

The Mahabharata hides this truth in the story of three women because the mind understands relationship better than theory. Ambika and Ambalika come easily because the mind loves effort and control. Amba resists because the ego cannot surrender.

But surrender is the only marriage that leads to liberation.

And when the reader understands this, struggle relaxes. The body softens. The breath deepens. The waiting becomes sweet. And slowly, the central path opens — not because you took it, but because it accepted you.

That is the secret of the three princesses.

Chapter 10: The Abduction — Initiating the Inner Ascent Force, Will, and the First Rise of Energy

There comes a moment in the inner journey when energy refuses to stay where it has been sleeping. It begins to press upward, restless, urgent, demanding movement. This is not yet surrender. It is not yet grace. It is will awakening. In the Mahabharata, this moment is shown as Bhishma abducting the three princesses. In yoga, it is the first conscious rise of Kundalini through discipline, effort, and direction.

Abduction is a strong word, and it is used deliberately. Because the first ascent of energy is never gentle. It is forceful. It is intentional. It is guided by will. The body does not rise on its own. The mind does not open by accident. At the beginning, awakening is pushed, not allowed. And Bhishma represents that pushing will — the disciplined intelligence that knows the direction and dares to move energy upward.

Bhishma is not acting for desire. He is acting for order. He is not chasing pleasure; he is guiding energy toward purpose. This is the stage when a seeker discovers yoga, discipline, routine, practice, vows, restraint. The scattered currents of life are gathered and carried upward, just as Bhishma lifts the three princesses and moves them away from their old ground.

This carrying is the first ascent. Energy that once flowed downward into instinct, fear, desire, and survival is redirected toward higher centers. The yogi sits, breathes, concentrates, restrains, controls. Something begins to rise along the spine. Heat appears. Pressure appears. Awareness sharpens. Bliss flickers. This is the moment when the seeker feels, “Now I am progressing.”

And indeed, progress is real — but partial.

Bhishma can carry the princesses, but he cannot complete their union. He can initiate movement, but he cannot ensure integration. This is the great lesson hidden in the abduction. Discipline works. Will works. Effort works. But only up to a point. Beyond that point, force becomes obstruction.

Ambika and Ambalika move with him. Ida and Pingala respond to discipline. These channels are obedient. They strengthen, balance, and refine through effort. The seeker feels more stable, more clear, more controlled. Life improves. Mind becomes sharp. Body becomes light. Many yogis stop here and believe awakening is complete. But this is still preparation, not liberation.

Amba does not integrate. Sushumna does not open.

This is where frustration begins. The seeker has done everything right — practice, purity, discipline, restraint, study, renunciation — and yet the central path remains closed. Energy rises and falls. Bliss comes and goes. Awareness flashes and fades. This is the danger of premature ascent. The system is lifted, but not ready to receive.

I know this stage deeply. After my early spontaneous awakening, I later tried to recreate the ascent through will. I practiced, concentrated, restrained, pushed. Energy did rise, sometimes violently. The spine would glow, pressure would build, images would brighten in the brain.

But it never stayed. The flow would collapse. The system would shut down. What I did not understand then was that Bhishma was carrying the princesses, but Amba was resisting for my own safety.

Inner readiness cannot be forced. The nervous system must be prepared through life itself — through work, relationships, struggle, loss, disappointment, patience. These are not distractions from yoga; they are its preparation. Each emotional blow strengthens the container. Each failure thickens the vessel. Each responsibility widens the channel. Without this preparation, ascent becomes dangerous.

That is why Sushumna is intelligent. It knows when the body and mind are ready. It opens only when stability is present. If force tries to push it open, it retreats. The seeker feels heat, pressure, chaos, even fear. This is not failure; this is protection. The river closes its gates to save the land from flooding.

Bhishma's abduction shows the correct role of will: **to move energy out of its old grooves, but not to complete awakening.** Will initiates; surrender completes. Discipline lifts; grace dissolves. Effort carries; readiness integrates.

This is why the abduction is not the marriage. It is the journey, not the union. It is necessary, but insufficient. And when the seeker understands this, a great relaxation happens. The need to force disappears. Practice becomes gentler. Discipline becomes loving. The body softens. The mind listens.

The danger of premature ascent is not just energetic. It is psychological. When energy rises without readiness, thoughts become charged, emotions intensify, identity shakes. One can become restless, unstable, or inflated. Many confuse this with spiritual power. The Mahabharata warns silently: Bhishma's strength alone cannot create harmony. Without inner maturity, strength becomes burden. After awakening, an immature child rushes blindly behind the images flashing in the mind, because he has not yet experienced their practical meaning. He has not yet seen the vivid world with its vivid colors. The same happened to me, but I was kept in line by the grace of gods and gurus. It was like running on a razor's edge, when every girl — especially the nearest one in my mind — appeared to be the best medium for providing awakening. The good point was that social culture was not open and was still traditional; otherwise, in an open culture, much time and energy could have been lost in such conditions that could have put question mark on further spiritual growth .

This chapter exists to save the seeker from misunderstanding effort. Effort is sacred. Will is necessary. Discipline is noble. But none of them are the final key.

Bhishma must act — otherwise nothing would move. But Bhishma must also fail — otherwise surrender would never be learned.

When the seeker reaches this stage, something profound happens: the ego of effort begins to crack. One realizes that no amount of pushing will open the final door. And in that exhaustion, in that humility, surrender appears naturally.

Then, and only then, the abduction turns into transformation. The carried energy stops resisting. The central channel begins to open quietly. The river flows not by force, but by consent.

This is the hidden message of the abduction: **the first ascent is driven by will, but the true ascent is allowed by grace.** The yogi must learn both.

And when this lesson is learned, the journey becomes safe. The fire no longer burns the house. The river no longer floods the land. The ascent becomes steady, natural, irreversible.

Bhishma has done his work.

Now the seeker must learn to let go.

Chapter 11: Amba's Rejection — The Birth of the Knot Granthi, Obsession, and Inner Conflict

There is a stage in the inner journey more painful than ignorance and more confusing than desire. It is the stage where energy no longer belongs to the world, and yet cannot reach the sky. It hangs in between, burning, unresolved, misunderstood. The Mahabharata names this stage Amba's rejection. Yoga calls it granthi — the knot. Life experiences it as obsession, inner conflict, and unbearable pressure to become something else.

This chapter is about that knot.

Amba is not rejected because she is unworthy. She is rejected because she no longer fits anywhere. She has tasted ascent, so she cannot return to the lower worlds. But she has not yet been accepted by the higher realm, because the heart is not yet surrendered. This is the most dangerous and the most fertile stage of awakening.

Energy is stuck between worlds.

When Sushumna begins to stir but cannot open fully, energy rises halfway and stops. It no longer flows downward into ordinary desire, and it cannot dissolve upward into peace. It becomes compressed. That compression is heat. That heat is pain. That pain is obsession.

In the Mahabharata, Amba goes first to Salva and is rejected. This is the lower chakra rejection. The old pleasures, ambitions, relationships, and satisfactions no longer work. They feel empty, tasteless, even repulsive. The seeker tries to return to life as before but cannot. Something has been lost forever. The lower worlds have closed.

Then Amba turns to Bhishma and is rejected again. This is the upper chakra rejection. The higher realm does not accept her either. Bliss does not come. Peace does not stay. Meditation does not resolve. The seeker feels abandoned by both heaven and earth.

This double rejection is the granthi — the knot where energy gets stuck.

It is here that society misunderstands the seeker completely. From the outside, it looks like madness, obsession, or failure. The seeker appears restless, intense, unstable, or lost. But inside, something very precise is happening: **energy is being forged.**

I lived this stage deeply. After early awakening, the world no longer satisfied me, but meditation did not stabilize me either. Energy burned in the middle. Thoughts became charged. Images flashed. Longing became obsession. Pain itself became the center of my awareness. I did not know then that the pain born of separation or virah vedana in sanskrit was becoming my meditation object.

In yoga, this is called alambana — the object that holds attention. When bliss is absent, pain becomes the only thing strong enough to hold awareness. And this is not a mistake. It is nature's method.

When energy cannot rise upward to the brain and cannot fall back into ordinary release, it turns inward and sharpens. The knot tightens, and tightening concentrates power. This is how raw energy matures, how fire becomes diamond, how suffering becomes fuel. The image of

the separated beloved does not stay in one place — sometimes it is felt in the heart as ache, sometimes in the throat as pressure, sometimes in the navel as heat, and sometimes in the lower chakras as restless desire. It moves because the central channel is still blocked, unable to carry it to the brain. Each return strengthens the image, densifies it, and ripens it. The pain is not random; it is energy circling, searching for a passage. Over time, the image becomes powerful enough to push upward on its own. When body stress reduces, when the nervous system softens, when surrender happens even for a moment, the obstruction loosens, and the stored energy rushes into the brain. Awakening then appears sudden, but it is the result of long maturation. Actually, in practice, days or weeks of relaxation are not sufficient. However these also provide peace and worldly clarity, but in such short periods of relaxation, energy may rise to different levels but does not reach the brain, and so it falls back down as soon as the relaxation phase passes. In this way, no awakening occurs. People need continuous months or years of solitude; the duration depends on the intensity of practice and the level of maturation. I, being highly intense and mature, attained awakening within one year of solitude. This is why the knot must exist, why separation must burn, and why suffering, when held without escape, becomes the very force that opens the central path.

Amba's pain is not weakness. It is transformation in slow motion.

She wanders. She cries. She burns. She refuses to forget. This refusal is important. If she had accepted rejection, the energy would have leaked back into the world. But she does not. She holds the pain. She holds the knot. She holds the fire. And in holding, she is purified.

This is why obsession appears in this stage. The seeker becomes obsessed with one image, one idea, one question, one longing. To the outside world, it looks unhealthy. To yoga, it is concentration being born from necessity. When nothing else works, the mind learns to stay with one thing. That one thing becomes destiny.

In my own life, this stage felt like walking on a razor's edge. Every image that appeared in the mind felt charged with awakening potential. Every person seemed like a possible doorway. Especially in youth, when the nervous system is still soft, this can be dangerous. I was saved only by grace, by cultural boundaries, and by instinctive discipline. Otherwise, the uneventful knot could have scattered me completely.

This is why Amba must not resolve her pain quickly. The knot must ripen. It must cook. It must exhaust every escape. Only then does transformation become possible.

When energy is blocked, it does not die. It evolves.

This is the great secret of the granthi: **blocked energy matures into power**. If released too early, it dissipates. If held too long, it hardens. But if held with awareness, it transforms.

When we speak of granthi, the knot, it is not every thought, memory, or samskara. The knot is the one dominant, visible, unresolved center of energy — the main obsession, pain, longing, question, or image that stands clearly in front of awareness. This is the one thing that matures into awakening. The hidden samskaras are like fine dust on the floor — subtle impressions spread everywhere. They do not block the channel directly; they remain only because the main knot is still tied. The granthi is like a knot in a cloth, while the other samskaras are folds. When the knot is untied, the folds open by themselves. That is why awakening does not require cleaning every thought; nature brings one main knot forward and

forces the seeker to face it fully. When this knot is held with awareness — not escaped, not acted out, not suppressed — it matures, tightens, and finally opens. When it opens, energy rushes through Sushumna, and the fine dust is swept away automatically, just as when visible garbage is removed, the invisible dust also disappears.

Amba does not become a bride. She becomes Shikhandi. She becomes something new. She becomes the force that can break Bhishma's rigidity. The knot, once matured, becomes the key. I too, like another Bhishma, passed through the same circumstances. The image of the sweetheart often felt like a curse born of rejection, like Shikhandi — neither male, so that it could easily leave the mind, nor female, so that it could force marriage or push one to propose love at any cost. It was a strange union of both.

This is the paradox of awakening: the very obstruction that torments the seeker becomes the instrument of liberation.

The Mahabharata hides this truth carefully because it is dangerous knowledge. Not everyone should hold the knot consciously. Not everyone can endure the burning. But for those who do, it is the final refining fire.

This chapter is for those who feel stuck between worlds. For those who cannot go back and cannot go forward. For those whose pain has become their prayer. For those whose obsession has become their meditation.

Do not be afraid of this stage. You are not lost. You are being forged.

The knot is not a mistake. It is a womb.

And when the time comes — not by force, not by will, not by desire — the knot will open. The energy will transform. The pain will turn into clarity. The obsession will turn into power. The rejection will reveal its purpose.

Amba's rejection is the birth of the yogi.

And only those who have passed through this fire can truly walk the central path without fear.

Chapter 12: Shikhandi — The Return of Transformed Shakti When Suppressed Energy Confronts Will

There comes a time in the inner journey when what was once suppressed returns, not as desire, not as longing, but as destiny. It returns with a different face, a different force, and a different authority. In the Mahabharata, this return is named Shikhandi. In yoga, it is the transformation of blocked Shakti into liberated power. And in the life of the seeker, it is the moment when rigid discipline finally meets its own limit.

Exactly the same thing happened to me, like a Bhishma of Kaliyuga. The sweetheart, buried as a knot inside due to suppression and rejection, was making me unstable and renunciate-like. Because of this suppression, the image of my Dada Guru became dominant, and he was a renunciate-type priest, so how could worldly life continue while remembering that image? Shikhandi used to surface again and again, but I deliberately buried it. After years, when enough water had flowed under the bridge and I had fully surrendered, becoming monk-like by removing every hair of ego, that was the time when Shikhandi returned full-blown. After that, I did not look back; I progressed both worldly and spiritually. The Dada Guru image used to surface intermittently as a balancer and controller of Shikhandi. Then everyone knows what happened: Shikhandi matured, became satisfied, and dissolved, not by burying the knot but by opening it, giving full space to the Dada Guru image that was rapidly awakened through one year of tantric yoga in solitude. Shikhandi killed Bhishma in its own way — without harming him, but by benefiting him, and in doing so, it even fulfilled its vow.

Shikhandi is not born. Shikhandi is *forged*.

Amba's pain, carried through rejection, isolation, and burning longing, does not dissolve. It matures. It condenses. It hardens and then refines. What could not rise as bliss returns as force. What could not merge as love returns as truth. This is the great reversal of the inner path: energy that could not be accepted as feminine softness returns as androgynous power.

Actually, it is like the principle of quantum entanglement. The real woman Amba was also in pain, and that is why her image in Bhishma's mind was painful. It cannot be that one person lives physically happy while their image in another's mind becomes painful. In this sense, Amba's pain was Bhishma's pain, because both were entangled through the mental image.

Shikhandi is the rebirth of Amba, but not as a bride. She returns without seduction, without demand, without need. She returns as something neither male nor female, neither soft nor aggressive, neither seeking nor rejecting. This is the eunuch archetype — not biological, but psychological and yogic. It is the stage where the heart has been wounded too deeply to desire and purified too deeply to cling. It is a role-model lady, a sati-type character. It is obvious that when a female transforms toward maleness, carrying anger, revenge, and war-mongering qualities usually associated with males, this phase gradually passes and she mostly becomes eunuch-like, Shikhandi-type, rather than becoming fully male, which would be against her basic nature.

This androgynous psyche appears when the heart chakra has been blocked for a long time. Love was denied outwardly. Union was denied inwardly. Energy had nowhere to go. So it transformed. The masculine push and the feminine pull collapsed into one silent intensity. This intensity does not beg. It does not chase. It simply stands. There are countless worldly

examples of this everywhere. These stories did not drop from heaven; they describe what is happening in the ordinary world.

I lived this stage myself. After years of containment, vows, discipline, and inward marriage to meditation image, something inside me softened and hardened at the same time. Desire was gone, but so was restlessness. Romance faded, but clarity sharpened. The world could no longer pull me, but I could not disappear either. It was like living as a witness with a silent ache — not pain, but unresolved energy waiting to move. This was my Shikhandi stage. It is a middle stage, the *madhyam mārga* of Buddha. It activates Sushumna because Sushumna itself is the middle path. Shikhandi is what returns to confront Bhishma.

Bhishma represents will, discipline, and containment carried to its absolute limit. He is the pillar that stands because nothing flows outward anymore. But every pillar eventually becomes rigid. Every vow eventually becomes a wall. What was once protection becomes limitation. What was once mastery becomes resistance.

Shikhandi is destiny confronting ego.

This is the most misunderstood moment of the spiritual journey. The seeker believes discipline is the final virtue. The ego hides inside purity. The will hides inside restraint. The yogi becomes invincible — and therefore immovable. At this stage, no amount of effort will open the final door. Something else must break.

Shikhandi does not attack Bhishma directly. He stands in front of him. And Bhishma, the great warrior, lowers his weapons. Why? Because the rigid will recognizes itself in the transformed energy. Because discipline recognizes its own shadow. Because the ego of purity cannot fight the truth of surrender.

Shikhandi is not violence. Shikhandi is revelation.

This is why the Mahabharata makes Shikhandi the cause of Bhishma's fall. Not because Bhishma is wrong, but because his time is over. His hardness has served its purpose. His containment has matured the energy fully. Now, softness must return — not as desire, but as openness. Not as love, but as acceptance. Not as longing, but as release.

When Shikhandi stands before Bhishma, the vow dissolves. The hardness breaks. The pillar falls. The energy that was held now flows freely — upward, downward, everywhere. This is the moment when containment becomes surrender.

In the inner world, this happens when the meditation image that once held energy now dissolves into pure awareness. The image is no longer needed. The container breaks because the vessel has expanded to infinity. The yogi no longer holds Shakti; Shakti holds the yogi. Image crosses through the body and merges with the infinite. Shikhandi kills Bhishma and becomes liberated by fulfilling its vow, liberating Bhishma as well. It is again like quantum entanglement. When one's image is liberated, the other also receives spiritual benefit and progresses rapidly. This is commonly seen in the world: when a lady helps a man, she is automatically helped as well. Scriptures, especially Tantras, also say that a lady who helps her lover or husband attain liberation is born as a man in the next birth and attains liberation herself too.

This is the return of transformed Shakti.

It is not dramatic. It is quiet. It is final. There is no more struggle, no more pushing, no more controlling. The central channel opens without pressure. The nervous system is relaxed. The heart is open. The mind is clear. Awareness flows without effort.

The eunuch archetype dissolves here too. The androgynous tension resolves. Masculine and feminine reunite beyond form. What was split merges. What was blocked flows. What was suppressed becomes free. It seems to be purely tantric language. A man united with his consort in tantric yab-yum is itself Shikhandi — male and female bodies joined together, forming a single Shikhandi body. This union opens the Sushumna channel and causes awakening.

This is why Shikhandi is necessary. Without him, Bhishma would remain eternal. Discipline would never end. Effort would never stop. The yogi would become rigid stone instead of living water.

Shikhandi is the last test. The final confrontation. The moment where destiny says: *enough*.

And when Bhishma falls, he does not die in pain. He lies peacefully, fully aware, waiting for the right moment to leave. This is the final sign that surrender has happened. Awareness no longer resists time. It waits. It flows. It yields.

This chapter teaches the seeker a difficult truth: **awakening does not end with discipline, it ends with its dissolution**. The vow must break. The will must bow. The pillar must fall. Only then does true freedom begin.

Shikhandi is not the enemy of Bhishma. He is Bhishma's fulfillment.

When transformed Shakti confronts rigid will, the ego does not die violently. It dissolves quietly.

And that quiet dissolution is liberation.

Chapter 13: The Fall of Bhishma

When Will Surrenders to Grace

There is a moment in the inner journey when effort can go no further. Discipline has done its work. Vows have been fulfilled. Energy has been contained, lifted, purified, and matured. The pillar has stood long enough. Now something else must happen — not action, not practice, not force — but surrender. This is the moment the Mahabharata calls the fall of Bhishma. In yoga, it is the final opening of Sushumna. In life, it is when will bows to grace.

Bhishma does not fall because he is weak. He falls because he is complete.

Until this point, Bhishma has been the guiding will of the system. He has carried energy upward, sealed it, refined it, protected it from leakage, and governed the inner kingdom without possession. He is discipline embodied, tapas standing tall, the yogi who never broke his vow. But the same discipline that once liberated energy freely upward now becomes a boundary. The same will that once raised energy now blocks its final release. This is the paradox of the path: the tool that brings you to the door cannot open it.

This is why Arjuna must appear.

Arjuna is not a warrior outside. He is higher consciousness inside — the clear, aligned, surrendered awareness that acts without ego. Where Bhishma is will, Arjuna is alignment. Alignment means doing right thing at right time, not being rigid to fixed pater. Where Bhishma stands, Arjuna flows. Where Bhishma controls time, Arjuna obeys it. It means Bhishma waits for time to match his will, but Arjuna makes his will match time. And only Arjuna can release the final arrow. The final arrow is placed in the hands of the adaptive man, not the rigid one.

In the inner world, this means that awareness must take over from effort. The yogi who has struggled for years suddenly realizes that nothing more can be done. Practices fall away. Techniques loosen. Even meditation image becomes transparent. The body relaxes, the breath deepens, the mind softens. This is not laziness; this is readiness.

I lived this moment clearly. After years of intense discipline, containment, and practice, there came a point when even effort felt like interference. I could feel that pushing even a little disturbed the flow. Holding was no longer needed; it was obstructing. The system was ready, but the will was still standing guard. And that guard had to fall.

Bhishma's collapse is not defeat; it is timing. He waits until the sun moves northward. He chooses when to leave. This is the sign of mastery. When ego dissolves, fear of death dissolves with it. Awareness no longer clings to the body or the world. It waits in peace for the right moment. In another way, it is actually a metaphor for merging with the sun-like meditation image. The northward sun is summer-born, bright, and warm. This simply means that the meditation image merges with the self only when it becomes fully bright — not through intense practice, but through blissful tantric union and romance, which creates a fully luminous meditation image as Shikhandi that merges with the self, killing or liberating it. Actually, the Mahabharata was made for people who could not read the Vedas directly. They relied mostly on Tantra, as it is a quicker path to liberate worldly-entangled beings. That is why this story appears to have a tantric base.

The collapse of rigid tapas is one of the most misunderstood stages of yoga. From outside, it looks like weakness, like giving up, like loss of discipline. But inside, it is the greatest victory. The fire no longer needs to be contained because the vessel has become infinite. The nervous system no longer needs to be guarded because it has matured. The brain can now hold the flood of Sushumna without effort. We can see many people seemingly falling back into the world after tapas, like Vishvamitra. It appears like a fall, but in truth it is maturity and liberation. Even today, there are many such examples: old people marrying, studying, traveling the world, doing adventures, and playing sports. All of this is the breaking of rigidity and becoming fluid again, which allows one to move toward liberation.

This is the final opening.

When Bhishma falls, Sushumna opens completely. Energy no longer rises in waves; it flows steadily. Bliss is no longer violent; it is calm. Awareness is no longer sharp; it is vast. The sense of doer dissolves. Time slows. The body becomes light. Life continues, but it no longer binds.

This opening happens only through surrender. Not surrender to an idea, not surrender to a person, but surrender to divine timing. Yes, timing also plays a role that is why Bhishma waits for northwards sun when it is all favourable conditions. The yogi stops deciding. He allows life to move him. He allows energy to flow where it wants. He allows consciousness to rest in itself.

This is why Bhishma cannot be killed directly. It is free will given to all by God, it can not be bent by others but by him who wills himself. He must lower his weapons himself. Will must lay down will. Ego must step aside willingly. No force can do this from outside. Grace enters only when the door is opened from within.

Shikhandi stands in front of Bhishma as destiny, but Arjuna releases the arrow. This is deeply symbolic. The transformed energy, Shikhandi, exposes the limitation of will, but higher consciousness, Arjuna, completes the act. Both are needed. Without Shikhandi, Bhishma would never stop his effort to control energy. Shikhandi loosens him, just as rigidity naturally loosens in the presence of a eunuch archetype. Without Arjuna, the fall would never happen. The meditation image as Shikhandi cannot destroy one's will by itself; it is ready to liberate only when adaptive awareness, Arjuna within the person, destroys rigidity so that the image can do its work.

When this happens in a seeker's life, something irreversible occurs. The sense of spiritual journey ends. There is no more becoming. No more seeking. No more pushing. Life flows as it is. Work happens. Relationships happen. Suffering happens. Joy happens. But none of it sticks. Awareness remains untouched, silent, and free.

Bhishma lying on the bed of arrows is the most beautiful image of surrender ever written. The body is pierced by karma, yet the mind is free. Pain exists, but suffering does not. Time exists, but bondage does not. This is jivanmukti — liberation while living.

The arrows are not punishment; they are the last residues of karma leaving the body. Each arrow is a past impression releasing. Each wound is a memory dissolving. And Bhishma lies there, smiling, teaching, blessing, waiting — because now nothing binds him.

This chapter marks the end of effort-based yoga. From here on, only grace remains.

The seeker who reaches this stage no longer needs to do anything. Meditation happens by itself. Breath moves by itself. Life lives itself. Awareness rests in awareness. This is the final fruit of all tapas, all vows, all suffering, all longing.

Bhishma falls so that the seeker can rise beyond rising.

And when will surrenders to grace, awakening becomes permanent, natural, and effortless.

This is not the end of life.

This is the end of struggle.

And from here, the river flows freely — forever.

Chapter 14: Bhishma on the Bed of Arrows

Silence of the Awakened Mind

There is a silence deeper than meditation and a stillness stronger than effort. It is the silence that remains after everything that could move has already moved, after everything that could rise has already risen, after everything that could fall has already fallen. This silence is not created; it is revealed. The Mahabharata names this state Bhishma lying on the bed of arrows. Yoga knows it as the awakened mind resting in itself. It is depicted as a bed of arrows because, to ordinary people, this state looks like death — a deadly void, with neither bliss nor sorrow. To make the picture of finality clear, the metaphor of the arrow bed was designed.

Bhishma does not die immediately. This is important. The awakened mind does not rush out of the body. It waits. It watches. It rests. It allows karma to finish its last movements. The bed of arrows is not punishment; it is completion.

Each arrow piercing Bhishma is a karmic impression. Not new karma, but old, stored, residual tendencies that must exhaust themselves once the will has surrendered. When ego is gone, karma no longer binds, but it still plays itself out. The body feels, but the mind does not suffer. Pain remains, suffering ends. This is the precise definition of jivanmukti. We can understand the static, low pain of fixed, penetrated arrows as the witnessing of karma-phala, not like ordinary karma-phala, which is experienced as the intense, moving pain of a penetrating arrow.

In this state, the nervous system is open and relaxed. Sushumna flows without obstruction. Energy no longer surges; it circulates. Breath becomes subtle. Thought becomes transparent. Awareness becomes vast. One can feel pain, heat, cold, hunger, and exhaustion, yet none of it disturbs the center. This is why Bhishma can teach from the bed of arrows. Wisdom flows only when the mind is silent enough to hear itself.

I have tasted this silence in small measures, enough to recognize its truth. After long years of effort, struggle, containment, and surrender, there came moments of breathlessness or kevali kumbhaka when the body still carried its burdens, but the mind was untouched. Difficulties came, yet there was no inner resistance. Work continued, but there was no doer. This was not ecstasy; it was clarity. Not bliss; but peace deeper than bliss. That peace is Bhishma on the bed of arrows.

The arrows represent the last attachments leaving the system. Every arrow is a memory dissolving. A glistening memory is like a flying arrow; when it pauses, it dissolves. Every wound is a habit dying. Wounds opening mean hidden and buried mental knots opening. Every drop of blood is an identity thinning, because identity is hidden in the bloodline. But since the ego has already fallen, this process is not frightening. It is simply observed. Awareness watches the body complete its story.

Bhishma waits for the auspicious hour to leave. This waiting is not hesitation; it is alignment. When the mind is awakened, time is no longer enemy. One does not run from death or chase liberation. One simply waits for the cosmic rhythm to open the door. This is the highest surrender — to let life decide when it is done.

The northward movement of the sun is symbolic of full brightness. Liberation does not happen in darkness, effort, or struggle. It happens in clarity. When awareness is fully

luminous, when the meditation image has merged completely, when the heart has no knots left, Ganga returns.

Ganga's return at death is not tragedy. It is reunion. The river that left at the beginning of the journey returns to carry the awakened one home. Sushumna dissolves into infinity. Individual awareness merges with universal consciousness. This is not escape; it is fulfillment.

But notice something important: Bhishma is liberated only after service. Not before. He remains in the world as long as the world needs him. This is the final teaching of the Mahabharata. Awakening is not for personal freedom alone. It is for balance, guidance, and transmission. Only when the work is complete does release come.

This is why the awakened mind is silent, not because it has nothing to say, but because it has already done what it came to do. Silence is not emptiness; it is completion.

The bed of arrows is the final posture of yoga. Not lotus, not asana, not meditation seat — but the posture of total acceptance. The body lies pierced by life, yet the mind is free. Time passes, but awareness does not move. Karma burns out, but consciousness remains untouched.

When this chapter is understood, the seeker stops fearing pain, aging, and death. These are no longer enemies. They are arrows finishing their flight. The awakened mind does not fight them. It lets them land.

And then, one day, without drama, without struggle, without fear, Ganga lifts Bhishma again — not as a child, not as a warrior, not as a vow, but as pure awareness.

This is liberation after service.

This is silence after song.

This is rest after the long journey.

The river flows back to the ocean.

Chapter 15: Bhishma Within Us The Eternal Yogi in Every Seeker

The Mahabharata does not end with Bhishma's death, because Bhishma never truly dies. He only withdraws from the outer story and returns to the inner one. This is the final secret of the Fifth Veda: every great figure is not a person of the past but a process of the present. Bhishma is not a character locked in history; he is living awareness itself, waiting inside every seeker to awaken, mature, soften, and finally surrender.

Bhishma is the part of us that takes responsibility for our own evolution. He is the moment when we stop blaming life, fate, parents, society, or God, and take charge of energy with discipline and will. He is the inner vow that says, "I will not waste myself anymore." This is why Bhishma is celibate, not only in body but in direction. His energy flows upward, not outward. His life becomes straight like an arrow, aimed at truth.

But Bhishma is also the one who must eventually fall.

Nature does not want us to become rigid saints. Nature wants us to become fluid consciousness. That is why she delays liberation. That is why she repeatedly sends the seeker back into the world after moments of ascent. That is why Ganga leaves and returns again and again. The cycles of ascent and descent are not failures; they are refinement. Energy rises, falls, ripens, and rises again — each time with more maturity, more balance, more capacity.

I lived these cycles myself. In childhood, awakening came too early, without container, and it shattered me. Energy rose, but I had no Bhishma within yet. Later, discipline came, vows came, containment came, and Bhishma was born in me. For years I lived as him — holding, restraining, refining. Then Ganga left, and I fell back into life, into work, into duties, into the world. At that time, I thought I had lost everything, but in truth I was being prepared.

Nature delayed my liberation because I was not yet ready to hold it without becoming rigid. She sent me into worldly life so my nervous system could mature, my emotions could soften, and my ego could be broken by experience rather than by force. Only after this did Ganga return, and this time, she stayed longer, flowed deeper, and opened wider.

This is how discipline matures into surrender.

At first, the seeker must act like Bhishma — strong, controlled, upright. But later, the seeker must become Shikhandi — softened, transformed, flexible. And finally, the seeker must become Arjuna — adaptive awareness moving with time, not against it. Only then can the final opening happen. Only then can Sushumna remain open without danger. What happened to me in one year of tantric isolation was the same falling of Bhishma in front of Shikhandi, through tantric practices acting as Arjuna. This dissolved every preoccupation and preconditioning of the mind, making everything Shiva-like and child-like, nondual, and producing full egolessness, resulting in merging with Shikhandi during awakening. This happens to everyone, early or late. It is the life process and cannot be surpassed.

Bhishma within us must learn when to stand and when to lie down. He must learn when to hold energy and when to release it. He must learn when to act and when to wait. This is the highest yoga — not doing, not not-doing, but perfect timing.

This is why Bhishma waits on the bed of arrows. Awareness does not escape life; it completes it. The awakened mind does not reject the world; it serves it until service is finished. Only then does Ganga return to carry awareness back to infinity.

This is also why the Mahabharata was written as a story and not as a scripture of rules. Stories enter the heart. They work silently. They plant seeds that grow slowly, through pain, love, loss, longing, and maturity. One day, without knowing why, the reader realizes that Bhishma is not on the battlefield but in their own spine, their own breath, their own discipline, their own waiting.

You may already have felt him.

Every time you choose discipline over waste, Bhishma rises.
Every time you hold energy instead of scattering it, Bhishma stands.
Every time you feel stuck between worlds, Amba burns.
Every time you soften, Shikhandi appears.
Every time you adapt instead of resist, Arjuna releases the arrow.
And every time you rest in silence, Bhishma lies on the bed of arrows.

The whole Mahabharata is happening inside you, again and again.

Nature delays liberation not to punish, but to protect. A premature awakening burns. A forced awakening breaks. A mature awakening flows. That maturity comes only through living, through serving, through loving, through failing, through standing up again. That is why Bhishma is eternal — because the process is eternal.

And now, the final teaching belongs to you.

This book does not end your journey; it points to it. The real Mahabharata begins when you close these pages and watch your own life as scripture. Your breath is Ganga. Your discipline is Bhishma. Your longing is Amba. Your transformation is Shikhandi. Your awareness is Arjuna. And your silence is liberation.

If there are errors here, they are mine.
If there is truth here, it is yours to discover.

Bhishma lives — as you.

Thank you for reading this book.

For more information, please visit: **demystifyingkundalini.com**

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