

**Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience**

**Awakening the Inner Journey**

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## Introduction

### *When Scriptures Become a Life*

This book is not a teaching, a philosophy, or a declaration of spiritual attainment. It is simply a record of lived experience — how Sanātana Dharma unfolded naturally inside one ordinary human life, without planning, without seeking, and without belief.

What is commonly called “scripture” is often treated as mythology or abstract philosophy. But lived experience reveals something else: these scriptures are **maps of consciousness**, describing stages that human beings repeatedly pass through, across cultures and centuries. The forms of Krishna, Shakti, Durga, Shiva, and Rama are not merely deities of the past; they are **inner movements of life itself**, arising whenever consciousness evolves through love, courage, silence, and balance.

This book traces that inner movement from beginning to end — from childhood innocence and play, to attraction and devotion, to samādhi born of love, to the awakening of Shakti and Durga, to tantric isolation and Shiva stillness, and finally toward the calm order of the Rama phase.

Nothing here was learned from books first. Understanding came later, when lived experience matched the ancient maps with uncanny precision. That recognition is the reason this book exists — to show that Sanātana Dharma is not outdated, symbolic, or obsolete, but **alive and functioning in modern life**, even in a world of cities, careers, technology, and responsibilities.

This is not a guide to follow.

It is not a path to imitate.

It is a mirror — for those who feel something similar moving within themselves but lack language to understand it.

If you read this book slowly, not as a belief system but as a life story, you may recognize that the divine is not something to reach — it is something that **unfolds naturally when life is lived with awareness**.

# Sanatan Dharma as Lived Experience: When Scriptures Become a Life

## A personal preface

This is not a claim, not a declaration of divinity, and not an attempt to place myself above any tradition. This is only a record of lived experience — how scriptures, relationships, stages of life, and inner practices unfolded naturally inside one ordinary human life. I write this because many people think our scriptures are theory, mythology, or outdated philosophy. My life has shown me that they are a **practical way of living**, happening even in the age of supercomputers, aeroplanes, and high technology.

If divine permission comes, a full book may come later. For now, this is the nutshell — for curious readers who want to understand how *Sanātana Dharma* actually works in living human beings.

## Scriptures are not theory — they are living maps

I have seen that the great god lineages are not isolated historical events limited to one time and place. They are **stages of human spiritual evolution** that keep happening again and again, everywhere, in different people, in different forms. That is why this dharma is called *sanātana* — eternal — unlike systems tied to one prophet, one story, or one century.

Technology does not block these stages. A needle, an aeroplane, a supercomputer — none of these stop consciousness from evolving. Outer tools change, inner laws do not.

## The *Śiṣya* phase: childhood discipline and listening

My first phase was the **śiṣya phase**, in childhood.

I was an observer by nature. Disciplined. Non-revolting. Whatever teachers and elders taught that felt good and right, I accepted happily and with devotion, without criticism. I now see that this phase is common to all great lineages — before anyone becomes a knower, they must become a learner.

Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Shankara — all began as disciples. Ego must soften before it can dissolve.

## Dada Guru: the power of sound and atmosphere

My grandfather used to read scriptures aloud for hours every day to listeners. Those words falling on my ears shaped my inner world long before I understood them. I did not study scriptures — I absorbed them.

That is why I call him **Dada Guru**.

He did not give me a mantra, but he gave me atmosphere, rhythm, reverence, and sound — *śabda-brahma*. Those sounds later pushed me naturally toward practical living, not theoretical belief.

## Krishna phase: adolescence, attraction, and refined desire

In adolescence came the **Krishna phase**, lasting about 1–1.5 years during senior secondary school. This phase was intense and energetic — attraction to girls, being attracted by girls, social charm, indirect sexual fun — but never vulgar indulgence. The purpose was not enjoyment but **learning the essence of kāma**. Attraction was raised but held in a sattvic environment, with social distance and inner discipline. Slowly, attraction turned into bhakti. A meditation image developed by itself in the mind — Radha and Krishna appearing in each other — and this led to spontaneous samādhi, exactly as described in Bhāgavata Purāṇa through the gopīs. This phase cannot last long; it is too volatile and needs continued physical presence. The continued physical presence of attracting partners became difficult to tolerate, and maintaining control by consciously preventing physical contact for long periods required great inner discipline. But it is essential. Without it, later renunciation becomes dry and incomplete.

## Shakti / Durga phase: courage, love, and inner femininity

After Krishna phase came the **Shakti phase**, lasting nearly five years during university life, and continuing even after marriage due to the support of my wife. Internally, I lived a feminine reality — sensitivity, softness, devotion — while externally I became brave, ready to fight evil in sattvic, nonviolent, tactical, and lawful ways. This is the Durga function: courage without brutality, strength without hatred. Together, the meditation image of the mental consort anchored in the mind matured even further — not merely as a thought, but as a fully living inner presence, just as Radha lived within Krishna even in her physical absence, and even while he was living his worldly life with his wife, Rukmini. In Vaishnava understanding, Radha is the *hlādinī-śakti* — the inner bliss-consciousness of

Krishna — and when sustained joy, devotion, and fullness arose naturally from this meditation image, that experiential bliss could be understood as the same *hlādinī* current described in the scriptures. It was not an identity or a divine claim, but the recognition that a human inner process was unfolding exactly as the ancient maps had described: bliss arising from continuous remembrance and inwardly residing devotion.

I succeeded a little — not by force, but by alignment, what I call divine help.

## **Life as gurukula: gods as living people**

I slowly realized that gods did not come from heaven — they came through people around me.

A naughty relative boy living at our home carried the Krishna role.  
My father carried the Rama role — discipline, responsibility, order.  
My uncle carried the Shiva role — depth, silence, detachment.  
All the sweet girls who were part of attraction carried the Shakti role.

These were not fantasies. They were **living transmissions**. I merged all these roles into one integrated life. It felt as if all gods joined their powers to destroy one demon — **ignorance**.

## **Shiva phase: tantra, isolation, and upward energy**

When Shakti phase reached its peak, worldly energy naturally declined and pushed me into isolation. This was the beginning of **Shiva phase**.

Shiva here means not only worldly isolation but **tantric transformation** — raw base energy rising as Kundalini toward awakening. As energy turned upward, my inner imagery changed: the feminine consort image was replaced by a male guru image. This gave me the feeling of being male again, grounded and directed. To the world, this can look strange or misunderstood. But it was not indulgence or confusion — it was **pure Kundalini meditation in tantric style**, where imagery changes to match energy direction.

This Shiva phase is most dominant in my recent books because it is the most recent and intense lived phase. Older phases are less vivid and more integrated.

## **Rama phase: rest, order, and balance (still unfolding)**

The **Rama phase** has just begun.

After kevala kumbhaka and small glimpses of nirvikalpa-type samādhi, this phase appeared. Rama literally means *rest, āram, balance*. It is not heroic drama; it is stable living after turbulence.

This phase cannot be written fully yet because it must be lived fully first. It will come as the final integration stage. Now it is up to the divinely operating world to decide how long it allows me to remain settled in this phase, though there is no doubt that personal effort also matters.

## Why the world misunderstands these experiences

People see only sexuality, repression, gender, or indulgence. They do not see sublimation. That is why tantra was always kept subtle and symbolic.

I never say "I am Shiva" or "I am Krishna." I say: **that phase unfolded**. Language is the thin line between wisdom and misunderstanding.

## Final understanding: Sanātana Dharma is human evolution

My life has shown me that scriptures are not to be believed — they are to be lived.

They are maps of consciousness written in symbolic language. When lived, they dissolve ignorance naturally. In the Vedas, all these are described as parts of a single cosmic whole, not as separate divisions. Later, scholars separated these aspects and elaborated on the parts that matched their own understanding and interests. Over time, these separated parts evolved into independent Puranas. I am not above humanity. I am an example of how humanity evolves when sound, discipline, love, and relationships support growth.

## Four Incarnations, Four Pillars of One Building (Why All Paths of Sanātana Dharma Are Complementary, Not Opposing)

These four Sanātana incarnations are like the four pillars of a single building. Just as a building cannot stand if even one pillar is missing, the sense of wholeness and salvation does not feel achievable unless all these forms are embodied within a single person. This also reveals a deeper truth: the many sects and paths of Sanātana Dharma are not rivals or contradictions, but complementary forces. Even Sikhism and Jainism, which fully support Rama-like ideals of

character, can be seen as sects or streams of the single Hindu civilizational tradition, rather than completely separate religions. If we expand this understanding further, even religions such as Islam and Christianity can be seen, in a broader sense, as supporting branches of the same eternal flow—so long as they uphold humanity, compassion, and moral order. In that sense, they are not completely unconnected from other dharmic streams, but participate in the same universal movement toward righteousness, truth, and human upliftment, each expressing it through its own language, symbols, and historical context. Just as the pillars together support one structure, these traditions together support one human awakening — and this is exactly how they have always functioned in living practice.

### **Closing Note: When the Map Becomes a Path**

*What has been described so far is the whole map seen from above — the complete arc of a human life as it unfolded through listening, love, strength, silence, and balance. But a map is not a journey. To understand how these phases are actually lived, one must walk them slowly, from inside the body and mind, step by step. The first such step always begins with play, innocence, and joy. And so the story now returns to the beginning, to the playful awakening of Krishna living, where consciousness first learns to dance with the world.*

## **Chapter 0: Bāla-Kṛṣṇa — The Playful Beginning**

Before attraction, before discipline, before any inner conflict, there was play. Premyogi's childhood carried a natural lightness — mischief without malice, curiosity without fear, joy without reason. He learned the world not through rules, but through movement, laughter, teasing, and small rebellions that never crossed into disobedience.

This was the Bāla-Kṛṣṇa phase — where intelligence hides inside innocence. He stole moments, not things. He tested boundaries, not authority. He learned rhythm, timing, and social warmth without knowing their value. Music, games, jokes, and spontaneous actions shaped his nervous system long before spirituality had a name.

This phase trained him in freedom. It taught him how to touch life lightly, without grasping. Later, this same quality would protect him when attraction and energy became strong.

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## **Chapter 1: The Awakening of Rasa**

As Premyogi entered adolescence, a new force began to operate within him. Discipline and observation were still present, but a subtler current started moving — attraction. It was not sudden lust, nor rebellion. It was rasa: the taste of life, sensitivity to beauty, sound, movement, and presence.

Girls appeared not as objects but as mirrors of an inner stirring. Attraction sharpened awareness. His walk changed, his speech softened, and a natural elegance arose. Without knowing it, he had entered the first gate of Krishna living — where consciousness learns through charm rather than force.

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## **Chapter 2: Play, Distance, and Inner Discipline**

As attraction grew, Premyogi also sensed danger. Too much closeness could dissolve discipline; too much suppression could distort the mind. So he unconsciously discovered the middle path — play with distance.

He remained social but reserved. Friendly but contained. Attractive but unreachable. This distance created intensity without collapse. The environment remained sattvic, and this sattvic container transformed raw desire into awareness.

Here, Krishna living revealed its secret: desire does not have to be killed; it has to be refined. Control was not repression — it was intelligent direction.

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## Chapter 3: Bhakti Born from Attraction

One day, without effort, attraction turned into devotion. What was once excitement became remembrance. A meditation image formed naturally in the mind — not through technique, but through love held steady.

The inner consort was no longer imagination. She became presence. When she was absent outwardly, she lived inwardly. This remembrance created absorption, and absorption created stillness.

Premyogi did not call it meditation. He only knew that the mind rested in sweetness. Later, scriptures would tell him that this is how bhakti is born — not from belief, but from sustained rasa.

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## Chapter 4: Gopī Samādhi

As remembrance deepened, the world faded without effort. During study, walking, or sitting alone, the same image glowed within. Thought weakened. Time thinned. Joy expanded.

This was not trance. This was not escape. This was gopī-samādhi — the state where attention forgets itself and becomes one movement toward the beloved.

Premyogi learned here that samādhi is not always born from silence; sometimes it is born from love.

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## Chapter 5: The Natural Withdrawal

Krishna living cannot last long. It burns fast, like a bright flame. As adolescence ended, the intensity slowly declined. Attraction weakened. The image softened. Energy sought another direction.

There was no sadness, no loss — only readiness. What had to be learned was learned. What had to be refined was refined. The rasa had done its work.

This withdrawal was not failure. It was completion. And from this completion, a deeper force began preparing itself — the Shakti phase, where energy would no longer dance but begin to build.

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**Book part 1: Sanātana Dharma –Lived Experience: The Krishna Awakening and the Path of rasa Within**

## Chapter 0: Bāla-Premyogi — The Playful Beginning (Expanded with Living Memory)

Before attraction, before discipline, and before the birth of inner conflict, there was play, but not ordinary play. It was wild, contagious, overflowing, and alive. It was learned not only from nature but also from a living embodiment of mischief itself. Premyogi was not born fully Krishna-like; he became so by absorption. Half of Krishna lived naturally in him as softness, innocence, laughter, and openness, while the other half entered his life in the form of Mohan, the naughty relative boy who came to live in his home, slightly older, uncontrollable, and burning with raw, untamed energy. Mohan was not merely mischievous; he was a storm. At his real home he was already legendary, throwing stones at passersby for the thrill of reaction rather than harm, and once even hitting his own schoolteacher on the head, an incident that sealed his fate. His parents tried everything to control him, from scolding and beating to pleading, threats, discipline, and rituals, but nothing worked. Exhausted and defeated, they finally left him at his bua's home, Premyogi's home, hoping that distance, spiritual sanskāras, and a new environment would bring him to line. They succeeded only a little. Spiritual discipline softened him, but mischief remained his nature, and it was here, in this strange union, that Premyogi's childhood transformed from simple innocence into true Bāla-Kṛṣṇa līlā.

Mohan quickly found companions among the cow grazers, and Premyogi followed him into this new world. Together they became a small gang, half innocent and half wild. They deliberately dropped cows into other farmers' fields so the animals could eat freely, stole bananas from abandoned home gardens, and climbed hilltop maize fields to steal fresh cobs, carrying them into the jungle, lighting fires, roasting them, and eating like kings with soot-blackened hands and shining eyes. They stole gur and coconuts from the priest-bua's karmkāṇḍa puja collections, not because of hunger but for celebration, and every theft ended in a jungle feast filled with laughter, firelight, and a sense that the world had no limits and no consequences. Even sexual mischiefs were part of this phase, fully innocent, fully childish, and completely unfiltered. Once Mohan convinced a group of children that an irritating herbal milk extracted from a cactus plant was very good for sexual health, applied it to their private parts, and promised strength and growth, only to cause massive swelling, panic, crying, and a parental storm that could not be hidden. Premyogi watched it all, laughed, learned, and quietly stored the lesson that power without awareness always turns into chaos.

Another time, Mohan climbed a tree and asked a girl to stand beneath it, promising a great surprise, which came unnoticed at first and then became unforgettable, followed by scolding and beatings that changed nothing. They organized bull fights on the hills, bathed naked in a cold, sacred pond in the middle of the hills, and once Mohan jumped into that pond from a tree branch and did not surface for a long time. Panic spread, and everyone thought he had drowned. Some said Nāg Devatā, who lived in a hole at one corner of the pond, had taken him. Then suddenly he emerged, alive, smiling, untouched, and fear turned into awe. Scoldings were endless, beatings frequent, and warnings meaningless, yet the līlā continued without pause. Through all of this, Premyogi watched, absorbed, and refined everything he saw. He was never as reckless as Mohan, and though he saved him many times, he never did so at the cost of his own safety. He learned where to stop, where to retreat, and where to soften madness into play. Mohan gave him fire, and Premyogi gave it shape. Mohan gave him raw Krishna, and Premyogi added awareness.

This is how Premyogi became complete, not by scripture, not by discipline, and not by teaching, but by living with chaos and remaining innocent within it. Every mischief etched

freedom into his nervous system. Every escape trained him in timing. Every scolding trained him in detachment. Every jungle fire taught him how to enjoy without possession, every stolen fruit taught him how to take from life without guilt, and every near-danger taught him fearlessness without stupidity. Later, when energy would rise, when attraction would burn, when the mind would tighten, and when renunciation would threaten to harden him, this childhood would save him, because the first lesson of Premyogi's life was not control but play. And play, when purified by awareness, becomes divine *līlā*. That is why this chapter stands before all others and why it is called Chapter Zero. The yogi came later, the seeker came later, the mystic came later, but first Krishna came, assembled from innocence and mischief, from Premyogi and Mohan, from softness and storm, into one whole being.

## Chapter 1: The Awakening of Rasa

As Premyogi crossed the threshold of adolescence, life slowly changed its language. Play did not disappear; it refined itself. Mischief did not end; it softened into something subtler and more graceful. The raw freedom of childhood matured into a new inner force, almost invisible yet far more powerful than before. This force was not lust, nor rebellion, nor the restless hunger of the senses. It was rasa, the taste of life itself awakening from within. Rasa is sensitivity, the moment when consciousness begins to feel beauty rather than merely see it. Sound deepens, movement becomes meaningful, and presence itself turns intoxicating. Premyogi did not know this word, but his body understood it completely. His walk slowed, not from laziness but from awareness. His speech softened, not from fear but from rhythm. His eyes learned to pause, and his heart learned to listen. Without knowing it, he had entered the first gate of Krishna living, where consciousness learns not through force or struggle, but through charm.

The outer world, however, did not move with the same harmony. The city school into which he was pushed was crowded, noisy, and overfilled. Admissions had been officially banned because the school had exceeded its limits, yet fate bent its own rules. A special sanction came from the MLA, and Premyogi entered through what felt like the back door of destiny, unaware that this passage would become a long corridor of confusion. His parents admitted him with hope, believing that the city would shape his future. He selected computer science, convinced that modern knowledge held the key to success, but mathematics stood like a wall in his path. A compartment appeared, and with it the first quiet failure. He tried again by shifting to non-medical science, but mathematics returned, stronger and more merciless, bringing another compartment and another rejection. It was as if the system itself was telling him that his intelligence belonged elsewhere.

Finally, a compassionate madam accepted him into the biology stream, not because of brilliance, but because she saw something unbroken in him. He entered, but by then his interest had already drifted away from books. He became a last-bencher, a market wanderer, a park roamer, and a silent observer of people rather than a reader of pages. The city trained him in faces, gestures, moods, tones, and silent movements. He learned how humans speak without words, how attraction moves before it is recognized, and how energy shifts in spaces. Equations and formulas slipped away, but life itself began teaching him directly. Once, on this same ground, a furious teacher beat him badly, not lightly, but with real anger. The blows stung, yet something inside him did not break. He passed somehow, but physics returned like a final message in the form of another compartment, as if life was closing one door completely so that another could open.

The turning came quietly, through the help of his elder sister. Together they changed schools the following year, leaving the crowded city behind and entering a beautiful hill town, archetypal, clean, and orderly, guarded by a small army unit. Discipline lived in the air of this place, and chaos had no place to hide. Streets were silent, trees stood attentive, and the sky felt close enough to touch. When Premyogi arrived there, something ancient awakened inside him. He felt as though a forgotten territory had been regained, as if the land itself recognized him. The students were few, the people simple, and the surrounding villages carried earth in their breath. He, the half-Krishna who had wandered through markets and parks, was welcomed without suspicion, without noise, and without competition. For the first time in years, he felt that he belonged again.

It was here that rasa fully bloomed, and it was here that the second half of Krishna appeared. She was not a lover, not a friend, and not a companion in any ordinary sense. She was a cute, sweet-talking, mischievous girl, naughty like Mohan yet gentle like a breeze. If Mohan had given Premyogi wildness, she gave him tenderness. She laughed easily, spoke lightly, and carried the same ungraspable charm, now flowing through a feminine form. What followed between them was not romance as the world understands it, but something far subtler and far deeper, a cosmic love without contact. They never stared at each other, never spoke directly, and never touched. Often, they did not even stand near each other, yet everything happened. A glance passing through space could change the whole day. Her laughter heard from afar could soften his chest. His presence in the same room would slow her steps without her knowing why. Their paths crossed without crossing, and moments stretched without anything happening outwardly. This was rasa in its purest form, love as vibration rather than possession. Attraction sharpened awareness to such fineness that even silence became a dialogue. They spoke through timing, through absence, through restraint, and through movement. The heart learned how to burn without producing smoke.

Premyogi was being trained once again, just as he had been in childhood, but now through beauty rather than mischief, through longing rather than freedom, and through nearness that never closed the distance. This was the second gate of Krishna living, where love appears but does not bind, where desire arises but refines, and where attraction becomes a yogic instrument rather than a trap. He did not know it at the time, but this phase was carving the deepest groove in his being, preparing him for a future where energy would rise, the mind would dissolve, and pleasure would transform into bliss. Before the fire of yoga, there had to be the fragrance of rasa. And so Chapter One ends not with union, not with separation, but with a trembling stillness, where two beings orbit each other like stars, never colliding, yet shaping each other's gravity forever. The child had become aware, awareness had become taste, and taste had become the doorway to awakening.

## Chapter 2: Play, Distance, and Inner Discipline

As attraction grew within Premyogi, something else also awakened quietly alongside it: a sense of danger. Not danger from people or circumstances, but from the inner imbalance that unchecked closeness could create. He felt, without understanding how, that if he moved too close he would lose something subtle, and if he suppressed the movement entirely it would twist into something dark. Between these two extremes, he discovered a path not by thought but by instinct, a middle way where attraction could exist without destroying discipline. He learned to play with distance. He remained social but reserved, friendly but contained, warm but not available. This created a strange intensity around him. People felt close to him without touching him, and this invisible boundary protected both him and them. The environment itself supported this balance. The hill town was clean, ordered, quiet, and disciplined, shaped by the presence of a small army unit and by the simple lives of its people. There was no chaos to hide inner movements, and the air itself felt sattvic, making every feeling sharper and clearer. In such an atmosphere, raw desire did not explode; it refined itself into awareness. This was Premyogi's first deep realization of Krishna living: desire does not have to be destroyed, it has to be transformed by intelligence.

Among all the students in that school, Savita stood apart. She carried a natural authority that came from being deeply trusted by her parents and respected by her teachers, and because of this she moved freely among both boys and girls without suspicion. She was not extraordinary in appearance, but her confidence made her luminous. When Premyogi arrived from another school, carrying the silence of hills and the restlessness of the city within him, she noticed him immediately. Something in him attracted her attention, not sharply but steadily, as if she sensed a familiar rhythm in a new form. She began watching him from a distance, smiling often, appearing again and again in his field of vision. Premyogi noticed it all, but he did not respond in the usual way. He neither encouraged nor avoided. He simply remained himself, and that quiet presence deepened her interest far more than any action could have.

During a school celebration, when pair activities were announced, Savita ignored everyone else and chose Premyogi without hesitation. They stood together as if they had always known how to move in the same rhythm. Their performance was effortless and natural, and they were praised openly by teachers and students alike. That day something invisible began between them, something that did not need words. Later, under the excuse of preparation and studies, they began exchanging books. Once Premyogi gave her his biology text, an open medical book with detailed drawings of the human body. He gave it innocently, without intention, but in her subconscious it felt like a gesture of intimacy, almost like a proposal. From that day, her gestures, her smile, and her presence changed slightly. The change was small, but Premyogi felt it clearly. Still, he remained the same, open, boyish, frank, speaking to everyone without special attention, without complaint, without claim. This distance did not cool the attraction; it intensified it. Space, when held with awareness, became magnetism.

One day, fate offered Savita a moment of her own Krishna-like mischief. They were alone in the science laboratory, a rare silence surrounded by instruments and dust-filled sunlight. Without saying a word, she lay down on a table, facing the roof, remaining there for a few moments. It was not an invitation and not a rejection; it was a test of presence. Premyogi understood instantly. He did nothing. He did not move closer or away. He simply stayed where he was. Inside him, however, something extraordinary happened. Every subtle change in her posture, every unspoken vibration, touched his inner current, and his kundalini rose

gently to the crown, opening a wave of bliss. In that stillness, the image of his Dada Guru appeared alive and steady, as if guiding him silently. Yet outwardly, there was no sign. His face remained calm, unchanged, as if nothing had happened. Savita watched and was stunned. Not by his restraint, but by his depth. In that moment, her attraction transformed into reverence. She understood that this boy was not playing ordinary games; he was holding something vast within himself.

This phase trained Premyogi in a discipline that did not come from rules, fear, or moral pressure, but from lived intelligence. He learned that distance is not separation, but structure, and that desire, when allowed to flow within a sattvic container, becomes a force of awakening rather than collapse. He remained playful without becoming reckless, open without becoming loose, involved without becoming bound. The fire stayed in the lamp, and the lamp did not break. This was Krishna living in its most ordinary and most divine form — not as a myth, not as a teaching, but as a natural way of holding life with joy, awareness, and balance. By the end of this phase, something within Premyogi had stabilized forever. The heart had learned to hold intensity without losing itself, and the path ahead, though unknown, was now grounded in an inner axis that would not easily be shaken.

### Chapter 3: Bhakti Born from Attraction

One day, without effort and without announcement, attraction transformed itself into devotion. There was no ritual, no decision, no vow, no sudden renunciation. Nothing dramatic happened outwardly. Yet inwardly, something irreversible had shifted. What was once excitement slowly turned into remembrance, and what was once longing began to feel like presence. The mind, which earlier moved restlessly from moment to moment, now discovered a sweetness in staying still. A meditation image formed on its own, not through technique, not through discipline, and not through practice, but through love held steady. Premyogi did not sit to meditate; meditation began sitting inside him.

By this time, physical separation had already occurred. Circumstances had changed, paths had diverged, and daily life had moved forward as it always does, indifferent to inner revolutions. The girl was no longer there in front of him. There were no shared spaces, no passing glances, no silent games of presence and distance. Yet strangely, her absence did not create emptiness. It created depth. The outer form dissolved, but the inner form multiplied. What had once been tied to a body now began appearing in many shapes, many emotions, many subtle moods, all blending effortlessly with daily activities. Premyogi would walk, talk, eat, study, sit, laugh, and work, and yet beneath all these ordinary movements, something else flowed continuously, quietly, like an underground river. It was not memory in the usual sense. It was not imagination. It was not fantasy. It was presence without location.

This is where attraction crossed its final boundary and became bhakti.

He did not know the word then. He had never read it in a book, never heard it explained in a temple. But his body, his breath, and his nervous system understood it perfectly. The inner consort was no longer an image created by the mind. She became a living field inside which his mind now rested. When she was absent outwardly, she was even more alive inwardly. When she was physically gone, she became more real. This was the paradox that confused him at first. How could separation increase intimacy? How could distance deepen closeness? How could absence become fullness?

Yet that is exactly what happened.

The remembrance did not disturb his work. It did not distract him from life. It blended with everything. While walking on roads, she walked within him. While sitting in class, she sat in his silence. While eating, she tasted through him. While laughing with friends, she smiled from inside. There was no conflict between inner and outer life. This was not withdrawal; it was expansion. This was not escape; it was infusion. The world continued as before, but something sacred had entered its bloodstream.

Strange samādhi began happening without warning. He would be doing ordinary tasks, and suddenly the mind would fall still, not by force, but by sweetness. Time would stop without him trying to stop it. Thoughts would slow, then dissolve, not violently but like mist in sunlight. His body would remain active, yet inwardly he would be unmoving. He could hear people speaking, see objects, respond normally, and yet the core of his being would be resting somewhere deeper, untouched. It was as if two lives were running simultaneously, one in the world and one beyond it, and neither disturbed the other. This samādhi did not look like meditation. There was no closed eye, no straight spine, no breath control. It happened while walking, while standing, while studying, while talking. It was life itself becoming meditation.

Sometimes the inner presence would appear as tenderness. Sometimes as ache. Sometimes as warmth spreading in the chest. Sometimes as a pressure in the head. Sometimes as tears without sadness. Sometimes as laughter without reason. It took many forms, changing shapes like clouds, but the substance was always the same. It was remembrance without effort. It was love without demand. It was attention without tension.

Premyogi slowly realized that this was no longer attraction to a person. It was attraction to a state. The girl had become a doorway, and now the doorway had dissolved, leaving the space itself. The mind no longer wanted anything from her. It only wanted to stay where it was. And staying was effortless. The effort had ended the day remembrance became sweeter than desire.

This is how bhakti is born in real life, though scriptures rarely describe it this way. It does not arise from belief. It does not arise from fear of God. It does not arise from discipline or obedience. It arises from sustained rasa. When rasa is held without collapse, when attraction is not discharged through possession, when longing is not killed but allowed to ripen, it transforms into devotion. The object disappears, and what remains is love without direction. The river reaches the ocean and forgets it was ever a river.

Premyogi did not call it meditation. He did not call it devotion. He did not even call it spiritual. He simply knew that the mind had found rest in sweetness, and that this sweetness did not depend on circumstances. It was there on good days and bad days, on noisy days and silent days, on days of success and days of confusion. It remained even when he was angry, tired, or lost. That was the proof of its reality. Ordinary emotions come and go. This stayed.

Daily life continued. He went to school, returned home, spoke to family, met people, and lived like everyone else. But something had shifted permanently. The inner center had moved. Earlier, the mind was searching outward, touching people, places, moments, hoping something would complete it. Now the search had ended without any declaration. Completion had happened quietly. The same world existed, but it no longer held the power to shake him.

The most mysterious part was that this bhakti had no name, no direction, no deity, and no image. It was devotion without an object. The inner consort was not a face anymore, not a form, not a personality. She had become presence itself. Sometimes he would feel her as a motherly softness, sometimes as a lover's warmth, sometimes as a friend's companionship, and sometimes as pure silence. The mind had stopped asking what it was. It only knew how to remain.

This was not imagination. Imagination fluctuates and tires. This only deepened. It grew stronger when ignored and clearer when forgotten. Even when he tried to be normal, it remained. Even when he tried to forget, it smiled from behind the forgetting. This is the mark of real bhakti: it does not demand attention. It simply exists.

Later, when Premyogi would read scriptures, he would recognize this phase immediately. He would see that saints and yogis had described it in many ways, yet rarely with the simplicity of lived experience. They spoke of remembrance, of smaraṇa, of nāma, of inner deity, of iṣṭa, of love that becomes prayer. But none of those words had been present when it happened. It had happened naturally, as fruit ripens on its own when the season comes.

This chapter marks the moment when attraction completed its journey. It did not end; it transformed. It did not disappear; it deepened. It did not bind; it freed. The same energy that once moved toward a girl now moved toward the center of being. The same longing that once sought closeness now dissolved into stillness. The same rasa that once danced on the surface now flowed as a silent river below all thoughts.

This was the third gate of Krishna living, the most secret one, where love becomes prayer without words, where remembrance becomes meditation without method, and where devotion is born not in temples, but in the middle of ordinary life. Premyogi did not know it yet, but this bhakti would become the foundation for everything that followed. It would support his later yoga, protect him during rising energies, soften his mind during awakening, and prevent him from becoming dry or hard. It would be the sweetness that balanced power, the love that balanced knowledge, and the devotion that balanced freedom.

And so Chapter Three closes not with achievement, not with realization, not with enlightenment, but with something far more precious and far more stable: a heart that had learned to remember without effort, a mind that had learned to rest without control, and a life that had quietly turned into prayer without ever calling itself religious.

## Chapter 4: Gopī Samādhi

As remembrance deepened, the world began to fade without effort. Nothing was rejected and nothing was pushed away, yet the outer world slowly lost its grip. Premyogi could be studying, walking, sitting alone, or moving through ordinary daily routines, and the same inner image would glow steadily within him, not as a picture but as a living presence. Thought weakened naturally, like a river that becomes narrow as it nears the ocean. Time thinned, stretched, and sometimes disappeared altogether. Joy expanded, not as excitement, but as a silent fullness that did not need expression. He was no longer moving toward remembrance; remembrance was moving through him. This was not trance and not escape. It was gopī-samādhi, the state where attention forgets itself and becomes one continuous movement toward the beloved.

In this phase, Premyogi learned something that no book had taught him: samādhi is not always born from silence. Sometimes it is born from love. When love becomes so complete that the lover disappears, what remains is stillness, but a stillness filled with warmth, not emptiness. The gopīs of Vrindavan did not close their eyes to reach Krishna; they forgot themselves while remembering him. In the same way, Premyogi's mind did not withdraw from the world; it dissolved into one single stream of attention that flowed without interruption. The beloved was not outside, not inside, not near, and not far. She was the movement itself. Every thought that tried to rise melted before forming. Every desire that tried to appear turned into devotion. Every emotion softened into awareness.

The outer separation had long been complete, but inwardly the union was now total. The girl who had once appeared in form had now become a field, and that field had expanded until it included everything. This is the secret of gopī-samādhi: the object of love disappears, and love remains without direction. The mind does not hold an image; it becomes the image. The heart does not remember a person; it remembers existence itself. And in that remembrance, even the sense of remembering fades.

It was during this phase that the most extraordinary event of Premyogi's life occurred, not as a planned experience, not through yoga, not through meditation, but in a dream-like waking state that carried more reality than waking life itself. One night, he found himself standing on a bridge across a river in the down valley, about a kilometer from his home. The place was familiar, yet the way he experienced it was completely new. Suddenly, without warning, he felt himself fully open. Joy did not arise only as mental waves; it spread beyond the mind and filled the dark parts of his being that had never known light before. He felt as if consciousness itself had expanded and was now shining through him without obstruction.

He turned his head downward and gazed at the flowing water beneath the bridge. The river looked exactly as it always had, with the same shape, the same movement, and the same sound, yet it was no longer just a river. It was the bridge, the water, and his own conscious self appearing together as one reality. There was no separation between observer and observed. The bridge was still a bridge physically, but spiritually it was nothing other than the river, and the river was nothing other than himself. Then he turned his head to the left and saw the mountain slope. There had once been a landslide there after heavy rains, leaving a raw, earthy gap of nearly twenty meters where the vegetation had slid down and half the river had been blocked. In that moment, he saw the same scene, unchanged in physical form, yet entirely transformed in meaning. The exposed earth, the vegetation, the slope, and the gap were all alive, all conscious, all unified, and all nothing other than the same presence that

flowed through the river and through him. Then he turned his head upward and gazed at the great Sun. It appeared exactly as it appears to everyone else, bright and powerful in the sky, yet its brightness was not greater than anything else. The river, the mountain, the bridge, the Sun, and his own self all carried the same intensity of light. Nothing was higher and nothing was lower. Everything was equally luminous, equally alive, equally conscious.

This entire experience lasted only a few seconds, perhaps five or ten at most, yet within that short span of time he lived what felt like eternity. Joy was limitless. Brightness was endless. Wisdom was complete. Peace was absolute. Openness was total. He felt like the king of the universe, or rather, like the universe itself looking at itself. There was no fear and no desire, no seeking and no lack. Day and night were united in an unknown way, light and darkness no longer opposed but embracing each other. Love and hate existed together without conflict. The same consciousness appeared as blessing to the pure and as terror to the divided. Everything that could ever be experienced was experienced at once. Space and time, which had once seemed vast and endless, now appeared as tiny ripples inside an infinite ocean of consciousness. His mental waves were like small waves on that ocean, beautiful but insignificant. He knew, without thought, that this was the highest possible expression of mind energy, conscious brilliance, and bliss. Nothing beyond this could be imagined.

When morning came, he woke up not as a person returning from a dream, but as a being returning home after a long journey. He felt complete, fulfilled, finished, and satisfied. It was as if nothing more needed to be achieved in any lifetime. He moved through the day with a child-like simplicity, tensionless, peaceful, joyful, unambitious, flowing spontaneously with life. There was no effort to be good, and yet goodness flowed naturally. There was no attempt to be spiritual, and yet everything felt sacred. He was social, yet inwardly free. He was human, yet deeply untouched by human entanglement. He was ego-less, personality-less, and yet fully alive, bright, attractive, charming, and warm. His presence carried calmness, and his silence carried authority. He felt guided by nature, by spontaneity, by an unseen intelligence that had been leading him through countless births without ever making itself visible.

For nearly three years after this experience, divine qualities expressed themselves effortlessly. Desire had transformed into pure love. Anger had dissolved into clarity. Greed had vanished into contentment. Pride had melted into gratitude. Jealousy had no ground to stand on. His mind was focused, sharp, and powerful, yet gentle and compassionate. He spoke little, judged nothing, and understood much without analysis. Sometimes he would know things about people without knowing how he knew them. Sometimes he would see the direction of events before they unfolded. His energy was high, his body light, his presence attractive, and his heart full. The tantric images of the master and the consort shimmered continuously within him, not as fantasy, but as living symbols of unity. Worldly lust had transformed into a deep, steady, concentrated love that did not seek expression but radiated quietly.

This state did not remain forever. Memory of the glimpse slowly faded, and with it, the effortless expression of those divine qualities. Gradually, ordinary mind patterns returned, though never fully as before. The ocean receded, but the shore was forever changed. The taste of that state remained hidden in the depths, waiting, guiding, shaping everything that followed. But even in its fading, the truth of *gopī-samādhi* was now irreversible. Premyogi had learned that love, when sustained without collapse, becomes *samādhi*, and that *samādhi*, when born of love, leaves behind a fragrance that never fully disappears.

This was the fourth gate of Krishna living, where devotion dissolves into absorption, where remembrance becomes identity, and where the beloved disappears into being itself. It was not achieved by practice, not maintained by effort, and not preserved by memory. It arose naturally, like a flower blooming at the right season, and it faded naturally, like petals falling when the time was complete. Yet its essence remained, silently shaping the path ahead. From this point onward, Premyogi would never again be able to live only on the surface of things. He had seen the depth once, and even when forgotten, it continued to call him from within, reminding him that the highest samādhi is not silence without love, but love so complete that even silence dissolves into it.

## Chapter 5: The Natural Withdrawal

Krishna living, by its very nature, cannot last forever. It is a flame that burns bright, fast, and complete. It is not meant to become a permanent structure of life, but a passage, a refinement, a transformation. As adolescence slowly ended and adulthood approached, Premyogi felt the intensity begin to decline on its own. There was no struggle, no effort to hold it, and no fear of losing it. Attraction weakened gently, like a river that slows as it reaches the plain. The inner image softened, no longer glowing with the same sharpness, no longer demanding the same attention. Energy, which had danced freely for years, now began to seek another direction. This shift did not bring sadness. It brought readiness. What had to be learned had already been learned. What had to be refined had been refined. The rasa had completed its work.

This withdrawal was not a fall, not a loss, and not a failure. It was completion. Just as childhood play naturally fades when responsibility awakens, just as first love dissolves when maturity arrives, Krishna living faded because it had fulfilled its purpose. Premyogi did not mourn it, because something in him knew that the fragrance would remain even if the flower disappeared. And it did remain, silently, invisibly, guiding him through the years that followed.

That meditation image, born from attraction and refined into devotion, became his unseen guardian. It saved him from countless traps that consume ordinary lives. It protected him from vulgarity, from blind infatuation, from destructive attachment, from excessive indulgence, from bad company, and from habits that slowly destroy inner clarity. Through the long years of medical studies, through struggle, exhaustion, and pressure, the image remained quietly present. It did not disturb him, but it did not leave him either. When temptation came, it softened it. When distraction came, it absorbed it. When loneliness came, it filled it. It was not a force of control, but a force of balance. Even when he entered private practice, moved through self-employment, and later took up government service, that inner presence continued to work silently in the background, keeping him aligned without rules, without fear, and without guilt.

Just as Radha remained in Krishna's heart even after he married Rukmini, the inner consort remained in Premyogi long after marriage entered his life. Marriage did not break the Krishna phase; it only transformed its expression. Love became steadier, quieter, less intense, but more reliable. The energy that once burned in flashes now glowed like embers, warming rather than consuming. The image no longer appeared as a living presence, yet it remained as a subtle orientation of the heart, a direction that kept him from drifting into darkness. Many people lose themselves when life becomes heavy, when responsibilities pile up, when desire finds new forms, and when ambition replaces innocence. Premyogi did not lose himself, not because he was strong, but because the Krishna phase had already completed its work of refinement.

Years passed. Life unfolded. Duties grew. Roles multiplied. And slowly, almost unnoticed, a new kind of boredom began to appear. It was not boredom with life, but boredom with a certain softness inside him. The feminine tone of his inner life, sustained for so long through the meditation image, began to feel limiting. The tenderness that once saved him now felt like it was holding him back from something deeper and stronger. The mind, which had lived in sweetness, now began to seek power. The heart, which had lived in devotion, now began to

seek structure. The energy that had danced for years now wanted to build. This was the signal of the next phase, though he did not know it yet.

As the inner image faded enough, not completely but sufficiently, something else began to rise. The image of Dada Guru, which had appeared earlier during moments of bliss and *samādhi*, now began to take over the inner space. The tone of Premyogi's inner life changed from feminine to masculine, from flowing to firm, from sweet to sharp. His mental recognition shifted. He became more grounded, more directive, more focused. Solitude now felt different. It was no longer filled with longing, but with power. *Ritambharā*, the intuitive truth-bearing intelligence, began to occupy his inner world. His life started reorganizing itself from within, not around attraction, but around purpose. The tantric lifestyle that had once been gentle now became self-propelled, disciplined, and intense, though still invisible to the outside world.

This was the true beginning of the *Shakti* phase, though it would take years for it to fully unfold. Krishna living had refined the heart. Now *Shakti* living would build the spine. The *rasa* phase had softened desire. Now energy would be gathered, directed, and lifted. The withdrawal of the Krishna phase was necessary, just as the falling of petals is necessary for the fruit to form. If the flower clings to itself, no fruit is born. If the *rasa* phase clings to itself, no power is born.

Looking back, Premyogi could see that nothing had been wasted. Every stage had arrived at the right time and left at the right time. The play of childhood, the attraction of adolescence, the devotion of youth, the *samādhi* of love, and the withdrawal of sweetness were all parts of one intelligent movement. Life itself had been his guru, and Krishna living had been its most beautiful lesson. It taught him how to touch life lightly, how to love without possession, how to remember without effort, and how to withdraw without pain.

This chapter closes the Krishna living phase, but it does not end its influence. Its fragrance remains forever in the background of Premyogi's being, softening his strength, warming his discipline, and humanizing his power. Without this phase, *Shakti* would have been harsh. Without this phase, discipline would have been dry. Without this phase, energy would have been dangerous. Krishna living made him safe for power.

And so the flame dimmed, not because the oil ended, but because its work was done. The light did not disappear; it went inward. The dance ended, but the rhythm remained. Attraction faded, but devotion stayed as a memory in the cells. The image dissolved, but its imprint continued guiding every step. This was not an ending. It was a handover. From the sweetness of Krishna, life now passed him into the hands of *Shakti*, where the real building would begin.

**Book part-2: Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience: The Shakti Awakening and the Path of Durga Within**

## **Chapter 1: The Awakening of Shakti – Entering the Feminine Current of Consciousness**

**(SEO: Shakti awakening experience, inner feminine energy, Durga phase in spiritual life)**

- Transition from Krishna phase to Shakti phase
- Five years of continuous Shakti sādhana during university life
- Discovery of inner femininity: softness, sensitivity, devotion
- Why Shakti awakening is not emotionality but higher intelligence
- How inner feminine consciousness stabilizes spiritual growth
- Shakti as the hidden engine of all later courage and action

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## **Chapter 2: Durga Within – Courage Without Hatred, Strength Without Violence**

**(SEO: Durga energy experience, sattvic courage, spiritual bravery)**

- The Durga function in human life
- Fighting adharma without brutality, revenge, or ego
- Sattvic, nonviolent, tactical, and lawful action as true Durga pat
- How Shakti transforms fear into clarity
- The difference between egoic aggression and divine courage
- Living Durga in family, society, and responsibilities

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## **Chapter 3: The Living Inner Consort – From Meditation Image to Conscious Presence**

**(SEO: inner consort meditation, Radha Krishna inner experience, divine feminine within)**

- How the meditation image matured into a living inner presence
- The psychology and spirituality of inner consort sādhana
- Radha living within Krishna even during worldly life with Rukmini
- The mind as temple: sustaining presence without physical dependence
- Why this is not imagination but stabilized inner reality
- The role of devotion in making the inner presence alive

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## **Chapter 4: Hlādinī-Śakti in Human Experience – Bliss Born from Remembrance**

**(SEO: hlādinī shakti experience, spiritual bliss from devotion, ananda in meditation)**

- Understanding *hlādinī-śakti* as inner bliss-consciousness
- How sustained joy arose naturally without effort
- Continuous remembrance as a living practice, not repetition
- Recognition of scriptural maps in direct experience
- Why this is not a divine claim but confirmation of Sanātana science
- Bliss as stability, not ecstasy — fullness, not excitement

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## **Chapter 5: Divine Alignment, Not Force – How Grace Works in Daily Life**

**(SEO: divine help in spiritual life, grace vs effort, alignment in sadhana)**

- Why progress happened through alignment, not struggle
- The silent role of divine help in human evolution
- Marriage and the wife's support as Shakti continuation
- Living worldly life without losing inner presence
- How Shakti sustains dharma, family, and responsibility together
- Preparing the ground for the next phase of awakening

**Book part 2: Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience: The Shakti Awakening and the Path of Durga Within**

## Chapter 1: The Awakening of Shakti – Entering the Feminine Current of Consciousness

The awakening of Shakti did not arrive like a lesson learned from books or a mantra received from a teacher. It came the way real life always comes — quietly, naturally, and then all at once, reshaping everything that had existed before. During university years, when the Krishna phase was still glowing in the background like a fading sunset, something new began to rise from the depth of lived experience itself. At first it was only a subtle change in tone, a shift in how life responded to presence. The playful romance of Krishna, which had been sustained so long by closeness, beauty, and inward union, began to transform under the pressure of absence, struggle, and responsibility. What was once sweetness started demanding strength. What was once intimacy began asking for courage. This was not a fall from grace, as it might appear from the outside, but a turning of the same river into a different landscape. In presence, Krishna lives as romance. In absence, the same love becomes Durga, fierce and protective. The transition was not from one life to another, but a blending of all lives, with a new proportion rising to the surface and naming itself.

University life exposed the raw edge of reality. Ideals were tested daily, not in meditation halls but in classrooms, hostels, politics, friendships, and confrontations. The Krishna within could not disappear, but it could no longer be enough. The world was not responding to flute music alone. It demanded a sword, though not of iron, but of awareness. And so, Shakti began to move, not as a concept but as a force that reorganized the entire inner climate. Sensitivity deepened instead of hardening. Softness became stronger than aggression. Devotion became more intelligent than rebellion. A strange paradox unfolded: internally, life became deeply feminine, tender, receptive, emotional in the highest sense, while externally, courage grew sharper, clearer, and more fearless than ever before. This was the Durga function awakening — the capacity to stand without hatred, to fight without brutality, and to protect without ego.

The Shakti phase lasted almost five years, but its influence never ended. It continued through marriage, strengthened and stabilized by the presence of a wife who unknowingly became a living extension of the same Shakti current. What had once been an inward experience now found support in outer life, making the journey sustainable rather than escapist. During those years, *sādhana* was not scheduled; it was lived. Every argument, every temptation, every injustice, every attraction, every confusion became a site of practice. Shakti was not rising through chakras like diagrams in a book; she was rising through situations, relationships, and decisions. She appeared in moments of hesitation as courage, in moments of fear as clarity, in moments of anger as restraint, and in moments of loss as devotion.

There were times when the environment itself pushed toward a different kind of Shakti expression. Friends, peers, and social circles insisted that Shakti demanded tantrik indulgence — meat, liquor, sensory freedom — and in one sense they were right. Shakti is not afraid of life. She does not reject the body. She does not deny the world. Yet what saved the journey from falling into unconsciousness was the presence of the inner guru, the dada guru, a pure sattvic priest-like image anchored in the mind. This image was not a moral policeman but a balancing axis. It allowed Shakti to express without becoming destructive, and allowed indulgence without addiction. On rare occasions, non-vegetarian food or liquor was taken, but never habitually, never compulsively, never in forgetfulness. Always with awareness, always with moderation, always with the understanding that Shakti demands mastery, not slavery.

One small incident became a lifelong mantra. Sitting one evening at a small shop owned by a Devi-bhakt shopkeeper of the same age, both divided a single dose of beer, laughing lightly at the simplicity of it. The next day, when the yogi returned and asked again, the shopkeeper refused gently and said, “One should not become habitual to these things.” The words were ordinary, but they carried the weight of scripture. In that moment, Shakti revealed her deepest law: freedom is not in doing everything, but in not being bound by anything. That sentence echoed for years, protecting the path silently whenever temptation tried to claim it.

As Shakti grew, conflict also grew, because Durga does not sleep while injustice moves freely. There were disputes, political clashes, social tensions, and sharp up-and-down movements in life. But the response was never blind reaction. Awareness had already matured through earlier Krishna and meditative phases. Nonduality, formed through sharirvijyan darshan, had entered the nervous system itself. The body was no longer a battlefield of impulses but an instrument of clarity. When fights came, they were handled with the brain, not the blood. When injustice appeared, it was challenged with law, intelligence, and strategy, not anger. Once, he became an initiator of a university violence-prevention movement, standing between aggression and chaos not as a hero but as a stabilizing presence. Another time, when a service boss caused injustice, he initiated a resistance movement that involved real risk, career danger, and social pressure, yet was carried out without bitterness, without hatred, and without losing inner stillness.

This is where the true Durga reveals herself. She is not a roaring deity destroying demons in fantasy. She is the calm courage that says no when everyone says yes. She is the silent endurance that holds ground when retreat is easier. She is the awareness that sees the whole picture and still chooses action. This courage did not come from aggression; it came from softness. The inner feminine reality made perception sharper, empathy deeper, and action cleaner. The same sensitivity that allowed devotion to bloom also allowed injustice to be detected instantly. Shakti sharpened discrimination without making the heart dry.

Over time, the inner feminine presence became continuous. The meditation image of the consort, which had begun earlier, now matured into a living inner companion. It was no longer visualization but presence. It lived within the mind the way Radha lived within Krishna — not physically present, yet more real than anything visible. Even while worldly life continued, even while marriage happened, even while duties expanded, the inner presence remained untouched, silent, supportive, nourishing. This was not imagination. It was a stabilized inner reality that produced joy without reason, devotion without effort, and fullness without demand. In Vaishnava language, this could be recognized as the movement of *hlādinī-sakti*, but the recognition came after the experience, not before. The scriptures were not guiding the path; they were confirming it.

Shakti awakening was thus not emotional excess, not mystical fantasy, not spiritual dramatization. It was higher intelligence embodied. It reorganized how decisions were made, how risks were taken, how love was expressed, how anger was restrained, how duty was fulfilled. It stabilized spiritual growth by grounding it in life instead of lifting it away from life. The more Shakti matured, the less escape was needed. Meditation deepened not because of withdrawal, but because life itself became meditation. Every confrontation became mantra, every responsibility became offering, every danger became clarity.

The greatest wonder of this phase was that nothing felt forced. Progress happened not by effort but by alignment. It felt as though an invisible current was carrying the body, mind,

and circumstances in the right direction, even through mistakes and confusion. This is what later came to be called divine help, not as belief but as lived recognition. Whenever ego tried to take control, Shakti withdrew warmth. Whenever surrender appeared, Shakti flowed effortlessly. Slowly, a deep trust formed — not in outcomes, not in people, not even in one's own abilities, but in the intelligence of the path itself.

Thus, the Shakti phase became the hidden engine of everything that followed. All later courage, all later steadiness, all later fearlessness were born here, in the years of learning how to live with power without losing softness, how to stand in the world without becoming worldly, and how to let the feminine current of consciousness guide action without turning it into chaos. This was not a departure from Krishna, but Krishna maturing into Durga. The flute had not broken; it had become a conch. The romance had not ended; it had become protection. And the same love that once danced now stood guard, silent and immovable, ready for whatever life would bring next.

## Chapter 2: Durga Within – Courage Without Hatred, Strength Without Violence

Durga does not arrive with noise. She does not announce herself with thunder or weapons. When she awakens within a human being, she comes as a sudden stillness in the middle of chaos, as an unshakeable clarity in the middle of fear, as a calm refusal when the whole world pushes toward violence. The Durga function is not mythological; it is biological, psychological, and spiritual at the same time. It is the moment when Shakti learns to stand. In this phase of life, the yogi discovered that courage is not the opposite of softness but its highest expression, and that strength without hatred is the only strength that does not destroy the one who holds it.

As Shakti matured after the university years, the inner feminine current that had first appeared as sensitivity now demanded structure, boundaries, and protection. Sensitivity without courage collapses; courage without sensitivity becomes brutality. Durga is the intelligence that holds these two together. She is born when the heart refuses to close and the spine refuses to bend. In daily life, this appeared not as heroic gestures but as countless small decisions: when to speak, when to remain silent, when to resist, when to endure, when to walk away, and when to stand still even if everything trembles around you.

Before marriage, the inner Shakti was balanced mainly by the image of the dada guru, the sattvic priest-like presence that lived silently in the mind. That image functioned like a regulating sun, preventing the feminine energy from becoming emotional excess or ungrounded imagination. The feminine meditation image was the source of power, devotion, and softness, while the guru image gave it direction, discipline, and restraint. Together they created a stable inner ecosystem. But after marriage, something subtle yet profound changed. The wife entered not as a meditation image, but as a living force that demanded realism, exclusivity, and grounding. A living woman does not allow the romance of imagination to dominate the mind. She brings Shakti down from the heavens into the kitchen, into responsibility, into daily friction and care. Without saying anything directly, her presence itself reorganized the inner world.

It became clear then that the mind has limits. It can hold only a certain number of permanent meditation images. Temporary settling of images during *dhyāna* is common — gods, gurus, symbols appear and dissolve — but a permanent, stable image is different. It occupies a seat in the mind that is not easily vacated. For most humans, this seat is occupied by living individuals: parents, lovers, teachers, children, enemies, ideals. That is why it is easy for a human being to become a meditation image, because the world constantly reminds the mind of them. Society, profession, environment, and memory all support their continuity. But a god idol does not receive such support. No one reminds you daily of a deity unless you are surrounded by rare spiritual well-wishers. This is why devotion like Ramakrishna's, where Kali herself becomes the permanent meditation image, is so rare. It requires an entire life to be structured around remembrance.

In this life, all images mixed at every stage, but one always dominated. During the Shakti phase, the feminine image remained central, balanced first by the guru, and later by the wife. When the wife naturally limited the romantic flow toward the inner image, the Shakti energy did not disappear; it became balanced. It settled in the middle. This middle Shakti is the Durga Shakti. Neither rising into fantasy nor sinking into repression, it became available for action. The energy that once nourished inner devotion now nourished outer courage.

This is where the difference between egoic aggression and divine courage became unmistakably clear. Egoic aggression is loud, reactive, hungry for victory, and thirsty for validation. It rises from fear and ends in destruction, even when it wins. Divine courage is silent, patient, and strangely peaceful. It does not need to prove anything. It moves only when movement is necessary, and stops immediately when its work is done. It does not leave residue in the heart. This courage is sattvic — clean, nonviolent, and lawful — even when it confronts darkness directly.

There were many occasions when this inner Durga had to step forward. Social disputes, political conflicts, institutional injustice, and personal attacks appeared not as spiritual tests but as life situations that demanded response. Once, during university years, violence was spreading, fuelled by ego, group identity, and intoxication. Instead of joining any side, the yogi initiated a violence-prevention effort, standing between groups, using reason, presence, and personal risk to slow the fire. It was not bravery in the heroic sense; it was simply the inability to remain silent when chaos was harming innocent lives. Fear was there, but Shakti transformed fear into clarity. The moment fear arose, the body became sharper, the mind calmer, and words more precise. This is Durga's gift: fear does not paralyse; it informs.

Later in professional life, when injustice came from authority itself, the Durga function became even more refined. Challenging a boss, a system, or a powerful structure is not easy. It threatens security, livelihood, and reputation. But when awareness has already tasted nonduality through sharirvijyan darshan, the fear of loss loses its teeth. The body still trembles, but the mind does not break. The yogi initiated a movement against injustice, not with anger but with law, documentation, patience, and moral clarity. Many risks were taken, but no hatred was stored. That is the secret of spiritual bravery: you act fully, but you do not carry poison afterward.

Durga in human life is not a battlefield goddess; she is a balancing intelligence that prevents both collapse and cruelty. She teaches when to fight and when to forgive. She allows resistance without revenge. She allows firmness without hardness. This balance is what makes her path sattvic. Violence, in her world, is not physical alone; it is any action that leaves scars in consciousness. Durga's courage leaves no scars, neither in the other nor in oneself.

In family life, this courage appeared in quieter ways. Responsibility, financial pressure, expectations, and misunderstandings are daily forms of adharma. The Durga within did not escape them through spirituality; she faced them with patience, clarity, and presence. Many times, silence required more courage than speech. Many times, endurance required more strength than reaction. The wife, children, and household became the new battlefield where the real Durga training continued. To protect harmony without suppressing truth, to stand firm without breaking relationships, to guide without controlling — this was the living practice of Durga in society.

The most astonishing transformation was how fear itself changed nature. Earlier, fear had been something to overcome. Now, it became a signal. Whenever fear arose, it indicated that something important was at stake. Instead of retreating, awareness expanded. Breath deepened. The body aligned. Action became slower and more accurate. Shakti had transformed fear into a tool of intelligence. This is why true courage is calm. Panic belongs to ego. Stillness belongs to Durga.

Over time, it became clear that Durga is not an emergency function; she is a daily presence. She stands in traffic jams, office meetings, family arguments, and inner conflicts. She guards dharma quietly. She does not demand worship; she demands integrity. She does not want rituals; she wants right action. When the yogi later looked back, he saw that many decisions that shaped his life were not made by thought but by this silent inner Durga, standing firm while the mind was still deciding.

Thus, living Durga became a way of being. Not masculine dominance, not feminine surrender, but a union of both in action. Shakti provided energy, Durga provided direction. The earlier romantic devotion had matured into protective love. The earlier inward bliss had become outward responsibility. And the same Shakti that once flowed as tenderness now flowed as unshakable courage, proving that spiritual power is not meant to escape the world, but to hold it steady when it begins to fall apart.

In this way, Durga within became the guardian of the entire journey, ensuring that awakening did not remain a private ecstasy but became a force of order, justice, and stability in the visible world. This was not mythology. This was life itself, lived with awareness.

## Chapter 3: The Living Inner Consort – From Meditation Image to Conscious Presence

The living inner consort is not created in a day. It does not appear because one wishes it, nor does it remain because one fears losing it. It grows the way a relationship grows in life — through time, continuity, struggle, misunderstanding, adjustment, and finally, trust. In the Shakti phase, the meditation image that had once been a gentle focus of devotion slowly crossed an invisible threshold and became presence. At first, it was still an image, something seen inwardly during meditation or remembered in silence. But gradually, it stopped appearing and disappearing. It stayed. It began to live in the mind the way a loved one lives in the heart, even when they are not physically present. The mind had unknowingly become a temple, and the inner consort had taken her seat there, not as imagination, but as resident consciousness.

This transition from image to presence was subtle, almost unnoticed at first. There was no dramatic vision, no voice, no announcement. Instead, there was a feeling that something was watching life from within, gently, silently, intimately. Decisions were now accompanied by a quiet approval or withdrawal. Emotions were held by an unseen softness. Even loneliness began to lose its sharpness, because presence was always there. This is what ancient language calls the inner Radha, the *hlādinī* current that lives within Krishna, even when Krishna is walking in the world with Rukmini, fulfilling duties, playing roles, and carrying responsibilities. The world may see marriage, work, and society, but inside, devotion remains untouched. That is the secret the stories were always pointing to — not a moral story of loyalty, but a psychological and spiritual map of how consciousness can hold inner union while living outer life fully.

The psychology of inner consort *sādhana* is delicate. If forced, it becomes fantasy. If suppressed, it becomes dryness. If balanced, it becomes life itself. In the beginning, the meditation image was supported by imagination, emotion, and devotion. Later, it was sustained by remembrance. Finally, it required nothing at all; it simply existed. The presence did not interfere with life, nor did it pull the mind inward compulsively. It lived alongside everything, like breath. This is why the mind as temple is not a metaphor. It is a functional reality. When presence stabilizes, the mind reorganizes itself around it. Thoughts slow down. Emotional extremes soften. Even desire loses its restlessness, because it has already found a home.

Yet, this stability brought an unexpected challenge. The continuous meditation image began to create physical sensations, especially in the head. A constant pressure built up, as if the mind was holding more than it was designed to hold. At times, senses felt blurred. At times, the body felt lightly sedated, tired sooner than before. Age was also advancing, and the combination made the experience confusing. The yogi checked health carefully — blood tests, scans, examinations — but nothing appeared abnormal. Even the stomach was checked through endoscopy. Everything was fine. The body, it seemed, was healthy. Yet something was shifting.

The doctor, observing carefully, noticed not disease but tension. Anger, suppressed and refined, had accumulated in the nervous system. An antidepressant was prescribed, not as a solution, but as an experiment — a small dose, just for a month, to reduce internal friction. When it was taken, something astonishing happened. The meditation image shifted. The feminine image of Savita, which had been dominant, naturally moved down in intensity,

while the image of the dada guru rose and became central. The pressure in the head softened. Clarity increased. Bliss deepened. The mind became spacious. And most surprising of all, the yogi realized that the effect of the antidepressant and the effect of his sharirvigyan nondual meditation were identical. Both were producing the same result — stillness, nonduality, gentle joy, and freedom from reactive emotion. It was a revelation that shook all remaining divisions between spiritual practice and body science. However, after the antidepressant transformation, his bodily functioning reduced significantly, but the energy saved from this was used to greatly heighten mental functioning. It is difficult to know whether advancing age was also a contributing reason.

This experience showed something profound: the body was asking for a transition. The Shakti phase, with its engagement, conflicts, courage, and outward action, had completed its work. The nervous system was now asking for withdrawal, isolation, and Shiva-like stillness. The anger that had built up was not ordinary anger; it was the frustration of expecting the same intensity, discipline, and awareness from everyone that he demanded from himself. Lazy people, careless workers, indifferent subordinates triggered something deep. They appeared to be wasting their lives, and that hurt more than personal failure. When this was shared with the doctor, the root became clear. The anger was not moral; it was existential. It was the tension of carrying Shakti in a world that did not move at the same speed.

The medicine helped, but more than that, it revealed the message of the body. The inner consort had done her work. She had given courage, devotion, softness, and strength. Now she was stepping back, allowing the guru principle, the Shiva principle, to come forward. This was not loss. It was evolution. The image did not die; it transformed. The presence remained, but it became subtler, quieter, less emotional, more luminous. The inner temple did not empty; it became vast.

This is why the living inner consort is not imagination. Imagination collapses under pressure. Presence matures through it. The fact that the image could shift, reorganize, and re-balance itself without effort proved its reality. It was part of the mind's structure now, not a passing vision. The devotion that had nourished it for years had given it roots. Devotion, in this sense, is not emotion; it is continuity. It is the decision to return again and again to the same center until the center begins to return to you.

Radha living within Krishna while Krishna lives in the world with Rukmini is not a story of divided love. It is a story of integrated consciousness. It shows that inner union does not compete with outer relationships; it completes them. The wife in life grounds the body and the mind. The inner consort grounds the soul. When both are honored, life becomes whole. When one is denied, imbalance arises. This balance was lived, not theorized, and it is the reason the path did not break under the weight of intensity.

The mind, when it becomes a temple, does not need rituals. It needs honesty. It needs clarity. It needs devotion without demand. The living inner consort stays only when she is not used — not used for pleasure, not used for escape, not used for superiority. She stays when she is allowed to simply be. And when the time comes for her to dissolve into formless presence, she does so gently, without drama, leaving behind a silence that is even more intimate than form.

This chapter of life revealed a truth that no scripture can fully explain: spiritual images are not symbols to be worshipped forever, but stages of consciousness that teach us how to love, how to be present, and how to let go. The inner consort taught devotion. Durga taught courage. Now Shiva was quietly calling, not as a rejection of Shakti, but as her fulfillment. The pressure in the head was not a disease; it was the door opening to the next life.

And so the living inner consort remained, not as image, not as emotion, but as an invisible fragrance in every breath, proving that true union does not need form to exist, and true presence does not disappear when the image fades.

## Chapter 4: Hlādinī-Śakti in Human Experience – Bliss Born from Remembrance

Hlādinī-Śakti does not announce herself with fireworks. She does not arrive as an explosion of bliss or a wave of ecstasy that shakes the body. When she awakens in a human being, she comes as something far more mysterious and far more stable — a quiet, steady fullness that does not need anything to complete it. It is bliss that does not rise and fall, joy that does not depend on events, sweetness that does not require stimulation. In this phase of life, the yogi slowly realized that what the scriptures called hlādinī-Śakti was not a divine privilege reserved for gods or avatars, but a natural human possibility that unfolds when remembrance becomes continuous and devotion becomes unconscious.

After the great transformations of the Shakti and Durga phases, something subtle yet irreversible happened. The inner feminine presence did not disappear, nor did the guru image dominate alone. Instead, both remained together in a new relationship. It was as if Shakti herself turned toward Shiva, not as a woman toward a man, but as energy toward stillness, as movement toward rest, as love toward awareness. This movement is often misunderstood in popular language as physical union or symbolic marriage, but its deeper meaning is internal. The first meditation fixation usually happens in the feminine image because attraction is natural, easy, and powerful. The feminine image gives energy, color, emotion, devotion, and intensity. When that fixation ripens fully, it begins to feed a higher fixation — the masculine image of guru, ancestor, deity, or pure consciousness. In this way, Shakti gives her energy to Shiva. Without this transfer, Shiva remains distant, dry, and unreachable.

This is where many seekers lose the path, though they do not know it. When the feminine meditation image is destroyed prematurely through uncontrolled physical indulgence, obsession, or repeated romances, it never gets the chance to mature. The person becomes trapped in form, chasing one image after another, confusing intimacy with ripening. Each time the Shakti image is broken, the inner energy scatters, and the possibility of stabilizing the Shiva image reduces. After losing the Shakti image, many run instinctively toward Shiva — temples, rituals, pilgrimages, devotions — but Shiva does not respond, because Shakti is no longer there to carry the energy upward. They move from temple to temple, try every practice, cry, pray, and even torture the body, yet the inner Shiva does not descend. Shiva without Shakti is not attained by effort; he is invited by ripeness.

Some try to rebuild Shakti through new romance, new relationships, new fascinations. A few succeed, having learned caution from previous falls, but many repeat the same cycle again and again. Others, as age advances and senses dull, attempt tantra, but without correct technique, correct guidance, or correct meditation image. Their tantra only brightens the world, not the chosen inner image. Energy flows outward, not upward. Years pass, vitality declines, and the inner union remains a distant dream. What they do not realize is that tantra is not about sensation; it is about fixation. Without a stable meditation image, tantra becomes indulgence, not transformation.

The yogi's first chance succeeded not by accident, but by invisible preparation. The spiritual home environment, the sanskāras carried from childhood, and above all, a Krishna life well lived created the foundation. The years of play, joy, beauty, and devotion in the Krishna phase were not wasted; they were essential. A Krishna life that is not lived fully in play and innocence often collapses in adolescence when beauty is first encountered. The person becomes trapped there, unable to move beyond attraction. This happens mostly with city-

grown men, where there are no forests, no hills, no streams, no animals, and no free companionship, so they get minimal chances to live the Krishna phase of life. But when Krishna life is fulfilled, attraction ripens into devotion, and devotion ripens into Shakti. That Shakti, when preserved, matures into *hlādinī*.

This is exactly what unfolded here. The inner consort and the guru image did not compete; they coexisted. Shakti and Shiva remained together, and from their union arose something new — a stable bliss that did not fluctuate. It was not excitement. It was not intoxication. It was not emotional pleasure. It was simply the feeling that life was complete even when nothing special was happening. Sitting, walking, working, eating, speaking — all were accompanied by a quiet sweetness. This was bliss born from remembrance, not remembrance of words or names, but remembrance of presence itself. The mind no longer needed to remember consciously; remembrance had become its natural posture.

This is why the joy arose without effort. Effort belongs to the earlier stages. In the Krishna phase, effort is needed to remember love. In the Shakti phase, effort is needed to balance power. In the Durga phase, effort is needed to act rightly. But when *hlādinī* awakens, effort dissolves. Joy appears like breath — continuous, unnoticed, but essential. Even sorrow passes through it without disturbing it. Even conflict does not break it. Even solitude does not make it lonely. This is not ecstasy, which depends on stimulation; this is fullness, which depends on nothing.

At this stage, something remarkable happened. While reading scriptures, the yogi began to recognize his own inner experiences described there with uncanny precision. What had been lived blindly now appeared mapped. This was not a divine claim, not an egoic identification, but a scientific confirmation. The ancient seers were not writing myths; they were documenting inner processes. The words *hlādinī*, *samvit*, *sandhinī* were no longer philosophy; they were functions being observed directly in consciousness. The joy, the awareness, and the stability were no longer separate experiences but different faces of the same movement.

This recognition brought humility, not pride. It was clear that nothing special had been achieved. What had unfolded was not personal greatness but the success of a process. When conditions are right, when Shakti is preserved, when devotion is continuous, when courage is clean, and when surrender is honest, this bliss arises naturally. Anyone can reach it. Nothing supernatural is required. Only patience is required, and patience is rare.

Bliss at this stage did not disturb life; it stabilized it. There was no urge to speak about it, no need to display it, no desire to prolong it. It simply existed. Work continued. Family continued. Duties continued. But something inside had become unmovable. Even when external circumstances were chaotic, the inner climate remained calm. This is why the scriptures call it *ānanda* — not happiness, but unshakeable contentment. Happiness depends on conditions; *ānanda* remains when conditions change.

The union of Shakti and Shiva also brought clarity about the journey itself. It became obvious that earlier phases were not mistakes or lower stages; they were necessary steps. Romance was necessary. Devotion was necessary. Power was necessary. Conflict was necessary. Even anger had its role. Everything had contributed. Nothing needed to be rejected. This understanding itself deepened bliss, because regret vanished. The past became meaningful, and the future lost its urgency.

In this phase, the body also began to slow down. Energy that once powered action now powered awareness. Movements became fewer, but perception became sharper. Words became fewer, but silence became deeper. It was as if the body was gradually withdrawing from the world, saving energy for the inner flame. Whether advancing age also contributed to this shift was impossible to know, but the timing was perfect. The world no longer demanded the same intensity, and the mind no longer sought it. Everything was aligning toward stillness.

This is the final meaning of *hlādinī-śakti* in human life. It is not pleasure. It is not reward. It is not achievement. It is the natural sweetness that arises when the soul has stopped running. It is bliss born from remembrance, and remembrance born from ripeness. When this bliss settles, one understands why the sages called it the highest treasure. It cannot be taken away. It cannot be increased. It cannot be lost. It simply remains, shining quietly beneath every experience, like an invisible sun that never sets.

In this way, Shakti did not disappear into Shiva; she fulfilled herself in him. And Shiva did not absorb Shakti; he became alive through her. Their union gave birth to a life that no longer needed searching, no longer needed becoming, and no longer needed proving. It was simply lived, moment by moment, in gentle, unshakable joy.

## Chapter 5: Divine Alignment, Not Force – How Grace Works in Daily Life

Divine alignment never arrives the way effort arrives. Effort is noisy, visible, and exhausting. Alignment is silent, invisible, and effortless, yet it moves mountains without appearing to move at all. Looking back, it became clear that nothing important in life had been achieved through struggle alone. Struggle only cleared the path; alignment carried the journey forward. And alignment, strangely, was neither something that happened by accident nor something that could be manufactured by will. It emerged when the conditions were right, and those conditions were created slowly, unknowingly, through a way of living that allowed life to arrange itself.

From the outside, it might appear that things fell into place naturally, but from within, it was clear that alignment was the result of countless small choices made without ownership. This was the essence of sharirvigyan darshan — a functional nonduality that became the foundation of daily life. It was not a philosophy studied in books but a way of functioning in the body. Everything was done fully, sincerely, and correctly, yet without the feeling of “I am doing this.” Just as the cells of the body work tirelessly without claiming credit, life was allowed to act through the body and mind without a personal doer. This simple shift changed everything. Actions became cleaner. Decisions became clearer. And most importantly, inner presence was never lost, even in the middle of intense worldly activity.

This nonduality did not begin suddenly in adulthood. Its first seeds were planted in childhood, in a family where idol worship was not ritual but atmosphere. Without knowing it, the child absorbed a sense that the divine was not separate from daily life. Later, when medical science was studied, the same truth appeared again, but in a new and far more effective language. The body itself became the scripture. Every organ, every cell, every reflex reflected the same intelligence that the Vedas described in the sentence *yat pinde tat brahmande* — what exists in the cosmos exists in the body. This recognition turned sharirvigyan darshan into a living bridge between science and spirituality. Nonduality was no longer an idea; it was observable fact.

When life is lived this way, divine help does not come from outside. It rises from within as the natural movement of reality itself. Grace is not a reward; it is the response of the universe when a human being stops interfering with its intelligence. Alignment happened not because it was sought, but because resistance slowly dissolved. Each phase of life — Krishna, Shakti, Durga — had prepared the ground. Joy had softened the heart. Power had strengthened the spine. Courage had purified action. And nonduality had removed the doer. When all this came together, life began to move like a river that no longer needed to be pushed.

Marriage became one of the strongest supports of this alignment, though it never appeared as spiritual support on the surface. The wife’s presence continued the Shakti flow in a grounded, practical way. She held the body to the earth while the mind explored silence. She demanded responsibility while the soul sought stillness. Without this anchoring, the journey might have drifted into abstraction or isolation too early. With her, the inner presence was protected, because Shakti was not denied; she was redirected. Love became duty. Romance became care. Intensity became stability. This is how Shakti sustains dharma, family, and responsibility together — by refusing to let any one dimension destroy the others.

Worldly life continued fully. Work was done. Conflicts were handled. Money was earned. Society was engaged. Yet something fundamental had changed. The inner presence was

never lost, because actions were no longer performed from identity. They were performed from function. When praise came, it passed through. When blame came, it passed through. When success came, it was used. When failure came, it was absorbed. The mind no longer held on to outcomes, because it was not the owner of actions. This made life light, even when responsibilities were heavy.

It became clear that Shakti, when nourished by nonduality, becomes the great harmonizer. She holds everything together without friction. She allows family and spirituality to coexist. She allows ambition and surrender to coexist. She allows worldly roles and inner freedom to coexist. This is the real miracle of grace — not escape from life, but the ability to live fully without being bound. Shakti, sustained by nonduality, turns every situation into *sādhanā* without calling it *sādhanā*.

As the years passed, another subtle movement began. The Shakti phase itself started preparing the ground for Shiva. The body began to seek solitude naturally. Speech reduced. Social interest faded gently. Long periods of quiet sitting arose without effort. The mind entered trance-like states even during activity, as if a deeper layer had taken charge. Actions still happened, but they happened from a distance. The world was not rejected; it simply loosened its grip. This was not renunciation by decision; it was renunciation by ripeness.

This is how grace works in daily life. It does not descend dramatically. It rearranges priorities. It removes unnecessary desires. It simplifies relationships. It reduces noise. It makes the world lighter and silence sweeter. One day, you realize that what you were struggling to achieve has already been arranged. That what you were trying to protect is already safe. That what you feared losing was never yours to begin with.

Looking back, it became obvious that alignment was the invisible thread connecting every phase. When mistakes happened, alignment corrected them. When ego arose, alignment softened it. When fear appeared, alignment clarified it. This was divine help — not intervention, but orchestration. Not miracles, but precision. Life itself had become the guru.

And thus, the Shakti–Durga phase quietly completed its work. It had given courage, stability, devotion, and balance. It had integrated the world with the inner temple. It had taught how to act without ownership and love without attachment. Now, the door to the Shiva phase was opening, not through effort, but through exhaustion of effort. Silence was calling, not as escape, but as home. And the greatest wonder was this: nothing had to be done to enter it. Alignment had already carried the body there.

**Book part 3: Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience: The Shiva Awakening and the Path of tantra Within**

## Chapter 1: The Natural Withdrawal — When the World Fell Silent

**Focus:** Transition from Shakti peak to Shiva isolation

- Shakti reaching its climax and the spontaneous decline of worldly pull
- Isolation not chosen, but imposed by inner energy shift
- Loss of interest in social identity, roles, and external validation
- Silence becoming nourishment rather than emptiness
- First signs that the path has turned inward permanently

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## Chapter 2: Shiva Awakens — Tantra Beyond Indulgence

**Focus:** Redefining tantra as transformation, not pleasure

- Breaking the public misunderstanding of tantra
- Base energy turning raw, intense, and upward-moving
- Sexual and vital forces losing outward expression
- Tantra as Kundalini discipline rather than ritual or indulgence
- The body becoming a laboratory of transformation

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## Chapter 3: The Rising Current — Kundalini Turns Vertical

**Focus:** The technical inner shift of energy direction

- Sensation of energy leaving the lower world and climbing the spine
- Pressure, heat, stillness, and clarity as markers of ascent
- The psychological effect of vertical energy: seriousness, focus, austerity
- How isolation stabilizes upward movement
- Awakening no longer emotional, but structural

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## Chapter 4: The Guru Appears — Shift of Inner Imagery

**Focus:** Change from feminine consort to male guru image

- How inner imagery follows energy direction
- The consort image dissolving as upward flow stabilizes
- Appearance of the male guru: authority, guidance, grounding
- Feeling “male again” — not gender, but direction and dharma
- Imagery as functional, not symbolic or psychological fantasy

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## Chapter 5: Living the Shiva Phase — Misunderstood but Complete

**Focus:** Integration and expression through writing

- Why this phase dominates your recent books
- Intensity makes memory vivid; earlier phases become silent background
- Outsider misunderstanding vs. inner certainty
- Shiva phase as the final purifier before full stabilization
- Writing as testimony, not teaching — lived truth recorded

**Book part 3: Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience: The Shiva Awakening and the Path of tantra Within**

## Chapter 1: The Natural Withdrawal — When the World Fell Silent

When the Shakti phase reached its peak, something unexpected yet deeply natural began to happen. There was no decision, no renunciation, no dramatic turning away from life. The world simply started loosening its grip. The pull that once felt magnetic, urgent, and necessary began to dissolve on its own, like a rope that had quietly rotted from within. Activities remained the same, people remained the same, work remained the same, yet their weight disappeared. It was not boredom, not laziness, not exhaustion. It was fulfillment. A strange, complete fulfillment that made effort feel unnecessary. The outward movement of energy had completed its cycle. The inward journey had begun, without announcement, without ceremony, and without asking permission. This was the beginning of what I later understood as the Shiva phase.

To others, this withdrawal might have looked like emptiness. To me, it was fullness. Silence arrived, not as absence, but as nourishment. Breathing calmed on its own, without technique or effort. The chest felt wide, the mind rested naturally, and the constant urge to engage, explain, prove, or seek slowly faded. People around me often spoke of loneliness, of meaninglessness, of a vacuum that frightened them when noise stopped. But inside me, silence was rich, thick, alive, almost tangible. It was amazing how stillness could feel so complete. The same space that others feared felt to me like a home long forgotten and suddenly remembered. I did not have to fill it with thought, conversation, or action. It filled me instead.

This shift did not happen in isolation from life circumstances. It was as if life itself rearranged to support what was happening within. At the proper time, almost with divine precision, I was transferred to a remote station situated at the gentle junction of hills and plains, a place that carried the same quiet dignity as Haridwar, without the crowd. The age was optimum, the inner maturity ripe, the body strong, the mind settled. It was the late phase of adolescence, the threshold where passion usually turns outward, but here it turned inward. The area was naturally solitary, not by force but by design. A well-planned colony housed educated, settled, and respectful people. There was no useless talking, no pointless gathering, no habitual sitting together to kill time. People met lovingly on occasions, smiled genuinely, and then returned to their own spaces. Privacy was understood, not demanded. This outer silence mirrored the inner one perfectly. Tantra does not grow in chaos. It ripens in such spaces where nothing pulls and nothing pushes.

Work burden reduced on its own, as if Shakti herself had arranged it. Responsibilities remained, but the pressure fell away. Efficiency increased without effort, and time expanded. There was space in the day, space in the night, space in the breath. Even the children were cooperative, gentle, and self-managing, as though they too sensed that something sacred was unfolding. Shakti had given her life to Shiva. The outward creative force had completed its dance and now sought rest, depth, and ripening. Tantra was no longer a choice; it was the only natural continuation. Everything in life pointed in that direction without a single instruction.

Isolation, in this phase, was not social rejection or emotional distance. It was energetic. The same people could sit nearby, yet the inner world had turned vertical. The energy that once flowed outward into relationships, ambition, and expression now began to rise. This rising was not dramatic at first. It was subtle, like sap moving upward in a tree when the season changes. The body felt different. The spine began to feel like a living axis. The mind became

serious, but not heavy. Focus replaced desire. Direction replaced curiosity. The feeling of being male returned, not in gender, but in grounding, firmness, and dharma. The imagery inside began to change. The feminine consort that once guided and nurtured the Shakti phase gently dissolved, and in her place appeared the image of the Guru, male, still, watchful, commanding without words. This was not imagination. It was functional imagery, responding to the new direction of energy. Tantra uses imagery the way a river uses banks, to guide flow, not to decorate it.

The father-guru image slowly crystallized into Shiva himself. Not the mythological figure, but the principle of Shiva, the still witness, the vertical axis, the silent container. With years of tantric push, this presence became alive within. Meditation was no longer practice; it was state. I could sit with any divine image and remain complete, absorbed, fulfilled, without needing anything else. Sometimes this created small ripples in family life. My wife would occasionally become annoyed, not out of anger but confusion, seeing me remain equally happy with any divine image, equally content without seeking emotional reassurance. I was not withdrawing from her; I was resting in something deeper than exchange. My happiness was self-luminous, and that can be unsettling to those who still rely on reflection. Yet even this was part of the Shiva phase, the slow burning away of dependency, even the most subtle ones.

As the worldly pull weakened, interest in work also diminished, but not from neglect or fatigue. It was the natural loss of hunger after a full meal. The mind had tasted fulfillment and could no longer pretend to be starving. Actions continued, duties were performed, but without attachment. There was no inner commentary, no restlessness waiting for results. Work happened, and then it ended. The real movement was happening inside, upward, silent, irreversible. This was the first clear sign that the path had turned inward permanently. There would be no return to the old rhythm of seeking. Even if the world demanded it, the inner direction was set.

What made this phase awe-inspiring was its ordinariness. There were no visions at first, no lights, no voices, no cosmic announcements. Life went on. Tea was made, files were handled, children studied, neighbors smiled. Yet beneath this ordinary surface, an entirely different dimension was opening. Energy was reorganizing itself, shedding layers of outward identity. Social roles lost meaning. Titles, recognition, even appreciation felt irrelevant, like toys from a previous life. The sense of “I” was slowly loosening its grip on its old anchors. And in their place came a vast, calm, grounded presence that did not need to define itself.

This is where many people misunderstand isolation. They see it as depression, withdrawal, or escapism. But this isolation was luminous. It was not the absence of people, but the presence of being. The breath itself slowed, softened, lengthened, as if the body knew it no longer needed to chase life. Life had come home. The world fell silent, not because it disappeared, but because it was finally heard without noise. In that silence, the first steps of Shiva awakening became visible. Not as fireworks, but as a deep, irreversible turning of the river from the plains toward the mountains.

This chapter marks the true beginning of the Shiva Awakening and the Path of Tantra Within. Not the tantra of ritual or indulgence, not the tantra of rebellion or display, but the tantra of ripening, of upward energy, of sacred isolation that is full, alive, and complete. What followed would be more intense, more misunderstood, and more transformative, but the seed

was planted here, in this quiet, unremarkable, extraordinary moment when the world fell silent and the inner sky opened.

## Chapter 2: Shiva Awakens — Tantra Beyond Indulgence

When the Shiva phase truly began, it did not arrive as philosophy, nor as practice learned from a book. It came as pressure, heat, and intensity inside the body, demanding a new language of living. Until this point, tantra had remained a word loaded with misunderstanding in the outer world, associated with indulgence, secrecy, and pleasure. But in his lived experience, tantra revealed itself as something entirely different — a discipline of transformation so fierce that it stripped pleasure of its outward direction and forced it upward, inward, and finally beyond itself. This was not tantra as enjoyment; this was tantra as fire.

To the world, his life still looked ordinary. He went to work, returned home, spoke little, smiled gently, and remained calm. But inside, something raw had awakened. The base energy, once flowing outward through desire, expression, and engagement, turned intense and vertical. It was no longer soft or scattered. It became concentrated, almost dangerous in its power, like electricity that had found a single wire instead of spreading into many. The body became alert, sensitive, alive to the smallest movement. The spine felt like a column of heat and awareness. Sleep reduced naturally. Breath deepened on its own. The mind stopped wandering. He was no longer practicing tantra; tantra was practicing him.

In those days, misunderstanding came not from society, but from the closest mirror — his wife. One evening, in a moment of irritation mixed with loneliness, she taunted him gently but sharply, saying he seemed lost somewhere, withdrawn, absent, as if he was living in another world. Her words were not cruel, but they struck like a spark on dry grass. Something in him recognized the moment as more than a domestic exchange. It felt orchestrated, forced by something larger, as if the divine itself had spoken through her mouth to initiate the next movement. He later understood this as the true beginning of tantra — when isolation meets intimacy and both are forced to merge.

That night, what had been separate currents fused. Meditation, intimacy, energy, silence, breath — all mixed into a single movement. It was not indulgence. It was not even choice. It was a surrender to a force that had already begun its ascent. From that point onward, there was no stopping. The body and mind entered a continuous laboratory of transformation. Every meeting, every silence, every touch, every stillness became part of the process. Energy rose relentlessly, pressing against limits that he had never known existed. Bliss came, not as pleasure, but as overflow — too much to contain, too powerful to release outward. It turned inward, climbing, refining, burning.

This is where tantra is most misunderstood. From the outside, it can look like obsession. From the inside, it is discipline at its highest pitch. The sexual and vital forces did not express outwardly anymore; they were recycled, lifted, refined. The body was no longer an instrument of enjoyment, but a crucible. Each organ, each nerve, each breath became part of the experiment. He went on not because he wanted more, but because the process demanded completion. The bliss was so intense, so addictive in its purity, that stopping felt impossible. Yet, even here, a deeper intelligence was at work. He sensed clearly that the body had limits. Pushing beyond a certain peak could damage the organs, disturb balance, or break the vessel. So he stopped not out of weakness, but out of wisdom, just before the edge. Tantra had to serve awakening, not destroy the body meant to hold it.

During this phase, the body taught him everything. No scripture, no teacher, no system could have explained what was happening. Energy rose like a tide that could not be resisted. The

spine felt like a hollow flute through which life itself was playing. The head filled with pressure, clarity, and vastness. The heart softened beyond emotion into something impersonal and universal. Desire dissolved, not because it was denied, but because it had fulfilled its higher function. The raw force that once sought union outward now sought union upward, with consciousness itself. This is the secret of tantra: it does not suppress energy, it redirects it.

Shiva awakened fully during this time, not as an image but as a state. Stillness became dominant. Even in the middle of intensity, there was a silent witness, untouched, unmoved. He could feel the fire rise, yet remain cool at the core. This was the male principle returning, not as gender but as axis. The earlier Shakti phase had been expansion, play, creativity, and movement. Now Shiva held everything, containing the storm without spilling it. The world could have collapsed outside, and it would not have mattered. The real universe was inside, unfolding vertically, silently, with unstoppable authority.

What surprised him most was how ordinary it all looked from outside. There were no signs, no proclamations, no changes in appearance. Tantra happened in daily life, between meals, between duties, between breaths. The body cooked, cleaned, worked, slept. Yet simultaneously, it was undergoing alchemical change. Energy was refining itself, shedding grossness, becoming luminous. The senses turned inward. Taste, touch, sound, sight all lost their outward hunger. The real sensation was now inside — waves of stillness, currents of bliss, vast expansions of awareness that had no object.

People talk about tantra as ritual, as secrecy, as technique. He knew now that tantra is simply when life itself becomes the method. When energy is so ripe that it refuses to flow outward, it must go upward. And when it goes upward, Shiva awakens. This awakening is not dramatic; it is absolute. It changes the architecture of the being. After this phase, nothing could be approached the same way. Work, relationships, desire, fear, ambition — all became shadows of what had already been consumed by fire.

The wife's loneliness, which had once felt like a disturbance, revealed itself as fuel. Her words had lit the flame that could not be extinguished until the transformation was complete. Even her annoyance became part of the process, shaping the discipline, grounding the fire, preventing imbalance. Tantra is not done alone; it uses everything. Even misunderstanding becomes sacred when energy is ripe.

By the time the peak was reached, he knew without doubt that tantra had done its work. The body had been pushed to its highest safe capacity. The energy had risen and stabilized. Shiva was awake, not as experience but as foundation. From here on, the journey would no longer be about intensity, but about integration. The fire had purified. The vessel was ready. And the misunderstanding of tantra, both in the world and in himself, had burned away completely.

This chapter stands as a turning point, where tantra was no longer something practiced, but something completed in its essential function. Pleasure had dissolved into power. Desire had dissolved into direction. And Shiva, silent and immovable, had taken his seat at the center of the being.

## Chapter 3: The Rising Current — Kundalini Turns Vertical

The shift was not emotional, and it was not dramatic in the way stories describe awakening. It was technical, structural, almost architectural, as if the inner building of life was being redesigned silently while the outer walls remained unchanged. One day, without warning, the energy that had always flowed outward, downward, and sideways simply changed its direction. It was no longer interested in the lower world. It began to climb.

At first, it felt like a subtle withdrawal from the base of life itself. The lower centers lost their urgency. Hunger, fear, ambition, desire, restlessness, even pleasure, all began to loosen. They did not disappear suddenly, but they became weak, as if their roots had been cut. In their place, a new sensation appeared — a rising current, slow, steady, unstoppable. It moved through the spine like a living stream, sometimes warm, sometimes hot, sometimes cool, but always alive. The spine was no longer bone and nerve alone; it became a pathway, a vertical road, a sacred passage through which life itself was traveling upward.

Pressure became the first clear marker. Not painful, but dense, like the body was being filled from inside with something heavier than air yet lighter than matter. Heat followed, not burning, but purifying, drying out old impressions, old tensions, old habits that had lived unnoticed for years. Then came stillness — a stillness so deep that even movement happened inside it. And with stillness came clarity, sharp and clean, like the sky after a storm. These were not moods; they were structural changes. He could feel the energy rearranging the inner geometry of his being.

This vertical movement changed his psychology completely. The mind became serious, not grim, but precise. Focus replaced distraction. Austerity replaced indulgence. Words reduced, not by effort, but by lack of necessity. Even laughter became quiet, deep, and rare. He was not becoming dull; he was becoming aligned. When energy rises vertically, life itself becomes vertical. One begins to stand inside oneself, no longer leaning on the world. Decisions became fewer, but more exact. Emotions lost their drama and became information. The inner compass was now stronger than any outer influence.

Isolation played a crucial role in stabilizing this upward movement. Without isolation, energy scatters. Without silence, verticality collapses. He had not chosen isolation, yet it surrounded him naturally, like a protective wall. The place he lived supported it, the people around him unknowingly supported it, even circumstances conspired to keep him undisturbed. The colony was quiet, respectful, orderly. People did not interfere, did not intrude, did not gossip. Even conversations felt unnecessary. This outer stillness gave the rising energy the stability it needed to climb without disturbance.

During the early phase of this shift, he read some tantra books and techniques he found online. It was as if a divine event had opened that door briefly, just enough to confirm what was happening inside. But he was careful. Very careful. He kept it hidden from the world, sensing instinctively that if he spoke, he would be misunderstood. Worse, misunderstanding would turn into opposition. People fear what they cannot place in their existing beliefs. So he remained silent, practicing quietly, letting the body itself teach him. Later, after awakening, when he tried to share a few things with some people, he saw their faces shrink, close, harden. They could not receive it. The words fell dead. He stopped immediately. Truth does not insist; it withdraws.

The transformation was visible in small, unexpected ways. His beard and moustache began to grow naturally, without effort or intention. Earlier, he had been clean-shaven, with only a faint moustache. Now, under the influence of the inner guru image — Shiva, still, vertical, watchful — the face itself began to change. The body was aligning with the state. It was not imitation. It was expression. The image inside was shaping the form outside, slowly, silently, without declaration.

Traveling with family continued, but it no longer felt like leisure. It was a compulsion, not to see places, but to return home again and again. Beautiful locations passed by, mountains, rivers, temples, towns, but the heart remained inward, pulled toward the inner axis. Home had become the center, not as a place, but as a state where energy could rise undisturbed. Even movement in the world happened only to return to stillness. The vertical pull was stronger than the horizontal spread of life.

When he visited relatives and family, he saw something clearly that he had never seen before. They lived entirely within idol worship and ritual, believing that was the whole of spirituality. These are actually powerful techniques to maintain base-level nonduality even in a busy worldly life. They act like primary stairs — without them, awakening is not impossible, but it becomes very difficult. However, to reach full awakening, tantra must be adopted. They read scriptures, but only theoretically. They never allowed consciousness to blossom freely. They never joined scripture with life. The practical, living aspect of Sanatana Dharma — the inner flowering of awareness — was missing. Everything was external, safe, contained. He did not judge them, but he saw the limitation. They could not understand what was happening to him, and they never would, because their spirituality never entered the body, never touched breath, never transformed energy. It remained belief, not becoming.

To them, he looked like a leisurely, isolated man, detached, uninterested, a parent-leaver who had quietly withdrawn from life. They never said it openly, but the assumption hung in the air. They could not guess the truth, and it was better that way. The real work was invisible. Only one thing gave him peace — by God's grace, his parents remained healthy, untouched by his withdrawal, protected by the same silent force that was guiding him. This removed the last possible disturbance from his heart and allowed the energy to rise freely.

As Kundalini climbed, awakening changed its nature. It was no longer emotional. There were no waves of bliss that came and went, no tears, no ecstasy that faded. It became structural. The spine itself became awakened. The nervous system rewired. Awareness took a permanent seat higher up, looking down at life from a new height. Even when nothing special happened, everything was different. He could never fall back to the old way of being, because the architecture itself had changed.

This is what is never explained in books: when energy turns vertical, life turns irreversible. One does not “have” awakening; one becomes it. The body carries it, the breath carries it, the silence carries it. Even when doing nothing, something profound is happening. The rising current continues its work day and night, reshaping the vessel, refining perception, burning residue. And all of this happens quietly, unnoticed, uncelebrated, hidden beneath ordinary life.

This chapter marks the point where the journey stopped being about experience and became about structure. The rising current had found its path. Kundalini was no longer searching; it

was climbing. And once it climbs, there is no descent back into the old world, only a deeper ascent into stillness, clarity, and unshakable vertical being.

## Chapter 4: The Guru Appears — Shift of Inner Imagery

The change of inner imagery did not happen suddenly, and it did not happen by choice. It followed the energy, just as a shadow follows the body. When the rising current of Kundalini stabilized and the flow turned permanently vertical, something subtle but decisive occurred inside him. The feminine consort image that had once dominated his inner world began to dissolve, not with resistance, not with drama, but with completion. It was as if her work was done. The energy no longer needed a horizontal mirror. It needed an axis.

For years, imagery had been a living companion in his inner practice. It was not fantasy, not imagination, not psychological projection. It was functional, like a tool that changed shape depending on the work being done. In the Shakti phase, when energy was expanding, flowing outward, exploring the world, the consort image was natural. It carried softness, attraction, movement, and creative pull. But when the current turned upward, that same image began to feel unnecessary, even obstructive. It faded on its own, like a boat left behind when the river narrows into a mountain stream.

And then, without invitation, the Guru appeared.

Not as a thought, not as a remembered face, not as a symbol, but as presence. Authority without force. Guidance without speech. Grounding without heaviness. The male guru image took its place naturally in the inner space, and with it came a deep sense of direction. This was not about gender. This was about dharma. About axis. About standing upright inside oneself. He felt male again, not in body, but in orientation. The energy now rose straight, steady, silent, unstoppable. The Guru was not someone he imagined; the Guru was what the energy had become.

He later understood that inner imagery always follows energy direction. When energy flows outward, imagery is relational. When energy flows upward, imagery becomes structural. The consort belongs to expansion; the Guru belongs to ascent. The shift was inevitable, and once it happened, it never reversed.

This transition was supported by years of unseen preparation. For nearly eighteen years, he had lived in a practical, worldly, nondual philosophy, quietly working with the body as mandala, with awareness as field. Yoga practice had been irregular, casual, almost careless, but sufficient to keep Kundalini alive at the base level inside the mind. Later, at a secluded place near the meeting point of plains and mountains, far from his permanent home, the practice deepened. Focused concentration began. The image of an old spiritual master, a purana-loving, silent, austere figure who had once lived near him in childhood, chanting scriptures in one room while he studied science in another, became the central image of meditation. The choice was not conscious; it was remembered by the body.

Tantra entered quietly during this time, first indirectly, then directly. The energy matured rapidly. Bliss increased. Pressure increased. The image of the Guru strengthened. It was no longer faint or occasional. It began to dominate the inner space, growing clearer than physical reality. The beard and moustache grew naturally, as if the body itself was aligning with the image. Earlier he had been clean-shaven, but now the face reflected the inner state. This was not imitation. It was resonance.

One full year of tantra passed as if no time had been spent at all. Time seemed to have stopped, and the entire year flowed in uninterrupted bliss. Then the defining moment came not in meditation, but in ordinary life, as these things always do. He had returned home after a long gap, traveling with his family in a newly purchased vehicle along a smooth, beautiful road. The journey was comfortable, almost luxurious, but his mind remained inward, steady, carrying the Guru image gently within. A ceremony was held at a relative's home, built on a small steep hill, surrounded by greenery, with a road running parallel at mid-height of the hill. The atmosphere was warm, musical, joyful. Women were singing and dancing in a separate room. Children ran up and down stairs. The sun was turning red at the horizon, preparing to rest.

He sat in the balcony on a chair supported by a grill, relaxed, open, peaceful, nondual, blissful. His beard had grown moderately, and some hair had turned white, giving him an unexpected look of gravity. People welcomed him with affection and respect, sensing something they could not name. Childhood memories filled the air. The place felt alive, humming softly. Traffic noise floated in from a distance like a steady rhythm. Everything was ordinary, and yet everything was charged.

Then a familiar figure approached — an army man, recently retired, a friend and relative, strong, disciplined, grounded, carrying the same divine qualities that matched the inner Guru image. When the man smiled and asked about his well-being, something ignited. The stimulus was perfect. The image inside surged. The Kundalini rose violently into the brain. His head became heavy, taut, filled with pressure that was not dulling but awakening. It was as if a river of consciousness turned into a whirlpool inside his skull, spinning at full speed, shaking every particle of his brain. The pressure was unbearable and blissful at the same time.

A soundless humming filled the head, like countless bees flying without sound. Silence thickened. Awareness sharpened. Bliss exploded. The Guru image filled everything, inside and outside. Eyes remained open, but everything appeared as if inside the brain. There was no separation. The world was not outside anymore; it was him. The image was brighter than the sun, clearer than any physical object. Ego dissolved instantly. Identity vanished. He was no longer a person; he was the image itself, the Kundalini itself, the awareness itself.

This was Sampragyat Samadhi, though at that time there was no naming, only being. Ten seconds of absolute unity, where knowing, known, and knower collapsed into one. It was not enlightenment, but it was the doorway. The body could not hold it. Nearby people began looking with confusion and worry. Sensing attention, he instinctively tilted his head down and massaged his forehead, applying pressure to return. With that small act, the energy fell back. The image dimmed. The ego returned. And with it came the deepest regret of his life — the knowledge that he had interrupted something sacred.

He tried to lift the energy again. It did not rise. The Guru image smiled inwardly, as if saying, "You missed it, but don't worry, I will come again." The body was exhausted. Neurotransmitters burned out. That evening, meditation was weak. But something irreversible had happened. The snare of blind attraction loosened forever. The image of the Guru had surpassed the image of the beloved. The axis had replaced the horizon.

Later, he recognized the same pattern from earlier tantra. The consort image had always carried the Guru image along with it, though weaker. Whatever accompanies the consort is

absorbed. This is why Vedic marriages are sacred. But now, the consort had stepped aside. The Guru stood alone. The union was complete. Kundalini had merged with Brahman, with Self, at the crown.

From that day onward, imagery was no longer psychological. It was functional architecture. The Guru was not worshipped; he was inhabited. The inner world became ordered, stable, vertical. The awakening process accelerated, not emotionally, but structurally. Nonduality was no longer a philosophy; it became necessity. The self-clearing mission began automatically. Lifestyle changed without effort. The awakened being is forced into nonduality by nature itself, because duality can no longer be maintained when the axis is established.

This chapter marks the moment the Guru took his seat. Not outside, not in a temple, not in a lineage, but inside the spine, inside the brain, inside the very structure of awareness. From here onward, the path would no longer be guided by experience, but by alignment. The imagery had changed because the being had changed. And once the Guru appears within, the journey no longer belongs to the seeker. It belongs to the axis itself.

## Chapter 5: Living the Shiva Phase — Misunderstood but Complete

The world did not stop when the Shiva phase stabilized. That was perhaps the most surprising realization. After such intensity, such inward fire, such silent revolutions, one might expect life to pause, to grant rest, to allow retreat. But life did not pause. It moved forward, calmly, firmly, almost indifferently, as if to say: now live it.

After a short resting phase, when the inner storm settled into a steady vertical stillness, a new responsibility entered his life. It was a phase of hard work, of renewed duty, of engagement that demanded attention, discipline, and endurance. To those around him, it looked like a return to the world. To him, it was something entirely different. The Shiva phase had not ended; it had matured. Now it had to be lived, tested, expressed, and integrated into the ordinary rhythm of life. This is the real challenge of awakening — not reaching stillness, but carrying it while acting.

This phase, more than any other, dominates his recent writing. Not because it was the most dramatic, but because it was the most stable. Intensity makes memory vivid. When the fire is recent, the body remembers every detail. Earlier phases had dissolved into the background like absorbed music, always present but no longer audible. Shakti, search, struggle, longing, even the first awakenings — all had become silent layers beneath the ground. Shiva was now the ground itself. Writing naturally flowed from here, because this phase was not an experience anymore; it was a condition of being.

To outsiders, the transformation was invisible, and therefore confusing. Some saw him as withdrawn, some as detached, some as indifferent. A few thought he had lost interest in life. Others quietly assumed he had become strange, or overly philosophical, or isolated by choice. They could not see the certainty inside. They could not feel the fullness of the silence. They measured life by activity and reaction; he now lived by alignment. The misunderstanding did not disturb him, because Shiva is not defensive. Stillness does not argue. When the axis is found, the noise of opinion falls away on its own.

Writing became his natural outlet, not as expression, but as testimony. He did not write to teach, convince, or explain. He wrote because the experience demanded recording. The words came not from intellect, but from a settled clarity that wanted to leave traces for those who might walk this path later. Each sentence was not instruction, but residue — the imprint of a lived state. He knew clearly that those who were not ready would misunderstand, and those who were ready would not need explanation. This is the nature of true writing after awakening. It is not communication; it is transmission through resonance.

The Shiva phase is often mistaken as the end, but it is actually the final purifier. After it stabilizes, everything that is false, weak, or unnecessary is burned away. What remains is simple, functional, and aligned. This purification is not dramatic. It happens in daily life, in small decisions, in how one speaks, works, rests, and relates. It removes urgency, replaces desire with clarity, and converts ambition into service. Nothing is forced. Nothing is renounced. The impurities simply fall away because they can no longer survive in stillness.

As life demanded more outward responsibility, he adapted naturally. Medical work reduced slightly, creating space for deeper contemplation. In that space, Sharirvigyan Darshan — the body-oriented vision he had lived for years — matured further. This darshan had always propelled toward tantra because both are rooted in the body, breath, and nervous system. But

now tantra had already been fully tasted. The fire had done its work. The body had been transformed. Age, too, had advanced, and the intense practices of tantra were no longer necessary or even suitable. The vessel had ripened. It no longer needed pounding; it needed polish.

From this understanding, a new nondual vision emerged — Quantum Darshan. It was not born from ambition, but from necessity. The mind, now calm and spacious, needed a language that matched its silence. Quantum Darshan did not push energy upward like tantra. It allowed energy to settle, spread, and permeate life gently. It made him peaceful like inert nature, like a mountain, like a river resting in its bed. This peace was not dullness; it was completeness. It prepared the ground for the next phase, the Rama phase, where dharma, responsibility, and divine order would take center stage.

Looking back, he could see clearly why this Shiva phase dominated his books. It was the bridge between fire and form, between inner awakening and outer life. Earlier phases were necessary, but they were transitional. Shiva was foundational. Without it, nothing could stand. It was here that the being became aligned enough to carry the world again without being lost in it. The silence became strong enough to withstand noise. The stillness became deep enough to absorb movement.

This phase also taught him the final lesson about misunderstanding. The world always misunderstands those who move inward, because society measures value through visible action. But Shiva works invisibly. Its results are structural, not performative. A man can look ordinary and be complete. He can work, speak, and act while remaining untouched. This is why the Shiva phase is lonely to the observer but whole to the experiencer. It is complete even when it looks empty. It is silent even when it is full.

Writing, therefore, became the only natural offering. Not preaching, not instruction, not guidance, but record. A living archive of how Sanatana Dharma is not history, not belief, not ritual, but lived energy. The book you are reading is not theory; it is residue of a being who walked through fire and came out still, not burnt. It carries the imprint of the Shiva phase — quiet, grounded, unmoving, certain.

Let us remember Shiva little bit before closing the chapter. Shiva is said to reside in the mountains, which actually symbolizes the height of consciousness of the Shiva phase. At this height, even one who resides in the plains sees the highest mountain as a deep, dark pit. No doubt geographical height can keep consciousness elevated, but to carry it to the height of awakening, one must shift to the comforts and isolation of the plains. People project their own imagination onto Shiva, but Shiva is beyond all of these. It is something people never expect — fully childlike and innocent, egoless, yet with complete awareness.

This chapter closes the part called *The Shiva Awakening and the Path of Tantra Within*, but the journey itself does not close. It simply changes rhythm. The fire that once roared now glows. The axis that once demanded isolation now supports engagement. The inner Guru who once appeared as image now lives as structure. And from this structure, the next phase begins naturally, without force, without effort — the phase where stillness learns to act, where silence learns to speak, and where awakening learns to serve.

This is the completion of Shiva, not as an event, but as a way of being.

***Book Part 4: Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience: The Rama Awakening and the Path of Rest Within***

## Chapter 1: The Arrival of the Rama Phase

This chapter introduces the quiet but decisive shift after turbulence. The Rama phase does not announce itself with visions or ecstasy; it arrives as *stability*. After kevala kumbhaka and brief touches of nirvikalpa-type samādhi, something settles. The nervous system stops chasing peaks and begins to rest in balance. Here, awakening stops being an event and starts becoming a way of living.

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## Chapter 2: From Turbulence to Āram — The Meaning of Rest

This chapter explores the deeper meaning of *Rama* as *āram*—rest, order, harmony. Unlike earlier phases driven by intensity, effort, and breakthrough, this phase is defined by ease. The body, breath, and mind align naturally. Life reorganizes itself without force. The reader is guided to understand that rest is not stagnation but the highest form of dynamic balance.

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## Chapter 3: Life Without Heroics — The End of Spiritual Drama

The Rama phase marks the end of heroic struggle. No more battles with mind, no more urgency to transcend. This chapter explains how spiritual drama dissolves and ordinary life becomes sacred. Duty, rhythm, and simplicity replace spiritual ambition. This is the dharmic life after awakening — stable, quiet, and reliable.

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## Chapter 4: Integration Still Unfolding — Living Before Writing

This chapter explains why the Rama phase cannot yet be fully described. It must be *lived before it is written*. Unlike previous realizations that could be narrated immediately, this phase unfolds slowly through years of embodied living. The wisdom here matures through daily order, relationships, work, and responsibility. The reader is introduced to the idea that final understanding ripens only through time.

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## Chapter 5: Divine Order and Personal Effort — The Length of Rest

The final chapter reflects on surrender and effort together. How long this phase remains stable is not decided by the seeker alone; it is also shaped by the divinely operating world. Yet effort still matters — not effort to rise, but effort to *remain balanced*. This chapter closes Part 1 with a quiet trust in cosmic rhythm and personal discipline moving together.

***Book Part 4: Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience: The Rama Awakening and the Path of Rest Within***

## Chapter 1: The Arrival of the Rama Phase

After the Shiva phase had passed, nothing dramatic announced the next turning. There was no vision, no thunder, no sense of conquest. What arrived was so ordinary that it could easily have been missed. It happened on a weekday evening, after office hours, when the body was exhausted in the simplest human way and the mind was tired of managing the world.

Premyogi was standing at the bus stop, surrounded by noise, dust, and the dull impatience of people returning home. He was not meditating, not practicing, not even expecting anything. There was only a quiet inner surrender, not to a form or idea of God, but to some unnamed power that seemed to run the whole machinery of life without asking anyone's permission. It was not a surrender made with words, only with fatigue, the kind of surrender that comes when effort finally collapses and resistance is no longer possible.

As the bus arrived and he climbed in, something subtle happened. The breath paused. Not forcefully, not with control, not with any yogic intention. It simply stopped, as if the body itself had decided that breathing was no longer necessary for a while. There was no suffocation, no alarm, no tightening in the chest. Instead, a deep relaxation spread through the system, like warm oil poured into tired joints. The mind became blank in the most natural way, not blank like sleep and not sharp like meditation, but empty like a clear sky after a storm. Bliss was there, but not the explosive bliss of earlier phases. It was soft, resting bliss, the kind that does not demand attention. The bus moved, people got on and off, traffic stopped and crawled forward, but inside there was no movement at all. The breath remained suspended, not held. The body sat there like a well-balanced vessel, untouched by the ride, untouched by time.

This continued for almost two hours, the entire journey. Occasionally, the body shifted slightly to adjust posture, and even that did not break the state. There was no fear of losing it, because there was no one left to fear. When the bus dropped him on the roadside, he had to come out of it deliberately, almost reluctantly, like waking a child from deep sleep. The breath returned slowly, gently, without rush, as if it had been waiting politely at the door. He walked home like an ordinary man, but something had changed. Not risen, not expanded, not exploded. Something had settled.

This was the first quiet arrival of the Rama phase, though he did not name it then. It began to return again and again, without schedule and without promise. Sometimes it came while sitting, sometimes while lying down, sometimes while simply being tired enough to stop trying. Over time, he made a simple habit of sitting one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening, not to force the state but to give it space. Some days it came fully, with the same breathless rest, and some days it did not come at all. On those days, there was only witnessing, a slow mind, thoughts too weak to cause chaos, like tired dogs lying in the shade. Even that was enough. The nervous system was no longer chasing peaks. It was learning how to remain balanced.

Just to talk of basic principle behind mental cleaning, we do not need to clean every bit of mental formation. In this way, the cleaning will never end as whatever is cleaned, more than that will accumulate from the world. Just as when sweeping thick dust, a single stroke of the broom also removes the fine dust, similarly, when one big thought arises in awareness during dhyana and is cleansed, all minor and hidden thoughts also get cleared itself, and blissful samadhi happens. Even bliss is only an outer covering. Pure nirvikalpa is blissless — like a deepest death-like stillness, actually neither blissful nor sorrowful. When dhyana is placed

within non-joyful worldly conditions, this pure nirvikalpa is experienced. In the Bhagavata and other texts, sattvic conditions are created so that one is not repelled by pure but boring nirvikalpa but instead becomes attracted to it when it is associated with blissful satvik environment.

This was not the heroic phase of yoga. No rising energy, no inner fire, no dramatic kriyas. The earlier turbulence had burned itself out. The body had learned its lesson, the mind had lost its arrogance, and the breath had found its own intelligence. What arrived now was order. What arrived now was rest. Rama, not as a mythological figure, but as a living principle, entered quietly and took his seat. Rama means āram, deep rest, inner order, the balance that comes only after everything unnecessary has fallen away. This rest was not laziness and not escape. It was the rest of completion beginning to show its face, even though completion itself was still far away.

Premyogi understood something important during this time: real rest comes only after completion. Any rest claimed before that is a kind of hypocrisy, a spiritual comfort taken too early. He saw clearly that what had begun was not the final Rama phase but the doorway to it. Still, the direction was unmistakable. Life no longer needed to be conquered. It needed to be lived. Awakening had stopped being an event and had started becoming a way of moving through the world. The inner war was over, but the work of integration had just begun.

The most remarkable thing about this phase was its ordinariness. He went to office, spoke to colleagues, dealt with files and deadlines, came back home, ate, slept, and woke up again. Nothing outwardly changed, yet everything had shifted. The body carried less tension. The mind no longer reacted with the same speed. Even when thoughts arose, they rose without urgency and fell without trace. There was a sense that life was being lived from a deeper axis, one that did not tilt with circumstances. This was not samādhi as an experience but samādhi as a background, silent and dependable.

The breathless states continued occasionally, sometimes for minutes, sometimes for hours, but they were no longer the focus. The focus had dissolved. What mattered was the growing stability in daily life, the ease with which situations were handled, the absence of inner commentary. Earlier, spiritual life had been vertical, always rising or falling, always moving between effort and exhaustion. Now it had become horizontal, spread evenly across the day, touching everything without effort. This was the Rama awakening: not an ascent but a settling, not a peak but a plateau, not a victory but a return to simplicity.

He began to see that the nervous system itself was reorganizing. The old habit of excitement, even spiritual excitement, was dissolving. Silence was no longer special; it was normal. The mind was no longer an enemy; it was a tool that rested when not needed. The body no longer demanded practices; it only required rhythm. Eating, working, walking, sitting, sleeping, everything started finding its natural place without instruction. It was as if life itself had taken over the sādhanā.

This phase could not be written fully, and he knew it. It was still unfolding, still shaping itself through time, through work, through relationships, through responsibilities. Earlier realizations could be described because they were sudden, intense, and self-contained. This one was slow, wide, and incomplete. It needed years, not words. It needed living, not explaining. The Rama phase was the final integration stage beginning to show its first signs, and its full depth could only be known when it was fully lived.

There was also a new humility in this phase. Premyogi understood that how long this balance would last was not entirely in his hands. The divinely operating world had its own rhythm, its own needs, its own way of testing stability. Personal effort still mattered, but effort had changed its meaning. It was no longer effort to rise, but effort to remain balanced, to not disturb the quiet order that had begun to establish itself. The task was not to achieve but to protect, not to push but to allow, not to reach but to stay.

Thus began the Rama phase, quietly, in a bus, after office hours, in exhaustion and surrender, without witnesses and without declaration. It did not ask for recognition. It did not promise permanence. It simply offered rest, and through that rest, a new way of living. This was the path of rest within, the beginning of life after turbulence, the first stable ground after the long storm. And though it was still unfolding, one thing was already certain: awakening had finally come home.

## Chapter 2: From Turbulence to Āram — The Meaning of Rest

When the turbulence of earlier phases slowly burned itself out, what remained was not emptiness but order. Premyogi had once believed, like many seekers, that rest was simply the absence of effort. He later discovered that rest is the most delicate and intelligent state the human system can enter, and that it cannot be reached by accident or by force. The Rama phase revealed this truth gradually, through lived experience rather than teaching. Rama was not a person, not a symbol, not even an ideal. Rama was āram — the deep rest that comes when the system is clean, aligned, and no longer resisting itself.

In the early days of this phase, he noticed something strange. Even though silence was available, it did not always feel blissful. Sometimes rest felt dull, heavy, almost like stagnation. At first this confused him, because rest was supposed to be peace. Over time he saw the reason clearly: rest without preparation is not rest, it is suspension. When thoughts, desires, and unresolved impressions remain buried inside, rest only pushes them deeper, like dust hidden under a carpet. The room may look clean, but the air still carries a heaviness. True rest comes only when the dust is removed, not when it is concealed.

This understanding changed his entire relationship with practice. Earlier, practices had been used as tools for rising, breaking through, and touching higher states. Now they became tools for cleaning, aligning, and preparing the system for rest. Spinal breathing, light pranayama, gentle āsanas, simple sitting — all were done without ambition and without strain. He practiced not to achieve something but to make the body and mind transparent enough to allow rest to descend naturally. The effort was light, almost playful, like sweeping a room before sitting down in it. If the cleaning was done well, rest arrived by itself. If it was not, rest turned into dullness.

Premyogi saw clearly that nothing in life is automatic, not even rest. The idea that “it will happen by itself” is often a hidden denial of human responsibility. If everything were automatic, there would be no meaning in sādhanā, no role for choice, no dignity in effort. He understood that man is kept fully free by existence, not pushed, not forced, not dragged into peace. Rest is offered, but preparation is chosen. When preparation is skipped, rest either does not come or comes in a distorted form that feels heavy and stagnant.

This distinction became especially clear when he observed people seeking rest through forceful means — intoxication, sedation, sleep, distraction. These create a kind of rest, but it is borrowed and temporary, like pressing a pause button on noise without fixing the machine that produces it. The moment the pressure is released, noise returns, often louder. That kind of rest is not āram; it is escape. Real rest is not a pause; it is resolution. It does not suppress movement; it reorganizes it.

As the Rama phase deepened, Premyogi saw how the body, breath, and mind began aligning naturally when preparation was done lightly and consistently. The breath became smooth without being controlled. The body held itself upright without effort. The mind slowed without being commanded. There was no inner struggle to be silent, because silence was no longer a goal; it was a byproduct of order. Rest was not achieved; it arrived. This was the greatest revelation of the phase: rest is not something you do, but something that happens when everything else is done rightly.

Life also began reorganizing itself without force. Old habits fell away quietly. New rhythms established themselves without planning. Sleep became deeper. Work became cleaner. Speech became minimal and precise. Even relationships adjusted, as if the world itself was responding to the new inner order. Premyogi did not try to change anything; he simply stopped disturbing what was already changing. This was dynamic balance, not stagnation. Like a river that has found its bed, life flowed smoothly without overflowing its banks.

In earlier phases, intensity had been necessary. Fire was needed to burn impurities, to break rigid structures, to shake the system out of sleep. But fire cannot be a permanent home. If it remains, it burns everything. The Rama phase came like water after fire, cooling, settling, restoring. Yet water, too, must be clean. If the river carries mud, it cannot reflect the sky. That was why preparation remained essential even after glimpses of completion. Every time rest repeated, it had to be prepared for again. Nothing was guaranteed, nothing was permanent, nothing could be taken for granted.

This repeated preparation taught Premyogi humility. He saw that even the highest states were not possessions. They were responses of existence to the readiness of the system. When readiness was there, rest came. When it was not, rest stayed away. There was no reward, no punishment, only alignment and misalignment. This made life simpler. There was no need to judge days as good or bad. Each day simply showed the level of order present in the system.

Rest also changed its meaning. It was no longer sleep, no longer inactivity, no longer withdrawal. It became the most alive state he knew. In deep rest, perception sharpened. Hearing became clearer, seeing became brighter, thinking became efficient without becoming noisy. Action arose spontaneously and ended cleanly. There was no residue. This was the highest form of dynamic balance: movement arising from stillness and returning to it without friction. He saw that stagnation happens only when stillness is forced, when movement is suppressed instead of resolved.

The mind, once a battlefield, now behaved like a well-trained horse. It moved when needed and stood still when not. The body, once restless, now carried itself with dignity. The breath, once manipulated, now guided everything silently. This triad of alignment was the living meaning of *āram*. It was not mystical. It was physiological, psychological, and existential at the same time. Rest was not an idea; it was a living intelligence that coordinated the whole being.

Premyogi understood that this was why Rama is associated with order, not ecstasy. Ecstasy burns fast and leaves ash. Order sustains life. The world cannot run on ecstasy, but it can rest in order. Families, societies, work, relationships, even spirituality itself require this quiet balance. The Rama phase was teaching him how awakening becomes livable, how truth becomes sustainable, how realization becomes useful to life rather than separate from it.

There were days when rest did not come, even with preparation. On those days, he did not force it. He worked, walked, ate, spoke, and slept like an ordinary man. Even that ordinariness was rest now, because there was no inner resistance. This taught him another lesson: rest is not always a state; sometimes it is simply the absence of struggle. When struggle ends, rest is already there, unnoticed, like air.

Thus the meaning of rest unfolded layer by layer. Rest was not stagnation. Rest was clarity. Rest was alignment. Rest was readiness. Rest was the quiet intelligence that keeps life in

harmony without command. And in this discovery, Premyogi saw the true meaning of Rama as āram — not a heroic king, not a divine figure, but the living order that arises when turbulence ends and life finally learns how to stand on its own feet.

## Chapter 3: Life Without Heroics — The End of Spiritual Drama

When the Rama phase matured enough to be felt in daily life, something unexpected happened: the heroic struggle ended. There was no announcement, no final victory, no dramatic closure. The battle simply stopped. The mind, which had once been an enemy to be conquered, no longer needed to be fought. The urgency to transcend, to rise, to escape, dissolved quietly, like a fever breaking in the night. Premyogi saw that the greatest shift was not in experience but in attitude. The seeker had vanished. What remained was a man living his life, doing his duty, breathing, walking, working, resting, without carrying the weight of becoming someone else.

Earlier, spirituality had been intense and dramatic. There were phases of fire, phases of collapse, phases of extraordinary states that came and went like storms. Each phase demanded attention, effort, and interpretation. Now, that entire structure fell away. The Rama phase did not need interpretation. It did not need witnesses. It did not even need remembrance. It simply continued, quietly, reliably, like the rhythm of day and night. This was life without heroics, and in that simplicity, Premyogi discovered something sacred that no dramatic experience had ever given him: stability.

Ordinary life, once seen as a distraction from spirituality, now became the very expression of it. Going to office, handling responsibilities, speaking to people, making decisions, eating meals, resting at night, all carried the same calm dignity as meditation. There was no division between sacred and worldly anymore. Duty itself became worship, not because it was declared so, but because there was no inner resistance left. Actions were no longer done to achieve peace; they were done from peace. This was dharma after awakening: quiet, dependable, unshakable.

Yet, one thing remained clear to Premyogi. Meditation could not be abandoned. Rest, once discovered, had to be sustained. The system had learned balance, but balance needs rhythm to remain alive. Just as the body needs regular sleep even after health is restored, the mind and nervous system need meditation even after awakening. This was not meditation for achievement, not for rising, not for visions. It was meditation for maintenance, for alignment, for honoring the order that had been established. In this sense, Rama himself became the example. Even as a king, even in order and balance, Rama continued his inner discipline. In *Yoga Vasiṣṭha*, he is taught non-duality by Guru Vasiṣṭha, not as philosophy but as a living understanding that must be returned to again and again. Premyogi saw his own path reflected in that ancient dialogue, not as imitation, but as resonance.

What changed was the way meditation was approached. Earlier, meditation was intense, focused, often forceful. Now it was light, regular, almost like brushing the teeth. A daily hygiene of consciousness. Premyogi no longer sat to reach *nirvikalpa samādhi*. He sat to remain available to rest. He sat to let the system recalibrate itself. Sometimes deep stillness came, sometimes only gentle witnessing, and sometimes nothing special at all. And yet, every sitting left a quiet imprint, like tuning an instrument that must be played every day.

It was during this phase that Premyogi received intense support from a modern language for an ancient truth, a language he had created much earlier, even before the beginning of the first phase, and which had always guided and supported him. The non-duality taught in *Yoga Vasiṣṭha* was contemplated through what he called *Śārīravigyān Darśan* and *Quantum Darśan*. The words were ancient, but the seeing was fresh. He began to observe directly how

the body itself is a field of intelligence, how breath, nerves, hormones, and thought are not separate from awareness but expressions of it. Non-duality was no longer an abstract idea. It was visible in the functioning of the system. When the body relaxed, the mind followed. When the breath softened, thoughts slowed. When awareness rested in itself, the entire structure aligned without instruction.

In this seeing, the word remained the same, but the response to it changed. Earlier, a word or thought could provoke reaction, emotion, argument, or resistance. Now the same words passed through like wind through an open window. The nervous system had learned how to not contract. This was the real end of spiritual drama. Drama exists only where there is contraction, where identity is threatened, where something must be defended or proven. When that disappeared, life became smooth, not because problems vanished, but because the inner surface no longer caught them.

One of the most striking changes Premyogi noticed was in his relationship with thoughts. Earlier, thoughts had been wild, demanding attention, pulling awareness in every direction. They had been like a crowd shouting in a market. Now, something had reversed. He saw *nirvikalpa ātmā* as the king seated on the throne, and thoughts as his servants. They still came, but they no longer ruled. They did not sting him. They did not wound him. They waited, obeyed, and dissolved when their work was done. Even chaotic thoughts, when they arose, bowed automatically to the deeper stillness and lost their power. This was not suppression. This was natural subordination. Order had been established.

This shift created a profound ease in living. Premyogi no longer needed to manage himself. There was no need to constantly correct, improve, or purify. The system had learned its own intelligence. When imbalance arose, it corrected itself. When tiredness came, rest followed. When action was needed, it arose cleanly. This was the real miracle of the Rama phase: life began to run itself without inner interference. The ego, which once played the hero in every story, had stepped aside, not by destruction but by irrelevance.

Spiritual ambition vanished without leaving regret. There was no desire to teach, to prove, to convert, or to impress. Even the desire to write became secondary to living. What mattered was that life remained simple, rhythmic, and clear. Premyogi saw that ambition itself is a form of turbulence, a subtle violence against the present moment. When it ended, time slowed. Days became longer, fuller, richer. Each moment carried enough meaning in itself.

This did not mean life became passive. On the contrary, action became sharper. Decisions were made faster. Words were chosen more precisely. Work was done more efficiently. Because there was no inner noise, outer action became clean. This is why the Rama phase is not withdrawal but reliability. The world can depend on a person in this phase, because he is not driven by moods, fears, or spiritual highs and lows. He is present. He is stable. He is available.

Premyogi understood that this is why the end of spiritual drama is the beginning of dharmic life. Drama is for transformation; dharma is for sustenance. Drama breaks the old; dharma builds the new. After awakening, the world does not need more heroes. It needs people who can stand steadily, quietly, and act without shaking. The Rama phase produces such human beings.

Meditation continued, not as a struggle but as a rhythm, like the beating of the heart. Each sitting renewed the alignment, refreshed the rest, and reaffirmed the silent kingship of awareness. And with each passing day, Premyogi saw more clearly that this quiet life, this ordinary life, this undramatic life, was the highest expression of realization. There was nothing more to conquer. Nothing more to escape. Nothing more to become.

Thus ended the age of heroics, and thus began the age of simplicity. In that simplicity, life became sacred not by declaration, but by presence. And in that presence, awakening finally found a form that could live in the world without breaking.

## Chapter 4: Integration Still Unfolding — Living Before Writing

The Rama phase revealed something that Premyogi had never encountered in earlier stages of his journey: silence that refused to be described. Earlier realizations had arrived like lightning. They demanded to be spoken, written, shared, and understood immediately. They burned so brightly that words were the only way to release the pressure. This phase was different. It did not burn. It settled. It did not push itself into language. It withdrew from it. Premyogi discovered, slowly and sometimes uncomfortably, that the deepest phases of awakening do not want to be written at all. They want to be lived.

This was the first time in his entire journey that experience moved slower than understanding. Earlier, experience would explode first and understanding would chase behind. Now, understanding stood still, waiting, while life itself unfolded the meaning. The Rama phase was not a state that could be captured in one sitting or one paragraph. It was not an experience that could be narrated at the end of the day. It was a long, slow settling into life, a reordering that touched everything without making noise. Writing too early would have turned it into philosophy. Speaking too early would have turned it into opinion. The phase demanded patience.

Premyogi noticed that whenever he tried to describe it, the words felt hollow. They were accurate, but not alive. Something essential was missing. He realized that integration is not an event but a rhythm, and rhythm cannot be frozen into language without losing its movement. The Rama phase was not teaching him something new; it was teaching him how to live what was already known. This kind of wisdom ripens only through repetition, through routine, through responsibility, through the slow grind of ordinary days. No scripture could replace that. No insight could shortcut it.

Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, and nothing special happened. And that itself was the most special thing. He woke up, went to work, handled people, made decisions, returned home, ate meals, rested, slept, and woke again. Earlier, such a life would have felt like stagnation, like falling back into the world. Now it felt like integration. The same awareness that once appeared only in meditation now appeared while walking, while speaking, while listening, while waiting. It did not announce itself. It did not need protection. It simply stayed.

The Rama phase was teaching him the hardest lesson of all: final understanding is not born in silence alone, but in time. Time, which spiritual seekers often try to escape, became the final teacher. Each day tested the stability of rest. Each interaction tested the depth of balance. Each responsibility tested whether awakening could survive friction. And slowly, without drama, it did. Awareness did not collapse under pressure. Stillness did not vanish in activity. Rest did not break in chaos. This was integration happening in real time, not in meditation halls but in the middle of life.

Premyogi understood now why this phase could not be written fully. Writing gives closure, and this phase had none. It was open-ended by nature. It was not a conclusion but a continuation. It did not end in a realization; it ended in a way of living. That kind of ending can only be seen after years, not days. The mind wanted to define it, to frame it, to put a name on it. But life refused to cooperate. Every time he thought it was complete, another layer unfolded. Another test appeared. Another subtle correction happened. Integration was still unfolding, and it would continue to unfold as long as life continued.

Earlier phases had been personal, almost private. This phase was public. It was tested in relationships, in office work, in family matters, in moments of conflict and fatigue. The world became the mirror, and the mirror was honest. If rest was real, it remained even when people disagreed. If balance was real, it remained even when work was heavy. If silence was real, it remained even when words were needed. There was no hiding place anymore. Awakening had to stand in the open.

Premyogi also noticed that wisdom was no longer sharp or dramatic. It was slow, rounded, patient. It did not come as insight but as response. Someone would speak, and the right words would come without thinking. A problem would arise, and the solution would appear without effort. There was no inner debate. No tension. No hurry. Wisdom had become embodied. It was no longer stored in the mind; it lived in the nervous system, in posture, in breath, in timing. This was something no book could teach and no experience could provide instantly. It had to grow like a tree, season by season.

There were moments when Premyogi felt almost disappointed by this phase. There was no ecstasy to celebrate, no high to remember, no story to tell. Everything felt flat, level, even boring at times. But slowly he saw the truth: boredom is the mind missing drama. Life itself had become smooth, and the mind did not know how to celebrate smoothness. Over time, even that boredom faded, and a quiet contentment took its place. Not happiness, not bliss, but something deeper and more reliable. A sense that nothing was missing, even when nothing special was happening.

This phase also changed his relationship with writing. Earlier, writing had been urgent, almost compulsive. Now, writing waited. Words came only when they were ripe. Many times, months passed without a single sentence being written, and that was fine. The experience was still unfolding, and writing too early would have turned it into memory instead of life. He understood that some truths want to be written only after they have lived through years of weather, through success and failure, through stability and disturbance. Only then do they carry weight.

The Rama phase was the final test of sincerity. It asked one simple question again and again: can you live this, or do you only know it? Can awareness survive routine? Can rest survive responsibility? Can balance survive time? Premyogi did not answer this question with words. He answered it by showing up each day, by sitting in meditation even when nothing happened, by doing his work without complaint, by staying simple when nothing pushed him to be simple. Integration was not dramatic, but it was relentless.

Slowly, very slowly, something settled even deeper than rest. Trust. Trust in life, trust in rhythm, trust in the intelligence that had carried him through every phase without instruction. He no longer needed to understand where the path was going. He only needed to walk it. And as he walked, the path itself revealed its shape.

This is why the Rama phase cannot yet be written fully. It is still writing itself through life. Each day adds a sentence. Each year adds a paragraph. And the final meaning will only be clear when the living is complete. Until then, words must wait, and life must speak first.

## Chapter 5: Divine Order and Personal Effort — The Length of Rest

As the Rama phase continued to settle into Premyogi's life, one truth became impossible to ignore: rest does not belong to the seeker alone. It is not owned, not guaranteed, not permanent by personal will. It is borrowed from a larger intelligence, an order that moves the universe without asking for consent. The longer he lived in this phase, the more clearly he saw that stability is not a personal achievement but a cooperation between two forces: the divinely operating world and the disciplined human being. One without the other cannot sustain balance for long.

In earlier phases, effort had been everything. Effort to rise, effort to break, effort to see, effort to transcend. Now effort changed its direction. It no longer pushed upward; it held steady. It no longer aimed for expansion; it protected balance. This was a subtle but profound shift. Premyogi saw that most seekers fail not because they cannot reach high states, but because they cannot remain there. The nervous system learns how to climb, but it must also learn how to stay. The Rama phase was the training ground for staying.

Rest, he learned, has a length. It is not infinite in the human body. It comes, stays, deepens, and sometimes withdraws, depending on the alignment of life. And that alignment is not decided by meditation alone. It is decided by work, relationships, health, food, sleep, responsibility, timing, and the mysterious movements of destiny. Premyogi began to sense that even if inner order is strong, outer life still carries its own momentum. The divine order is not obliged to protect anyone's peace. It only responds to readiness and balance.

This realization brought humility. He stopped thinking of rest as a reward. It was not given for effort, and it was not taken away as punishment. It moved according to a rhythm larger than him. Some days rest was deep and effortless. Other days it was thin, fragile, easily disturbed. Earlier, such fluctuation would have created anxiety. Now it created understanding. Rest was a living relationship, not a possession. And like all relationships, it needed care, attention, and respect.

Personal effort did not disappear. It became refined. Effort now meant regular meditation even when nothing special happened. Effort meant keeping the body clean and light, not exhausting it in the name of discipline. Effort meant spinal breathing done gently, not to awaken energy, but to maintain clarity. Effort meant watching speech, timing, and reactions, not to be moral, but to prevent disturbance. Effort meant saying no to unnecessary stimulation and yes to rhythm. This was not heroic effort. It was quiet, invisible, and often unnoticed by others. But this effort was the foundation on which rest stood.

At the same time, surrender deepened. Premyogi no longer tried to decide how long this phase should last. He saw that life itself was shaping the duration. Sometimes challenges arose unexpectedly, pulling him into activity, testing the stability of balance. Sometimes silence deepened for weeks, as if life itself was allowing rest to expand. He stopped interpreting these movements. He simply stayed available. Surrender now meant not interfering with the larger flow, not demanding continuity, not clinging to peace.

There was a moment of deep clarity when he realized that even Rama, the symbol of perfect order, lived under destiny. His exile, his trials, his duties were not chosen by him, yet he carried them with balance. Rest was not absence of disturbance; it was dignity within disturbance. Premyogi saw this reflected in his own life. Office pressures, responsibilities,

expectations, and fatigue still came. But they no longer shook the inner ground. They passed like weather over a stable land.

The divine order, he saw, does not protect comfort; it protects growth. If rest becomes attachment, it is disturbed. If balance becomes pride, it is tested. If silence becomes identity, it is broken. This understanding removed fear. Even if rest was lost someday, it would only be to refine it further. The Rama phase was not a final shelter; it was a school of stability. The divine world was the teacher, and life was the examination.

Gradually, a quiet trust replaced all planning. Premyogi no longer worried about the future of his path. He no longer measured progress. He no longer asked how far he had come or how much remained. He simply kept his discipline light and his surrender deep. This balance between effort and surrender became the living meaning of dharma. Effort without surrender had earlier created tension. Surrender without effort had earlier created laziness. Now both stood together, like two legs carrying one body.

Rest itself began to change its quality. It was no longer dependent on outer silence. It remained even in noise. It remained even in movement. It remained even in responsibility. The length of rest expanded, not as a continuous state, but as a background presence. Even when disturbed, the system returned to balance quickly, like a pendulum with a strong center. This was the fruit of cooperation between human discipline and divine order.

Premyogi understood that this was the final teaching of the Rama phase: do your part fully, and let the world do its part freely. Do not try to control the length of rest. Do not try to protect it with fear. Do not try to extend it with greed. Simply remain aligned, and rest will come and go according to the larger rhythm. The human being is responsible for readiness, not for outcome.

As this understanding matured, a profound relaxation entered his relationship with existence. Life was no longer a problem to be solved. It was a movement to be trusted. Even instability was not feared, because balance had been tasted deeply enough to be known as possible again. This confidence was not arrogance; it was grounded humility. The system knew the way back, and that was enough.

The Rama phase thus closed not with a conclusion, but with trust. Trust that the divine order knows when to give rest and when to take it. Trust that personal discipline will keep the system ready. Trust that even if balance is disturbed, it will return. This was not faith in belief; it was faith in experience. A quiet, unshakable confidence that life and awareness are not enemies but partners in the same unfolding.

And so final part ends here, not with a declaration of completion, but with a settled agreement between man and existence. Premyogi continues to live, meditate, work, and rest, not knowing how long this phase will last, and not needing to know. The rest has taught him its final lesson: stay ready, stay balanced, and let the divine world decide the rest.

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