

Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience

KRISHNA LIVING

Play, Love, Yoga, and the Evolution of Consciousness



PREMYOGI VAJRA

Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience
(Series)

Volume II

Krishna Living

Play, Love, Yoga, and the Evolution of Consciousness

Premyogi Vajra

Introduction

This book is not a scripture.
It is not a teaching manual.
And it is not written to convince anyone of anything.

It is a record of **lived experience**.

Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience explores what spirituality looks like **when it happens through life itself**, not through renunciation, not through belief, and not through deliberate practice alone. It is the story of how awareness evolves naturally—through play, attraction, struggle, love, failure, discipline, and ordinary human living.

Volume II, **Krishna Living**, focuses on a phase of life where consciousness learns through **līlā (play)** and **rasa (felt sweetness)** rather than effort or austerity. This is not Krishna as mythology, deity, or theology. It is Krishna as a **principle of intelligence**—the way life educates awareness through joy, charm, mischief, beauty, relationship, and timing.

Premyogi Vajra’s journey shows how spiritual maturation does not always begin with silence or withdrawal. Often, it begins in the world—through friendships, attraction, study, confusion, and emotional intensity. When lived with awareness, these very forces become instruments of refinement rather than bondage.

This volume traces:

- How **play** trains perception before discipline appears
- How **love without possession** refines desire instead of suppressing it
- How **attraction**, when not discharged blindly, turns inward and stabilizes awareness
- How **devotion** can arise without belief, ritual, or doctrine
- How a phase can complete itself naturally, leaving behind clarity rather than loss

Nothing here is claimed as universal truth. Nothing is presented as a method to imitate. What is offered instead is **pattern recognition**—a way to see how life itself moves consciousness forward when it is allowed to unfold intelligently.

The language is simple because the experiences were simple.
The insights are subtle because life is subtle.
And the conclusions are modest because transformation does not announce itself.

This book is written for:

- Those who feel spirituality must deny life—and sense something is missing
- Those who have tasted intensity but fear losing balance
- Those who seek meaning without rejecting the human world
- And those who want to understand **why certain phases come, stay, and then leave**

Krishna Living is not an endpoint.
It is a **passage**—one that refines the heart so that strength, discipline, and clarity can later arise without cruelty or ego.

What follows is not instruction.
It is observation.

Read it slowly.
Not to agree or disagree—
but to notice what resonates with your own lived experience.

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Book Part One

Lilā Before the Yogi

How Play Became Awareness

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Chapter 0

Bāla-Premyogi — The Playful Beginning

Before attraction complicated the heart, before discipline straightened the spine, before inner conflict began tightening the mind, there was only play. Not the small, timid play of protected children, but a wild, contagious, overflowing play that had no walls around it. It smelled of cow-dung and wet grass, of roasted maize and jungle smoke. It ran barefoot on hot stones and slipped freely into cold ponds. It laughed loudly and forgot quickly. That was the soil in which Premyogi grew.

He was not born mystical. He was born open.

Half of what would later become depth in him was already present as softness — a natural innocence, a quiet smile, an ease with people and animals alike. Cows trusted him. Younger children followed him. Elders rarely scolded him for long because his eyes did not argue. But the other half — the fire — entered his life in the form of Mohan.

Mohan arrived like a monsoon storm that refuses to follow season. Slightly older, sharp-eyed, restless, already famous in his own village for chaos, he came to live in Premyogi's home after exhausting his parents beyond limit. He had thrown stones at strangers just to watch their reaction. He had once hit his own schoolteacher on the head with perfect aim, not out of hatred but out of thrill. Beatings did not frighten him. Warnings did not shape him. Rituals did not calm him. When nothing worked, his parents sent him away, hoping a more disciplined household might polish him.

It softened him a little. It did not tame him.

For Premyogi, Mohan was not trouble. He was revelation.

Within weeks, Mohan had gathered cow-grazing boys from nearby fields into a loose, laughing gang. Premyogi followed, at first out of curiosity, then out of delight. The hills became their kingdom. Cows were not responsibility; they were companions. If a herd drifted into another farmer's green field and began chewing peacefully, the boys would watch from a distance, hiding behind shrubs, waiting for the farmer's angry shout. The thrill was not destruction but reaction. They learned the rhythm of chase and escape. Run downhill when shouted at. Scatter. Regroup near the banyan tree.

On some afternoons they raided abandoned home gardens, plucking bananas that hung too temptingly over broken walls. Other days they climbed maize fields on hilltops, twisting fresh cobs from stalks, hiding them in their shirts, and carrying them into the jungle. There they would build a small fire from dry twigs, roast the maize until the kernels blackened, and eat like kings. Their hands would turn black with soot, their teeth yellow with roasted grain, their eyes bright with the joy of having created their own feast.

Once, they stole gur and coconuts from a priest-bua's *skarmkāṇḍa* offerings. Not because they were hungry — they had food at home — but because forbidden sweetness tasted different. They did not mock the ritual. They celebrated it in their own way, laughing as they broke the coconut open against a rock and shared the jaggery in uneven pieces. There was no guilt in them, only exhilaration. Life, to them, was abundant.

Premyogi absorbed everything. He laughed as loudly as the rest, ran as fast, roasted maize with equal hunger. Yet somewhere inside, a quiet observer had begun sitting. When Mohan pushed limits too far, Premyogi stepped back half a pace. When chaos rose high, he sensed its crest before it broke. He saved Mohan more than once — pulling him away before a farmer's stick landed, warning him before a complaint reached elders — but he never risked himself foolishly. He played fully, but not blindly.

There were moments when their innocence took strange turns. Once, Mohan convinced a group of boys that a white, milky sap from a cactus plant was a secret herbal medicine for strength and growth. The experiment ended in swelling, panic, tears, and furious parents. The entire village buzzed with outrage. Premyogi had laughed in the beginning, but as the chaos unfolded, he saw something else: energy without understanding can burn. That lesson sank quietly into him, without preaching, without sermon.

They organized bull fights on the hills, shouting and cheering as animals locked horns. They bathed naked in a cold pond hidden among rocks, shouting echoes into the sky. That pond held its own mystery. In one corner was a dark hole where villagers said a *NāgDevatā* lived. No one had seen it clearly, yet everyone believed. Fear and fascination lived side by side.

One afternoon, Mohan climbed a branch hanging over the pond and jumped dramatically into its center. The water swallowed him. Seconds passed. Then more seconds. Laughter turned into silence. Silence turned into alarm. Some boys shouted his name. One ran toward the village. Someone whispered that the serpent had taken him.

Premyogi felt something unfamiliar — not loud fear, but deep stillness. While others panicked, he watched the water's surface. He sensed movement before anyone saw it. Suddenly Mohan emerged, hair plastered to his forehead, grinning like a victorious warrior. The boys screamed in relief. Fear dissolved into admiration.

But something had shifted inside Premyogi. For the first time, he had touched the edge of loss and not drowned in it. A quiet center had revealed itself.

Scoldings were endless in those years. Beatings were frequent. Warnings were routine. Yet the play did not stop. It refined itself. Every escape sharpened timing. Every reprimand built detachment. Every jungle fire taught enjoyment without ownership. Every near-danger carved fearlessness without stupidity.

Mohan remained storm. Premyogi remained sky.

He was never as reckless as Mohan, yet he never rejected him. He did not judge him. He learned from him. Mohan carried raw fire — unpredictable, explosive. Premyogi gave that fire invisible shape. He discovered where to stop, where to soften, where to let chaos dissolve into laughter instead of destruction.

Years later, when energy would rise powerfully within him, when attraction would pull strongly, when the mind would tighten and renunciation would tempt him to withdraw from life, it would not be scrip

ture that saved him. It would be these hills, these stolen fruits, these jungle feasts. It would be the memory of laughing after scolding, of swimming after fear, of tasting sweetness without guilt.

Before he became seeker, he became free.

Before he became yogi, he became playful.

Before awareness matured into meditation, it existed as instinctive balance within mischief.

That is why this is Chapter Zero in the larger journey. Because here, in dust and smoke and laughter, the essential Krishna-principle — not of miracle but of divine play — assembled itself quietly inside a village boy. Half softness, half storm. Half innocence, half fire.

The mystic would come later.

First came the child who knew how to play — and never forgot how.

Chapter 1

Mohan — The Storm That Shaped the Flute

This chapter turns the light fully toward Mohan — not merely as a naughty boy from the village, but as a force of nature who entered Premyogi's life at the exact time when innocence needed fire. If the first chapter showed play as foundation, this chapter reveals how that play gained intensity, direction, and hidden depth through polarity. Mohan represents untamed Shakti — raw impulse, fearless disruption, explosive vitality. Premyogi represents softness and silent absorption. Between them, a rhythm slowly begins to form. This chapter explores how chaos becomes teacher, how attraction to danger sharpens awareness, and how future balance between power and restraint is quietly forged in childhood.

Mohan did not enter Premyogi's home like an ordinary guest. He arrived like weather. His reputation had already preceded him — a boy who threw stones not out of cruelty but out of thrill, who once struck his own schoolteacher's head with such perfect aim that the entire village buzzed for days. He was not angry. He was restless. He did not hate authority. He simply refused to be contained by it. His parents had tried everything: shouting, beating, persuasion, even ritual remedies whispered by elders. Nothing could reduce his voltage. Finally, tired and defeated, they sent him to live with his bua — Premyogi's grandmother to Premyogi's house — hoping discipline and distance would ground him.

It was also striking that when Premyogi was once taken to his bua's house, his mother casually asked him whether he would like to stay there permanently. To her surprise, he nodded his head in agreement—happily, without hesitation. This was unexpected from a child so mischievous, so restless, and so attached to movement. There was no visible reason for such readiness.

Was he drawn by something in that place? Or was it the presence of Premyogi himself that felt familiar and safe? Or was it something subtler—an unspoken recognition that does not pass through thought?

It felt almost symbolic, as if his presence quietly rearranged the inner world of those around him. In the stories of Krishna's descent, it is said that when he came to Vrindavan, the gods themselves accompanied him—not always as celestial beings, but as cowherd boys, calves, grass, trees, creepers, and rivers. Everything around him seemed to participate in the same rhythm, as if drawn by an invisible gravity.

Perhaps this moment carried a faint echo of that pattern—not as mythology repeating itself, but as a psychological truth expressing again. Certain presences do not persuade; they simply allow others to settle. Certain beings do not demand attachment; they invite belonging. The child did not reason his response. He simply felt no resistance.

Such moments cannot be explained fully. They do not announce themselves as spiritual events. They pass quietly, leaving only a question behind—whether

attraction sometimes precedes understanding, and whether recognition can arise long before words, memory, or identity take shape.

Another point of striking was that, throughout Premyogi's early life, there existed a remarkable clustering of children around him—boys and girls of almost the same age—spread across nearby villages, distant hamlets, and even relatives' homes in far-off towns. Most of them were not younger than him, nor much older, but consistently six months to two years elder. The pattern repeated itself too often to be dismissed as coincidence.

Why slightly elder—and not younger? Why not far older? It seemed as if this subtle difference served many purposes at once. They could play with him as equals, yet also protect him, guide him, correct him, and care for him naturally. Friendship and mentorship flowed together without hierarchy. He was neither burdened with responsibility nor left unattended. All benefits arose simultaneously, without deliberate planning.

Because of this habit of frankness developed within him since his birth, Premyogi was at times wrongly judged. His natural openness was mistaken for lack of devotion, and his clarity was misread as disrespect toward his immediate seniors. What was in him an absence of fear and pretense appeared to others as absence of reverence, even though inwardly he carried no resistance, no rebellion, and no ill will—only an unpolished honesty that did not know how to perform submission where it was not genuinely felt.

The same pattern appears unmistakably in the life of Krishna. Though described as the youngest among the gopas, he was surrounded by companions—gopālas—who were very close to his age, often slightly elder. They played with him, argued with him, followed him, protected him, and unknowingly shaped his līlā. Their presence provided companionship without dependence, intimacy without enclosure.

Krishna too was accused of dishonouring King Kansa and even Indra—not out of arrogance or rebellion, but because his frankness, openness, and clarity did not conform to expected displays of submission. What was transparency appeared as defiance to those invested in authority.

A similar symmetry was there with Leena too since her birth. In her town too, there existed a surrounding circle—boys and girls close to her age—forming a natural field of interaction. Just as Radha was never alone but moved within a living constellation of sakhīs, Leena too seemed to exist within such a social geometry. Attraction, restraint, reflection, and mirroring all became possible only because of this surrounding presence.

Was this coincidence—or design?

The recurrence invites a deeper question. Perhaps such arrangements are not accidental but structural necessities for certain kinds of inner unfolding. Awakening does not occur in isolation alone; it often requires a field—a carefully balanced social ecosystem that provides stimulation without collapse, intimacy without possession, and guidance without domination.

Seen this way, the Krishna narrative begins to look less like mythology and more like a case study repeated across time. When similar configurations appear again and again—age clusters, relational balance, playful intimacy, restrained attraction, gradual refinement—patterns emerge. When patterns repeat across individuals and eras, they form theory. When theory stabilizes through lived verification, it becomes knowledge.

Perhaps the Bhāgavata Purāṇa is precisely that: not mere storytelling, but an ancient encyclopedia of spiritual psychology—compiled through countless observed awakenings, refined into narrative so it could be remembered, transmitted, and lived again.

In that light, Premyogi's life did not imitate Krishna's story.

It simply fell into the same geometry.

And geometry, once discovered, repeats itself wherever conditions allow.

On there, new home environment softened Mohan, but only slightly. The storm remained.

From the first week, Premyogi watched him closely. Mohan did not walk; he strode. He did not sit; he occupied space. His laughter was louder, his dares sharper, his eyes always scanning for something to disturb. Where others saw trouble, Premyogi saw movement. Something in him was drawn to that raw current. It was not imitation. It was curiosity.

Why does chaos attract the innocent? Perhaps because innocence does not yet judge. Premyogi felt no moral superiority. He felt fascination. Mohan carried a kind of courage that bordered on madness. He would tease older boys twice his size, provoke barking dogs just to see how close he could get before running, and accept punishment as if it were part of the game. He did not calculate consequences. He trusted momentum.

Premyogi joined him often — in cow-field adventures, in hilltop wanderings, in playful disruption of routines — but he never dissolved completely into Mohan's style. There was always a thin space inside him that remained untouched. When Mohan's daring rose too high, Premyogi's instincts slowed him. He sensed invisible lines even when others did not. He laughed at the same jokes, ran in the same directions, but somewhere he was also observing.

Once, Mohan decided to test the courage of the entire group by walking straight into a farmer's guarded orchard in broad daylight. "If you fear, you lose," he declared. The boys hesitated. Premyogi stepped forward, but not fully. He stopped near the boundary and watched Mohan move deeper inside, plucking fruit with triumphant exaggeration. When the farmer's shout echoed, the boys scattered. Mohan ran wildly downhill, slipping and laughing. Premyogi did not panic. He chose a narrow path he had already noticed earlier and reached the safe clearing before the others. Later,

while the boys celebrated their narrow escape, Premyogi understood something subtle: boldness excites, but foresight protects.

He did not say this aloud. He did not preach. He simply remembered.

Mohan's energy was like unshaped wind — powerful, directionless, impatient. Premyogi began, unknowingly, to become hollow space within that wind. When Mohan's teasing crossed into cruel

ty, Premyogi shifted the tone. He would exaggerate the joke, turn it toward himself, or redirect attention so the target could escape embarrassment. He learned to soften madness into laughter. It was not strategy. It was instinctive calibration.

This is where the metaphor of the flute quietly enters the story. A flute is only a piece of wood until it is hollowed. Breath alone is noise. Wood alone is silence. Music happens when force passes through emptiness. Mohan was breath — intense, unpredictable, full of force. Premyogi was beginning to hollow himself without knowing it. He absorbed impact without reacting. He watched without tightening. In that space, rhythm began forming.

One afternoon, when Mohan impulsively challenged an older youth to a physical scuffle, tension spread fast. The older boy was stronger, angrier, ready to strike hard. Premyogi stepped between them casually, not with authority but with humor. "If you break him, who will entertain us tomorrow?" he said lightly. Laughter erupted. The older boy's anger dissolved just enough. Mohan, still charged, felt the shift and retreated without humiliation.

That small moment revealed something important. Premyogi was not suppressing Mohan's fire; he was modulating it. He was not rejecting power; he was shaping its direction.

Psychologically, this is where balance begins — not in meditation caves but in playground negotiations. Premyogi learned that raw impulse carries vitality, but unchecked impulse burns relationships. He learned that stepping back is not weakness. He learned that intervention can be playful, not confrontational.

Over time, even Mohan began to respond differently around him. Not obediently, but rhythmically. If Premyogi paused, Mohan sensed it. If Premyogi laughed, Mohan intensified. If Premyogi fell silent, Mohan sometimes reconsidered. The storm had found a sky that did not resist it.

This polarity quietly planted the seed of Premyogi's future life. Later, when attraction would rise like fire within him, he would not fear it. He had already lived beside fire. Later, when renunciation would tempt him to withdraw completely from life, he would remember the thrill of participation. He would know that both extremes — reckless indulgence and rigid suppression — distort energy. Balance is not compromise; it is rhythm.

In those village years, no scripture explained this to him. No elder gave philosophical lectures. The hills, the confrontations, the laughter, the narrow escapes — these were

his teachers. Mohan gave him direct exposure to unfiltered force. Premyogi gave that force silent containment.

The storm did not disappear. It matured. And the hollow reed, still forming inside the boy, waited for deeper breath.

Without Mohan, Premyogi might have grown gentle but fragile. Without Premyogi, Mohan might have grown powerful but destructive. Together, they unknowingly rehearsed a greater principle — that Shakti must meet awareness to become grace.

Thus the chapter stands as essential, not decorative. It reveals that the yogi was not born in isolation. He was carved by contrast. The future balance between participation and detachment, power and restraint, celebration and silence — all of it began here, in the tension between storm and sky.

The flute had not yet sung. But it was being shaped.

Chapter 2

The Art of Stepping Back

This chapter moves deeper into the subtle transformation happening inside Premyogi. If the previous chapter revealed Mohan as storm and Premyogi as the hollow reed beginning to form, this chapter shows how that hollowness became conscious skill. Here the focus is not on large mischief or dramatic events, but on something quieter and more decisive — the art of stepping back at the right moment. Through small but revealing incidents, Premyogi's inner witness strengthens. He begins to sense consequences before they unfold. This is the stage where rhythm becomes discernment, and play begins refining itself into awareness.

By now, the village had adjusted to Mohan's presence. People expected disruption when he was near. If a group of boys gathered around him, elders watched carefully. But strangely, whenever Premyogi stood beside him, the atmosphere changed. Not calmer exactly — but balanced.

One late afternoon, the boys decided to climb the old watchtower near the fields — a crumbling structure that villagers had warned them about. Mohan led without hesitation, racing upward, shaking loose stones as he went. The others followed, shouting in excitement. Premyogi began climbing too, but halfway up, something in him paused. The staircase felt unstable. The railing was cracked. He imagined the structure collapsing, not dramatically but slowly, painfully.

He stopped.

It was not fear that stopped him. It was sensing.

He called upward, "Enough. If it breaks, no one will carry you down." His tone was light, almost teasing. Mohan laughed and climbed higher anyway. But when a stone slipped and nearly struck a boy below, the mood shifted. Premyogi did not shout. He simply stepped away from the tower and sat under a tree. Slowly, two others joined him. Mohan stayed a little longer, but without audience, the thrill reduced. Eventually he came down, pretending it was his decision.

Premyogi learned something important that day: withdrawal can be influence. By stepping back, he altered the group's energy more effectively than if he had argued.

Another time, Mohan challenged a passing cyclist by running dangerously close to the moving wheel, testing how near he could get without being hit. The cyclist swerved angrily and stopped to scold them. Mohan responded with laughter, which only inflamed the situation. Premyogi noticed the man's frustration was less about the boys and more about his own hard day. Instead of defending Mohan, Premyogi stepped forward and said simply, "Uncle, he runs fast but thinks slow." The unexpected honesty dissolved tension. The cyclist shook his head and rode away.

That evening, Mohan teased him. "You speak like an old man."

Premyogi smiled. "Someone must."

But inside, he was not feeling old. He was feeling something else — space.

This space began appearing more often. Before reacting, he would feel a thin gap between impulse and action. In that gap, something watched. It did not suppress energy; it measured it. He noticed that Mohan acted from surge. He began acting from sensing.

Psychologically, this is where the inner witness strengthens. The same adventures continued — roaming hills, teasing friends, stealing fruit, daring each other — but Premyogi was no longer only participant. He was participant and observer simultaneously.

One evening, after they had provoked a farmer by letting cows stray into a field again, the chase became serious. The farmer's anger was sharper than usual. He caught Mohan by the arm and raised his stick high. Premyogi stepped forward, not boldly but steadily, and said, "It was my mistake too." The farmer paused. The admission confused him. Punishing two boys felt heavier than punishing one. He released Mohan with a warning.

Later, Mohan asked, "Why did you take blame?"

Premyogi shrugged. "Because today your speed was too high."

He had sensed escalation. By stepping into responsibility, he absorbed the rising heat. Not out of sacrifice, but out of calibration.

This art of stepping back — or stepping in — depending on what balance required — slowly became natural. He did not think of it as spiritual. He did not name it awareness. It was simply how his nervous system had begun functioning.

He realized that chaos follows patterns. Anger rises predictably. Excitement peaks and falls. Risk has rhythm. If one watches carefully, one can sense the crest of the wave before it breaks.

In contrast, Mohan moved like lightning — brilliant, sudden, unconcerned with aftermath. Premyogi began moving like wind through trees — present, responsive, adjusting direction without noise.

The metaphor of the flute deepened quietly here. A flute must have measured holes. If carved randomly, it produces harsh sound. If carved precisely, breath transforms into melody. Premyogi was learning measurement. Not from textbooks, but from observing the consequences of unmeasured action.

This discernment shaped his future in ways he could not yet see. Later in life, when powerful emotions would surge — attraction, anger, ambition, even spiritual ecstasy — this same gap between impulse and action would save him from extremes. He would not fear intensity because he had learned to sense its arc.

There was one evening that marked the turning point clearly. The boys were teasing a shy younger child, pushing him to jump across a narrow irrigation channel. The child

hesitated, embarrassed. Mohan increased the pressure, calling him coward. The child's eyes filled with tears. The energy in the group shifted from playful to cruel.

Premyogi felt it immediately.

He jumped across the channel himself — not with pride, but casually — and then deliberately slipped on the return, falling into the muddy water. The group burst into laughter. Attention shifted. The younger boy relaxed. The teasing dissolved.

Mohan stared at him later and said, “You ruined the fun.”

Premyogi replied, “No. I changed it.”

That distinction defined him.

He did not suppress fire. He redirected it.

The storm still blew strong in their friendship. But now it met rhythm more often. Premyogi's stepping back was not retreat; it was shaping space. Through that space, energy began flowing differently.

In the larger journey of his life, this chapter stands as quiet but essential. It shows that balance does not appear suddenly in adulthood. It is practiced in small childhood moments — when one chooses pause over reaction, humor over humiliation, sensing over surge. Mohan became the contrast that made Premyogi aware of his own progress. Sometimes he imitated Mohan but in moderation and knowing the consequences. This even helped Premyogi more in learning through doing still with awareness without inflicting harm. When one is doing what he has already seen, he has more time to remain in awareness, because the brain is not fully entangled in the act of doing and is a little free to keep awareness on. In this way, he decides better about the correct way of doing, its consequences, and can also remain well-situated in a natural and blissful nonduality, which in ordinary language is called carelessness. But this carelessness was not sleepy or tamasic; it was with full awareness of nonduality, and wassattvic and self-growing. The main reason he adopted satvicnonduality instead of slipping into tamasic sleepiness and duality was the spiritual background of his family in which he was growing. In this way his sanskaras or mental imprints were getting refined since his very birth. There were other boys who played with them and tried to imitate Mohan, but they did not have the same awareness or sense of nonduality, as they had not grown up in a spiritually powerful family environment like him, although little effect of company was there. Because of this, they often hesitated while acting Mohan's style and sometimes even hated him for a moment. But Premyogi, due to the effect of nonduality, always turned the mischief of duality into the play of nonduality, like a seasoned cook, and therefore never carried hatred.. For him, everything was equal, as long as it remained within the boundary of love and humanity. For him, humane mischief was even more beloved, as it was the best raw material — in the form of duality — to cook into delicious and blissful nonduality. Therefore, he loved Mohan more than anyone or anything else. It was an amazing psychology, according to which sages have said that one should never hate bad people or enemies, but love them, because they are actually one's best friends. Actually, spices in the form of 'none' can be added only to

a vegetable in the form of 'duality' if that vegetable is present in the first place. What is the use of spices if there is no vegetable at all? Other boys also loved Mohan, but not as deeply as Premyogi did, because they were not as efficient cooks as he was. Premyogi would first cook Mohan's mischiefs into a delicious dish of nonduality, and only then speak about them to others, making everyone happy, blissful, and smiling. Perhaps this was also the reason Premyogi later in life became very fond of cooking food itself.

This cooking in early life did not happen by itself. It happened through controlling Mohan, balancing him, complaining about his mischiefs when he crossed limits, and creating in him a fear of going into excess or becoming inhuman. This habit of balancing was carried by Premyogi into his later life as well — into university life and, to some degree, into professional life. He never bothered about mischief if it was friendly, rooted in nonduality, accompanied by laughter, and filled with love and humanity, and he never tried to complain about such acts. For him, these were like flowers mixed with thorns, from which honey could always be extracted.

This same habit of moderation also saved him in his school-time adolescent life, when very faint mischiefs occurred through him itself toward sweethearts, and love grew into samādhi instead of complaints, making him famous as Premyogi Vajra.

The boy who once ran blindly with laughter now began sensing the invisible architecture beneath events. He remained playful. He remained engaged. But he was no longer carried entirely by momentum. The hollow reed was gaining structure.

And without structure, no music can endure.

Chapter 3

The Jungle Feasts and the Taste of Power

This chapter marks the moment when simple mischief slowly reveals its deeper nature as energy. Until now, play had been movement, laughter, and escape. Here, without Premyogi naming it, play begins to show its *force*. The jungle feasts, stolen fruits, roasted maize, and secret gatherings become laboratories where freedom, attraction, influence, and consequence quietly announce themselves. This chapter shows Premyogi's first living understanding of **Shakti**—not through teaching or scripture, but through enjoyment, excess, mistake, and insight, all wrapped in laughter.

The jungle was their true dining hall. Whenever they stole bananas from abandoned gardens, maize from hilltop fields, or gur and coconuts from ritual collections, the feast never happened in the village. It happened deep among trees, where smoke could rise unnoticed and laughter could echo without complaint. Fire was lit carefully, maize was roasted slowly, and food was shared without counting who brought how much. Nothing was stored. Nothing was saved. Everything was consumed in the moment.

At first, these acts felt like freedom from hunger. Slowly, Premyogi realized they were freedom from guilt.

No one stole because they lacked food at home. They stole because the act itself dissolved fear. Taking without permission, eating without ritual, laughing without restraint—these acts cut through invisible rules that quietly shape the mind. In the jungle, no one asked who deserved what. The earth offered. Fire transformed. Hands shared.

Premyogi noticed that after every such feast, something inside him felt lighter. Not excited, not restless—lighter. It was as if some inner knot loosened each time he enjoyed without possession. He did not yet know the language for it, but later he would recognize it as freedom from limitation.

Gradually, he also began noticing something else. When they walked together, boys naturally gathered around him. Not because he commanded, but because he did not compete. He did not grab the largest piece of maize. He did not boast. He did not rush. His ease made others comfortable. However, like others, he also wished to get the largest piece and even tried to do so, but peacefully, without attachment, without cheating or hurting anyone, and only as a play. If he did not get it, he was not annoyed, taking it simply as a consequence of play.

Girls passing by would sometimes slow their steps slightly—not out of desire, but quiet curiosity. Elders watching from a distance often softened when they noticed him. Even when mischief came to light, blame rarely settled on Premyogi directly. He was careful about his public image, a habit shaped partly by his parents, who placed social honour above almost everything else. Reputation, in that household, was not decoration; it was protection.

Once, Mohan complained to the elders about a group of boys, of the same age, in which Premyogi was also present as a side-walker, teasing a few girls. Premyogi felt disturbed by this. Not because the complaint was entirely false, but because it threatened the fragile shield of honour around him. To protect that image, he blamed Mohan for instigating the incident and for accompanying the group—an accusation that was not true. It was spoken deliberately, not out of malice, but to teach Mohan a lesson for speaking up and disturbing the unspoken balance.

Mohan reacted with intense fury. His eyes widened, his breath grew hot and heavy, and his body trembled like an angry bull held back by force. Premyogi, on the other hand, felt a strange lightness, as society shifted the burden away from him. Relief came, but it was mixed with an unspoken discomfort.

Most of the blame fell upon another boy from the group, whose family already carried a weaker social standing. Their past behavior, combined with poorer economic conditions, made him an easier target. The elders sensed that Mohan was not the main culprit—his visible anger at being blamed revealed his resistance rather than guilt—but they still did not give him a complete clean chit. In their eyes, his habitual mischief meant he must have played some role, at least in misguiding others.

A similar incident had occurred earlier during primary school, when a girl became the unintended victim of childish behavior. Many boys were carried away by immature curiosity, influenced by overheard conversations among elders and by the actions of one another, without fully understanding the weight of what they were doing.

At that time as well, Premyogi was spared serious consequence because of his parents' reputation and the trust they commanded in the community. Another boy from the group, named Ramesh, was identified as the main offender and bore the brunt of the punishment. He was reprimanded and beaten by his own family, the schoolteacher, and the girl's father—pressure coming upon him from all sides at once. This puzzled him at first. He was doing the same things as others—sometimes more cleverly. Why then was reaction different? Was this due to his nondual awareness, which acts like a washing machine and converts bad into good? Still, bad is bad in society and is condemned by all; however, in his case it was not condemned so strongly or hatefully because of this washing effect. He would find the full answer to this later in his life. Without realizing it fully, Premyogi was tasting influence.

For him, nothing was absolutely forbidden, because a sense of nonduality had already come through family traits and impressions carried from previous births. Still, social boundaries had to be maintained. Because of this, he learned the ideas of good and bad not through rigid instruction, but through **learning by doing**—though never by fully or deeply committing harmful acts himself. Instead, he experienced them in a *signatory* way, mainly through the company of village boys, especially Mohan.

Mohan himself was mild in his actions—funny, playful, and mischievous, but never brutal or cruel. His doing was light, not heavy. This created a rare learning

environment, where action carried hints rather than damage. In such a space, understanding grew naturally, without fear or moral burden.

This became an ideal model of learning: touching action without harming, tasting experience without falling into excess. Compared to pure theory or philosophy, this way of learning was far more effective. It allowed insight to arise from the body and nervous system, not just from thought.

Unknowingly, Premyogi was receiving the highest quality of experiential conditioning. Life itself was educating him—gently, playfully, and precisely—long before he ever recognized it as spiritual training. This wide range of experiences also helped him become a successful experiential writer later in life.

Premyogi remembered one incident clearly. Once, inspired by Mohan, the two of them jumped naked into a shallow public water-supply tank to bathe and swim freely. There was no planning in it, no defiance—only the innocent thrill of touching water without barriers, without cloth, without thought. For those few moments, the body felt light, unclaimed, and free.

Suddenly, a water-department employee arrived, holding a thick stick in his hand. At the faint sound of footsteps, Mohan reacted instantly. Like a startled bird, he rushed to escape. Premyogi, however, could not climb the walls in time and was caught. He began crying loudly, not out of fear alone, but from the shock of being seen, exposed, and helpless.

The employee, instead of reacting harshly, responded with unexpected mercy. He helped Premyogi out of the tank, handed him his clothes, and warned him gently never to repeat such an act. There was no beating, no humiliation, only firm kindness. The incident soon became a light-hearted story in the village. People laughed and said, “Children are children. There is no harm in fun when no harm is done.”

But for Premyogi, something deeper had occurred.

In that moment of exposure, crying, and surrender, a subtle inner opening took place. Shame dissolved rather than hardened. Fear passed through without leaving residue. The body was seen, corrected, and released—without condemnation. Something old loosened its grip. Certain buried impressions, inherited modesties, and unconscious restraints softened quietly.

Much later in life, Premyogi would recognize this as an early tantric hint—not in practice, but in spirit. The experience carried surrender, trust, loss of rigid self-image, and acceptance by authority without violence. It taught him that openness need not always be punished, that vulnerability could coexist with protection, and that freedom, when innocent, does not necessarily invite harm. Such practices of surrender at many stages of life later helped him dissolve the ego and succeed in yoga.

At the time, he only laughed when others laughed. But inwardly, the body had learned something the mind had not yet named. A small knot of shame had been untied. A silent permission to be natural had been granted.

That lesson stayed buried, waiting.

One day, it would rise again—not as memory, but as understanding.

Influence is not force. It is gravity. It pulls without pushing. He saw that Mohan created reaction, but he created *following*. Mohan's energy exploded outward; Premyogi's energy drew inward. This was the main difference between the two. Mohan tried to influence others through outer growth, and Premyogi through inner growth. Together, they made the full Krishna alive. Both of them, in their own way, enjoyed the full Krishna life, but it is not known how much Mohan could carry that toward awakening, like Premyogi, or otherwise. Separately, both were incomplete. Outward growth without inward growth is incomplete. Similarly, inward growth without outward growth is incomplete. Outward growth provides duality, and inward growth attaches 'none' to it and transforms it into nonduality.

He would feel this amplification greatly later, with a merger like two quantum waves resonating and amplifying each other, when Sweetie would replace Mohan in his adolescent school life. There, Krishna would reach the love-līlā stage from the bāla-līlā stage. Krishna would never be lost in his life; it would only be upgraded according to age and condition. This same Krishna would be called Shakti, Shiva, or Rama at different stages of life. There is no difference in the base—only the upper story of vocabulary changes. The building always rests on its base, no matter how high it is raised. This was the earliest current of attraction—not sexual, not emotional, but magnetic. Presence itself was becoming active.

The cactus-milk incident marked the first clear rupture in this joyful flow. Until then, mischief had mostly ended in laughter. That day, it ended in panic.

Mohan, excited by the idea of secret knowledge, convinced a group of boys that a milky sap from a cactus plant was a powerful herbal remedy for strength and growth. The boys trusted him. The experiment was applied with laughter and anticipation. Within minutes, swelling began. Panic replaced excitement. Crying erupted. Parents arrived. The jungle echoed not with laughter but with fear. However, Premyogi was not included by Mohan in his team, perhaps due to fear of scolding by elders after Premyogi's easy complaining. Still, Premyogi enjoyed their foolishness when he heard about it from others and found himself lucky and superior for being saved from it. The mothers of the kids worried about how to save their children from Mohan, but they were still fully assured by his hosting family and by his past behaviour that Mohan was only naughty, not violent or cruel, except in self-defence.

Premyogi watched closely—not with amusement this time, but alertness.

This was the first moment he saw Shakti misused.

The same energy that brought joy now created suffering. The same confidence that inspired trust now caused harm. The mistake was not intention. It was ignorance of consequence.

Later that evening, as the chaos settled and punishment had already been given through the suffering of that incident, Premyogi sat alone. He replayed the sequence in his mind. There was no cruelty in Mohan's heart. There was no malice in the boys' curiosity. Yet damage had occurred.

A quiet realization arose: **power without awareness does not remain playful. It turns unpredictable.**

This insight did not make him fearful of power. It made him respectful.

From that day onward, jungle feasts continued, but Premyogi's attention sharpened. He noticed how energy flowed before and after events. He observed who laughed and who fell silent. He began sensing the invisible boundary between expansion and harm. Maybe there was an effect of sādhanā from previous births in him, which was tuning his body in its favour, just as radio waves tune a radio set to play sound of its own nature.

When mischief made everyone lighter, it was play.
When mischief made even one person shrink, it was imbalance.

This distinction was not taught to him. It emerged naturally, like a taste developing on the tongue.

The jungle itself seemed to teach this lesson. A small fire cooked food and warmed hands. The same fire, if left unattended, burned dry grass fiercely. Fire was not wrong. Neglect was.

Premyogi began relating to his own influence the same way. He did not suppress it. He watched it.

When boys followed him into mischief, he slowed his steps slightly. When laughter rose too fast, he softened it with humor. When excitement edged toward cruelty, he redirected it toward himself or away altogether.

This was not morality. It was balance.

He began understanding Shakti not as something dramatic or mystical, but as everyday force—speech, confidence, presence, courage. Used unconsciously, it swelled into chaos. Used with awareness, it fed joy.

Even Mohan sensed the shift, though he could not name it. He still led storms, but now he often glanced at Premyogi mid-action, as if checking an invisible signal. Sometimes he ignored it. Sometimes he adjusted.

This was the beginning of rhythm.

Later in life, Premyogi would understand that Shakti always arrives before wisdom. Energy comes first. Awareness follows—or suffers.

Here, in these jungle feasts and childish mistakes, he learned this truth not as philosophy but as memory. The smell of burnt maize, the taste of stolen gur, the sound of panicked crying, the silence after laughter, full surrender to unforeseen—all became imprints shaping his nervous system.

This is why this chapter is essential. Without this lived taste of power, Premyogi's later balance would have been fragile. He would not have trusted energy. He would not have known its danger or its gift.

Instead, he learned early that power is neutral. Awareness decides its destiny.

By the time childhood began dissolving into adolescence, Premyogi carried within him a subtle understanding: joy does not fear discipline, and discipline does not kill joy. What destroys both is ignorance.

The jungle feasts slowly became less frequent, but their lessons remained permanent. They had taught him how to enjoy without guilt, how to lead without domination, how to hold power without being drunk on it.

Most importantly, they taught him that Shakti is not to be worshipped or feared—but understood.

And this understanding did not harden him. It made him lighter.

Play had begun revealing its deeper face.

And awareness had begun tasting power.

Chapter 4

The Sacred Pond and the Serpent of Fear

This chapter marks the moment when play first brushes against death and returns transformed. Until now, mischief had always dissolved into laughter, scolding, or escape. Here, something different enters—the still, cold presence of fear. The sacred pond becomes the emotional center of the story, not as mythology enacted, but as lived psychology. Through this incident, Premyogi encounters fear without collapsing into it, and for the first time, a quiet witnessing awakens within him. This is the earliest seed of the yogi, born not from discipline, but from play meeting danger and remaining conscious.

The pond lay hidden among hills, slightly away from the usual grazing paths. Its water was dark even at noon, reflecting the sky without revealing its depth. Children bathed there often, but never without caution. Elders spoke of it with mixed reverence and warning. In one corner of the pond, beneath an old stone slab, there was a hole. People said a NāgDevatā lived there. No one had seen it clearly, but belief did not need proof. Fear itself became proof. At times, a small snake's head could be seen peeping out, slipping into the water to feed on small fish and tadpoles. It was not a mythical Nāga, but the mind often needs symbols—perhaps imagining it as a servant of something deeper, moving between the visible and the hidden.

For Mohan, such warnings were invitations.

One afternoon, after a long day of roaming the hills, the boys reached the pond. The sun was still high, the water inviting. Clothes were discarded without thought, bodies slipped into the cold, and laughter echoed against the rocks. It was ordinary play at first—splashing, diving, daring each other to swim farther.

Then Mohan climbed a low-hanging tree branch that stretched over the deepest part of the pond.

“I’ll jump from here,” he announced, eyes shining.

Someone shouted, “Don’t go there.”

Another whispered, “That’s where the serpent lives.”

Mohan laughed.

Without pause, he jumped.

The splash was loud. Ripples spread. Everyone waited for his head to surface.

It did not.

Seconds passed. Laughter faded. Someone called his name. Another shouted louder. The water remained still.

Panic rose like smoke.

“He drowned!”

“The NāgDevatā took him!”

“Call someone!”

The boys began shouting, some crying, some frozen. Fear moved fast, feeding on itself.

Premyogi stood still.

Something strange happened inside him. While voices rose around him, while hearts raced, he noticed a deep quiet open within his chest. His body was alert, but his mind did not scatter. He watched the water—not anxiously, not desperately, but attentively.

For the first time, play had crossed into the territory of death, and instead of panic, awareness appeared.

Then, suddenly, the water broke.

Mohan emerged, gasping, hair plastered to his forehead, eyes bright, smiling as if he had returned from a secret world. The boys screamed in relief. Some laughed hysterically. Some cried openly. Fear collapsed into awe.

But Premyogi did not return to his old state.

Relief came, but something had shifted.

He realized that fear had passed through him without owning him. The panic had touched his senses, but it had not taken over his center. A witness had appeared—not cold, not detached, but steady.

Later, when elders scolded and beatings followed, the incident became another village story. People said Mohan was mad. People repeated the serpent rumor with greater conviction. Warnings were renewed. Life moved on.

But inside Premyogi, the pond remained.

Water began taking on a new meaning for him. He sensed it as depth, as unconscious space, as something that could hold both danger and silence. The serpent, too, changed its meaning. It was no longer just a village belief. It became a symbol—of hidden energy, dormant power, fear coiled at the bottom of awareness.

He did not think in these words then. He felt them.

Fear, he realized, was not always an enemy. Sometimes it was a doorway.

If one ran from it blindly, it chased.

If one froze in it, it swallowed.

But if one stood still and watched, it revealed something deeper.

This was the first time Premyogi experienced stillness in chaos. Not because he tried to be calm, but because something in him had already been trained by years of play. Escapes, scoldings, near-dangers—his nervous system had learned flexibility. It did not lock up easily.

Mohan, on the other hand, experienced fear differently. For him, fear was a thrill that followed survival. He emerged laughing, triumphant, untouched. The incident fed his legend.

For Premyogi, it fed insight.

That evening, as the boys dispersed and silence returned to the hills, Premyogi sat alone. He replayed the scene again and again. There was no cruelty in Mohan's jump. There was no intention to frighten others. Yet fear had erupted powerfully. He saw clearly that fear does not need intention. It arises from uncertainty.

And uncertainty arises when one does not know depth.

The pond had depth. Mohan had jumped into it without concern. Others had imagined monsters in it. Premyogi had simply watched.

This difference stayed with him.

In later years, when inner energies would rise suddenly, when bliss would deepen and fear would accompany it, this memory would return—not as story, but as training. He would remember that awareness can stay even when the ground disappears.

This was the first true meeting with the unconscious.

The pond was not a myth.

The serpent was not fantasy.

They were inner realities wearing rural language.

Seen later through the lens of understanding, the pond revealed itself as something more than a village water body. It was **Mūlādhāra**—the dark, deep base of being where instinct, fear, and raw energy reside. Jumping into it naked was like a yogin entering Mūlādhāra, sitting in a deep cave or an isolated place, leaving everything worldly behind. The serpent spoken of by the villagers was not myth after all; it was **Kuṇḍalinī**, imagined through local language and fear. Mohan's leap into the pond was not merely reckless play. Symbolically, it was the act of a tantric yogin plunging into the unknown depths of Mūlādhāra, where one risks everything without guarantee of return.

The terror of the other children—their cries, their certainty that Mohan was lost forever—mirrored the fear of ordinary people when someone they know enters unexplored inner territory. To them, such descent appears dangerous, even fatal. They fear the yogin may never return, may lose himself, may cross beyond the familiar boundaries of normal life.

Mohan's re-emergence—laughing, alive, untouched—carried a deeper resonance. It was like Kuṇḍalinī rising from the depths and reaching the crown, victorious and radiant. The relief, awe, and joy that followed among the boys reflected, in simple village form, the bliss of realization that follows awakening. One rises transformed, and all around feel the shift, even if they cannot name it.

Premyogi did not understand any of this then in yogic language. But something essential was imprinted. He witnessed fear without being swallowed by it. He saw descent without loss, danger without destruction. Perhaps, without knowing it, he received his first true yoga lesson in that village incident—one that later made success possible when similar depths would open within him, not outside, but inwardly.

What scriptures describe in symbols, life had already demonstrated to him through play.

And that lesson, once lived, never leaves.

The unconscious always looks like danger to the unprepared mind. It speaks in symbols, rumors, inherited fears. But for the one who watches without panic, it becomes a reservoir of energy.

Premyogi did not analyze any of this then. He simply noticed that after that day, fear lost some of its authority over him. He respected it, but he was no longer enslaved by it.

Play continued. Mischief continued. Mohan remained storm.

But something irreversible had happened.

A silent watcher had been born.

This chapter stands as the first turning point in *Līlā Before the Yogi*. It shows that the yogic seed did not sprout in meditation or teaching. It sprouted at the edge of fear, beside a dark pond, when a boy discovered that awareness could remain intact even when death seemed near.

From that day onward, Premyogi was no longer only a participant in life's play. He had tasted what it meant to *see*.

And once seen, it could never be unseen.

Chapter 5: The Serpent That Should Not Be Pulled

This chapter reveals a quieter but sharper lesson: that not all trapped energy should be forced into release. Some movements mature only through patience. The incident becomes a living metaphor for kundalinī restraint—where compassion without wisdom can turn destructive, and stillness becomes the higher intelligence.

It happened on an ordinary afternoon, under a wide sun, on a gently sloping grassland where cattle grazed lazily. The land was open, yellow-green, and calm. Nothing in the air hinted at instruction. Premyogi, Mohan, and another village boy walked without purpose—talking, laughing, throwing stones absent-mindedly, watching cows chew slowly. It was one of those hours when life feels complete without effort. Then the movement caught their eye.

Near a shallow earthen hole, something large twisted violently. At first glance it looked like a serpent, but closer inspection revealed a large, serpent-like lizard—thick-bodied, ancient-looking, half-entangled inside the hole. Its front body was stuck, while the rear thrashed wildly. The tail was sharp and muscular, striking the ground with force. This creature did not bite with its mouth; it attacked with its tail.

Each movement was an attempt to free itself—and each attempt failed.

A dog appeared, circling, barking, darting in and out. The lizard lashed harder. Dust rose. The grass bent under repeated strikes. The hole held firm.

Mohan reacted instantly.

Pity rose in him like fire. His face tightened, eyes alert. He felt the urge to act, to save, to intervene. Without pause, he turned to Premyogi and said sharply, “Go. Bring a cloth from the cattle shed on the hill. Quickly. We must pull it out.”

It was not a request. It was a command—spoken with urgency, authority, and strain.

Premyogi did not move.

He stood still, watching the animal, watching Mohan, watching the tension spread across the scene. He felt the danger clearly. If the creature came free suddenly, the tail could strike with full force. Someone could be injured. He also sensed something else—less obvious, but deeper.

The energy was stuck.

He said no.

Mohan asked again, louder this time. Premyogi refused again.

Anger rose in Mohan. “If it dies, it will be because of you,” he shouted. “You have no pity. You are cruel like an animal. If you are so humane, why don’t you help?”

Premyogi remained unmoved.

He did not argue. He did not justify. He did not counter-accuse. He only observed that Mohan himself did not go to fetch the cloth. Mohan believed he alone was brave enough to pull the creature out, while others were meant to serve him with supporting tasks. There was pride hidden inside compassion—an urge to be the hero.

The dog barked again. The lizard struck again. The tail whipped the air, sharp and fast.

Premyogi sensed clearly: **this was not the moment to pull.**

Not all trapped life should be rescued by force. Not all suffering is solved by intervention. Some knots loosen only by time—or break dangerously if rushed.

Eventually, they walked away. No one knows what happened to the creature. It may have freed itself. It may have retreated deeper. It may have died. Life did not give closure.

But the lesson remained.

Much later, Premyogi understood what that moment had taught him.

In yogic language, the serpent was energy—powerful, alive, but obstructed. The hole was a blocked channel. The thrashing tail was restless prāṇa searching for release without clarity. Mohan represented the impulsive rescuer—the rājasic force that wants immediate action, immediate ascent, immediate salvation.

Premyogi represented something else.

He sensed that **forcing energy upward through obstruction can be more dangerous than leaving it where it is.** Pulling the serpent could injure the rescuer. Suppressing it could suffocate it. Letting it be was not cruelty—it was intelligence.

When energy is brought down suddenly from higher centers, it can create imbalance in worldly life. A person who has remained for long at heightened awareness may temporarily forget how to handle energy when it descends to the lower centers. Adjustment takes time. For this reason, classical wisdom advises that energy should be brought down slowly and consciously.

Some people, while in heightened states, deliberately consume tamasic elements—such as heavy food, intoxicants, or certain tantric pañcamakāras—to pull energy down quickly for worldly urgency. This can work, but it often produces a shock. Others fall into such company unintentionally, or enter low-energy or too materialist or non-spiritual environments, homes, or social circles. These too can drag energy downward abruptly.

A mind illuminated by sattvic, nondual clarity cannot easily tolerate sudden tamasic darkness after descent. Irritation appears instantly. Quarrelling may arise. In extreme cases, even physical confrontation can occur. Although the person may regain balance quickly, the damage to image has already been done. Once tarnished,

reputation does not recover easily. Family life suffers. Relationships with relatives become strained. The inner cost is far greater than the momentary relief gained by rapid grounding.

This is why higher yoga traditions repeatedly warn those with refined awareness to remain cautious about tamasic things, places, and people. This caution itself is part of yoga. At lower stages of practice, such exposure may not matter much. But at higher stages, it matters deeply.

Krishna, in the narratives, never keeps company with tamasic forces such as the Kauravas or demons. He aligns with the Pandavas, devas, and higher beings. This does not mean that God discriminates—divinity is equal everywhere. It means that the yogi must discriminate. God can remain unaffected anywhere. The yogi cannot.

Thus, careful descent is as important as ascent. Knowing how to come down without falling is as vital as knowing how to rise. Energy must be handled with intelligence, patience, and timing—otherwise even illumination can become a source of disturbance.

This was a lesson about kundalinī no scripture teaches directly.

When energy is blocked:

- Do not drag it upward forcefully.
- Do not push it downward aggressively.
- Do not meddle without humility.

Energy has its own intelligence.

If left undisturbed, it will either:

- dissolve and be reabsorbed,
- retreat to safety,
- or find its own opening upward.

Forced compassion often hides ego.
True compassion includes patience.

Mohan's pity was genuine—but mixed with pride and command. Premyogi's refusal was misunderstood as coldness—but it was clarity. He was not denying help; he was denying violence disguised as rescue.

This incident quietly settled something deep inside him.

Later in life, when intense energies rose during meditation, desire, study, or silence, he remembered this serpent. He learned not to pull sensations upward aggressively. Not to chase bliss. Not to dramatize ascent. He learned to let energy mature at its own pace.

When channels were blocked, he waited.

When sensations were sharp, he softened.

When pressure rose, he did not force release.

This restraint prevented many dangers—mental imbalance, emotional flooding, and premature collapse.

In Krishna-living terms, this is a subtler *lilā*. Krishna does not always lift the mountain immediately. Sometimes he simply stands, letting balance restore itself.

The lesson was not moral. It was energetic.

Pity without wisdom injures.

Action without humility distorts.

Force without timing destroys.

This chapter does not end with heroism, rescue, or success. It ends with **restraint**—the most misunderstood virtue in spiritual life.

The serpent taught him what no teacher could:

Not every knot is meant to be untied by hand.

Some are meant to loosen by stillness.

And so this chapter stands quietly between movement and silence—marking the moment Premyogi learned that true mastery is not in pulling energy upward, but in knowing **when not to touch it at all**.

Chapter 6: The Two Bullocks and the Silent Code

About a hundred meters above the place where the serpent had struggled, there stood an old shelter made of mud and wood. It was simple, weathered, and lonely, resting quietly amid the jungle. Between the valley below and the ridge above, the land rose in steps—two or three flat patches of earth separated by sloping grass-covered walls, like wide ladder rungs carved into the hill.

The village settlement lay far below, nearly a kilometer down in the mid-valley. From there, in clear daylight, one could see the ridge line above, and on it, the small shelter where two bullocks were tied.

They were used for ploughing.

Every morning they were taken out, their ropes loosened, and they were led across the slopes to graze freely throughout the day mainly by Mohan. In the evening, they were brought back and tied again near their pegs. A little dry grass was placed for the night—not much, for they had already eaten enough green fodder while grazing. Water they drank from a nearby pond on the same ridge—the same pond that held serpents and silent depth.

The shed stood alone, surrounded by forest. At night, the jungle came alive. Predators must have passed by, circling, watching. Any forgotten mistake—any unlocked door, any loosened rope—could have meant attack. Yet such a thing never happened.

It seemed as if the bullocks themselves had developed an understanding with the place.

In that loneliness and quiet danger, they had formed a kind of companionship. They stood close, moved together, and responded to sounds not with panic, but alertness. One could almost feel that they “talked” in their own way—sharing warmth, awareness, and vigilance.

The elder bullock was large, strong, and calm. There was a sage-like quality in him. He never attacked humans. He never fought animals unnecessarily. He carried a sattvic presence—steady, grounded, unprovoked. Even when disturbed, he did not react blindly.

The younger bullock was smaller, restless, and outwardly aggressive. He reacted quickly to threats, stamped the ground, lowered his head, and showed readiness to fight. Yet toward the elder one, he was deeply respectful and obedient. He never challenged him. Instead, he positioned himself protectively—always alert to outside movements, always ready to defend.

Premyogi observed this dynamic many times.

Slowly, without naming it, he absorbed a powerful yoga lesson.

Be strong in the world for self-protection—but never use that strength against a sage, a guru, an elder, a teacher, or one who carries knowledge. Instead, protect them.

The younger bullock embodied rājasic strength. The elder bullock embodied sattvic wisdom. Strength without wisdom becomes violence. Wisdom without protection becomes vulnerable. Together, they formed balance.

This insight settled deeply inside Premyogi.

Later in life, this silent code guided him again and again. It shaped his faith in the guru principle—not as blind worship, but as intelligent reverence. He learned to recognize teachers not only in people, but everywhere. Many became his gurus: elders, friends, books, experiences, failures, animals, even dogs. Later, computers and the internet also taught him. Knowledge came from many directions, and wherever it came from, he learned to bow inwardly.

At the same time, he learned never to harm or ridicule wisdom, even when clothed in simplicity or silence. And when required, to stand fiercely against ignorance—but without arrogance.

This balance later helped him greatly in yoga.

Energy respects humility. Knowledge grows where reverence exists. Strength becomes safe only when it stands in service of clarity.

The two bullocks, tied to pegs on a lonely ridge, taught him what no scripture could have explained so directly.

And they did so without a single word.

Chapter 7

Awareness Within Līlā — The Making of Premyogi Vajra

This final chapter of the first part gathers all the scattered threads of play, mischief, fear, attraction, and consequence, and weaves them into a single inner understanding. What earlier appeared as unrelated incidents—escapes, scoldings, jungle feasts, pond-fear, and childish mistakes—now reveal themselves as a quiet training ground. This chapter shows the precise turning point where Premyogi is no longer only a participant in life's play, but also a silent observer within it. Here, the Krishna-essence matures—not into control or miracle, but into alert, playful awareness that remains soft even as it becomes steady.

Looking back, Premyogi could see how nothing in those years had been wasted. Each incident, however ordinary or chaotic it seemed at the time, had left a fine imprint on his nervous system. Running from angry farmers had not only trained his legs; it had trained his sense of timing. He learned when to run fast and when to disappear quietly. This was the earliest shaping of **prāṇa**—movement learning rhythm rather than panic.

Scoldings and beatings, which once felt unfair or excessive, had trained something subtler. They taught him detachment. He learned that words pass, anger cools, and reputation rises and falls like weather. The body felt pain, but the mind learned not to cling to humiliation. In yogic language, this was the loosening of **granthis**—knots of identification—long before he knew such terms. In truth, the heavier scoldings and beatings were meant for Mohan, since he was the visible source of mischief, while Premyogi shared only the indirect consequences through companionship. This is why they together embodied Bāla-Krishna, not individually. Even Bāla-Krishna, in the stories, bore the loving discipline of Mother Yaśodā, even sticks at times.

Chaos, especially around Mohan, trained alertness. Living close to unpredictability kept his senses sharp. He learned to read faces, tones, silences, and sudden shifts in mood. Awareness began functioning without effort. This alertness later became the natural steadiness required for inner practices, where distraction is the real enemy.

Attraction entered his life slowly—through brief glances, half-smiles, and a quiet curiosity from others. It was not dramatic, and it was not demanded. Through this, he learned that presence itself carries weight. When one is settled within oneself, attention arises naturally. He did not chase it, yet it followed.

This taught him a deeper lesson: Shakti does not need force to move outward. When energy is unblocked and unmanipulated, it expresses itself as attraction, influence, and warmth. In the language of kundalini, this was energy learning to rise smoothly, without friction, struggle, or violence.

Mohan was attractive because he pushed his energy outward forcefully. His presence was loud, disruptive, and impossible to ignore. Premyogi, on the other hand, was attractive because he absorbed that same energy inward through a nondual attitude and natural detachment. One expanded outward, the other inward. In this way, Mohan without Premyogi would have remained raw and unshaped, while Premyogi

without Mohan would have remained unaware of the full range of life's force. Separately, both were incomplete.

Together, they fulfilled each other and added value to one another. Their relationship resembled the old story of the blind and the lame—when the lame sits on the shoulders of the blind, one provides movement and the other provides sight. Alone, neither can proceed far; together, both can move forward meaningfully.

From this living contrast, Premyogi learned an important lesson: one need not become disturbed by chaotic or extroverted people. Instead, by honoring their value and meeting them with nondual awareness, their energy can be transformed into light rather than noise. In truth, nonduality itself is the highest form of awareness, because it is closest to pure awareness. The purer the awareness, the more effortlessly it integrates difference.

This understanding later helped Premyogi greatly in his yogic journey. He found that many extroverted people were naturally happy in their outward expression and did not try to impose it on introverted individuals. These people respected inner silence and outer expression equally. Such extroverts became his greatest allies, because their energy supported yoga without disturbing awareness.

However, he also encountered another type—extroverted people who constantly stood on their heads, so to speak, dishonoring introverted nature and trying to convert everyone into their own image. These were the most difficult for him to handle. Any yogic benefit from them came at the cost of excessive energy spent resisting their pressure to turn inward awareness outward again.

Premyogi realized something subtle but important: the actual work of life—family duties, profession, social interaction—was done equally well by extroverts and introverts. Often, introverts like himself did it even more efficiently, because much energy was saved from unnecessary outward dissipation. The real difference was not in action, but in awareness.

From the beginning, Premyogi attempted everything through nonduality—first unconsciously through family *sanskāras*, and later consciously through his own evolving understanding, which he would come to call **Śarīra-Vijñāna Darśana** and **Quantum Darśana**. Life itself had taught him that awareness need not fight energy; it only needs to contain it.

Thus, what began as childhood play between a storm and a silence matured into a lifelong principle: outward force and inward absorption are not enemies. When held together in awareness, they complete each other—and that completion is yoga.

It is not that contemplation of nonduality does not consume energy. It does consume a small amount, because nothing exists without energy. Due to this mild expenditure, one's worldly activity may appear slightly affected. However, this effect is visible only to experienced or carefully observing eyes, not to others.

In the long run, this small expenditure of energy for a higher cause repays itself many times over—just as one rupee invested can quickly return ten. Through nonduality,

qualities such as coordination, harmony, patience, and human sensitivity naturally develop, and these save a tremendous amount of energy that would otherwise be wasted in conflict, resistance, and inner friction. That conserved energy then becomes available for deeper spiritual growth.

In truth, almost every incident in Premyogi's early life was **Kundalinī yoga in disguise**, just as the life of Krishna unfolds symbolically in the *BhāgavataPurāṇa*. What appeared outwardly as play was inwardly a silent discipline. Running up and down the hills, then standing still for long moments while grazing cattle, was no different from the spine of a yogin alternating between movement and deep dhyāna at different chakras. The body was learning rhythm long before the mind learned meaning.

Touching the peak of the hill each day was like reaching **Sahasrāra**, while returning every evening to the village deep below was a descent back to **Mūlādhāra**. Each day, one full Kundalinī revolution completed itself—rising from the base, touching the crown, and returning again to the ground. This movement happened naturally, without effort, without intention, yet with perfect regularity.

The fire lit near the hilltop was not merely for cooking; symbolically, it was the **fire of awakening**. Roasting maize in that fire was like bringing unresolved thoughts into awareness—exposing them to heat, watching them crack open, soften, and finally dissolve. What remained after eating was not heaviness, but lightness and quiet satisfaction, the same relief that comes when a thought completes itself and releases its grip.

Even the act of stealing maize from farmers' fields carried a deeper truth. Thoughts, too, are not truly ours. They arise from worldly interaction, memory, conditioning, and environment. Like crops grown in fields, thoughts belong to the outer world, not to the one who momentarily carries them. Witnessing them, cooking them in awareness, and letting them dissolve brings freedom, not guilt.

Similarly, stealing *gur* and coconuts from his own host-house carried a deeper lesson than it appeared on the surface. It was like sending a quiet message to life itself: do not hoard stored abundance; distribute it. Excess stored weight—whether material or mental—becomes a burden. Sharing it lightens the body, opens the heart, and creates a condition more conducive to spiritual growth. Making *maryādā* with it, by redistributing rather than accumulating, dissolved heaviness and replaced it with ease and openness.

This learning did not come from scripture or moral instruction. It came through doing. It was practical, lived, and absorbed directly by the nervous system. In this sense, Mohan became a living laboratory for Sanātana Dharma. Through him, principles were not merely read or followed; they were enacted. Dharma moved from book to body, from idea to action.

Mohan himself may not have known it, but he helped many people live Sanātana Dharma instinctively rather than intellectually. The greatest benefit of this unconscious teaching was received by Premyogi. Without realizing it, he was absorbing the essence of the tradition—not as discipline, but as spontaneous balance.

At times, it even felt as though Mohan was paying off a debt from a previous life, unknowingly serving others through his restless energy. It was remarkable how someone so flickering and mischievous—someone who could not be controlled in his own home, by his parents or other relatives—could remain in Premyogi's household for so long. Yet this very impossibility was the reason he stayed. Where control failed, awareness succeeded.

In staying with Mohan, Premyogi was not just hosting a troublesome boy; he was hosting a force that would quietly shape his entire inner journey.

None of this was understood at the time. Premyogi did not call it yoga. He did not speak of chakras, energy, or practice. Life itself was performing the discipline through him. The body was learning ascent and descent through daily movement, the nervous system was learning heat and stillness through mischief and consequence, and the mind was learning release through sharing, loss, and laughter—long before philosophy, terminology, or scripture entered his awareness.

This learning was quiet, natural, and irreversible. What later would be named and structured had already been lived.

What scriptures later describe with complexity, his childhood had already lived with simplicity. The hill, the fire, the running, the stillness, the descent—everything moved in harmony.

Play was the method.
Awareness was the result.

And Kundalinī had already begun its quiet work.

Fear, especially the fear around the sacred pond, trained stillness. When others panicked, something in him stayed unmoved. This was the first glimpse of a deeper center—**a witnessing point that does not dissolve even when the ground feels lost**. In symbolic language, this was the moment kundalini touched darkness and did not collapse, but waited.

Seen together, these experiences formed a clear inner progression. Escapes shaped rhythm. Scoldings shaped detachment. Chaos sharpened awareness. Attraction refined energy. Fear revealed stillness.

This is how Premyogi began changing—not suddenly, not dramatically, but decisively.

He was still laughing, still playful, still part of mischief, but something fundamental had shifted. He was no longer fully carried by events. He had begun watching himself within them. This did not make him serious or withdrawn. On the contrary, it made his play lighter. When one watches, one does not overdo.

The Krishna-essence in him was now clearly visible—not as divine performance, but as effortless balance. He did not suppress mischief; he refined it. He did not reject desire; he observed it. He did not glorify fear; he passed through it.

In mythical metaphor, this was kundalini learning to move upward without violence. Each incident corresponded to a subtle inner ascent. The base instincts of mischief belonged to **Mūlādhāra**, raw and powerful. The courage and playfulness of roaming hills awakened **Svādhiṣṭhāna**, joy and fluidity. Influence and attraction hinted at **Manipūra**, personal magnetism. Fear and stillness around the pond brushed **Anāhata**, where panic dissolves into quiet presence. And witnessing itself—silent, clear, unforced—was the early awakening of **Ājñā**, the seeing center.

None of this was deliberate. That was the key.

Premyogi did not practice yoga. Life practiced him.

What scriptures describe as stages, life delivered as play.

By the end of this phase, something unbreakable had formed inside him. He could engage without being lost. He could enjoy without clinging. He could be blamed without collapsing. He could be praised without inflating. He was learning to stay *inside the game without forgetting himself*.

This is why this entire phase of life had to be named **Chapter Zero** in the larger story. Because before any seeking began, before discipline appeared, before spiritual language entered his life, the foundation had already been laid.

Later, when meditation would come, it would not feel foreign.

Later, when silence would deepen, it would not feel dry.

Later, when renunciation would tempt him, it would not harden him.

Why?

Because the body already knew how to be free within life.

The boy who laughed in the jungle would one day sit in meditation with the same ease. His eyes would close, but the laughter would not be lost. It would simply turn inward.

That is the making of Premyogi Vajra.

Not a yogi born from denial, but one grown from play.

Not a mystic shaped by escape, but one refined by participation.

Not a seeker chasing truth, but a child who had already tasted it—without knowing its name.

And once tasted, it never leaves.

Play became awareness.

Awareness became home.

This is why *Lilā Before the Yogi* is not a preface, but a foundation.

Chapter 8: Before the Yogi Was Born

This chapter steps beyond chronology and enters continuity. It looks backward—not to explain Premyogi, but to reveal that his life was never isolated. Long before awareness awakened, long before rasa, bhakti, or yoga appeared as experiences, the ground had already been prepared. What follows is not biography; it is inheritance.

Premyogi's life did not begin with his first breath. It began much earlier—quietly, invisibly—through choices, losses, and movements made by those who came before him.

His great-grandfather's family once lived a life of stability and responsibility. They were known as landlords and ancient bankers of their region, trusted by villagers to safeguard jewellery and valuables. Wealth here was not display; it was custody. Then came a rupture. Thieves looted much of what had been entrusted to them. It was not merely financial loss—it was a moral tragedy. Somehow, through land and effort, the family compensated the people. Trust was restored, but the cost was heavy. Detachment entered the bloodline not through philosophy, but through necessity.

The earlier generations had shifted from plains to hills. The reason is remembered only vaguely—perhaps a search for isolation, perhaps peace, perhaps withdrawal after repeated shocks. Memory fades, but movement remains. The family chose elevation over expansion.

Premyogi's grandfather was highly educated, studying śāstra deeply, almost completing his Shastri degree. Yet life intervened. His father fell gravely ill, requiring care at home. Education was abandoned without complaint. A government job was later offered—at home—but he refused it, calling it a servant's position. He believed a man should not serve others when he could live on his own land.

Ironically, an act of law later transferred most of that land to nearby cultivators of lower social category who had been farming it for years. There was some resistance, some scuffle, but law prevailed. The land was gone. Only fragments remained.

Thus, learning met humility. Ownership met release.

With limited income remaining, the grandfather gradually turned toward **karmakāṇḍa**—performing household rituals and rites for modest offerings—alongside small-scale agriculture. The beginning itself carried a quiet irony. A so-called “backward category” elder from the village once requested him to conduct worship at his home. Though belonging to a higher caste by birth, the grandfather accepted with ease and grace. He felt honoured rather than diminished. The work suited his temperament, and from that single act, the path unfolded naturally.

Most of his *yajamānas* thereafter came from socially and economically marginalised communities. Many mocked him for this choice. Some hinted that he had fallen in status. He would respond calmly, often with quiet pride, quoting a single line:

“Kṛṇvanto viśvam āryam.”

Let the whole world be uplifted.

He would say that those already privileged did not need him as much. It was the neglected who required nourishment, dignity, and spiritual grounding. He understood well that such households could offer little in return. Payment was often symbolic, sometimes delayed, and occasionally absent altogether. Still, he served willingly—sometimes for very little, sometimes for nothing—without bitterness or complaint.

Despite these financial constraints, he raised a large family. He educated his children in difficult times, married them with dignity, and maintained a sense of honour even as material resources steadily shrank. What wealth he lacked in property, he compensated with steadiness, service, and inner abundance.

This, too, was yoga—not practiced in seclusion, not named, not formalised, but lived daily as detachment, service, and non-duality in action.

Premyogi's father, the eldest son—tall, disciplined—married his mother from a nearby hill village, smaller in stature, gentler in terrain. Stories differ. Some say both families had decided long ago to marry their eldest children. Others say Premyogi's maternal grandmother liked the softer hills near his father's home, where grass for animals was easier to gather than in harsher terrain.

His maternal family carried a similar spiritual depth as his paternal side. His *nanaji* was a respected and renowned *karmakāṇḍa* priest across the entire locality. The *sanskāras* of that lineage flowed naturally toward him through his mother, who remained deeply rooted in her family's faith and traditions.

Regardless of motive, the union carried balance. This was also Yoga. Balance is Yoga.

When Premyogi was born, his father was serving as a teacher in the interior hill regions—remote, rough, and demanding. The roads were narrow and dangerous, and daily travel itself required courage, steadiness, and acceptance of risk. Life around him was already shaped by effort, uncertainty, and endurance. Security was not given; it was lived moment by moment.

In spirit, it was like the descent of Krishna when Vasudeva himself was bound by hardship—moving through darkness, danger, and constraint within the prison of King Kansa. That prison was not merely a place; it was a system—rigid rules, binding laws, and overpowering authority that left no room for freedom. Kansa reflected the weight of structures that confine life even before it begins.

The outer conditions were harsh, yet the inner purpose remained untouched. The surroundings were restrictive, but what was being carried could not be restrained. The path was difficult, uncertain, and risky—but the movement itself was inevitable. What had to descend would descend, regardless of barriers.

This was not defiance. It was alignment.
Not rebellion against circumstance, but fulfilment through it.

Nothing around Premyogi's birth suggested ease or comfort. And yet, within those constrained circumstances, life arrived quietly, without protest. It was as if

awareness chose difficulty deliberately, not as punishment, but as a suitable ground for what was to unfold later.

The descent did not happen into celebration, but into endurance.
Not into protection, but into responsibility.
Not into light, but into a terrain where light would have to be carried.

This was not symbolism added afterward. It was the condition of arrival itself.

At birth, Premyogi did not cry.

There was no sound, no sudden movement, no urgent grasping for air. For a moment, people wondered whether life was present at all. It was—but quietly. Breath was there. Warmth was there. Awareness was there, settled inwardly, without agitation.

This, too, was yoga.

Not yoga learned later, not discipline imposed afterward, but the residue of a previous life's practice. There was no shock of arrival, no frantic reaching outward. Prāṇa appeared already balanced, not rushing toward the senses, not scattering into desire. It rested naturally within.

There was no attachment announcing itself at birth. No craving. No grasping. Consciousness did not spill outward in search of form. It remained gathered, as if continuing an unfinished meditation.

In yogic language, it was as though the child emerged directly from nirvikalpa-dhyāna—not as an experience, but as a condition. Awareness was present without disturbance. Life entered without noise.

This silent arrival became the first sign of a pattern that would later repeat itself again and again: movement without agitation, depth without display, and presence without demand.

Even before memory, the body knew how to be still.

Soon after, pneumonia struck the family. Premyogi, an elder sister, and a younger sister were all affected. The sisters did not survive. Premyogi did. Doctors said it was genetic. Later, another sister and a brother were born—both pneumonic, both survived.

However, Premyogi's repeated and almost miraculous survival quietly drew people toward him. Without effort or display, he became a point of affection, care, and attention for all around him. Through this, spiritual sanskāras gathered in him naturally and fully, not by teaching, but by being held in love. Survival itself became his teacher. What others might call accident or fortune functioned for him like the hard yamas and niyamas of yoga—discipline imposed not by choice, but by life itself.

In a deeper sense, these constraints that surrounded Bāla Premyogi can be understood as the many subtle forms of pressure that life imposes early on—much like the demons such as Śakaṭāsura, Bakāsura, and Dhenukāsura that appear in the childhood of Bāla Krishna. Those demons did not arrive as grand battles at first; they came disguised as ordinary dangers, accidents, obstructions, and threats to survival.

Similarly, the forces acting around Premyogi were not conscious enemies but conditions—illness, fragility, harsh environments, uncertainty, and systemic rigidity—that could have crushed a weaker life. Each challenge targeted vitality itself, as if testing whether the inner flame could endure. Yet, just as Krishna’s childhood demons fell not through deliberate combat but through effortless presence, these constraints dissolved simply because life continued to flow through him.

They were not overcome by strategy or resistance. They were outlived.

In this way, what later appeared as strength was not acquired; it was revealed. The obstacles did not shape him—they confirmed what was already settled within.

At the age of three, Premyogi was taken on a long pilgrimage—Teen Dhām yātrā across India—with one of his grandfather’s yajamān families. There was no one to leave him with. Trains then had no reservations, no sleepers—only crowded general compartments, people sitting on floors and laps, long journeys without facilities.

His father suffered typhoid and recovered slowly. Premyogi too fell ill and recovered—perhaps through early antibiotics, perhaps Ayurveda. Pollution was less then; endurance was more.

All of this was tapas—yogic austerity—not imposed by discipline or choice, but lived naturally through the circumstances of life itself.

There were no vows, no conscious renunciations, and no deliberate practices. Life arranged the restraint, the endurance, and the letting go. What later appears as spiritual effort had already been absorbed unconsciously, shaped by necessity rather than intention.

In the Krishna temple at Dwarka, he remained circling the Dwarkādhiśa idol for a long time. His small hands were bound in añjali, filled again and again with sea shells and mollusc pieces gathered from the nearby shore. With each round, he gently poured them at the feet of the deity. His lips moved continuously, murmuring something only he knew. There was no instruction, no prompting, no one guiding him. Devotion flowed on its own—simple, absorbed, and full of quiet bliss.

Two Western children stood nearby, watching him with curiosity and wonder, drawn by something they could not name. Even the temple priest paused, observed for a while, and finally smiled. He praised the child’s devotion and softly remarked that this was real bhakti.

This too was yoga—Bhakti Yoga—entering the psyche without effort. Another layer of sanskāra was quietly planted, not through teaching but through lived absorption. Perhaps with that silent blessing, or perhaps simply through ripened tendencies

carried forward, he later lived life in a Krishna-like way—playful, detached, inwardly devoted, and outwardly ordinary.

Once, he wandered away and was later found bathing joyfully in a small pit near a river ghat—content, absorbed, fearless, like a frog resting in water. At another time, his father left him briefly near a well. He did not move an inch. Had he stepped forward, he would have drowned.

This too was yoga, though unnamed. The pit mirrored the Mūlādhāra—depth, containment, and grounding. The water within it was energy itself. Immersing his body again and again and pouring water on his head lifted with his baby hands was like allowing energy to rise and fall in gentle cycles, without force or fear. The movement brought profound ease, a deep bodily relaxation and quiet bliss whose trace still remained in memory long afterward.

Even then, without understanding, the body seemed to know which depths were safe and which were not.

Once, he fell into a latrine pit while relieving himself. He cried out desperately. His father pulled him out, bathed him thoroughly. That hellish pit left a subtle imprint—one that surfaced later in moments when life itself felt endangered. Yet even that pit had been shallow. He had survived again.

Nearness to pits followed him—not attraction, but familiarity. The base was known terrain.

At Gaya ghat, he saw a woman carried joyfully on a palanquin, decorated with jewellery, flowers, sindoor, bindi—eyes open, face alive. He thought she was living. She was not. She was a suhāgin being carried after death for funeral, honoured as she had died without becoming a widow.

Her face stayed with him—faintly, subtly.

Years later, when Leena appeared—alive in presence, yet distant, luminous yet unreachable—it was as if that ancient image resurfaced. Alive, yet not for possession. Threads connected silently across decades.

This is how yoga moves—through impressions, not instructions.

Every incident, every loss, every relocation was already shaping a psyche that would not cling, would not rush, would not collapse. Just as every līlā in Krishna's life carries a psychological and spiritual lesson beneath the story, Premyogi's early life carried training without intention.

India's spiritual culture is not entertainment. It is accumulated lived psychology—layered over generations.

By the time Premyogi later encountered rasa, bhakti, kundalini, or nonduality, the soil had already been prepared. Nothing arrived suddenly. Everything unfolded when it was ready.

The yogi was not created.
He was remembered.

And that remembrance had begun long before he knew his own name.

Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience

Volume II: Krishna Living

Book Part Two

Rasa — When Awareness Learned to Taste

Premyogi Vajra

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Chapter 1

The Awakening of Rasa

This chapter marks the moment when Premyogi's inner life quietly changed its language. Childhood play did not vanish, nor was it rejected; it refined itself. What once moved as mischief now flowed as sensitivity. What once burst outward as freedom now gathered inward as taste. This chapter establishes **rasa** as the second gate of Krishna-living—where consciousness no longer learns through force, rebellion, or struggle, but through charm, timing, and subtle attraction. It is here that awareness first learns how to *feel* life deeply.

As Premyogi crossed the threshold of adolescence, something within him softened without weakening. His body still moved, but movement became measured. His laughter remained, but it carried rhythm instead of noise. The raw freedom of childhood matured into a quieter force—almost invisible, yet far more powerful than before. This force was not lust, nor defiance, nor the restless hunger of the senses. It was *rasa*: the taste of life awakening from within.

Rasa is sensitivity. It is the moment when consciousness begins to feel beauty rather than merely see it. Sound deepens. Gestures carry meaning. Presence itself becomes intoxicating, without effort. 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 realizing it, he had entered the first gate of Krishna-living—where consciousness learns not by struggle, but by attraction.

In kundalini language, this was energy refining itself. The force that once rushed outward now learned to circulate inward. Instead of exploding through action, it began vibrating through presence. Energy was no longer loud; it was magnetic.

The outer world, however, did not move with the same harmony.

Premyogi was pushed into a crowded city school, noisy and overflowing. Admissions had officially been banned, as the school had exceeded its capacity, yet fate bent its own rules. A special sanction arrived through an 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 the city would shape his future.

He had wished to choose computer science, convinced that modern knowledge held the key to success. But mathematics rose before him like a closed gate. A compartment in the tenth standard appeared quietly, without drama, yet it changed everything. Because of that single fracture, he was denied both computer science and non-medical science altogether. The system did not negotiate. It simply redirected him.

From a yogic lens, this was not failure but resistance between structure and nature. His intelligence moved through sensitivity, perception, and lived awareness, while

the system demanded linear precision and mechanical continuity. Energy refused to flow through a channel that did not match its design.

Admissions that year were chaotic. The school was overcrowded far beyond its limits. Teachers were strained, classrooms overflowing, and frustration often spilled into blame—on population, on parents, on fate itself. In that pressure, rules hardened. Streams were closed. Doors shut quickly.

It was then that a compassionate biology madam noticed him. Not because of marks, not because of performance, but because she sensed something intact beneath the interruptions. Biology had no mathematics, and with restraint rather than enthusiasm, she admitted him into the stream. It was less an academic decision than a human one.

By the time he entered, his interest had already begun drifting away from textbooks. He became a last-bencher, not out of rebellion but out of quiet detachment. He wandered through markets, lingered in parks, walked streets without urgency, and observed people instead of pages. Faces, gestures, moods, tones, pauses—these became his curriculum. While formulas slipped away, life itself began teaching him directly.

What appeared outwardly as academic decline was inwardly a redirection. The system could not read his intelligence, but existence could. And existence had begun its own syllabus.

The city became his classroom.

He learned faces instead of formulas, gestures instead of graphs, moods instead of measurements. He observed how humans speak without words, how attraction moves before it is recognized, and how energy shifts when someone enters or leaves a space. Equations 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 deeply, yet something inside him did not break. His body absorbed the pain; his awareness stayed intact. He passed somehow, but physics returned like a final message in the form of yet another compartment, as if life was firmly closing one door so another could open without doubt.

This phase trained endurance. In kundalini metaphor, it was pressure building at a blocked center—not to punish, but to redirect flow.

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, orderly, and guarded by a small army unit. Discipline lived in the air there, and chaos had nowhere to hide. Streets were silent. Trees stood attentive. The sky felt close enough to touch.

When Premyogi arrived, something ancient stirred 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 he belonged again.

Here, rasa bloomed fully.

And here, 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 sweet-talking, mischievous girl—naughty like Mohan, yet gentle like a breeze. If Mohan had given Premyogi wildness, she gave him tenderness. Her laughter carried lightness. Her presence carried ease. The same ungraspable charm flowed now through a feminine form.

What unfolded between them was not romance as the world understands it, but something far subtler and deeper—a love without contact. They never stared at each other. They never spoke directly. They never touched. Often, they did not even stand near each other, yet everything happened.

A passing glance could change the whole day. Her laughter heard from a distance could soften his chest. His presence in the same room would slow her steps without her knowing why. Their paths crossed without crossing. Moments stretched without outward action.

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.

In kundalini language, this was energy rising without friction. Desire appeared, but it refined rather than consumed. The current moved upward gently, polishing awareness instead of scattering it.

Premyogi was being trained 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 distance. This was the second gate of Krishna-living: where love appears but does not bind, where desire arises but purifies, and where attraction becomes a yogic instrument rather than a trap.

He did not know it then, but this phase was carving the deepest groove in his being. It was preparing him for a future where energy would rise strongly, 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 this chapter 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

The City Without Rasa

Although it may appear to repeat the previous chapter, it does not. Instead, it builds on it for clearer and more detailed explanation.

By the time Premyogi entered the city, something subtle had already taken shape within him. Rasa had begun to speak softly inside—refining movement, slowing speech, sharpening attention. He did not name it, but it was present. Sensitivity had already awakened; now it was about to be tested.

The energy that had once been freely consumed during the Bāla-Krishna phase now began gathering inward due to the confined, non-rural city lifestyle. This accumulated energy gradually heightened his sensitivity.

The city did not receive it.

Noise announced itself first—constant, layered, unpausing. Bells rang sharply. Footsteps collided. Voices overlapped without listening. Corridors were narrow, classrooms crowded, and time was sliced into rigid blocks. Nothing lingered long enough to be felt.

Premyogi's body noticed this immediately. His breath shortened. His movements became economical. It was not fear, but compression. In the hills, space had pauses. Here, space was consumed.

Admissions had officially been closed; the school had exceeded its capacity long ago. Yet rules bent quietly. A special sanction arrived through political recommendation, and Premyogi entered through what felt like a side opening. At the time, it appeared fortunate. Later, it would feel like misplacement disguised as opportunity.

His parents carried hope into the city. They believed exposure would strengthen him, sharpen his future, and prepare him for the modern world. Premyogi accepted this without resistance. He chose computer science, trusting structure, logic, and technology. Yoga is also purely scientific, logical and technical.

In Kundalinī Yoga as well, a true guru or a suitable āśrama is not found easily. One has to pass through many tests. Those with short aims often return midway, abandoning the path when obstacles arise. But those with firm determination continue forward, removing one barrier after another. Premyogi and his family were not softly determined. Their approach was clear: strive for the highest quality with full effort, and only if something proved truly inaccessible or impossible, step down gradually—never retreat in fear.

This attitude reflected clearly in his academic journey. When computer science did not work, they tried non-medical. When non-medical failed, they moved toward medical. When school administration was unwilling, they sought an MLA's recommendation. There was no running away—only adjustment with persistence.

Much later, Premyogi realized how fortunate this redirection had been. At that time, many students who studied computer science for two full years found themselves stuck, with no clear path for higher studies. Biology, which had appeared as a compromise, turned out to be a blessing in disguise. It resonated deeply with his philosophical temperament, yogic sensitivity, and growing interest in consciousness. It allowed him to evolve naturally and later became the foundation for *Śarīra-VijñānaDarśana*, which he developed during his graduation in veterinary science.

What appeared most remarkable, even to him, was how philosophy emerged within a materialist university environment. From that setting, he wrote a seed chapter—an early philosophical synthesis—that was unexpectedly published in the university magazine. With its publication, something shifted. He noticed a subtle transformation both within himself and in the perception of his peers. Their outlook moved from narrow positivity or negativity toward a more holistic understanding of life, and his own inner confidence deepened.

It seemed that this difference arose from a relative lack of spiritual *saṃskāras* formed in them since early childhood. It was not that such impressions were entirely absent in them, but they were not strong enough to resist the pull of materialistic and physical life. When temptation appeared, their inner grounding could not hold as firmly as Premyogi's.

Because of this, when they were first introduced to Premyogi's seed chapter on nonduality, many of them experienced an immediate sense of relief. Something that had remained unresolved within them suddenly found language and direction.

Ironically, many of these individuals had grown up closer to raw nature than Premyogi himself—among high hills, dense forests, and snowbound terrains. Yet without inner *saṃskāras* of the same depth, external nature alone had not been sufficient. It was therefore natural that Premyogi could not fully mix with them at first. Perhaps their sensitivity had been diverted toward city-bound physicality and outward indulgence.

However, after encountering Premyogi's seed chapter, a subtle shift became visible. Their tuning toward him increased. The resonance was not complete, but it was real. Something dormant had begun to respond.

That chapter became a living text for him. Through constant contemplation and practical application in daily professional life even its culmination into kundalini awakening and self realisation, it having hit the clear proof gradually expanded into a complete philosophy. What began as an experimental expression turned into a tested framework.

It was like a successful test flight—quiet, modest, but decisive—clearing the way for a full launch later in life.

Mathematics appeared—not as a challenge, but as a refusal. Numbers were delivered without story, formulas without rhythm, symbols without continuity. Each problem stood isolated, unrelated to the one before or after. His mind did not rebel; it simply failed to engage. Whenever meaning was absent, awareness quietly withdrew.

The first compartment had arrived in the tenth standard, silently but decisively. There was no protest, no anger—only a clear inner recognition that something was misaligned. Because of this mathematics compartment, the option of non-medical science was closed to him. The very door that might have softened the pressure was denied.

With limited choices left, and after hesitation from several institutions, he was finally admitted into the biology stream—largely because it carried no mathematics. Even this admission came with restraint, as many schools were unwilling to take him, fearing that physics, too, carried mathematical equations. Only one school agreed.

For a brief moment, it felt like relief. But mathematics had not fully released its grip. In the eleventh class, physics returned as another test, carrying mathematical structures in a different form. Another compartment followed—not from incapacity, but from the same mismatch between method and awareness.

Teachers saw deficiency. Records reflected failure. The system moved forward efficiently, without noticing the crucial distinction between *inability* and *incompatibility*. What could not flow through rigid channels was marked as weakness, even though the energy itself remained intact.

In yogic terms, energy had reached a channel that could not conduct it. Not because the energy was weak, but because the pathway was rigid.

He did not fight the system. He slowly withdrew.

Books lost urgency. Benches moved farther back. Attention drifted outward—to streets, markets, parks, and passing crowds. He walked often, without aim. The city, unknowingly, began teaching him something else.

He watched faces. He noticed how moods shift before words appear, how confidence alters posture, how attraction moves silently through space. People spoke constantly, yet most communication happened before speech.

The city trained his perception, even as it rejected his participation.

Once, during this phase, a teacher lost control. Anger spilled into action. Premyogi was beaten—not symbolically, but with force. Pain rose sharply. His body reacted. Yet awareness did not collapse. It stayed present, watching sensation rise and fall.

That moment passed quickly, but it left an imprint. The body learned endurance. The mind learned non-identification. Awareness learned to remain intact under pressure.

This, too, was yoga—though no one named it so. It was forceful yoga. Energy that had been scattered through city wandering in the legs, indulgence in sweets filling the belly, and the constant tasting of beauty in the heart had reduced what should have been available at the Ājñā chakra for study and learning. The system demanded focus, but the energy was diffused.

In that moment, the teacher functioned like a harsh tantric mentor, forcing a sudden redirection of energy upward. The shock was abrupt, overwhelming, and involuntary. The body absorbed it before the mind could respond. Sensory activity froze. Attention collapsed inward. What had been scattered across movement, appetite, and emotion was gathered violently into the upper centers.

The effect was unmistakable. Heat surged upward. The upper body flushed intensely, as if subjected to a fierce yogic pressure or an uncompromising inner *kriyā*. Breath altered. The nervous system released through water flowing from the nasal passages, resembling an uninvited but cleansing *jalneti*, clearing blocked channels in a single, forceful event.

What people later called beating was, in another language, a crude and dangerous redirection of energy. Awareness was not guided; it was pushed. The ascent was not cultivated; it was imposed. For a brief moment, scattered currents aligned, and the mind entered a stark stillness.

Premyogi would later understand both the power and the peril of such methods. Energy can be driven upward by force, but without gentleness and integration, the cost is high. Still, even this encounter left an imprint. It taught him—through extremity—why true yoga warns against force without awareness, and why refinement is always superior to compulsion.

He passed somehow. Physics returned again, firm and unnegotiable, in the form of another compartment. This time it felt final. Life was no longer negotiating. One door was closing completely.

The turning came quietly, through his elder sister. Together, they changed schools the following year and left the crowded city behind. They entered a hill town—orderly, clean, archetypal—guarded by routine rather than noise.

The contrast was immediate.

Streets were silent. Trees stood attentive. The sky felt close enough to touch. There was space between sounds, space between thoughts.

The moment Premyogi arrived, something settled inside him. Not excitement—recognition. His breath deepened without effort.

Students were few. Competition was minimal. Teachers knew names, not just numbers. Villages nearby carried earth in their breath. Life moved at a human pace again.

Here, *rasa* did not need to assert itself. It simply rested.

In kundalini language, energy found a neutral channel again—not rising, not falling, but stabilizing. The nervous system began repairing what compression had strained. The energy that had been forcefully pushed upward in the city school now began settling in the higher chakras, receiving raw nourishment from books and processing it through a friendlier environment and supportive teachers.

Only later did Premyogi understand what the city had taught him. What had awakened earlier could not be destroyed—only delayed. Sensitivity cannot flourish in structures built solely for speed, repetition, and comparison.

The city had not crushed rasa. It had forced it into retreat.

And that retreat had been intelligent.

Krishna, in the stories, does not remain where rhythm is absent. He moves—not in anger, not in rejection, but in alignment. Leaving, in such moments, is not escape; it is wisdom. In the same way, yogis have always sought particular places for *sādhana*—Rishikesh, Haridwar, forests, caves, riverbanks—because the inherent vibration of a place matters. When the vibration of the land matches the vibration of the seeker, resonance is created. That resonance amplifies energy effortlessly.

This is why certain places feel immediately supportive to some, while the same places feel neutral or even uncomfortable to others. Each individual carries a unique energetic configuration shaped by nature, upbringing, and inner development. Alignment happens when these configurations meet a compatible environment.

However, as one progresses deeply in yoga, this dependence gradually dissolves. With sufficient awakening, the yogi begins to carry a stable yogic vibration within. At that stage, alignment is found easily in places already charged with spiritual intensity, because the yogi has crossed the boundary of individual variation and entered a more universal nature. What once required external resonance now arises from inner stability.

Premyogi's movement, then, was not random. It followed the same ancient intelligence—seeking not comfort, but coherence. Where rhythm returned, energy flowed. Where rhythm was absent, withdrawal became natural. This was not rejection of the world, but a precise listening to where life could unfold without resistance.

By the end of this phase, Premyogi no longer confused misplacement with inadequacy. He understood that his intelligence moved through relation, timing, and perception—not mechanical execution alone.

The city had closed doors deliberately. In doing so, it had preserved what mattered.

Rasa did not bloom here.

It waited.

Chapter 3

Learning Life Instead of Syllabi

During this period, Premyogi discovered a different kind of discipline—one that did not arrive through authority or force, but through sustained attention. Sitting at the last bench, he learned to remain alert without being noticed. He trained himself to listen without reacting, to watch without intervening. The classroom slowly transformed into a laboratory—not of subjects, but of states of mind.

He noticed how restlessness jumped from one student to another, how fear tightened faces long before examinations began, and how boredom dulled the body even before it dulled the mind. Confidence, he observed, often borrowed energy from the room rather than arising from within. Most people were not thinking; they were being carried by momentum.

Premyogi did not study for examinations; he studied for inner clarity. That is why Premyogi never feared examinations. He believed that when one studies sincerely and deeply, there is nothing to fear. Only those who study superficially, merely to score marks, are afraid of exams. At one point, he even stepped away from the twelfth-standard examination, choosing instead to give extra attention to classroom learning so that understanding could deepen. His biology teacher supported this decision, as did his family.

At that time when others were cramming under fear and pressure, Premyogi was calmly understanding scientific concepts, experiencing clarity, quiet bliss, and growing confidence. Learning became nourishing rather than stressful. Knowledge settled naturally instead of being forced.

This approach later helped him greatly. He was selected into a high-end institution of veterinary science through an entrance examination—not because he had aimed for it, but because preparation had already happened at a deeper level. The result came on its own.

He had never aimed for success in the ordinary sense. His only aim had been the perfection of human life. Everything else followed as a consequence.

This, too, became a lesson in yoga. Real success—whether in learning or in awakening—does not arrive quickly. It requires patience, sincerity, and sustained practice over years.

To leave something doubtful unresolved for the sake of reading faster and scoring marks felt, to him, like cheating oneself. Most students around him were fast movers, rushing ahead through pages and formulas, but he moved slowly, insisting on understanding every part deeply before moving forward.

For him, a buried doubt was not harmless. It was a *granthi*—a yogic knot of ignorance. If left unopened, it remained lodged in the psyche, silently influencing thought and perception. Such knots do not dissolve with memorization; they open

only through complete and precise understanding. Otherwise, the subject matter might pass, but confusion would stay behind.

In this way, study itself became an indirect form of yoga for him.

Each concept clarified released a small tension. Each doubt resolved freed a bit of trapped energy. Learning was not accumulation, but untangling. What others experienced as academic burden, he experienced as gradual inner lightening.

His teachers sensed this sincerity and supported it. They answered his questions patiently, even when they disrupted the pace of the class. They saw that his inquiries were not meant to impress, but to understand.

Among his classmates, one student—Nakul—stood out. Nakul was both a deep analyser and a quick mover, capable of grasping complexity rapidly. In this, Premyogi respected him greatly. Their intellectual tuning was good, but not complete. Nakul lacked the nondual *saṃskāras* that Premyogi carried quietly within.

Because of this, the calm that followed understanding did not stay long in Nakul. The moment a knot of ignorance opened, the emptied space was quickly filled again—by ambition, noise, comparison, or outward distraction. Insight arose, but did not settle.

Premyogi's experience was different.

Because of nonduality and detachment already formed within him, the mind could remain empty after understanding. The cleared space stayed clear. Silence was not uncomfortable; it was nourishing. This retained calmness became a stable background—solid, quiet, and dependable.

This calm was not dullness. It was alert stillness.

Later, Premyogi would recognize this state as essential groundwork for higher yogic practices. Without such a background, energy may rise, but it cannot remain steady. Without this calm, insight flashes but does not transform. Nonduality provided him with the capacity not only to understand, but to *hold* understanding without disturbance.

Thus, even study—when approached without haste, without fear, and without self-deception—became a silent preparation for yoga.

This observation refined something essential in him: the ability to remain still while surrounded by movement.

Earlier encounters with pressure had already taught his body that awareness could survive shock. Now, without any external force, he was learning to hold that same steadiness voluntarily. The nervous system remembered intensity, but the mind chose softness. Instead of energy being scattered outward or pushed upward by circumstance, it was now being *contained*.

In kundalinī terms, this was a subtler yoga. Energy was neither exploding through action nor being driven upward abruptly. It was being retained and circulated quietly. Impulses arose and dissolved on their own. Awareness stayed present without gripping.

Often, he would sit through entire periods without writing a word, yet remain fully awake. The body learned steadiness. The breath learned patience. The mind learned how to rest inside observation rather than chase stimulation. This kind of training was demanding in a different way—there was no reward, no recognition, and no visible progress.

Outside the classroom, the same discipline continued naturally.

Walking through parks and streets, Premyogi learned to move without urgency. He noticed how desire pulls attention forward, how fear pulls it backward, and how awareness collapses when it is constantly dragged by either. By simply walking and watching—without seeking outcome—energy began settling into a stable rhythm.

This was *tapas* without austerity.

No fasting. No posture. No mantra. Only sustained presence.

Slowly, he realized that what others called distraction had become his training ground. While formal education measured intelligence through answers, life was training him through unanswered perception. While syllabi demanded memorization, existence demanded clarity.

In Krishna's stories, wisdom rarely grows only in classrooms. It ripens in fields, forests, conversations, pauses, and play. Learning happens sideways, through lived contact rather than instruction.

This phase followed the same rhythm.

What looked like drifting was actually calibration. What appeared as withdrawal was refinement. Awareness was learning how to remain steady without support, how to observe without hardening, how to stay open without leaking energy.

By the end of this period, Premyogi had developed a quiet capacity that would later define him: the ability to remain present without depending on structure. He could sit inside disorder without being disturbed by it. He could move through crowds without losing inner alignment.

The syllabus continued to fade.

Life, once again, took the lead.

Chapter 4

Rasa Learns to Stay

This chapter does not announce a turning point. It records something quieter and more decisive: rasa no longer needed protection. What had once awakened through attraction and survived through misplacement now learned a different skill—the ability to remain. Not to rise, not to intensify, not to seek expression, but simply to stay present across ordinary time.

Earlier, rasa had lived in moments. It appeared during certain encounters, certain silences, certain tensions. It sharpened awareness and then receded. Now, without effort or intention, it began spreading evenly through the day. There were no spikes and no collapses. Sensitivity did not demand novelty. It learned continuity.

Premyogi noticed this first not in thought, but in habit. Days repeated themselves, yet nothing felt dull. The same routes, the same hours, the same tasks unfolded again and again, but instead of boredom, depth accumulated. Each repetition seemed to polish awareness rather than erode it. What once needed stimulation now thrived on rhythm.

This was new.

Rasa, when immature, feeds on intensity. It wants contrast—light against dark, closeness against distance, longing against restraint. But intensity cannot sustain life for long. It burns too fast. What Premyogi was discovering now was a more stable nourishment: regularity.

In yogic terms, energy had stopped leaking through reaction. It was no longer rushing outward in attraction or inward in suppression. It rested. Not lazily, but alertly. Awareness remained awake without being tense. This resting alertness was perhaps the most unfamiliar experience of all.

Earlier, awareness had been sharpened by friction. Now, it sharpened itself by presence alone.

This changed Premyogi's relationship with time. Hours no longer needed to be filled meaningfully. They were meaningful by existing. There was no hurry to reach evening, no impatience to escape routine. Even waiting lost its weight. Rasa was no longer an event; it was a background tone.

Belonging also changed its quality during this phase. In the past, belonging had been instinctive or reactive—either fully given or painfully denied. Now it returned without attachment. Premyogi felt at ease where he was, but he did not cling to the idea of place, role, or identity. Comfort existed without dependency.

This distinction mattered deeply.

Attachment binds energy. Ease releases it. Rasa began teaching him the difference directly, without words.

Discipline, too, took on a new meaning. It was no longer something imposed from outside or resisted from within. It became a shared rhythm between body, space, and time. Waking up, studying, resting—none of these felt forced. Yet none felt careless either. Structure did not press on him; it held him.

This was restraint without suppression.

Rasa needs restraint to mature. Without it, sensitivity scatters. With too much of it, sensitivity suffocates. What Premyogi experienced here was balance—where restraint existed quietly in the background, allowing awareness to remain intact.

Attraction, during this phase, softened further. Beauty did not disappear. People remained expressive, gestures remained meaningful. But attraction lost urgency. It no longer pulled energy outward. It was noticed, appreciated, and allowed to pass without disturbance.

This was not indifference. It was refinement.

In kundalini language, energy was learning to stay in higher centers without being forced upward. Earlier phases had involved pressure, redirection, and circulation. Now, energy learned to hold position. This holding was not stagnation. It was readiness.

Many experiences collapse because energy rises before awareness can contain it. Here, the opposite was happening. Awareness was expanding quietly, preparing space for whatever would later arise.

Nothing in this phase pointed explicitly toward yoga, meditation, or awakening. And that was its strength. Premyogi was not chasing transformation. He was inhabiting himself fully.

This is where many seekers fail—not because they lack intensity, but because they lack patience. They confuse movement with growth. This chapter marks the end of that confusion in Premyogi's life.

Rasa had learned that it did not need constant expression to stay alive.

Environment, too, played a role here—not as contrast, but as resonance. There was no struggle against space, no need to defend awareness. Space did not interfere. It matched. This matching allowed effort to multiply silently. What once required vigilance now happened naturally.

Later, Premyogi would understand that different people resonate with different environments because inner structures differ. But once awareness matures beyond personal patterns, alignment becomes universal. This phase was a step toward that universality.

Rasa became ambient.

It lived in breath, in posture, in attention. It no longer announced itself. It simply accompanied him. Sensitivity did not make him fragile anymore. It made him precise.

This precision brought confidence without arrogance and calm without withdrawal. He could engage without being pulled and withdraw without disappearing. Energy neither spilled nor compressed.

This was holding.

And holding, he would later realize, is more difficult than rising.

The chapter ends without climax, without realization, and without conclusion. Because nothing ended here. Something stabilized.

Rasa stopped flickering.

Awareness learned how to remain.

Only now could ascent occur without damage.

The main reason rasa could remain for so long was the calm, unhurried, and peaceful life Premyogi lived in that place. The environment itself was less crowded, less polluted, less noisy, and far less irritating. Material pressure was minimal, while the value given to human sentiments, emotions, and inner states was much higher. This outer simplicity silently supported his inner continuity.

This environment allowed Premyogi's habitual nondual contemplation—received through family *sanskāras*—to continue without interruption. His grandfather used to read scriptures and *Purāṇas* aloud day and night at home, unknowingly creating and sustaining a nondual atmosphere that subtly influenced everyone around him. Nonduality kept his mind unburdened by excessive possessions, urges, and restless willing. Because the mind was not constantly pulled toward accumulation or gratification, awareness remained light and available.

As a result, rasa could keep producing a gentle, shining image in his mind—neither too intense nor too dull, but steadily present. This balanced presence was crucial. Nonduality itself has a natural balancing effect: it unites lack and excess, attraction and restraint, into a quiet middle ground. In that middle space, rasa does not burn out, nor does it fade.

Because of this balance, Premyogi was able to enjoy rasa for years. Had he overindulged in rasa-producing objects, their charm would have been exhausted, leading to the collapse of rasa. Had he neglected them completely, rasa might never have awakened at all. He walked the middle path instinctively—not by rule, but by awareness.

That middle way preserved rasa, allowing it to mature instead of consuming itself.

It is a hard fact that only a nondual object or a nondual person can produce sustained rasa in others. Excessive attachment diminishes charm over time, while excessive repulsion either fails to produce rasa at all or produces it only briefly. Only nonduality allows rasa to remain alive without exhaustion.

Chapter 5

Love Without Contact — Rasa Becomes Yoga

This chapter completes the journey of rasa by showing its final transformation. What began as sensitivity, survived misplacement, learned perception, and stabilized into continuity now enters its most delicate phase. Love appears—but not as desire seeking fulfillment, nor as romance demanding expression. It appears as vibration. As resonance. As a force that sharpens awareness instead of binding it. This chapter marks the moment where rasa quietly becomes yoga.

Rasa is, in truth, a synonym of nonduality. The two nourish each other. Where nonduality is present, rasa naturally deepens; where rasa is sustained, nonduality is silently at work. Rasa mixed with duality turns into lust, because duality cannot hold joy without pulling it into attachment or rejection.

Rasa is the deep absorption of joy—like slowly sipping a rich juice, taking in its essence fully. In fact, *rasa* literally means juice, extract, or essence itself. It is not a momentary taste, but something that lingers, something remembered long after the experience has passed. Just as the sweetness of a perfectly relished juice stays in memory, true rasa leaves a lasting imprint on consciousness.

Such rasa can arise only through nonduality. Duality inevitably produces either attachment or hatred. Both are hostile to rasa. Attachment binds; binding creates responsibility, expectation, and fear of loss. These burdens gradually diminish joy. Hatred, on the other hand, blocks joy from arising at all.

These unwanted by-products of duality are like the coarse pulp of a fruit—heavy, fibrous, and obstructive. Pure rasa is the extracted juice alone: joy without binding, pleasure without entanglement, intimacy without possession. It flows freely and leaves no residue.

This is why the rasa between Krishna and Rādhā never fades in the tradition. It is not sustained by contact, ownership, or fulfillment, but by nonduality itself. There is no grasping and no rejection—only resonance. Such rasa does not exhaust itself, because nothing in it is trying to hold or consume the other.

That is the nature of rasa when it is born of nonduality: pure joy, fully tasted, and yet completely free.

The feminine presence entered Premyogi's life without announcement. There was no dramatic arrival, no clear beginning, and no defined role. She was not introduced as a lover, nor did she arrive as a friend. She existed simply as a presence that altered space when it entered it.

She carried something familiar yet transformed. Where Mohan had embodied wildness and raw impulse, she mirrored that same energy in a refined form. Mischievous, but gentle. Playful, but restrained. If Mohan had given Premyogi fire, she gave him warmth. If Mohan had pushed energy outward, she invited it inward.

Premyogi was able to remain detached toward her because he recognized Mohan in her. Mohan, too, carried traits that later appeared here in a refined form—shyness mixed with curiosity, a certain nosiness, heightened alertness about one's image and beauty, and a graceful, tactful way of influencing others that could sometimes turn subtly manipulative. These patterns were not new to Premyogi; he had already lived closely with them in childhood.

Because of that early familiarity, he neither rejected rasa nor clung to it. Had he not interacted so deeply with Mohan during those formative years, the outcome would likely have been different. He might have ignored rasa altogether, dismissing it as disturbance, or he might have become attached to it, mistaking resonance for possession.

Instead, prior exposure gave him clarity. What was familiar no longer hypnotized him, and what was attractive no longer overwhelmed him. This allowed him to stand in the middle—fully aware, fully present, yet unattached—letting rasa refine awareness rather than bind it. Together, cultural values were also favouring detachment.

He had already seen enough of the quiet danger hidden behind beauty. It seems that scriptures condemned beauty for this very reason—not to deny rasa, but to preserve detachment. Somewhere along the way, this subtle teaching was misunderstood. Condemnation of beauty came to be read as rejection of beauty, rather than as a warning against bondage.

The intent was never to forbid taking rasa from beauty, but to caution against losing awareness in it. The middle path was lost in interpretation. Beauty was meant to be tasted without possession, enjoyed without blindness, and released without regret. When this balance is kept, beauty refines consciousness; when it is lost, beauty entangles it.

That distinction was clear to Premyogi, not through doctrine, but through lived seeing.

This was not coincidence. It was continuity.

What unfolded between them did not follow the grammar of ordinary love. There were no confessions, no promises, no physical closeness. Often, there was not even conversation. There was only a silent acceptance of the conditions that allowed rasa to deepen and sustain itself. And yet, something unmistakable was happening.

A glance passing through space could alter the texture of an entire day. Laughter heard from a distance could soften the chest. Timing began to speak louder than words. Absence itself became communicative.

They did not move toward each other, yet something kept moving between them.

This was love without contact.

In this phase, Premyogi learned that attraction does not require possession to exist. In fact, possession weakens attraction. What strengthens it is restraint—not forced restraint, but natural containment born of awareness.

Rasa had matured enough to hold intensity without discharging it.

In kundalini metaphor, this was a crucial transition. Earlier, energy had learned how to rise and how to stay. Now, it learned something subtler: how to circulate at the heart without leaking downward or forcing ascent upward. Neither in Mūlādhāra nor in Sahasrāra, but at the midpoint—Anāhata. That was where it reflected most clearly in him. It appeared as a gentle, blissful ache in the chest, a quiet sweetness rather than intensity. Later, an ECG examination showed a harmless asymmetric growth of the chest bone, medically insignificant and non-threatening.

Whether this physical manifestation was the cause or the consequence is difficult to determine. It is impossible to say with certainty whether the experience shaped the body, or the body provided a form through which the experience expressed itself. In lived reality, such distinctions rarely remain clean. Inner movement and outer form often arise together, mirroring each other beyond linear cause and effect.

For Premyogi, it was simply another sign that the center of gravity had shifted—not upward into abstraction, nor downward into impulse, but into the heart, where balance naturally resides.

It seemed that the science he studied became unusually stable and deep in his life due to this combined effect of the heart center. Anāhata added bliss and love to learning. Anything done with love and quiet joy settles more firmly and lasts longer. It does not feel forced, nor does it exhaust the mind.

What is learned through pressure remains fragile; what is learned through affection becomes rooted. This is why children taught with love absorb far more, while those taught through scolding often forget even what they manage to memorize. Love does not weaken discipline—it stabilizes it. Bliss does not distract from understanding—it anchors it.

For Premyogi, study was no longer a mental task alone. It became a heart-supported movement, where clarity, curiosity, and satisfaction flowed together.

Desire appeared, but it refined rather than consumed. Energy polished awareness instead of scattering it.

This was love as yoga.

Their interaction was governed by timing rather than impulse. Moments aligned without planning. Paths crossed without collision. Even silence became expressive. When they were present in the same space, movements slowed—not deliberately, but naturally. The body responded before thought.

Neither tried to influence the other. Neither tried to impress. And precisely because of this, presence itself became magnetic.

Premyogi noticed that awareness sharpened during these encounters. Attention became finer. The mind grew quieter. Sensitivity increased without agitation. Instead of pulling him outward, attraction anchored him inward.

It seems this phase unfolded through the purgation of old, deeply hidden imprints that surfaced because she resonated so closely with his *sanskāras*—those shaped not only by his own life, but also by his family, relatives, and most strongly by Mohan. When someone mirrors an inner environment that has existed for a long time, it naturally draws buried mental formations to the surface. Such surfacing is inevitable. What matters is whether one runs toward that familiar pattern or remains inwardly still.

If one rushes outward toward the familiar, those weakened imprints are reinforced and buried again in the psyche. The mind remains uncleared. Premyogi did not take that path. He remained silent inwardly, witnessing each arising mental formation until it dissolved on its own. From this dissolution arose a quiet bliss—not excitement, but relief and clarity.

That bliss, in turn, subtly attracted her presence again. Thus a cycle formed: impressions surfaced, were witnessed, dissolved, and left behind lightness. This cycle repeated gently, deepening clarity and gradually preparing him for self-realization.

There was another subtle turning point. As the mind cleared with her unintentional help, Premyogi did not move outward to refill the newly emptied space with fresh impressions through her, as might normally be expected. From her perspective, this restraint may have appeared as indifference, even as betrayal, because expectation was not met.

In truth, this apparent indifference arose only after awareness had already touched the peak of attraction inwardly. Had he then moved outward, physical entanglement would likely have followed—bringing confusion, bondage, and social consequences in a relationally restricted environment. Instead, the intensity completed itself inwardly and settled. Awareness itself created a natural boundary.

It was as if a moment of profound inner resonance occurred—brief, complete, and self-contained—after which the impulse for further outward movement simply fell away. That inner completion became a protective barrier, not through repression, but through fulfillment.

Silence preserved what action would have entangled.
Distance protected what closeness would have consumed.
And *rasa*, kept inward, continued to mature quietly into bliss.

This was new.

In earlier stages of life, attraction had always demanded expression—through action, speech, or movement. Now it demanded only presence. Energy no longer sought discharge. It sought refinement.

This phase carved a deep groove in Premyogi's being.

Had this love entered earlier in his life, it would have destabilized him. Had physical desire remained unfulfilled from childhood, attraction here might have collapsed into contact. But Bāla-Krishna life had already completed the physical chapter. The body did not hunger. It remembered freedom without possession.

Because of that earlier completeness, Premyogi sensed something clearly: moving toward physical intimacy here would cause loss, not gain. Not loss of morality, but loss of energy. He sensed drainage, binding, and narrowing. What was expansive in resonance would become enclosed in form.

This clarity did not arise from suppression. It arose from experience.

Love without contact preserved ascent.

In yogic language, this was energy choosing the upward path because the downward path no longer promised fulfillment. Pleasure had already been lived. What remained was bliss.

This distinction is subtle and rare. Most people confuse the two. Pleasure seeks repetition. Bliss seeks depth. Pleasure discharges energy. Bliss concentrates it.

Here, attraction became a concentrator.

Premyogi did not name this process. He did not call it tantra, bhakti, or yoga. Life itself was performing the practice through him. Awareness was being trained by beauty, restraint, and timing rather than by technique.

Krishna, in the Bhāgavata tradition, enters Love-Līlā not through marriage or union, but through resonance. Love there is not ownership; it is vibration. It does not bind; it liberates. It does not end in fulfillment; it dissolves into being.

This phase mirrored that spirit without imitation.

The feminine presence did not remain permanently. She was not meant to. Her role was not to stay, but to shape. She completed something Mohan had begun. Where Mohan had taught Premyogi how to move through chaos without losing innocence, she taught him how to hold intensity without losing awareness.

Mohan breathed prāṇa into Premyogi's sattvik childhood nature, awakening movement, excitement, and outward vitality. Leena, on the other hand, breathed maturity into that same excited state, refining it without suppressing it. Through this natural interplay, the three guṇas slowly came into balance. With that balance, the chakras aligned, life found equilibrium, and from that equilibrium, silence emerged. That silence made energy available for deep mental clearing.

When this balance and clearing crossed a certain threshold, it erupted—briefly—as self-realization. Not sustained yet, but unmistakable.

The sattva of childhood had been nurtured early through family sanskāras, daily exposure to scriptures, and pilgrimages to the four dhāms during formative years.

That sattvic base was then set into motion by the rajo-guṇa embodied by Mohan—restless, playful, exploratory, and energetic. Together, they created momentum.

When this momentum began tipping toward excess, life introduced a corrective force. A teacher, unknowingly, added a measure of tamo-guṇa through harsh discipline. That intervention reduced unnecessary wandering, distraction, and dissipation of energy in markets and outer noise. Later, Leena's presence reinforced this correction in a subtler way—preventing energy from being lost in romantic pursuit or contact-based outward entanglement.

Thus, without intention or design, the three guṇas aligned naturally.

Sattva expressed itself through the upper chakras—clarity, sensitivity, and awareness.

Rajas moved through the middle chakras—activity, interaction, and engagement with life.

Tamas grounded itself in the lower chakras—restraint, stability, and containment.

None dominated. None were rejected.

This harmony itself was yoga—not practiced, not named, not conceptualized. It was lived. Energy circulated freely without leakage or blockage. Awareness remained awake without strain. Life functioned as teacher, method, and result all at once.

No posture was taken.

No mantra was repeated.

No discipline was chosen.

And yet, yoga happened.

Together, these two polar forces completed Krishna living.

Wildness without tenderness is incomplete.

Tenderness without wildness is fragile.

Premyogi carried both now.

As this phase matured, Premyogi noticed something essential: attraction no longer distracted him from life—it clarified it. Study deepened naturally, because the mental space opened through inner clearing was filled with learning rather than unnecessary worldly clutter. Attention steadied. Confidence grew quietly, without display. He no longer felt divided between love and growth; they supported and strengthened each other. This is the mark of rasa becoming yoga.

Yoga does not begin when desire disappears. It begins when desire stops fragmenting awareness.

By the end of this chapter, nothing dramatic concluded. There was no union, no separation, no heartbreak, and no fulfillment. And that was precisely why the transformation succeeded.

The fire did not burn out.

It refined.

Rasa had completed its work. It had awakened sensitivity, tested it, stabilized it, and finally refined it into a yogic instrument. What lay ahead would be meditation, ascent, dissolution—but those would not arrive through force.

They would arrive through readiness.

This chapter ends where Book Part Two must end: not with awakening, but with preparation so complete that awakening can no longer destabilize the being.

Love had sharpened awareness.
Awareness had learned restraint.
And restraint had become freedom.

Rasa had fulfilled its purpose.

From here onward, yoga would not need to fight desire.
Desire itself had learned to rise.

Mohan had breathed raw prāṇa into his childhood nature. Leena breathed maturity into that excited state. Family sanskāras had already established nonduality as background. Together, rajas, sattva, and tamas came into balance. All chakras aligned—not through practice, but through life itself. When that balance matured, silence erupted. And when silence matured, energy became available for deep mental clearing.

That clearing brought bliss.
That bliss attracted her.
Her presence surfaced old imprints.
Witnessing dissolved them.
Dissolution created more space.
More space deepened bliss.

The cycle continued until a brief but decisive awakening occurred.

Once that happened, Premyogi no longer felt compelled to move toward her to refill the emptied mind with new formations. What might have looked like cheating was actually non-grasping. What appeared as denial was actually fulfillment.

He had already seen the subtle harm hidden behind beauty—not to reject beauty, but to meet it rightly. Scriptures, it seems, never condemned beauty itself; they warned against attachment to it. Somewhere, that warning had been misunderstood as rejection rather than the middle path.

Rasa, in its pure form, is synonymous with nonduality. Rasa mixed with duality becomes lust. Rasa without nonduality collapses into attachment or aversion—both joyless. Pure rasa is joy without bondage, delight without entanglement, sweetness

without demand—like the rasa between Krishna and Radha, which never faded because it never sought possession.

Thus, Premyogi remained at the midpoint—neither at the base nor at the crown, but centered in the heart. The subtle ache he felt there—a blissful pressure—was later mirrored even physically, though whether body followed mind or mind followed body remained unknowable.

What mattered was this: attraction no longer distracted him from life. It clarified it. Studies deepened. Attention steadied. Confidence grew quietly. Love and growth no longer competed; they supported each other.

The egg of the mystery was this: **when orgasm rises instead of discharging, it becomes awakening.**

And once that is known—not as belief, but as lived fact—nothing needs to be taken from another to feel whole.

Silence becomes sufficient.
Distance becomes safe.
Rasa becomes self-sustaining.

And Krishna enters Love-Līlā—not through union, but through resonance.

The Completion Without Contact

What fulfilled Premyogi so completely that contact became unnecessary is the most important question of this phase—and the least visible from the outside. Many explanations might be offered: fear, restraint, morality, social conditioning. None of them fit. Fear leaves tension. Restraint leaves craving. Suppression leaves residue. Premyogi experienced none of these. What remained instead was calm fullness, inner satisfaction, and clarity.

This points to a deeper mechanism.

The truth was that something had already completed itself within him.

The mystery was not social, ethical, or cultural. It was energetic and psychological. The question was not why he denied contact, but why **he felt no lack in denying it**. Fulfillment had already occurred—without physical union.

This leads to a deeper inquiry: *Can peak pleasure arise without bodily contact? And if so, where does it arise?*

Ordinary pleasure is born when energy discharges through the lower centers. It is intense but brief, outward-moving, and followed by depletion. Premyogi's experience bore none of these marks. Energy did not drain; it consolidated. Desire did not scatter the mind; it sharpened it. Bliss did not fade; it stabilized and remained available.

This indicates that what occurred was not a lower-center discharge, but an **upward transmutation of the same force**.

In yogic psychology, the rising of kundalini is not separate from pleasure; it is pleasure refined. The same impulse that seeks release below, when denied expression *without repression*, begins to rise naturally. When it is not allowed to discharge at the base, it ascends—passing through successive centers, each refusal transforming it into a subtler joy.

Denied at the root, it rises.
Denied again, it refines.
Denied repeatedly, it sublimates.

At the base, pleasure seeks release. Premyogi avoided release so it rose.
At the lower belly, it seeks sensation. Premyogi avoided its downward movement so it had no place to go other than further rise upward.
At the navel, it seeks intensity. Premyogi avoided excessive and unhealthy eating and drinking, so orgasmic energy conserved and it rose further up.
At the heart, it becomes warmth and ache. Premyogi avoided outward expression of love emotion, so energy rose further one step above.
At the throat, it turns into resonance. Premyogi avoided outward expression of love through words so energy lifted further up.
At the brow, it becomes clarity. Premyogi avoided useless and blind intellectual wrestling and studied only what is sufficient and what is required without exhausting him, so orgasmic energy became available to rise to the top.
At the crown, it flowers as boundless bliss without object. It was the state of expanded consciousness from that his momentary full kundalini awakening and self realisation was born.

This explains why Premyogi sensed, without conceptual thought, that **if the highest pleasure could be experienced without contact, then contact itself became unnecessary**. Not forbidden. Not rejected. Simply redundant.

Crucially, this ascent did not begin through crude physical contact but indirect stimulation without contact. Had it done so, the energy would have immediately sought discharge and collapsed downward. Instead, it was triggered indirectly—through resonance, imagination, study, symbolic perception; shared curiosity, competitions, quizzes, books, cultural programmes, and silent bodily communication. Books, scientific diagrams, discussions of the body, subtle glances, timing, and presence acted as catalysts without triggering release. Even mischief that was faint, subtle, indirect, and entirely contactless.

There was intensity—but no outlet.
Charge—but no leakage.
Peak—but no fall.

In one decisive moment fuelled by Leena making a stimulating pose in loneliness in front of him, not intentionally, but as a funny mischief to judge his control, peak of energy built on his lowest chakras produced their intense orgasm for few moments but without outward movement leapt upward in a single stroke rather than climbing

gradually. Once that leap occurred, returning downward lost its appeal. The nervous system had tasted a higher register of pleasure. It was like a decisive moment of life: if conserved, life would be built through liberation; if wasted, life would be ruined through bondage. Probably everyone gets this billion-dollar moment once in life, mainly around the beginning of adolescence.

From that moment onward, silence was not avoidance—it was protection. Distance was not indifference—it was wisdom. Remaining inward was not denial—it was completion.

This also explains the apparent paradox: why the very indifference that protected Premyogi was interpreted by her as betrayal. From her side, the expected sequence—approach, contact, possession—did not unfold. From his side, the sequence had already completed inwardly.

What appeared as withdrawal from the outside was, in truth, **arrival within.**

Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience

Volume II: Krishna Living

Book Part Three: Bhakti – When Rasa Learned to Rest

Premyogi Vajra

Chapter 1: Love Without Contact

Chapter 2: Bhakti Without an Object

Chapter 1: Love Without Contact

This chapter marks the turning point where attraction stops moving outward and begins transforming inward. It explores how rasa matures when it is neither consumed nor suppressed, and how love—held in nonduality—becomes a silent force that refines awareness rather than binding it.

At a certain point in Premyogi's life, attraction changed its direction without warning. There was no announcement, no decision, and no visible event to mark the shift. Daily life continued as before. People came and went. Days passed. Yet inwardly, something irreversible had begun.

A feminine presence existed, but not in the ordinary sense. She was not a lover to be claimed, not a relationship to be formed, and not a future to be planned. She appeared as vibration—felt more than seen, sensed more than touched. The connection between them unfolded through timing rather than meetings, through glances rather than conversations, through restraint rather than contact. Often they were not even near each other, yet something flowed continuously.

What could easily have collapsed into physical expression did not. Not because of fear, discipline, or moral resistance, but because there was already a sense of fullness. There was no urgency to take, no restlessness to resolve. Attraction remained alive, but it did not push outward.

Premyogi did not decide to restrain himself. Restraint arose naturally, the way ripeness arrives without force. Desire did not demand discharge. It refined itself.

This was the first deep lesson of this phase: **energy does not die when it is not released; it transforms.**

Held within nondual awareness, attraction lost its sharp edges. It became subtle and magnetic rather than restless and consuming. It no longer demanded novelty. Instead, it began revealing depth. Rasa, which earlier moved from moment to moment, now learned continuity.

Beauty, when held without grasping, revealed a different power altogether.

In ordinary life, beauty usually provokes two reactions—attachment or avoidance. One either rushes toward it or retreats in fear of entanglement. Premyogi did neither. His earlier life, shaped by Bāla-Krishna freedom and tempered by awareness, had already shown him both the cost of possession and the dryness of suppression. So he walked a middle path without naming it.

He allowed attraction to exist without feeding it outwardly.

In yogic language, when energy is denied its usual lower outlets, it does not stagnate. It ascends. But here the ascent was not forced. It was gentle, organic, almost effortless. Desire rose not because it was blocked, but because it was not wasted.

At times, he felt warmth spreading in the chest. At times, a quiet ache—neither pleasure nor pain. At times, a soft pressure behind the forehead. At times, an uncaused joy that appeared and stayed without explanation. These were not emotions as usually understood. They were movements of energy finding subtler pathways.

However, her image would still surface in his mind during moments of energy ascent, for she had been the main driving force behind that movement. Yet the image appeared blunt, without sharpness, without pull. It no longer produced attraction. Premyogi noticed it and gently ignored it. He neither resisted it nor honored it. By not giving it importance, he avoided two things at once: her egoic inflation and his own outward movement toward her. It was like glancing very rarely, and even then with a detached, almost indifferent gaze. Although it was not that he was denying Rasa. He was enjoying it fully inside.

This indifference was not coldness. It was clarity.

Part of this ease came from the way Mohan appeared reflected in her. Her name, her manner, and even her behavioral patterns carried a masculine quality. This subtle familiarity dissolved the romantic charge. What could have reignited desire instead stabilized awareness. In that sense, she functioned less as a beloved and more as a catalyst.

She became, in his inner symbolism, something like Śikhaṇḍī in the Mahābhārata—not an object of attachment, but an instrument through which ignorance within Bhīṣma could be pierced. Her role was not to be possessed, but to complete a task. Once that task was fulfilled, the energy moved on by itself.

Thus, her image remained present only as a trace—acknowledged but unclaimed—allowing the ascent to continue without deviation, without collapse, and without return to outward seeking.

Love, held this way, did not fragment attention. It sharpened it.

Premyogi noticed that his awareness became more precise. Small things stood out clearly. Sounds carried texture. Silence gained weight. His presence in a room began to affect the atmosphere without effort. He did not seek attention, yet attention responded. This was not charm created through display, but magnetism born of containment and constant inner cleansings.

Nondual awareness played a silent role throughout. It prevented both attachment and rejection. There was no inner argument about what should or should not happen. Experiences were allowed to arise and dissolve without commentary. This absence of interference allowed rasa to remain alive without collapsing into habit.

In Krishna-living terms, this was **Love-Līlā without possession**.

Krishna does not hold; he multiplies by not owning. The flute does not grasp the breath; it lets it pass. In the same way, Premyogi became hollow enough for attraction to turn into music rather than noise.

Slowly, something subtle began happening. The object of attraction started losing its central position. The person remained, but the pull was no longer tied to form. What remained was a field—a quiet, luminous presence that could be felt even in absence, sometimes more strongly than in proximity.

This puzzled him at first. How could distance deepen closeness? How could absence feel fuller than presence?

Gradually, it became clear. Attraction was no longer directed toward a person. It was directed toward a state.

The feminine presence had become a doorway. Gradually, the doorway itself began dissolving, leaving only the space beyond—though at times, especially during heightened flows of *prāṇa*, her image would briefly appear at the center. *Rasa* remained fully alive, but it no longer pointed outward.

Daily life benefited quietly from this transformation. Studies deepened. Attention steadied. Confidence grew without assertion. The mind no longer felt split between love and growth. They supported each other. Energy saved from outward discharge nourished inward clarity.

In kundalini metaphor, this was energy rising without friction—ascending not through denial, but through completion without consumption.

Had Premyogi rushed toward physical contact, the story would have ended differently. Attachment would have replaced awareness. Energy would have discharged downward, and *rasa* would have faded quickly. Had he suppressed attraction, it would have turned rigid or bitter. He did neither.

He stayed in between—alert, sensitive, alive.

This middle path was not calculated. It arose from earlier completeness. His childhood life had already given his body freedom in nature—ponds, hills, forests, movement without inhibition. Physicality had been lived fully, openly, and innocently. Because of this, no unfulfilled hunger remained to be satisfied through possession. What had been enjoyed freely no longer demanded repetition.

Earlier fulfillment became protection.

Thus, attraction did not threaten him. It educated him.

By the end of this phase, the object of attraction had largely dissolved from the center of experience. *Rasa* remained, steady and luminous, no longer dependent on form. The mind stopped asking *what next*. It learned how to stay.

This chapter closes at that precise moment—when love no longer seeks expression, yet has not turned into named devotion. Attraction has completed its transformation, but *bhakti* has not yet announced itself.

The fire is steady.
The river is deep.
The music has begun—without a singer.

Rasa is alive, resting within itself, preparing silently for what comes next.

Chapter 2: Bhakti Without an Object

Savikalpa Samādhi — When Remembrance Became the Ground

This chapter does not begin with attraction, nor with separation. Both had already happened. What begins here is something quieter and more decisive: **the mind learning how to remain.**

By the time this phase unfolded, outward life had already rearranged itself. Circumstances shifted without drama. Paths diverged. Daily routines changed. There was no deliberate withdrawal, no conscious renunciation, no declared end. Life simply moved forward, indifferent to the inner movement that had already crossed a point of no return.

What surprised Premyogi was not loss, but its absence.

He had expected longing, disturbance, emotional pull, or at least memory demanding attention. None of that came. Instead, what appeared was depth. The removal of physical proximity did not weaken the inner current—it **freed it from location.**

The feminine presence that had once appeared as attraction did not disappear. It **changed position.** Earlier, it stood in front of the mind, pulling awareness outward. Now it settled behind everything, like a background field. Its intensity fluctuated—sometimes faint, sometimes more vivid—but it remained constant beneath all activity, except during deep sleep or moments when the mind was fully exhausted and blank.

It was no longer physical in feeling. It no longer produced attraction. It did not invite movement. It simply **was.**

Premyogi noticed that this presence behaved like a backdrop: just as a canvas remains while different images pass across it, this inner presence remained while thoughts, studies, conversations, and daily actions flowed over it. The images changed. The background image stayed.

The physical Leena slowly transformed into a non-physical, background Leena. One may call it remembrance or by any other name, but it was not forceful, not obsessive, and not demanding. It arose spontaneously and remained quietly, without producing disturbance, longing, or outward movement. It neither pulled attention nor required suppression. It simply existed as a soft, neutral presence beneath thought—appearing and fading naturally, like a background light that does not interfere with the scene unfolding before it.

This was not imagination. Imagination tires. This did not.

He did not feed it attention, nor did he suppress it. He neither credited it nor blamed it. In doing so, something subtle happened: the **seed of attachment burned without conflict.** There was remembrance, but no demand. Presence, but no pull. Warmth, but no urgency.

This was savikalpa samādhi—not as an event, but as a mode of being.

The mind had an object, yet it no longer moved toward it. Awareness rested *with form present but disempowered*. This is the rare middle state scriptures hint at but rarely describe clearly: **form without bondage**.

Life continued outwardly unchanged. Premyogi studied, walked, spoke, laughed, worked, and lived like anyone else. Yet inwardly, something had stabilised. A quiet sweetness flowed beneath everything, steady and warm, like an underground river. It did not interrupt activity. It supported it.

It felt like a personified Gaṅgā—quietly purifying everything it touched. Through her presence, an invisible river began flowing continuously: from Mūlādhāra to Sahasrāra and back again, like Gaṅgā descending from the Himalayas to the ocean and returning inward from the ocean to the mountains. Energy rose and fell naturally, without force, without obstruction. This movement was guided by her feminine pull—somewhat resembling sexual attraction, yet far deeper, subtler, and more fulfilling. It was not physical in nature but psychological and energetic, operating beneath thought. Where ordinary attraction seeks discharge, this current sought circulation. Where desire usually binds, this flow purified, balanced, and completed itself again and again.

Meditation did not begin by sitting. It **began happening**.

There were moments—often while walking, sometimes while reading, sometimes while doing nothing special—when the mind would suddenly slow and settle. Not by effort. Not by control. Thoughts thinned, then paused. Time loosened. The body remained active, responsive, functional, yet inwardly he felt unmoving.

Two layers of life ran simultaneously:
one engaged with the world,
one resting beneath it.

Neither disturbed the other.

This stillness was not dull. It was sweet. Sometimes it expressed itself as tenderness. Sometimes as a gentle ache in the chest. Sometimes as warmth spreading quietly. Sometimes as tears without sadness. Sometimes as laughter without reason. The forms varied, but the essence did not.

What mattered most was this: **the stillness did not demand attention**. Ordinary emotions ask to be resolved. This did not. It remained even when ignored. In fact, it grew clearer when forgotten.

The inner feminine presence—now no longer a figure, no longer a personality—appeared occasionally during heightened flows of prāṇa. Even then, the image was blunt, neutral, almost symbolic. Premyogi recognised this clearly: the image was no longer the source. It was an echo.

Because he did not move toward it, two dangers were avoided simultaneously.
Her ego was not inflated.
His energy was not pulled outward.

The doorway had done its work.

In kundalini language, energy had learned to **stay**. It neither rushed upward nor collapsed downward. It rested mainly around the heart and above, circulating without pressure. This resting did not weaken vitality. It stabilised it. It cleared all buried emotional imprints. As the mental debris burned away, vitality naturally increased. Yet he did not rush to refill the emptied space with worldly noise. Instead, under the simple excuse of study, he turned toward dense science books and began wrestling with them slowly, patiently, and thoroughly—without strain or exhaustion.

This served two purposes at once. It protected him from absorbing new mental clutter from the outer world, thereby supporting the movement toward self-realisation. At the same time, it grounded him deeply in scientific understanding, preparing him quietly for worldly competence and success. What appeared outwardly as ordinary study was inwardly a stabilising discipline, allowing awareness to remain clear while life continued normally.

Then came the decisive moment.

Not during practice.
Not during contemplation.
Not during effort.

It came in sleep.

One night, during a dream state, awareness crossed its final threshold. There was no imagery in the usual sense, no narrative dream. There was a sudden, complete **recognition without thought**. For a brief moment, the sense of “I” dissolved entirely. There was no observer and no observed—only clarity, vast and self-evident.

It did not last long. Ten seconds, perhaps less.

But it was absolute.

This was momentary self-realisation—clean, unmistakable, irreversible in its impact. When he returned to ordinary consciousness, nothing dramatic followed. No fireworks. No proclamation. Just a deep knowing that something fundamental had been seen and could not be unseen.

After this, the inner image still remained—but altered forever.

It no longer appeared physical, emotional, or relational. It was like a faint outline, a symbolic trace. The **seed had been burnt**. What remained had no capacity to bind. The background presence continued, but now as a neutral field rather than a driving force.

This clarified everything retroactively.

Premyogi understood why he had never moved toward contact. Why restraint had not felt like suppression. Why attraction had refined rather than consumed. The energy had been rising **organically**, denied at each lower outlet not by force but by fullness.

Denied at the body, it rose to emotion.
Denied at emotion, it rose to expression.
Denied at expression, it rose to insight.
Denied at insight, it dissolved into awareness.

This was not moral control. It was **natural ascent**.

From this point onward, bhakti no longer meant devotion to an image or presence. It meant **abidance**. Life itself had become the prayer. Not chosen. Not named. Not performed.

The world continued. Noise and silence alternated. Success and confusion appeared and disappeared. None of it disturbed the inner rest. This was not indifference. It was stability.

Later, when Premyogi encountered scriptures, he recognised this phase instantly. Saints had spoken of it in fragments—smaraṇa without effort, love without object, devotion beyond form. But none of those words had been present when it happened. It had unfolded naturally, as fruit ripens when the season comes.

He had heard the stories of Kṛṣṇa–Rādhā love in detail. At times he wondered whether what he was living resembled that love. In the language of story, it appeared similar. Yet what he experienced carried contemporary textures, precise psychological movements, and lived immediacy that no ancient narration could fully capture. He could describe it in present terms only because he had passed through it himself.

This raised a deeper question in him. Was Kṛṣṇa–Rādhā love a single event bound to specific persons, a particular time, and a particular place? Or was it an eternal pattern—continuously unfolding wherever the conditions of awareness, restraint, and rasa align? Perhaps the scriptural story was not meant to record a historical incident, but to symbolize a timeless inner process that repeats itself silently in different lives, across different ages.

The answer, he realised, did not lie in texts. It lay in perception. For one who reads from outside, it remains a story. For one who lives it, the story reveals itself as a living law of consciousness—ever-present, ever-renewing, and never confined to a single name or form.

This was Kṛṣṇa-living beyond līlā.

Not play, not attraction, not story, and not even devotion as it is usually understood. Līlā had done its work and withdrawn. What remained was not movement, but ground. Not sweetness, but depth. Not excitement, but steadiness.

Even not remembrance, but **presence that remembers itself**.

The chapter closes without conclusion. There is no achievement to display, no enlightenment to claim. Only a quiet certainty:

Attraction had fulfilled its purpose.

Rasa had learned to rest.

Bhakti had stabilised awareness.

And the mind—having touched its own source, even briefly—could never again fully forget the way home.

Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience

Volume II: Krishna Living

Book Part Four: Gopī Samādhī – When Love Became Ground

Contents:

Chapter 1: Remembrance Without Effort

Chapter 2: The Dream-Bridge Awakening

Chapter 3: The Fragrance That Remained

Chapter 1

Remembrance Without Effort

This chapter marks the phase where *rasa* no longer seeks movement, expression, or intensity. What had once arisen as attraction now settles into continuity. Nothing new is added, and nothing old is removed. Awareness simply learns how to stay. The chapter explores how remembrance becomes effortless, how love stops pointing outward, and how inner presence turns into the background of all activity.

As remembrance deepened, the world began to fade without effort. Nothing was rejected, and nothing was pushed away. Premyogi did not withdraw from life, nor did he attempt to escape it. Yet slowly, almost unnoticed, the outer world began to loosen its grip. Objects remained the same, people behaved as before, routines continued unchanged, but their power to pull attention weakened.

He could be studying, walking, sitting alone, or moving through ordinary daily activities, and the same inner presence would remain steady within him. It was no longer an image in the usual sense. It did not appear as a face, a form, or a scene. It glowed more like a living background—felt rather than seen, sensed rather than imagined. Thought began thinning naturally, like a river that narrows as it approaches the ocean. There was no struggle in this thinning. It happened on its own.

To make this understandable to ordinary people, it may be called a *mental image*. In form, it resembles an image held in the mind, but in nature it is entirely different. It does not require effort to remember. It does not demand attention. It does not pull the mind outward. It appears almost as if imposed rather than chosen, yet it is not intrusive. Instead of dulling the mind, it sharpens it. Instead of encouraging withdrawal from society like renunciation, it makes one more present, social, and attentive.

This difference exists because this remembrance does not drain energy; it circulates it.

In ordinary attraction involving physical contact, energy is expelled outward. Even when contact does not occur, the mind remembers the possibility of discharge. That memory alone triggers secondary dissipation—through restlessness, emotional turbulence, quarrel, jealousy, anger, craving, and the many forms of the *shad-ripu*. Energy leaks indirectly. As brain energy reduces, remembrance of the lover begins to feel heavy, effortful, and disturbing. The mind then resists remembering, because remembrance has become a burden rather than a nourishment.

In contrast, the non-contact lover functions differently.

Here, energy is neither expelled nor suppressed. It is *rotated*. The remembrance initiates a continuous up-down movement of *prāṇa* along the spine. Energy rises toward the higher centers and returns again, without loss. This creates a closed

circuit rather than an outlet. Because energy is produced more than it is consumed, there is a net gain. The brain receives nourishment instead of depletion. Intelligence sharpens. Attention steadies. Memory strengthens. Effort reduces.

This is why the mind repeats the remembrance naturally. Not because of attachment, but because remembrance itself has become a source of vitality. The image remains alive because it is continuously fed by the circulating energy loop. This is why it turns into a continuous samādhi-image, not through discipline, but through biological and psychological efficiency.

This also explains why not every woman becomes such a non-contact lover.

The ignition of this loop requires a precise inner resonance. Only when a person deeply matches one's psyche, temperament, and latent patterns does excitation reach sufficient intensity at the lower centers. When that excitation peaks yet remains unexpressed, its force redirects upward through the spine instead of outward. At that moment, a powerful inner imprint is formed—not through imagination, but through energy itself. Once this upward redirection occurs, and contact is avoided, the loop stabilizes.

When a loving partner appears to be a perfect fit for shared life—where attraction feels boundless, natural, and complete—yet the bond remains inward and contactless, one sees its full image clear and live without distortion in its partner resulting in resurfacing of old memories and imprints and thereby also loved and recognised by its belongings more, it signals a very specific kind of movement in consciousness. This is not ordinary romance, nor is it repression or moral restraint. It is attraction that has reached fullness without collapsing into possession.

For non-contact love to function sustainably, one additional condition is often present: a slight counterweight to attraction. This may appear as indifference, resistance, or even a faint inner opposition. It is not hostility in the usual sense, but a natural restraint that prevents movement toward physical contact. Without such a counterbalance, attraction tends to seek completion through touch, and the energy collapses outward.

In Premyogi's case, this balance arose spontaneously. Alongside the feminine presence, he perceived Mohan within her—the same sharpness, competitiveness, and oppositional force that had once shaped his childhood. Mohan had been both companion and rival, affection and friction combined. That imprint carried forward. Because of it, attraction never softened into surrender. Warmth never turned into pursuit.

This perception quietly ruled out physical closeness. Contact did not feel inviting; it felt unnecessary and even incongruent. The body did register excitation under certain ordinary worldly circumstances, but the mind did not follow it outward. The very channel through which action usually flows remained closed.

As a result, the aroused energy had only one direction available: upward. Denied an outlet at the lower centres, it refined itself and rose naturally toward higher levels of

awareness. What might otherwise have discharged through action instead transformed into clarity, steadiness, and heightened perception.

Thus, it was not suppression that enabled ascent, but balance. Love remained alive, yet restrained. Distance remained intact, yet without coldness. This subtle coexistence of attraction and resistance created the exact conditions required for energy to rise successfully toward higher centres, without struggle and without loss.

Subsequent subtle outer expressions—glances, timing, distance, silence—do not discharge the energy. They only strengthen the imprint. Very soon, the image becomes self-sustaining. It is no longer remembered; it remembers itself. This is why it remains even when the mind is tired, blank, or disengaged. It is fed by the loop, not by effort.

In this sense, such an encounter functions like a tantric initiation. Not formal, not ritualistic, and not deliberate—but real. Sexual psychology, when refined by non-contact and non-duality, ceases to be sexual in the ordinary sense. It becomes yogic. Energy that would normally dissipate outward is transformed into circulation, purification, and clarity.

This is why the image does not disturb life but supports it.
This is why it does not fragment intelligence but concentrates it.
This is why it does not demand possession but deepens presence.

It is not absence of love.
It is love without leakage.

And this, in essence, is how remembrance becomes samādhi.

Some may call this a theory. It is not.
It is a description of what was lived.

Nothing here was imagined, inferred, or constructed from ideas. It was verified repeatedly in the laboratory of the psyche—through direct experience, sustained over time, tested by daily life, pressure, fatigue, study, social interaction, and inner silence. Concepts came much later. Words arrived even later than concepts. The process itself happened first.

A theory can be debated. A lived mechanism cannot be erased. When the same pattern repeats across months and years—producing clarity instead of confusion, energy instead of exhaustion, intelligence instead of obsession—it ceases to be speculative. It becomes functional truth.

Premyogi did not believe this to be true. He *watched* it work.

He observed how certain forms of remembrance drained energy and clouded the mind, while another kind of remembrance sharpened perception, stabilized emotion, and sustained vitality. He saw how contact collapsed the circuit, and how restraint strengthened it. He noticed how intelligence rose with circulation, and how

disturbance followed dissipation. These were not philosophical conclusions; they were practical observations.

This was not an abstract model imposed on life. Life itself revealed the model.

What is described here may appear subtle, even unbelievable, to those who have not lived it. Yet the body knows it. The nervous system knows it. The mind, when honest, knows it. This is not mysticism opposed to science, nor psychology divorced from biology. It is an integrated functioning of attention, energy, and awareness—experienced directly, long before it was ever explained.

So if it sounds like theory, that is only because language arrives late. The truth was already there, working silently.

And that truth shaped Premyogi—not as an idea, but as a way of being.

With deepening remembrance, time also began behaving differently to Premyogi. Sometimes it stretched, sometimes it collapsed, and sometimes it disappeared altogether. Hours could pass without being noticed, or a few moments could feel vast and complete. Joy expanded quietly—not as excitement or emotion, but as a silent fullness that needed no expression. Premyogi realized that he was no longer moving toward remembrance. Remembrance was now moving through him.

This was not trance, and it was not escape. His senses remained open. He could respond when spoken to, complete tasks, and engage with life. Yet inwardly, something had settled. Attention no longer jumped outward in search of stimulation. It rested. This resting was warm, alive, and alert. This was *gopī-samādhī*—the state where attention forgets itself and becomes one continuous movement toward the beloved, without effort and without loss of clarity.

In this phase, Premyogi understood something no book had taught him: *samādhī* 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 not an empty stillness. It is a stillness filled with warmth, familiarity, and ease.

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 unbroken stream of attention that flowed quietly beneath all activity. The beloved was no longer outside, not inside, not near, and not far. She was the movement itself. Thought no longer needed to be stopped; it melted before forming. Desire did not need suppression; it refined itself into devotion. Emotion did not need expression; it softened into awareness.

Outer separation had long been complete, but inwardly the union was now total. The girl who had once appeared in form had become a field. That field expanded until it included everything. This is the secret of *gopī-samādhī*: 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.

Daily life continued as before. He went to school, returned home, studied, interacted with others, and fulfilled responsibilities. Yet something fundamental had shifted. The mind no longer chased fulfilment. The background presence was enough. There was no urgency, no restlessness, no inner negotiation. Attention stayed without effort.

Sometimes the inner presence felt like tenderness. Sometimes like a gentle ache in the chest. Sometimes like warmth spreading quietly through the body. At other times it was simply neutral, steady, and silent. Its intensity rose and fell naturally, like the background light behind changing scenes. Even when the mind was tired or blank, it returned again on its own.

Premyogi noticed that this state did not disturb his studies or worldly growth. In fact, it supported them. The mind, cleared of unnecessary movement, became capable of sustained focus. He studied not with pressure, but with interest. Learning became absorbing rather than tiring. Knowledge settled deeply, not superficially. The space cleared by inner settling was filled naturally with understanding, not with distraction.

This remembrance did not demand attention. It did not ask to be protected or maintained. It remained even when ignored. Ordinary emotions fade when neglected; this grew clearer. That was its proof. It was not imagination, not memory, and not fantasy. It was presence.

Premyogi did not call this meditation. He did not name it devotion. He did not consider it spiritual. He simply noticed that the mind had found a place to rest, and that this rest did not depend on circumstances. Good days and difficult days both passed through it without disturbance.

This was bhakti without an object. No deity, no image, no belief, no ritual. Love had completed its journey and dissolved into continuity. The pull that once moved outward now formed the ground of awareness itself.

Although there was a meditation object, it was never external. It was natural, inward, and self-arising. The initial trigger may have come from an outer living presence, but that phase was brief. The outer form lasted only one or two years. What followed was far more significant: the inner image sustained itself for decades without effort.

This was not like conventional devotion, where one depends lifelong on an external idol, symbol, or form and struggles to keep it alive within the mind. Here, the direction was reversed. The outer form dissolved, but the inner presence became stronger, subtler, and more continuous. What remained was not a picture but a living field of awareness.

An external deity or idol can certainly help establish deep absorption. It can support kevala kumbhaka, trance-like stillness, or even moments of nirvikalpa dhyāna through intense focus and withdrawal. But it cannot give rise to gopī-samādhi. That state requires something fundamentally different—not abstraction, not formless negation, but rasa held within living remembrance.

This is why, in the stories, the gopīs ask Uddhava to leave. They reject not knowledge, but dryness. They reject not wisdom, but a wisdom that has not been soaked in love. Uddhava brings discourse, renunciation, and formless meditation—true, powerful, and elevated—but still incomplete for those who have installed Krishna not as an idea, not as an idol, but as a living presence within their own being.

The gopīs had not merely contemplated Krishna. They had absorbed him. Their meditation object was not outside them; it had become the structure of their inner life. This is why their bliss was deeper, warmer, and more sustaining than the stillness born of abstraction. Their samādhi was not silent emptiness; it was fullness without demand.

In Premyogi's case, the same principle unfolded naturally. The outer form faded. The inner presence remained. What began as attraction matured into continuous remembrance. What began as rasa became ground. The mind no longer needed effort to return to it; it rested there on its own.

This is the essential distinction. Form-based meditation can silence the mind, but it often leaves the heart dry. Gopī-samādhi does the opposite: it fills the heart so completely that the mind falls silent on its own. That silence is not cold or withdrawn. It is saturated with life.

This is why the inner image endured—not as memory, not as imagination, but as a stable field of awareness. It did not demand attention. It did not compete with life. It quietly supported everything that followed.

This phase prepared him quietly for what would come next. Energy was no longer leaking outward. The nervous system had learned stability. The heart had learned how to remain open without attachment. Awareness had learned how to stay without effort.

Nothing dramatic marked the end of this phase. There was no conclusion and no declaration. Remembrance simply continued, deepening invisibly, waiting.

Rasa had learned how to stay.

Chapter 2: The Dream-Bridge Awakening

Focus of the Chapter

This chapter records the brief yet total awakening that occurred not through effort, practice, or discipline, but through ripened inner readiness. It presents a savikalpa-samādhi experienced in a dream-like waking state, where observer and observed collapsed, and the world revealed itself as one unified consciousness. This chapter forms the immovable axis of the entire book-part—everything before it prepares for this moment, and everything after it unfolds from its residue.

By the time this phase arrived, Premyogi was no longer seeking anything. Love had already turned inward, remembrance had stabilized, and the mind had learned to rest without force. Life was ordinary on the surface—study, movement, speech, routine—but inwardly something had become quietly luminous. There was no anticipation of awakening, no ambition toward realization, and no sense that anything extraordinary was about to occur.

And yet, it happened.

Not in meditation.

Not in prayer.

Not in effort.

One night, in a state that was neither fully waking nor fully dreaming, Premyogi found himself standing on a small bridge across a river in the lower valley, about a kilometer from his home. The place was familiar—he had crossed it many times in ordinary life. But now, familiarity carried no weight. The scene appeared without emotional coloring, without memory, and without expectation.

Then, without warning, something opened.

There was no transition. No rising energy he could trace. No vision announced itself. No voice spoke. Instead, consciousness itself seemed to expand—suddenly, completely, and without resistance. Joy did not rise as emotion; it flooded as being. It reached places within him that had never known light before, dissolving boundaries that had never been consciously perceived.

He did not feel bliss *inside* himself.

He felt himself *inside* bliss.

He looked downward at the river flowing beneath the bridge. The water appeared exactly as it always had—same movement, same sound, same shape. Yet it was no longer merely water. It was the bridge, the river, and the one looking at it—appearing as a single, indivisible reality. There was no observer standing apart from the observed. Seeing was happening, but no seer could be found.

The bridge remained a bridge in physical form, but spiritually it was nothing other than the river. And the river was nothing other than himself.

He turned his head to the left and looked toward the mountain slope. Long ago, a landslide had torn through that area after heavy rains, leaving a wide, raw scar where earth and vegetation had collapsed, partially blocking the river below. The same slope was there now, unchanged in structure, yet utterly transformed in meaning.

The exposed earth, the broken vegetation, the gap in the mountain—everything was alive. Not metaphorically. Literally. Each element carried the same presence that flowed through the river and through him. There was no dead matter. No inert object. No background. Everything participated equally in awareness.

Then he lifted his gaze upward toward the Sun.

The Sun appeared exactly as it always had—bright, distant, powerful. Yet its brilliance was not greater than the river's shimmer, not higher than the mountain's stillness, and not superior to the bridge's quiet solidity. Light was everywhere, evenly distributed. Nothing was higher. Nothing was lower. Nothing was sacred or profane. Everything was equally luminous.

In that moment, hierarchy collapsed.

The Sun was not above the river.
The mountain was not above the bridge.
Consciousness was not above matter.

All distinctions dissolved—not through thought, but through direct seeing.

This entire experience lasted only a few seconds—perhaps five, perhaps ten. Yet within that brief span, Premyogi lived what felt like eternity. There was no sense of duration. Time had folded into itself. Space had shrunk into intimacy. Joy was limitless, not because it was intense, but because nothing opposed it.

He did not feel *happy*.
He felt *complete*.

Fear did not arise because there was nowhere for it to stand. Desire vanished because nothing was missing. Seeking collapsed because nothing was elsewhere. Light and darkness were no longer enemies. Love and hatred existed together without contradiction. The same consciousness appeared as gentleness to the clear and as terror to the divided.

Everything that could ever be experienced seemed to be present at once—not as chaos, but as harmony.

He knew, without thought, that this was the highest possible expression of mind-energy and conscious brilliance. There was no sense that something greater remained undiscovered. Nothing beyond this could be imagined—not because imagination failed, but because fulfillment was total.

When morning came, he did not wake as someone returning from a dream.

He woke as someone returning home.

There was no excitement, no proclamation, no urge to speak. Instead, a deep satisfaction settled into his being—as if the work of many lifetimes had quietly concluded. He moved through the day with a childlike simplicity. There was no tension to manage, no ambition to assert, no image to maintain.

He did not try to be good.
Goodness flowed naturally.

He did not try to be spiritual.
Everything felt sacred.

He was fully social, yet inwardly free. Fully human, yet untouched by entanglement. Ego was absent, yet presence was strong. Personality was light, yet authority carried itself silently. People felt calm around him without knowing why.

For nearly three years after this glimpse, sattvic qualities expressed themselves effortlessly. Desire transformed into steady love. Anger refined into clarity. Greed dissolved into sufficiency. Pride softened into gratitude. Jealousy found no ground.

His mind was sharp yet gentle. Focused yet relaxed. He spoke little, judged nothing, and understood much without analysis. Sometimes knowledge arose without process. Sometimes he sensed the direction of events before they unfolded.

The tantric symbols of master and consort shimmered quietly within—not as fantasy, but as living unity. Sexual energy had not vanished; it had been transmuted. Lust no longer sought release. It radiated as warmth, presence, and depth.

This state did not last forever.

Gradually, the intensity faded. Memory of the glimpse softened. Ordinary mental patterns returned—though never completely as before. The ocean receded, but the shoreline was permanently altered. The taste of that state remained hidden in the depths, silently guiding everything that followed.

What was irreversible was not the experience itself, but the knowing it left behind.

Premyogi had learned that love, when sustained without collapse, becomes samādhi. And samādhi, when born of love, leaves a fragrance that never fully disappears.

This was the fourth gate of Krishna-living.

Not play.
Not attraction.
Not devotion as belief.

But absorption—where remembrance becomes identity, and the beloved dissolves into being itself.

From this point onward, Premyogi could never again live only on the surface of things. He had once seen the depth. And even when forgotten, it continued to call him from within—quietly, steadily—reminding him that the highest samādhi is not silence without love, but love so complete that even silence dissolves into it.

Chapter 3 — The Fragrance That Remained

This chapter describes what follows a glimpse of total absorption—not as decline or loss, but as integration. After gopī-samādhi has done its work, life returns in ordinary forms, yet it no longer rests on the surface. What fades is intensity, not truth. What remains is a fragrance—subtle, steady, and irreversible—that reshapes perception, conduct, and understanding without effort. This chapter explores how love-born samādhi settles into quiet knowing, and why such knowing cannot be undone even when the mind resumes its familiar movements.

When the peak passed, it did not collapse.
It withdrew.

There was no dramatic fall, no sudden return to confusion, no sense of having lost something precious. The brilliance that had once flooded everything did not vanish; it softened. The ocean did not dry up—it receded, leaving the shore forever altered. Premyogi did not wake up one morning feeling deprived. He woke up feeling *ordinary*, but ordinary no longer meant shallow.

For a long while after the awakening glimpse, life flowed with an ease that felt almost childlike. Not childish, but uncomplicated. He moved through days without inner friction. Decisions arose naturally. Speech was minimal but accurate. Silence felt complete rather than empty. There was no need to protect any state, because nothing felt fragile.

For nearly three years, sattvic qualities expressed themselves without effort.
Not as discipline.
Not as virtue.
Not as intention.

Desire no longer pulled outward; it softened into warmth. Anger did not disappear, but it clarified instantly and dissolved before becoming reactive. Greed lost its urgency. Pride melted into gratitude. Jealousy found no ground to stand on. These were not achievements. They were *side-effects*—the natural posture of a mind that had once rested fully in itself.

Premyogi did not think of himself as transformed. He did not claim wisdom. In fact, he spoke less about inner matters than before. What had been seen did not demand explanation. It simply changed the way things were received.

People noticed something, though few could name it. His presence felt calm without being withdrawn. He was social, yet not entangled. Engaged, yet not driven. Attentive, yet unburdened. His silence carried more weight than speech, not because it was mystical, but because it was unhurried. He listened fully. He responded simply. He did not compete for attention or withdraw from it.

This phase was not ecstasy.
It was *alignment*.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the sharp edge of brilliance softened further. The effortless clarity that had once pervaded every moment began to ebb. Ordinary mind patterns returned—not aggressively, not fully, but gradually, like familiar guests re-entering a house that had been renovated in their absence.

Thought resumed its usual rhythms. Preferences reappeared. Small irritations surfaced. Fatigue returned. The body asserted its needs again. The mind began planning, comparing, remembering. None of this felt like failure. It felt natural.

What did not return was *ignorance*.

Even as intensity faded, something irreversible had occurred. Premyogi could no longer fully believe his thoughts. He could no longer mistake emotions for identity. He could no longer lose himself completely in roles, fears, or ambitions. The center had shifted permanently.

It was now known—not intellectually, not philosophically, but experientially—that silence is not the absence of movement, and movement is not the loss of silence. The earlier glimpse had revealed something simple and final: whatever arises does so within a field that is already complete.

This knowing did not argue with life.
It accompanied it.

The inner image that had once functioned as a doorway did not vanish entirely. It remained faintly, subtly, like a background presence—no longer vivid, no longer demanding, no longer magnetic. It did not pull attention. It did not stimulate longing. It did not ask to be remembered.

Yet it was not gone.

It existed like a fragrance in the air—unnoticed most of the time, but unmistakable when sensed. Sometimes it appeared as warmth in the chest. Sometimes as a quiet tenderness. Sometimes as a barely perceptible sense of being accompanied. It was no longer personal, no longer feminine or masculine, no longer tied to form. It had become symbolic rather than psychological.

This was important.

Because the persistence of that subtle background revealed something deeper: the samādhi had not been an event dependent on conditions. It had been a recognition. And recognition, once complete, does not need to be sustained.

In simple terms, the very means through which Premyogi had experienced self-realisation could not disappear. How could it? Mind doesn't leave source of bliss, it gets stuck to that. That inner image had not vanished; it had transformed. What once appeared as a distinct mental presence had dissolved into nonduality. It had become equal to everything—equal to the world, equal to objects, equal to silence, and equal even to his deepest sense of self.

Earlier, that image had carried a certain pull, a subtle distinction. Now, no such distinction remained. It no longer generated even the faintest trace of emotion—no lust, no attachment, no longing, no resistance. It did not provoke thought, nor did it invite imagination. It asked for nothing and offered nothing in return.

It had become pure presence.

In that purity, it was no longer experienced as “other.” It was no longer something remembered or held. It was simply what was. In becoming fully nondual, it lost the power to disturb—and in losing that power, it gained sacredness. What had once been a doorway had now become the ground itself.

This was not loss. It was consecration.

The image did not fade because it weakened; it faded because it no longer stood apart. It had become divine—not as an object of worship, but as a state beyond demand. Silent, complete, and self-sufficient.

Premyogi now understood that samādhi born of love differs fundamentally from samādhi born of effort. Effort-based absorption depends on maintenance. It survives as long as discipline, technique, or will is actively applied. When effort relaxes or attention weakens, the state collapses. Love-based absorption is different. It does not depend on holding. It leaves behind understanding. Even when the state itself fades, the knowing remains.

This difference exists because effort never dissolves fully into bliss in the way love does. Effort may produce silence, control, and height, but love produces completion. Tantric samādhi achieved through forceful methods can indeed bring self-realisation, but its texture is different. It is precise, technical, and powerful, yet it lacks the effortless sweetness and worldly ease of love-born samādhi. It often requires isolation, long maturation, and sustained transformation. Fulfilment arrives slowly.

Love samādhi, by contrast, arrives as fullness. It feels as if everything has already been obtained. Stillness does not need protection. Completion coexists naturally with daily life. Even amid worldly movement, chaos, and responsibility, a profound quiet remains for years without effort. There is nothing to improve and nothing to guard.

Although the experience of self-realisation itself is the same in essence, the *flavour* of specialness felt in love-born samādhi seems to arise from the greater involvement of the heart. The centre of awakening does not change the truth that is realised, but it does change how that truth is *lived* and *remembered*.

In the scriptures, the heart is often described as the **guhā**—the cave where the Self resides. This is not merely poetic language. For yogins whose path unfolds through love, rasa, and devotion, the heart becomes the primary gateway. Awakening there carries warmth, intimacy, sweetness, and a sense of being held. Even when non-duality dawns, it feels personal without becoming possessive, sacred without becoming distant. The Self is known as home.

For haṭha yogins and effort-based practitioners, the ascent often culminates at **sahasrāra** in the brain. There, realisation appears as vastness, brilliance, clarity, and power. The mind dissolves into light. The experience is precise, expansive, and impersonal. Fulfilment is complete, yet its expression can remain dry, silent, or aloof unless later softened by the heart.

Both paths arrive at the same truth. There are not two liberations. But the **entry point colours the aftermath**. Love-samādhi leaves behind fragrance. Haṭha-samādhi leaves behind luminosity. One sings; the other shines.

This may be why bhakti traditions speak of the heart as the dwelling of the Lord, while yogic traditions speak of the crown as the seat of liberation. It is not a contradiction, but a difference of emphasis. The Self is everywhere, yet it reveals itself according to the door through which one enters.

For the love-yogin, the heart becomes the throne of realisation.
For the haṭha-yogin, the head becomes the sky of freedom.

And when both are united, awakening becomes not only true—but whole.

Patanjali Yoga based Tantric samādhi appeared to Premyogi as technical and predictable—achievable without outer emotional conditions, without relationship, without favourable circumstances. It was even much quicker to yield however ground was first prepared since long. It could be approached systematically and understood conceptually by the material intellect. Love samādhi, however, appeared unbelievable to the ordinary mind. It defied method. No deliberate practice preceded it. No technique could be credited.

From the outside, it looked absurd. People assume that repeating words like love, bhakti, or devotion without method leads nowhere. They see lives spent chanting and longing, yet producing no transformation. What they miss is that love samādhi is not produced by repetition or belief. It arises only when love matures without collapse—when attraction is sustained without consumption, when longing ripens into presence, and when effort is no longer required.

That is why love samādhi cannot be taught, cannot be imitated, and cannot be forced. It is recognised only after it has already happened.

Premyogi also saw why this path is so often misunderstood. Samādhi born of love does not arise through planning. It depends on a rare convergence of inner maturity, past sanskāras, timing, and favourable outer conditions. Such convergence happens to very few. Figures like Krishna are remembered not because they taught a system, but because they embodied a result that others could not reproduce.

When one person out of millions reaches such completion without visible method, many begin to follow blindly. They reject discipline, technique, and structure, believing that love alone will carry them. But they miss a crucial truth: Krishna was not rejecting method—he had already transcended it. What appeared spontaneous to others was supported by depths they could not see.

Love samādhi cannot be copied. It cannot be willed. It cannot be summoned by imitation. Without the inner preparation, the same language of love becomes mere emotion, fantasy, or dependence. Systems and techniques exist not because love is insufficient, but because most minds are not yet ready to sustain love without collapse.

That is why scriptures offer paths, practices, and disciplines. They are not substitutes for grace; they are preparations for it. When preparation is complete, grace may appear without warning. When it does, method falls away naturally, just as a boat is left behind after crossing a river.

Krishna-like samādhi is rare not because love is rare, but because completeness is rare. Those who see only the flower and ignore the soil mistake the miracle for a rule.

After Samadhi union, mind never forgets its source. It is like the river may return to its banks, but it never forgets the ocean.

Life, of course, continued. Responsibilities increased. Complexity returned. The world demanded engagement again. Relationships, work, uncertainty, and social friction re-entered the frame. Premyogi was not insulated from these. He participated fully. He struggled at times. He misjudged. He learned again.

But the struggle no longer felt existential.

Failure did not threaten identity. Success did not inflate it. Praise passed through without sticking. Criticism no longer wounded deeply. Fear appeared, but it no longer paralyzed. Joy came, but it did not intoxicate. The pendulum still moved, but its center had stabilized.

This was the real fruit of gopī-samādhi.

Not vision.

Not bliss.

Not power.

But *orientation*.

Later, when Premyogi encountered scriptures, teachings, and philosophies, he recognized their echoes immediately. He saw how many traditions attempted to describe this integration phase—how awakening must be followed by grounding, how insight must settle into life, how silence must learn to walk.

Advising moral conduct, truthfulness, humanity, restraint, and simplicity in worldly life are all **grounding methods**—they become meaningful **after awakening**, not before it. Grounding is not the starting point; it is the stabilising phase that follows insight. One who has not yet awakened must first **rise**, must first touch height, intensity, and expansion. Only then does grounding have purpose.

To ask someone to remain modest, restrained, and simplified before awakening is like asking a person lying on the ground to stay low forever. **If one never rises,**

when will one see the horizon? Awakening requires a period of ascent—of fully engaging with life, the world, relationships, ambition, struggle, beauty, conflict, responsibility, and power—**but with awareness and humanity intact**. This ascent is not indulgence; it is exploration with consciousness.

There is a widespread misunderstanding here. Scriptural advice about simplicity, renunciation, and easy living is often treated as universally applicable. It is not. Such advice belongs to a **later stage** of life. First comes expansion; then comes restraint. First comes Krishna-living; **Rama-living comes at the end**.

Krishna did not begin as Rama. Had Krishna not confronted and subdued demons like Kāmsa, Śakaṭāsura, Bakāsura, and others—had he not challenged Indra, disrupted false authority, and broken rigid structures—how could order ever be restored? Had he not entered politics, supported the Pāṇḍavas, and helped dismantle the Kaurava system, how could justice return to society? Without such engagement, how could ordinary people feel secure enough to perform their duties?

Krishna's worldliness was not a fall from spirituality; it was **its necessary expression**. His engagement with power, conflict, strategy, and governance was **karmayoga**, not indulgence. Only after such intense engagement could detachment become natural, not forced. Only after victory over chaos could peace be meaningful.

Thus, awakening is not born from premature restraint. It is born from **full participation with awareness**. Modesty becomes authentic only after one has known power. Renunciation becomes real only after one has known possession. Silence becomes profound only after one has spoken fully.

To reverse this order is to confuse stages of life.
First one must rise.
Then one must return.

That return is Rama.
The rise is Krishna.

Premyogi was also drawn—almost pushed—into the field of human worldliness and social responsibility, not by personal ambition, but by the Krishna principle itself. It was not a chosen role; it arose naturally wherever imbalance appeared. Whether it was guiding Mohan and keeping his wild energy aligned with humanity, or living a contactless love during his school years, or refusing to adopt hatred based on caste or economic status—choosing instead to live with equality and often greater warmth toward those considered socially downgraded, as Krishna did with Sudāmā—his responses were spontaneous rather than ideological.

The same pattern followed him later. In university life, amid chaos and violent ragging, he attempted to introduce restraint and sanity. In professional life, when he encountered harsh behavior toward subordinates, he worked quietly to soften it. In matters of service delivery and resource use, he emphasized quality, conservation, and respect for human labor. He did not act as a reformer, nor as a preacher. He simply responded, again and again, in the manner Krishna responds—by restoring balance where imbalance threatens to harden.

In every sphere, he played his part without declaring himself anything. The role changed, the setting changed, but the principle remained the same.

Yet none of the descriptions found in scriptures fully matched the simplicity of lived experience as it unfolded in his own life. Scriptures are, in a way, ancient case studies—recorded in different times, cultures, and outer conditions. Their forms cannot perfectly mirror the patterns of the present age. What remains constant is not the form, but the principle beneath it.

The principle is simple: one must first rise high enough to glimpse the sky, and only then learn how to rest on the ground. Without that ascent, grounding becomes stagnation. Without grounding, ascent becomes instability. Lived experience revealed this balance more clearly than any text could describe.

No scripture had told him that truth fades gently.
No teaching had said that losing intensity is not losing truth.
No philosophy had explained that return is as sacred as ascent.

However, there were hints for all this—and for many related questions—but they were never as direct, as convincing, or as complete as lived experience itself.

These were known directly.

The ocean receded.
But the shore was forever changed.

From this point onward, Premyogi could never again live only on the surface of things. Even when distracted, even when tired, even when caught in ordinary concerns, something underneath remained steady. It did not demand recognition. It did not ask for loyalty. It simply *was*.

This was Krishna-living beyond *līlā*.

Not play.
Not attraction.
Not story.
Not even devotion as it is usually understood.

Līlā had completed its function and withdrawn. What remained was ground—not movement, not sweetness, not intensity, but depth. Not excitement, but steadiness. Not union, but belonging.

Love had done its work.

And when love is sustained without collapse, it does not end in memory or nostalgia. It settles as understanding. It becomes the quiet confidence that whatever arises can be met, and whatever fades does not threaten what is real.

This was the final gate of Krishna-living—not a gate that opens outward, but one that closes gently behind. Nothing more needed to be sought. Nothing needed to be held.

Only life remained—
lived fully,
seen clearly,
and trusted completely.

Love sustained without collapse becomes samādhi.

Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience

Volume II: Krishna Living

**Book Part 5: The Withdrawal of Rasa – When Sweetness Had
Done Its Work**

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Chapter 1: The Natural Withdrawal

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Chapter 1: The Natural Withdrawal

This chapter marks the quiet completion of the Krishna-living phase. It does not describe a fall, a loss, or a turning away, but a natural settling—where sweetness finishes its work and steps aside without resistance. What had refined Premyogi from within no longer needed to remain active. The withdrawal was not forced, nor chosen. It happened because the purpose had been fulfilled.

Krishna-living, by its very nature, is not meant to last forever. It is a phase of life, not a permanent posture. It arrives, burns brightly, completes its work, and then withdraws—just as childhood play fades when maturity begins, and just as a flower falls when the fruit is ready to form. Premyogi did not experience this withdrawal as a loss. There was no grief, no fear, and no effort to hold on. The intensity softened on its own, as if life itself knew when enough had been enough.

The attraction that had once carried such power no longer demanded attention. It did not collapse suddenly, nor did it disappear dramatically. It simply weakened, gently and intelligently. The inner image lost its sharpness. The pull that once felt magnetic became faint, then neutral. Energy that had danced freely for years now began to settle. This settling did not create emptiness. It created readiness.

There was no sense that something precious was slipping away. On the contrary, Premyogi felt a quiet satisfaction, as if a long task had been completed successfully. What had needed refinement had been refined. What had needed softening had been softened. The rasa had done its work.

This is an important distinction: the withdrawal was not renunciation. Premyogi did not turn away from sweetness out of discipline or moral resolve. Nor did he suppress attraction or deny emotion. The withdrawal happened because the inner system no longer required that mode of learning. Just as a child naturally outgrows toys without being told to abandon them, Premyogi outgrew the intensity of Krishna-living without effort.

In kundalini language, the energy did not fall downward, nor did it rush upward. It simply stopped circulating in the same way. The loop that had once sustained rasa loosened, not because it failed, but because it had already delivered its fruit. The nervous system no longer needed that rhythm to remain balanced. A deeper stability had formed beneath it.

What remained was subtle, almost unnoticeable at first. The sweetness that once filled his days now rested quietly in the background, like a fragrance that lingers long after the flower has fallen. It did not announce itself. It did not ask for attention. It simply remained available, shaping perception without effort.

Premyogi noticed that his daily life continued smoothly. There was no disturbance in study, no agitation in relationships, no loss of interest in the world. If anything, life became simpler. The need for emotional peaks faded. Ordinary moments felt sufficient. The earlier intensity had trained him well; now it was no longer required.

This phase taught him something that would later become very clear: not all spiritual movements are meant to be sustained. Some are meant to complete. The mistake many people make is trying to preserve a phase beyond its natural lifespan. When sweetness is forced to remain after its work is done, it turns into stagnation. When attraction is held artificially, it becomes attachment. Krishna-living avoids this trap by withdrawing on its own.

Premyogi did not try to recreate the earlier state. He did not chase memories or attempt to revive old feelings. He allowed the fading to happen without interference. This non-interference was itself a form of wisdom, though he did not call it that at the time. Life was guiding the process more accurately than thought ever could.

There was also no dramatic shift in identity. He did not suddenly feel “less spiritual” or more worldly. In fact, the opposite was true. The refinement gained during the Krishna phase had already integrated itself into his behavior, perception, and values. He did not need the sweetness to act with sensitivity anymore. Sensitivity had become natural.

In the stories of Krishna, too, *līlā* does not continue endlessly. The playful phase ends when its role is fulfilled. Krishna does not remain forever in Vrindavan. He moves on —not because the play failed, but because it succeeded. Premyogi sensed this same intelligence operating in his own life. The play was over, and there was no need to replay it.

Importantly, this withdrawal did not lead to dryness. Many fear that when sweetness fades, life becomes dull or mechanical. That did not happen here. What faded was intensity, not depth. What softened was attraction, not awareness. The inner quiet that followed was not empty; it was settled.

He found that he no longer depended on emotional movement to feel alive. Earlier, *rasa* had been the vehicle of growth. Now, growth no longer required a vehicle. This was not stagnation. It was completion.

There were moments when faint traces of the earlier image appeared, but they carried no charge. They did not pull him outward. They did not generate longing or resistance. They passed like distant echoes, recognized but not followed. This neutrality was new, and it confirmed that something fundamental had shifted.

The most striking aspect of this phase was its effortlessness. There was no sense of managing oneself. No inner monitoring. No vigilance. Life flowed forward without friction. This ease was the clearest sign that the phase had ended correctly.

Premyogi later understood that this kind of withdrawal is rare, because it requires trust. Many cling to what once gave meaning, fearing that without it they will lose direction. But Krishna-living does not leave behind confusion. It leaves behind readiness.

By the end of this phase, Premyogi did not feel that he had lost Krishna. He felt that Krishna had finished teaching him in that particular way. The sweetness had not

vanished; it had been absorbed. The flower had fallen, but the fruit had already begun forming invisibly.

This chapter, therefore, does not end with a turning point or a new beginning. It ends with quiet completion. Nothing dramatic happened. Nothing needed to happen.

The rasa had completed its work.

Chapter 2: The Fragrance That Guarded Life

This chapter explores what remains after a phase of intense inner living has quietly withdrawn. It does not describe continuation, repetition, or nostalgia. Instead, it reveals how refinement, once completed, turns into protection. Krishna-living no longer burns here; it stabilizes. What once transformed Premyogi now begins to guard him—silently, invisibly, and reliably—through ordinary life.

When the sweetness of Krishna-living receded, nothing dramatic happened. There was no emptiness, no fall, and no sense of loss. Life simply continued, but with a subtle difference that Premyogi could not explain to others at the time. The attraction had softened. The glow had dimmed. The inner image no longer demanded attention. Yet something essential had remained intact, as if the fragrance of a flower lingered long after the petals had fallen.

This remainder was not attraction. It was not remembrance in the emotional sense. It was not longing. It was guidance without voice.

Premyogi noticed this first in small, almost unremarkable ways. Situations that usually pull people into vulgarity, excess, or careless indulgence simply failed to grip him. It was not that temptation disappeared from the world. It was that his inner response to it had changed. The pull was weaker, shorter, and often dissolved before becoming a struggle. Where others felt conflict, he felt pause. Where others felt compulsion, he felt choice.

The meditation image that had once glowed brightly now worked like a quiet sentinel. It did not appear clearly, and often it did not appear at all. Yet when certain thresholds were approached—emotional chaos, reckless desire, moral shortcuts—it made itself felt as a subtle resistance, a soft correction, never harsh and never moralistic. It did not say “don’t.” It simply did not allow full momentum in the wrong direction.

This was not discipline. Premyogi had never been disciplined in the conventional sense. It was refinement expressing itself as protection.

Through years of demanding study, pressure, and fatigue, this inner fragrance continued to work. Medical education, with its exhaustion and long hours, often strips people of sensitivity and balance. Many burn out, harden, or seek escape through addiction and excess. Premyogi passed through those same pressures, but something buffered him. Loneliness did not collapse into desperation. Exhaustion did not spill into recklessness. Even when tired, even when frustrated, a line was never crossed.

He did not feel superior. In fact, he rarely noticed the protection while it was happening. It was only in retrospect that he saw how many traps had simply failed to catch him.

This inner residue also changed how he related to people. Emotional entanglements that often destabilize young adulthood did not entangle him deeply. Affection arose,

connection formed, but obsession did not take root. Where others oscillated between craving and withdrawal, Premyogi remained steady. Relationships did not become battlegrounds for identity or validation. The heart stayed open without becoming dependent.

This is where the Krishna–Radha parallel becomes relevant, but only subtly. Just as Krishna’s life did not collapse after separation, Premyogi’s inner life did not fracture when outer forms changed. Marriage entered his life later, not as a disruption but as a continuation on a different plane. The earlier refinement ensured that marriage did not become compensation for lack, nor a dumping ground for unresolved longing. Love became quieter, steadier, more human.

The inner image no longer functioned as a lover. It functioned as orientation.

This orientation protected him not only from indulgence, but also from bitterness. Many people, when life becomes heavy with responsibility, lose softness. They grow rigid, resentful, or cynical. Premyogi did not. Even under strain, even when dealing with inefficiency, injustice, or difficult people, something prevented him from hardening. Anger arose, but it did not corrode. Disappointment came, but it did not poison outlook.

The protection was not perfection. He made mistakes. He misjudged people. He overextended at times. But collapse never followed. Recovery was quick. Balance returned naturally.

In kundalini terms, the earlier circulation of energy had reorganized his nervous system. The channels had learned flow without excess. Even when energy dipped, it did not stagnate. Even when stress accumulated, it did not explode. The system had been trained by sweetness, not force. And that training held.

This guarding quality extended into professional life as well. When authority arrived, it did not intoxicate. When responsibility increased, it did not inflate ego. Premyogi noticed that he could take decisions without becoming cruel, and enforce standards without becoming rigid. He could disagree without humiliating, correct without dominating. This was not taught anywhere. It was a residue of refinement.

The most remarkable aspect of this fragrance was its invisibility. No one around him would have guessed its presence. There were no signs, no language, no spiritual display. It did not isolate him from society or mark him as different. On the contrary, it made him more available, more attentive, more present. He could listen without impatience. He could engage without losing himself.

This is where many misunderstand spiritual phases. They assume that when intensity fades, truth fades with it. But Premyogi learned the opposite. Intensity is only needed for transformation. Once transformation is complete, intensity withdraws. What remains is reliability.

Intensity plays a crucial role in awakening. It is intensity that lifts a person to the peak of experience, where a glimpse of self-realisation becomes possible. When such a glimpse occurs, something decisive happens in the psyche: from the worldly side,

nothing higher seems left to be achieved. The mind, which had been chasing fulfillment through countless forms, tastes a completeness that ends the search. Only after this does the deeper truth—the void, the nirvikalpa—begin to make sense.

The void cannot be genuinely embraced before this. If it is approached prematurely, without the fulfillment of intense worldly and inner experience, it remains dark, abstract, and unstable. The mind still carries unfulfilled desires, unexpressed longings, and suppressed intensity. When such a mind tries to rest in emptiness by force, the emptiness does not hold. At any moment, it can rebound violently into worldliness—sometimes with greater force than before. What appears as detachment may suddenly collapse into craving, indulgence, or confusion. In some cases, this rebound can be psychologically harmful.

The darkness of the void, when not clarified by understanding, can itself become a stimulant. Instead of dissolving desire, it may provoke the mind to seek shimmer, sensation, and intensity even more desperately. This is why mere withdrawal, suppression, or premature renunciation rarely leads to stability.

Guidance, companionship of a realised teacher, and gradual clarification can reduce this rebound effect to some extent. With proper grounding, even early exposure to nirvikalpa states can be made safer. Yet such stability is still not the same as that of an awakened being—one who has already tasted fulfillment through intensity and therefore carries no unconscious hunger.

This does not mean that one should avoid nirvikalpa experiences before savikalpa awakening. Exploration is natural, and attempts may arise spontaneously. But they require extra care, humility, and support. Without that, the void remains fragile terrain.

Only when intensity has completed its work—only when the world has been fully tasted and seen through—does emptiness become luminous rather than frightening. Then nirvikalpa is no longer a darkness that repels life, but a silence that can hold it without recoil.

Krishna-living had done its work by refining the heart. That refinement now operated as an immune system. It did not prevent contact with the world; it prevented corruption by it.

Even when the inner image appeared faintly at times—during exhaustion, illness, or emotional pressure—it carried no charge. There was no pull, no longing, no disturbance. It appeared like a familiar presence, acknowledged and passed. It had become sacred, neutral, equal to everything else.

This is why nothing was lost.

What people usually lose when phases end is identity. Premyogi did not identify with the phase while it was happening. He lived it fully, but lightly. That is why it could leave without tearing anything.

Looking back, he understood that Krishna-living was never meant to be permanent fire. It was meant to temper metal. Once tempered, the fire withdraws.

The chapter closes with a simple recognition: the sweetness was gone, but safety remained. The glow had faded, but clarity endured. The play had ended, but its discipline had entered the bones.

Krishna-living no longer burned, but it kept him safe.

Chapter 3: From Sweetness to Power

(Function: Transition — the quiet turning point between Krishna and Shakti)

This chapter marks the moment when sweetness completes its work and something stronger begins to ask for space. It is not a fall from love, nor a rejection of devotion, but a natural inner transition. Premyogi's life does not move away from Krishna here; it moves through Krishna into something else. What was once nourishment now becomes insufficient. What once saved him now prepares him for power. This chapter stands as the bridge between refinement and construction, between *rasa* and responsibility.

For a long time, sweetness had been enough. The inner life of Premyogi had moved with softness, devotion, and a gentle warmth that made existence feel protected. The heart had learned how to remain open without bleeding, how to love without collapse, how to remember without effort. This sweetness was not sentimental; it was stabilising. It had refined his instincts, purified desire, and prevented the mind from becoming crude or aggressive. Krishna-living had done its work perfectly.

And yet, slowly, something began to change.

It did not arrive as dissatisfaction or restlessness. It arrived as boredom—subtle, quiet, almost embarrassing to admit. Not boredom with life, but boredom with softness itself. The sweetness that once felt liberating now felt repetitive. The tenderness that once healed now felt insufficient. The heart was full, but something deeper wanted to stand upright.

This boredom was not a flaw. It was intelligence.

Premyogi noticed that the feminine tone dominating his inner life—flowing, receptive, devotional—was no longer enough to hold the growing energy inside him. Sweetness could contain pain, but it could not direct power. Love could dissolve tension, but it could not organise force. The inner world had become peaceful, but peace alone was no longer the question. Direction had begun to matter.

This is a rarely spoken truth: sweetness cannot build structures. It can refine, but it cannot command.

Krishna-living refines the heart, but it does not build the spine.

The shift did not happen suddenly. The old inner image, which had once glowed vividly, began to lose its emotional charge. It did not disappear, nor did it hurt. It simply stopped leading. The remembrance that once carried warmth now felt passive, almost decorative. Premyogi did not push it away; he simply stopped leaning on it.

In its place, something else began to appear—not as emotion, not as image, but as tone. However it was image-like, but not quite an image. It carried no emotional charge, no pull, no sweetness demanding attention.

It did not behave like remembrance born of memory.
It did not arise from desire.

Such a presence can emerge only through deep detachment.
Only a saint who has outgrown craving, or a Radha-like woman who loves without possession, can leave behind this kind of trace.
It is form without demand, memory without emotion, presence without pull.

Because there was no emotional charge left, the mind did not cling to it.
Because the mind did not cling, it did not collapse back into attachment.
And because attachment had burned out, the image no longer functioned as an object—it had become neutral, sacred, and equal to everything else, including his own deepest self.

Earlier, during moments of bliss and absorption, an entirely different presence had sometimes flickered in the background: the image of Dada Guru. At that time, it had remained secondary, almost symbolic. Now, without effort or intention, it began to occupy the centre. The inner orientation shifted from feminine to masculine, from melting to standing, from sweetness to clarity.

It was also not accidental that Premyogi had to change his place of residence during this phase. Professional demands, social responsibilities, and practical necessities slowly displaced him from the earlier environment. The new location was not beauty-dominated, not emotionally charged, and not conducive to sweetness. It was a place shaped more by authority, discipline, and hierarchy—a guru-dominated space rather than a rasa-dominated one. This shift naturally supported the rise of the Dada Guru image within him.

Inner flames grow only when outer conditions change in the right direction. What nourishes sweetness cannot nourish power. What sustains devotion cannot build structure. Premyogi understood later that the environment itself had acted as a silent teacher, aligning with the next requirement of his inner evolution.

Krishna's life followed the same principle. As a child, he lived in Gokul, where innocence and protection prevailed. In Vrindavan, sweetness, play, and love reached their peak. In Mathura, confrontation with power and responsibility began. And in Dwarka, Krishna settled into kingship, order, and inward silence. These were not random migrations. Each place corresponded to the maturation of a different inner flame.

Sweetness needs a fertile field. Power needs resistance. Silence needs distance.

Premyogi's movement mirrored this rhythm. In childhood and adolescence, life placed him where beauty, attraction, and rasa were abundant—where the heart could open fully. In adulthood, circumstances brought him into environments dominated by authority, structure, and responsibility—where sweetness alone would have been insufficient. And as worldly maturity completed itself, life began gently pushing him toward quieter spaces, where action reduced and inward clarity deepened.

The shift was not chosen. It happened. Just as Krishna did not plan his movements but responded to necessity, Premyogi did not design his transitions. They arrived when the previous phase had completed its work.

Only later did he see the pattern:
location follows inner requirement, not comfort.
Sweetness grows first. Power follows. Silence comes last.

This was not fate. It was intelligence—life arranging itself so that the next stage could begin without conflict.

This was not aggression. It was firmness.

At new place, the mind of Premyogi began to organise itself differently. Thoughts became fewer but sharper. Solitude no longer felt like longing; it felt like readiness. Silence no longer felt warm; it felt powerful. The intuitive intelligence—*ritambharā*—started asserting itself. Decisions became clearer. Direction emerged without planning. Discipline appeared without force.

This was the beginning of Shakti, though Premyogi did not yet name it so.

The energy that had earlier circulated gently now began to gather. Where Krishna-living had allowed energy to flow freely, Shakti-living required containment. The nervous system, once softened by love, now demanded structure. There was no visible practice, no announced austerity, and no outward declaration of change. Nothing about Premyogi's life signaled that something decisive had occurred. And yet inwardly, something fundamental had shifted. It was not an experience he tried to repeat, nor a state he tried to maintain. It was an internal realignment that quietly altered the direction of his life.

From that shift, yoga practice emerged naturally—not as ambition, not as discipline imposed from outside, but as a response to an inner clarity. Minimalism followed in the same way. He did not renounce possessions; he simply stopped needing excess. The movement was organic, effortless, and unannounced.

There was no ego in it, because nothing had been done deliberately. It felt less like a personal choice and more like life arranging itself through him. When action arises without authorship, there is no pride to take credit and no identity to defend. He did not speak about it. He did not try to convince anyone. He did not even feel the need to explain it to himself.

Because there was no ego investment, there was no distraction. Progress in meditation continued quietly, without urgency and without display. At the same time, worldly responsibilities were handled steadily and competently. Growth did not split into inner and outer domains; it moved forward as a single, coherent stream.

This was not spirituality performed. It was alignment lived.

And because it was lived rather than claimed, it remained stable.

This was tantra beginning—not as ritual, not as technique, but as organisation of force.

Sweetness had protected him from vulgarity, addiction, and collapse. Now power demanded something else: steadiness, clarity, and responsibility. The inner world was no longer content to simply feel complete. It wanted to act, to build, to engage with the world without losing itself.

This is why Krishna cannot remain forever.

In the deeper stories, Krishna does not stay in Vrindavan. He leaves. Not because love fails, but because love has finished its work. Once the heart is refined, the world must be entered again—this time not as a seeker, but as a stabilising force.

Premyogi understood this intuitively. The withdrawal from sweetness was not loss. It was readiness. Just as petals fall when the fruit is ready to form, rasa withdrew so that power could gather. Had sweetness clung longer than needed, it would have weakened what was coming next.

Looking back, he could see the intelligence of the entire movement. Krishna-living had made him safe. Without it, Shakti would have been dangerous. Without refinement of desire, power would have turned aggressive. Without devotion, discipline would have become dry. Without love, clarity would have hardened into ego.

Krishna had softened him enough to handle force.

This transition also marked the end of one kind of invisibility and the beginning of another. Earlier, his inner life had been hidden because it was too subtle. Now it became hidden because it was too firm. The world would not notice this change, but it would feel its effects later—in the way he spoke, acted, resisted injustice, and handled responsibility.

This chapter does not complete Shakti-living. It merely opens the door.

The Krishna phase hands over quietly, without ceremony. There is no farewell, no regret, no nostalgia. Only gratitude. Sweetness does not disappear; it moves to the background, where it will continue to soften strength and humanise power.

As this book closes, Premyogi stands at the threshold. The heart is refined. The spine is awakening. The world is about to be entered again—not as play, not as devotion, but as responsibility.

Krishna had done his work.

He had made him safe for power.

This volume ends here, where sweetness completes its work and releases the path forward. What follows does not negate what has been lived; it stands on it. The next movement belongs to structure, power, and responsibility—how energy, once refined by love, learns to

carry weight in the world. That journey unfolds in the following volume, not as continuation of rasa, but as its consequence.

Conclusion

When Līlā Reveals Its Pattern

This concluding chapter is not an addition to the journey but a **recognition of what has already been lived**. It gathers the scattered threads of Premyogi's life and places them side by side—not to prove anything, but to allow the pattern to speak for itself. When seen together, the events no longer appear random. They reveal a structure that closely resembles what ancient scriptures recorded in symbolic language.

From the very beginning, life around Premyogi unfolded under unusual pressure. The early deaths of his elder sisters left a deep mark on the family field. These were not ordinary losses; they were abrupt, destabilizing, and emotionally violent. In symbolic terms, they resembled the destructive forces described in Krishna's infancy—figures like Kāṁsa, Śakaṭāsura, or Bakāsura—forces that attack before consciousness has had time to stabilize. Survival itself became the first initiation. What remained alive grew inwardly strong.

As Premyogi moved through childhood and adolescence, his life entered a phase of intense harmony, play, attraction, and inward bliss. This was the Krishna-līlā phase—sweet, absorbing, and deeply formative. Yet, once this līlā completed its work, the outer world did not remain gentle. Society rapidly shifted into a more chaotic, competitive, and mechanical form. Modern pressures replaced the earlier simplicity. This transition mirrored another ancient event: the decline of the Yadu lineage after Krishna's visible departure. When līlā withdraws, the world reorganizes. Sweetness gives way to complexity.

The same pattern repeated within the extended family. Premyogi's father and his four real brothers stood together like five Pandavas—restrained, disciplined, and inwardly oriented. Opposite them stood one unreal uncle, whose influence extended far beyond his number. He gathered around himself habits of excess: needless consumption, unscientific eating and drinking, entanglement in adultery, gambling, and chronic waste of time. Though alone in bloodline, he functioned like many in disruption—symbolically equivalent to a hundred Kauravas.

Despite this uncle gradually grabbing land and material advantage, Premyogi's immediate family retained something more valuable: inner satisfaction, spiritual orientation, and dignity. They did not collapse into bitterness or imitation. This contrast was striking. It suggested that **company matters**—not merely physical proximity, but the energetic influence of presence. Premyogi did not correct anyone deliberately, yet his very being seemed to tilt situations toward order. If this resembled Krishna's influence, it was not through divinity claimed, but through **alignment lived**.

Seeing these repetitions—across personal life, family structures, and historical symbolism—it becomes difficult to dismiss the Bhāgavata Purāṇa as mere mythology. It begins to resemble an **ancient spiritual case study**, written in the language of its time. Characters appear symbolic not because they are imaginary, but because they represent recurring psychological and energetic configurations. Similar awakenings repeat across eras, and similar patterns follow. The scriptures appear less like stories to believe and more like **archives of lived awakenings**.

Krishna living, as revealed through Premyogi's experience, is not an end state. It is a **necessary but temporary phase**. It refines attraction, purifies emotion, and stabilizes awareness through intensity and love. Once this work is complete, it must withdraw. If sweetness lingers too long, it becomes stagnation. Just as Krishna did not remain forever in Vrindavan, Premyogi could not remain forever in rasa.

This clarifies a major misunderstanding in spiritual life. Grounding, morality, restraint, and simplicity are not starting points. They are **post-awakening stabilizers**. One must first rise—fully, intensely, consciously—into the shimmer of the world to exhaust desire and glimpse truth. Only then does modest living become stable rather than suppressive. Krishna living comes first; Rama living comes later. Law follows freedom; it does not precede it.

Premyogi was repeatedly pushed back into worldly engagement—not by ambition, but by the same Krishna principle that had earlier drawn him inward. Whether it was standing against injustice, correcting human behavior, improving systems of service, or refusing discrimination based on caste or wealth, his actions were not ideological. They arose naturally from alignment. Just as Krishna befriended Sudāmā and guided kings, Premyogi remained equally comfortable among the socially neglected and the professionally powerful.

Scriptures contain hints of all this, but they cannot replace experience. Ancient texts are records, not substitutes. They outline the pattern, but only lived life fills it with substance. The essential principle remains constant: **first touch the sky, then rest on the ground**.

One incident from Premyogi's family history returned with new clarity as he looked back on the arc of Krishna living. Long before his own awakening, his father—posted as a teacher in remote hill regions—once had to cross a monsoon-swollen river to reach duty. The current was violent, footing uncertain, survival not guaranteed. Yet he crossed safely, without drama, almost as if the flood had briefly adjusted to allow passage.

Seen later, this no longer appeared accidental.

In principle, it mirrored the ancient image of Vasudeva crossing the flooding Yamunā with Krishna. The river does not vanish; it regulates itself. Immense energy is present, yet it does not destroy. The parallel lies not in story, but in structure: whenever higher consciousness descends, life-energy rises; when alignment is present, intensity flows without harm.

Yogic science has always spoken of water and energy in the same language. Nāḍīs are rivers. Suṣumṇā is compared to Gaṅgā. Awakening is described as rising, flooding, flowing. Energy purifies when guided and overwhelms when obstructed. It nourishes when held in awareness.

Seen this way, even the image of the thousand-headed serpent spreading its hood above Krishna during the storm reveals a different meaning. It is not a miracle of protection, but a diagram of consciousness: the fully opened sahasrāra—thousand-petalled—holding the system in nonduality. When awareness rests there, external turbulence loses its power. The rain may thunder, but the field remains integrated. Protection arises not from force, but from completeness. Protection from harmful, hitting, and stormy rain is actually protection from outside evil energies.

Krishna consciousness, as Premyogi understood it, is neither suppression nor indulgence of energy. It is intelligent containment. Energy is allowed to rise fully, yet it is held within

awareness. Where energy awakens without consciousness, it becomes destructive. Where consciousness awakens without energy, it becomes dry. Krishna represents their meeting point—fluid, responsive, safe.

From this vantage, the river crossed by Premyogi's father was not merely a physical obstacle. It was an early expression of the same principle later lived fully in Premyogi himself: intensity present, danger visible, collapse avoided through alignment. Life-force surged, but did not overwhelm life.

Such moments repeated quietly across generations—narrow escapes, endurance without triumph, survival without fear. Not rewards or punishments, but preparations. Awakening does not land on fragile ground. Consciousness calibrates the field throughout generations before revealing itself in one life.

This understanding dissolved the need to defend experience with scripture or scripture with experience. Both spoke the same truth in different languages—one preserved it, the other lived it.

And so the book closes not with a conclusion, but a recognition:
whenever consciousness awakens, energy will rise;
whenever energy rises, danger will appear;
and whenever nondual awareness remains whole,
even floods make way.

This volume ends here not because the journey ends, but because the **Krishna phase completes its function**. The play withdraws. The sweetness settles. The imprint remains.

The līlā ends.
The maturity stays.
The pattern reveals itself.

And with that recognition, *Sanātana Dharma – Lived Experience: Volume II* closes—not as philosophy explained, but as life understood.

Thanks for reading this book.

Other Books Written by Premyogi Vajra (English)

1. *A New Age Kundalini Tantra: Autobiography of a Love-Yogi*
2. *The Moon Vet: Consciousness, Cosmic Civilizations & Life Beyond Earth*
3. *Kundalini Science: A Spiritual Psychology – Book 5*
4. *Dancing Serpent: The Play of Inner Energies*
5. *Love Story of a Yogi: What Patanjali Says*
6. *Purana Riddles: Decoding the Hidden Meanings of the Puranas*
7. *Tantra: The Ultimate Knowledge*
8. *Kundalini Demystified: What Premyogi Vajra Says*
9. *Organic Planet: Autobiography of an Eco-Loving Yogi*
10. *Comic Mythology: Awakening the Spirit with Beards*
11. *Kundalini Science: A Spiritual Psychology – Book 2*
12. *Sex to Kundalini Awakening: Mystical Sexual Tantra Explained*
13. *She Who Became My Guru*
14. *Mythological Body: A New-Age Physiology Philosophy*
15. *My Kundalini Website on E-Reader*
16. *The Art of Self-Publishing and Website Creation*
17. *Bhishma Pitamaha: The Unsung Mahāyogī*
18. *Kundalini Science: A Spiritual Psychology – Book 4*
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प्रेमयोगी वज्र द्वारा लिखित अन्य पुस्तकें (हिंदी)

1. शरीरविज्ञान दर्शन: एक आधुनिक कुण्डलिनी तंत्र (एक योगी की प्रेमकथा)
2. कुण्डलिनी विज्ञान: एक आध्यात्मिक मनोविज्ञान – पुस्तक 4
3. एक आधुनिक कुण्डलिनी तंत्र: एक योगी की प्रेमकथा
4. दिव्य मूँछ-पुराण स्तोत्र: व्यंग्यात्मक अध्यात्म के आलोक में
5. पुराण पहेली: रूपात्मक अध्यात्मविज्ञान की पराकाष्ठा
6. सनातन धर्म: एक एक जिया हुआ अनुभव – भीतर की यात्रा और आत्मजागरण
7. स्वयं-प्रकाशन व वेबसाइट निर्माण की कला
8. कुण्डलिनी विज्ञान: एक आध्यात्मिक मनोविज्ञान
9. संभोग से कुण्डलिनी जागरण तक: रहस्यात्मक यौनतंत्र का मनोवैज्ञानिक विश्लेषण
10. कुण्डलिनी विज्ञान: एक आध्यात्मिक मनोविज्ञान – पुस्तक 5
11. कुण्डलिनी विज्ञान: एक आध्यात्मिक मनोविज्ञान – पुस्तक 3
12. ई-रीडर पर मेरी कुण्डलिनी वेबसाइट
13. क्वांटम एवं अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान में योग: जहाँ विज्ञान समाप्त होता है, वहीं से योग आरम्भ
14. भीष्म पितामह: महायोगी का रहस्य – महाभारत की छिपी योगिक शक्ति
15. वह जो मेरी गुरु बनी
16. तंत्र: ज्ञानों का ज्ञान
17. नाचती नागिन: जब ऊर्जा दिशा सीखती है
18. विपश्यना और कुण्डलिनी: इक-दूजे के लिए
19. कुण्डलिनी विज्ञान: निर्विकल्प की यात्रा – पुस्तक 6
20. सांख्य संसार: सांख्य, योग एवं वेदान्त का रोमांचक सम्मिलन
21. अकेले का नाच: अद्वैत भाव से कुण्डलिनी जागरण
22. चंद्र-चिकित्सक: पृथ्वी से परे चेतना और जीवन की यात्रा
23. कुण्डलिनी रहस्योद्घाटित: प्रेमयोगी वज्र क्या कहता है
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25. भीतर की गाय: इंद्रियों, जागरूकता और मुक्ति का शास्त्रीय विज्ञान
26. बहुतकनीकी जैविक खेती एवं वर्षाजल-संग्रहण: एक पर्यावरणप्रेमी योगी की कहानी
27. कुण्डलिनी विज्ञान: एक आध्यात्मिक मनोविज्ञान – पुस्तक 2
28. क्वांटम दर्शन: क्वांटम स्तर पर शरीरविज्ञान दर्शन
29. कृष्ण-जीवन: लीला, रस, भक्ति और समाधि के माध्यम से चेतना का विकास- सनातन धर्म – एक जिया हुआ अनुभव श्रृंखला; खंड 2

शृंखला:

1. कुण्डलिनी विज्ञान - एक आध्यात्मिक मनोविज्ञान (पुस्तकें 1-6)
2. सनातन धर्म – एक जिया हुआ अनुभव (पुस्तकें 1-2)

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