

**DANCING SERPENT**  
*The Play of Inner Energies*

*Known in Indian tradition as Nagin Dance*

**Premyogi Vajra**

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## Foreword — Why the Serpent Dances

Every human being feels it at some point, even if they do not know its name. A sudden rise of enthusiasm, a quiet wave of peace, a moment when the mind clears without effort, a time when love feels deeper than emotion, or when work flows as if guided by an unseen hand. These moments come and go, and we usually dismiss them as mood, chance, or grace. But behind them moves something constant, something ancient, something alive. This book calls it the serpent.

The serpent is not a belief. It is not a myth. It is not a religion. It is not even a technique. It is a direction of life force. When this force moves downward, life becomes heavy, noisy, restless, and repetitive. When it moves upward, life becomes light, clear, meaningful, and creative. And when it learns to move up and down in rhythm, life becomes a dance.

In the Indian tradition, this dance has many names. Some call it *kundalini*. Some call it *shakti*. Some call it *prana*. Some call it sexual energy. Some call it divine power. This book chooses the word serpent because it describes movement, not theory. A serpent never moves in a straight line. It rises, falls, coils, pauses, and rises again. In the same way, human energy is not meant to climb once and remain fixed. It is meant to learn direction, rhythm, and balance.

Modern life has forgotten this rhythm. We either push energy down through endless desire and exhaustion, or we try to force it upward through discipline and strain. Both create imbalance. The result is visible everywhere: tired minds, restless bodies, broken relationships, confused spirituality, and a planet that feels like a dimming lamp. The serpent is still there, but it no longer dances. It stumbles.

This book was born from a simple realization: awakening is not an escape from life, and life is not an obstacle to awakening. The two are meant to grow together. When energy is guided well, worldly life becomes lighter and spiritual life becomes stable. When energy is mishandled, both collapse. The dance is not about renunciation or indulgence. It is about direction.

The pages you are about to read are not theory. They are lived observations. They do not belong to any school or lineage. They were shaped through years of trial, mistake, correction, and quiet understanding. The experiences of Premyogi Vajra are not presented as ideals, but as footprints. You are not asked to follow them. You are invited to recognize your own.

This book does not promise miracles. It does not promise powers. It does not promise permanent bliss. What it offers is something more reliable: the ability to understand what is happening inside you, why energy rises or falls, why relationships heal or break, why creativity appears or disappears, and how to guide all of it without violence, fear, or suppression. It teaches the art of not wasting energy, not hoarding it, and not forcing it.

The serpent dances when it feels safe. It dances when life is honest. It dances when direction is clear. It dances when effort and surrender are balanced. And when it dances, everything else follows.

If you read this book slowly, not as information but as reflection, you may begin to notice the serpent in your own breath, your own moods, your own work, and your own relationships. When that happens, the book will no longer be needed. The dance will have begun.

That is why the serpent dances.

## Chapter 1: When the Serpent Learns Direction

The serpent first shows itself as restlessness. Not desire, not thought, but a slight stirring low in the body, a warmth that begins to move before the mind has time to notice. It is the most ordinary thing in a man's life, so ordinary that it is ignored for years. Yet this is where everything begins. When this warmth turns downward and flows out again and again, the man slowly loses something he cannot name. When it turns upward, even once, he touches a power that feels ancient, steady, and quietly unstoppable.

Premyogi was still young when he noticed that something in him faded after release. His body felt lighter, but his days felt thinner. He could work, but the work had less force. He could speak, but words came out flat. He could sit, but the stillness did not deepen. It was not guilt, and it was not morality. It was simply observation. Something that was whole was being emptied too often. The serpent was spilling downward, and the spine was not being used.

At first, he tried to stop it. He held himself tightly, controlled breath, clenched muscles, resisted movement. Even he resisted his wife, holding her responsible for this. In one sense, he was right: she could not become his guru in this matter. But he was also wrong, because he never asked for her assistance, never invited her support, and never tried to become his own guru in this process. The result was pressure. His head grew heavy. His sleep broke. His body felt like a vessel sealed without outlet. He learned quickly that suppression was not mastery. The serpent does not respond to force. It responds only to direction.

Then he tried the opposite. He allowed release whenever the urge came. Pressure vanished, but so did strength. His days lost rhythm. His energy scattered. What left the body did not return. He began to understand that the serpent must move, but not blindly. Movement without direction is loss. Stillness without movement is sickness. Balance is the only path.

The turning point came quietly. A woman sat near him, not as lover, not as teacher, not as object of desire, but as presence. She was calm, breathing slowly, resting fully in her body. Nothing was happening, yet something shifted. Premyogi felt the warmth rise slightly instead of falling. The body paused. The breath deepened. For the first time, the serpent hesitated at the edge of release.

That hesitation changed everything.

He understood then that the critical moment is not when energy is gone, but when it is about to go. The earliest moment is the only moment that matters. If the serpent is caught when it first leans downward, it can be turned upward without effort. If it is allowed to fall even a little further, lifting becomes struggle.

This is where the woman's role revealed itself. She did not take the serpent. She did not pull it upward. She simply held the space where the spine could remember itself. Her calm made time slow. In that slowness, the body had a choice. The man's breath changed. His back straightened on its own. The warmth, instead of pouring out, began to rise like steam finding a vent.

It was not dramatic. There was no ecstasy, no vision, no trembling. But there was weight. Density. Presence. Premyogi felt more inside his chest, more in his head, more in his hands. The energy that usually left him stayed, but it did not become pressure. It became strength.

This was the first lesson of the dance. The serpent does not need to be denied. It needs to be guided at the right moment. A woman who knows how to be present at that moment becomes an assistant to ascent, not by technique, not by control, but by stillness. She becomes the turning point itself.

Premyogi learned this slowly, through repeated experience. Whenever a woman approached him with excitement, urgency, or demand, the serpent rushed downward. Whenever she approached with calm, breath, and groundedness, the serpent paused and lifted. The difference was not sexual. It was energetic. The body recognized safety and direction.

This is why the dance is necessary. If energy never moves a little downward, how will it rise, and how will growth happen? The up-and-down movement is not a mistake; it is the dance itself. When energy rises, it nourishes every chakra of the body. But if it never returns downward, it becomes stationed in the upper centers alone. Then this high state slowly becomes normal, and its charm disappears. Life loses movement. There is no worldly functioning, because work needs energy to be brought down to the organs that act. Energy that remains permanently in the upper chakras does not stay alive; it stagnates. Then neither worldly progress nor spiritual progress continues. The dance stops. A woman who never bends cannot rise in dance. A woman who falls also cannot rise. She needs the downward movement only, not fall, to reveal the upward movement, because the downward movement itself feeds the upward one. Fall means becoming not able to rise again easily. In the same way, energy must move slightly downward so that it can rise again; always remaining upward creates no dance, no rhythm, no life, and falling below a certain threshold makes rising again difficult, both spiritually and worldly. Energy going down supports energy going up—this is a simple fact. Spiritual nonduality, or rising energy, is nourished by worldly duality, or energy moving downward to a certain degree, and in the same way worldly duality is nourished by spiritual nonduality, because the higher state gives rest to the brain and senses, refreshing them for the next round of worldly action. No one can become nondual directly before becoming dual first. Here, falling and rising do not mean less or more energy in amount; they mean only direction. Rising energy feeds the upper chakras and the brain, supporting nonduality, while falling energy feeds the lower chakras, supporting worldly work and action. By God's grace, I became a living example of this nagin dance: because of social restrictions and family sanskaras, my energy remained contained at the muladhara even when it moved downward and was not spilled out, and this downward containment nourished my worldly chakras. Because the energy was not wasted, I always had enough strength to contemplate nonduality even during worldly hours, supported by the company of a spiritual family and good friends. In this way, shaken by nonduality, the energy would rise again for a while and then return downward again to complete worldly work, oscillating up-down rapidly and giving me all-round development; I lived the energy rhythm of married people even before marriage, with one difference—that I did not release the energy outward due to the social customs and discipline common in India—and because my worldly and spiritual modes were running together and feeding each other, my teachers often considered me the most balanced personality they had seen. What yoga does is only imitate this lifestyle artificially. Natural life is always natural, but artificial methods are for everyone, whereas only rare people find favourable conditions in life to experience the natural nagin dance. It is like silk: natural silk is accessible only to a few, but synthetic silk is available to all.

This nagin dance happens in every boy little or more, but I was different in one way: my energy used to descend to the lowest threshold and then rise again. This energized my entire spectrum of life, leaving nothing unnourished, even the energies of married life during my unmarried adolescent years. It was an amazing state to live in. And I believe this became possible because of my one-mindedness, like Radha's one-minded love for Krishna and vice versa. This allowed the energy to descend to the deepest possible point, just as a wife does for her husband, but with one difference: in the later case the energy is spilled out, whereas in the former it is conserved and then fuelled back into both worldly and spiritual growth. This simply means that spiritual stories like Krishna and Radha are not meant only for amusement; they are living mantras for all-round development.

Radha is worshipped because she is like the highest master of the serpent dance. She knows how to guide energy so that it moves in the perfect rhythm. Radha is called a goddess because she embodies the highest virtue of womanhood—the ability to help a man's energy oscillate naturally upward and downward, preventing both outward dissipation and inward pressure. In her presence, energy neither spills nor stagnates; it dances, nourishes, and grows.

Snake charmers have always been a point of attraction in India because they symbolize those who know how to move energy skillfully. India is often called the land of snake charmers because here, people who can make energy oscillate—whether through life, art, relationship, or yoga—are revered and respected. Such energy oscillators and yogis are seen as signs of all-round human development, where life and spirit grow together in balance.

It is said that a woman should be served only during *ritukala* because this period is traditionally understood as the safe phase of the monthly cycle, when the chances of conception are minimal, making it the most suitable time for tantric practices. During this phase, energy can be shared and guided without the risk of outward creation, allowing it to be conserved and redirected inward, and even if energy is released by mistake or due to built-up pressure, the nagin can still be turned upright easily, safely, and quickly.

Without conscious spiritual effort to raise energy, it always falls. Gravity is natural, but the pump is artificial. Without awareness, the serpent will choose the shortest path every time. The man loses power not because he releases, but because he releases without redirection. Over time, this loss accumulates. The body ages faster. The mind loses edge. The will weakens. Life feels heavier even when it is simple.

Yet Premyogi also learned that never releasing is equally dangerous. When energy accumulates too long, pressure builds. Heat rises uncontrollably. The body rebels. Sleep breaks. Emotions overflow. The serpent, when locked, becomes unstable. Occasional downward movement is healthy, just as rain is healthy for the earth. But flood destroys the soil, and drought cracks it. The dance is about knowing when to let the rain fall and when to guide the river upward. Preventing the upward movement of water vapour by covering rainwater with a tarpaulin would be harmful, because then clouds could never form and the earth would not be nourished again. In the same way, it is wise to avoid unnecessary energy drainage, but if energy is drained occasionally for healthy reasons, the nagin should be gently turned upward from its downward direction, so that the energy spills upward slowly, gathers again, and nourishes the whole body.



As the years passed, Premyogi's body learned the rhythm. The warmth no longer rushed. It rose gently. The pelvis relaxed. The spine opened. The breath became the bridge. The serpent began to trust the path upward. It no longer needed to be forced. It simply followed attention.

This changed everything. His work became sharper. His speech carried weight again. His presence grew steady. People felt it without knowing why. The energy that once leaked now fed his days. The serpent had stopped being a problem and had become a companion.

This is the truth that is rarely spoken plainly: the woman does not awaken the man. She helps him not to lose himself. She stands at the door where energy chooses its direction. If she is calm, the door opens upward. If she is restless, it opens downward. Her power lies in timing, not in action.

And the man, once he learns this, becomes free. He is no longer afraid of desire, and he is no longer enslaved by it. He knows that the serpent will rise if the moment is caught. He knows that loss is not evil, but excess is deadly. He knows that balance is not theory, but daily practice, lived in breath, in body, in relationship. He now knows that the serpent may spill downward, but turning it upward immediately or as soon as possible is the key point.

The first ascent is always quiet. It feels like coming home to something that was forgotten. The spine straightens. The mind clears. The body settles. The serpent lifts its head and rests there, alert, alive, waiting.

This is where the dance begins.

## Chapter 2 — The Two Movements: Downspit and Upraise — When each is useful

Energy has two natural movements, and confusion begins the day a man tries to keep only one. One movement goes downward, toward rest, release, grounding, and safety. The other goes upward, toward clarity, power, vision, and meaning. Both are needed. Without the downward movement, life becomes dry, tight, and overheated. Without the upward movement, life becomes dull, scattered, and weak. Premyogi learned this not from books but from the body itself, because the body never lies about balance. It only suffers when balance is broken.

In his early years, Premyogi noticed that energy would sometimes rush downward suddenly, without desire and without intention. It would happen after long hours of work, after emotional strain, after sleepless nights, or after deep inner silence that had gone too far. The body would open a valve. Pressure would be released. This was not failure. This was survival. The body has its own intelligence, and when inner pressure rises beyond safety, it chooses relief over idealism. Premyogi understood later that this downward spilling was like a safety valve on a pressure cooker. It prevented damage. But he also saw that when this valve opened too often, something precious escaped.

I feel the same about myself. My energy does not remain for long in either the downward or upward position; it oscillates rapidly or slowly according to the movement of my mindset. When I am in a worldly mindset, the energy settles in the lower chakras. Suddenly, when I experience myself inside every part of my body through *sharir-vigyan darshan*, or feel every particle of the world through *quantum darshan*, nonduality appears instantly, and the energy rises at once through a deep inbreath, increasing the feeling of bliss. Even then, some energy remains in the lower chakras. When the mind shifts again to the worldly, duality focused mode, the energy comes down instantly, felt as a slight reduction in bliss, yet some lingering energy still remains in the upper chakras. In this way, rapid oscillation keeps energy evenly distributed throughout the body, balanced and maximally efficient in every possible way, both spiritual and worldly. This is why many texts say that the more energy flows, the better life functions. This is a mutually enhancing play of duality and nonduality. If the word *duality* did not exist first, how could the negation *non* be added to it? And if the word *nonduality* did not exist, how could the word *duality* be formed by removing the negation? Both exist only in relation to each other; neither can stand alone.

At first, Premyogi tried to stop the downward movement completely. He thought this was mastery. He held his breath. He tightened his spine. He watched the mind with harsh discipline. The result was not ascent but stiffness. His head became heavy. His chest became restless. Sleep became light and broken. The body, denied its downward path, started to rebel. That was when he understood the first law of the two movements: downward flow is not the enemy. Excess downward flow is.

When Premyogi relaxed his control, the opposite problem appeared. Energy flowed down easily, too easily. Pressure disappeared, but so did intensity. His work lost its sharpness. His attention became thin. He began to feel like a vessel with a small leak that never fully emptied but never fully filled either. It was then that he discovered the second law: upward flow is not automatic. Without conscious turning, energy always follows gravity. It will always choose the easiest exit.

This is where the real dance begins, in the narrow space between these two movements. Premyogi noticed that every downward spill had a moment before it happened. A brief hesitation. A pause in breath before a long outbreath. A softening in the spine. If awareness arrived in that instant, the serpent could be turned. Not with force, not with struggle, but with a simple inner shift, like turning the face toward light.

He began experimenting quietly, not as a technique but as listening. When energy rushed downward, he would lengthen the breath slightly, not deep, not strong, just slower. He would let the spine stand instead of pushing it. He would place attention gently behind the heart or between the eyebrows, not as concentration but as direction. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. But over time, the body learned. The serpent learned. The downward rush began to slow, then pause, then redirect itself.

This taught him something important. Energy does not need commands. It needs invitation. When the invitation comes early, the turn is effortless. When it comes late, struggle begins. This is why timing matters more than discipline. The body is not waiting to be conquered. It is waiting to be guided.

Premyogi also noticed that downward movement had clear reasons. After intense meditation, energy often needed grounding. After long intellectual work, it needed rest. After emotional intensity, it needed discharge. These were not mistakes. These were signals. The problem arose only when these signals were misunderstood and allowed to become habits. He learned to read them like weather, not judge them like morality.

Slowly, a rhythm emerged. After rising energy, he would let it return downward just enough to nourish action. After downward movement, he would gently turn it upward again to restore clarity. This oscillation was not dramatic. It was subtle, like breathing. Up to think. Down to act. Up to see. Down to build. His days became smooth. Work and contemplation stopped fighting each other. They began to feed each other.

This is where woman's presence became important again, though Premyogi did not speak of it much. When a woman was restless, demanding, or emotionally turbulent, the downward pull intensified. When she was calm, settled, and present, the energy naturally paused and lifted. This was not magic. It was nervous system to nervous system. One settled body teaches another body how to settle. One grounded breath teaches another breath where to go. The serpent is highly sensitive to environment. It responds instantly to safety or urgency.

Premyogi began to see that most men fail not because they release energy, but because they release it without learning how to turn it back. Once energy spills, they collapse into emptiness and then try to refill by force. This creates cycles of loss and strain. But when the serpent is turned upward immediately after a spill, even an accidental one, something different happens. The loss is minimal. The body recovers quickly. The energy gathers again, but this time it spreads instead of escaping.

This was his greatest discovery. Even after a downward spill, the serpent is not gone. It is only sleeping. If the spine is remembered quickly, if breath is softened, if attention is lifted gently, the serpent can rise again easily, safely, without harm. The key is immediacy. Delay allows dissipation. Prompt turning allows collection.

As this understanding deepened, Premyogi's life changed in small, invisible ways. He became steady without becoming dull. He became intense without becoming tense. He could work long hours and still sit quietly. He could sit deeply and still act sharply. His energy moved like a pendulum, not like a broken wheel.

He also saw clearly why some people stagnate spiritually. They keep energy always up. They fear descent. They avoid grounding. Over time, their upper centers dry out. Their minds repeat old insights without freshness. Their charm disappears. Their words lose warmth. Energy that does not return downward loses connection with life. It becomes thin and brittle. In the same way, people who keep energy always down become strong in action but empty in meaning. Their work grows, but their being shrinks.

The two movements must remain alive together. One without the other is death in slow motion.

Premyogi did not call this a practice. He called it listening. He listened to when energy wanted to fall, and he listened to when it wanted to rise. He stopped judging either movement. He only corrected direction when it became extreme. Over time, the corrections became unnecessary. The serpent learned its own rhythm.

This rhythm is what ancient people tried to copy through yoga. Breath, posture, bandhas, and locks were all attempts to artificially create what life sometimes gives naturally. But life rarely gives it fully. That is why most people need imitation. Premyogi had lived it naturally for some years, by chance, by upbringing, by inner temperament. Later, he saw clearly that yoga is not wrong, only late. It teaches after loss. Life teaches before loss.

The beauty of the two movements is that they never fight each other. Downward movement feeds upward movement. Upward movement refreshes downward movement. Each supports the other when neither is feared. When fear enters, imbalance begins.

By the time Premyogi understood this fully, the serpent was no longer a problem to solve. It was a rhythm to ride. Downspit and upraise became two steps of the same dance, one bending the body, the other lifting it, neither complete alone. This was the moment he knew that mastery was not in holding or releasing, but in turning, again and again, at the right time, with simple awareness and no struggle.

And so the second chapter of the dance settled into his body quietly, not as knowledge, but as movement.

### Chapter 3 — The Female Role: Witness, Mirror, and Alchemist

A woman's greatest power in the dance is not what she does, but how she is. Premyogi learned this slowly, through repeated confusion, mistake, resistance, and finally clarity. In the beginning, he believed that a woman either caused the fall of energy or was responsible for its rise. Both ideas were wrong. Energy never belonged to her, and yet she could shape its movement more than any technique he had tried. This contradiction troubled him until he saw it clearly in life, not in thought. A woman does not move the serpent; she creates the space in which the serpent decides its own direction.

When Premyogi was young, he often blamed the women around him for the downward pull he felt in his body. It seemed natural to do so, because the pull became stronger in their presence. But over time he noticed something strange. The same woman, on different days, produced different effects. Sometimes his energy rushed downward, sometimes it paused, and sometimes it rose quietly without effort. The difference was not her body, not her words, not her intention. The difference was her inner state. When she was settled, present, and at ease, the serpent hesitated and lifted. When she was restless, demanding, or scattered, the serpent rushed downward as if seeking escape. That was the day Premyogi understood the first role of woman: witness.

A witnessing woman does not interfere. She does not pull, push, seduce, or restrain. She simply remains. Her breath is slow, her eyes are steady, her body is at home in itself. In that presence, the man's nervous system feels safe enough to stop running. The serpent, which is always alert to danger or urgency, relaxes. The downward rush pauses. Upward movement becomes possible. This is not magic, and it is not morality. It is biology and attention working together. One settled body teaches another body how to settle.

But witness alone is not enough. Premyogi saw that when a woman became a mirror, something deeper happened. A mirror does not judge. It reflects. When a man's energy was restless, she reflected restlessness. When it was tense, she reflected tension. When it was calm, she reflected calm. Through this reflection, Premyogi began to see himself clearly. His body learned where it was leaking, where it was holding too tight, where it was afraid, and where it was alive. The mirror did not tell him anything. It showed him. And once he could see, correction became easy.

This is where many relationships fail. When a woman tries to change a man, she stops being a mirror and becomes a controller. When a man expects a woman to fix him, he stops being a learner and becomes dependent. Both destroy the dance. Premyogi learned that the dance works only when both remain sovereign. The woman reflects, the man adjusts. The man moves, the woman responds. Neither owns the other's energy. This is the law of reciprocity.

The third role of woman appeared to Premyogi much later, when he was already stable in the first two. This was the role of alchemist. Alchemy does not mean doing more; it means doing less at the right time. Sometimes a hand placed gently on the back, sometimes a look held a few seconds longer, sometimes a word spoken softly, sometimes no word at all. These small, almost invisible acts changed the direction of energy completely. The serpent is extremely sensitive. It responds to the slightest cue. A woman who knows timing can turn energy without effort, just as a skilled dancer turns a partner with a slight pressure of the palm.

Premyogi noticed that this alchemy worked only when consent was alive. If either side felt used, obligated, or manipulated, the serpent reacted violently, rushing downward or locking upward in pressure. When both were free, when both could step back at any moment, when neither was demanding outcome, the dance became smooth. Energy moved up and down naturally, without drama, without strain. This is why erotic help must never become control. Control freezes energy. Help frees it.

There was a time when Premyogi resisted his own wife, blaming her for the disturbance he felt in his body. He was partly right and mostly wrong. She could not be his guru in this. No woman can be. But he was wrong because he never invited her assistance, never explained his inner state, and never took responsibility to guide himself. Once he began to speak simply, not as teaching but as sharing, something changed. She did not do anything special. She only listened. But listening itself became alchemy. The serpent felt seen. It slowed. It lifted. What had been conflict became cooperation.

The most powerful moments came when both simply sat facing each other in silence for a few minutes, eyes open, breath slow, body still. Nothing was planned. Nothing was expected. They checked only one thing: safety. Are we comfortable? Are we free to stop? Are we present? In those few minutes, Premyogi felt energy reorganize itself without effort. The downward pull softened. The upward current opened. The spine became a channel again. This simple mutual presence became the most effective practice of all, because it was not a practice at all. It was just truth, shared.

He understood then why ancient traditions emphasized serving woman with reverence but warned against possession. A woman is not an object of use. She is a field of resonance. When approached with respect, she magnifies balance. When approached with hunger, she amplifies imbalance. The serpent always responds to attitude before action.

Premyogi also saw that woman herself is not always in balance. When she is exhausted, fearful, or pressured, she cannot witness, mirror, or alchemize. She can only react. This is why the dance requires care on both sides. The man must not demand assistance. The woman must not offer it as sacrifice. The dance works only when both are whole.

Over time, Premyogi stopped looking at women as cause or cure. He began to see them as teachers of rhythm. Their natural movement, bending and rising, taught him what energy should do. A woman who bends can rise. A woman who never bends cannot dance. A woman who falls cannot rise. In the same way, energy must bend slightly downward to rise again, but must never collapse. Watching women move through life taught him more about energy than years of discipline.

This is why the female role in the serpent dance is irreplaceable but limited. She cannot do the work for the man. She cannot hold his energy. She cannot direct his ascent. But she can stand at the turning point, just long enough for him to remember the spine. She can mirror what he cannot see. She can alchemize moments with almost nothing. And then she must step back, so the dance remains alive.

Premyogi could feel and understand his energy movements most clearly in the presence of his consort. Without her, these movements were too subtle to be easily perceived. In her presence, he could feel energy rushing upward through the spine, creating a blissful sensation in the spine and the brain. Once, he felt the energy moving downward through the front

channel, like a helicopter gently landing, slow and heavy. During certain tantric postures, the dance of energy and bliss became intense, leaving lingering, all-round benefits that stayed with him for days. In the same way, meditation at the very tip of the threshold became an advanced method of reversing energy at the moment it was about to spill, turning it upward instead of outward.

However, after years of working with such powerful practices and after awakening from their effects, his body began to give gentle warnings. His prostate became mildly inflamed in a benign way, and he took this as a signal to step back from forceful techniques. He gradually withdrew from intense tantric methods and adopted simpler yoga and breathing practices, using them mainly for guiding and balancing the nagin rather than pushing it. It was also possible that his autoimmune condition, ankylosing spondylitis, played a role in this prostatitis, as is sometimes mentioned in medical understanding. Taking all this together, he learned that wisdom lies not in intensity, but in knowing when to soften, simplify, and allow the dance to continue without strain.

By the time Premyogi understood this fully, the serpent no longer rushed in confusion. It listened. It waited. It turned when needed. The woman did not control the dance, but without her presence, the dance lost grace. This is not hierarchy. This is harmony. Two roles, two bodies, two freedoms, moving one energy together without ownership, without fear, without loss.

That is how Premyogi finally understood the female role in the dance: not as power over energy, but as power of presence, which is the only power that never corrupts.

## Chapter 4 — Techniques: Breath, Bandha, and Direction

Premyogi learned through long experience that energy does not change direction because of ideas, but because of small physical cues that the body understands instantly. Breath, posture, and attention are not tools of force; they are signals. When they are gentle and well-timed, the serpent turns without resistance, as if it had been waiting for permission. When they are harsh or rushed, the serpent either spills downward or locks upward in pressure. This is why technique, when used correctly, is never aggressive. It is more like a whisper than a command.

In the early years, Premyogi believed that energy rose because he wanted it to rise. Later, he saw that it rose only when the body felt safe, open, and unhurried. The woman who sat with him, breathed with him, and stayed calm in her own body became the most powerful guide, not because she did anything special, but because her breath changed his breath, and her stillness changed his spine. The serpent responds first to breath, always.

The simplest breath was the most effective. When energy rushed downward, Premyogi noticed that shortening the breath made it worse. The body interpreted short breath as urgency. Urgency demands fight or flight and these in turn demand energy pulled downward to working organs. But when the breath was allowed to lengthen, especially on the exhale, the downward rush slowed. Longer exhale means energy is not being forced down. The woman did not instruct him; she only breathed slowly herself. Her exhale was long and soft, like fog leaving a valley. Without thinking, his body followed. The warmth that had been sliding downward paused, then lifted slightly. That was the first redirection, and it happened without effort.

Over time, Premyogi realized that breath works best when it is not exaggerated. Deep breathing done forcefully caused more pressure, especially after meals or during tiredness. Gentle breathing, like slow waves, was enough. This became important later when he noticed that strong practices aggravated his stomach and chest. With conditions like GERD and occasional heart strain, forceful breathing was not safe. He learned to respect the body's limits. The serpent does not demand heroism. It demands listening.

Bandha, too, revealed itself differently from what books describe. Premyogi found that hard muscular locks created strain. But a gentle engagement, almost a suggestion to the body rather than a contraction, worked perfectly. When the lower abdomen subtly lifted and the pelvic floor awakened without tightening, the energy naturally changed direction. The woman's presence made this easier. A hand resting lightly on his lower back, or a soft touch on the side of the waist, gave his body a map. The serpent followed that map like water finding a slope.

The most powerful bandha was not muscular at all. It was alignment. When the spine stood upright without stiffness, when the chest was open but relaxed, when the neck was free, energy rose like smoke through a chimney. Premyogi often felt that the body already knew this alignment, but needed to be reminded. The woman's posture reminded him. When she sat tall without pride, the serpent mirrored that posture. When she slouched, the serpent slouched. It was that simple. Here is your passage rewritten in **clear, smooth, bookish English**, keeping the meaning but making it refined, non-explicit, and aligned with your book's tone:



When Premyogi saw his consort sitting in a sari, her back straight and aligned from the navel upward, something remarkable happened within him. His energy would first rush downward, drawn by the grounding pull of her base, and then suddenly rise upward, guided by the lift of her straight spine. This created a powerful undulation, a wave that travelled through his entire body from the toes to the head, charging every part with strength and clarity.

Sound became another subtle guide. Not chanting, not singing, but low, steady humming that vibrated the chest and throat. When the woman hummed softly, without words, the vibration traveled through the shared space. Premyogi felt the downward movement slow and spread instead of falling. The sound gave energy a new pathway, upward and outward at the same time, preventing collapse and preventing pressure. The serpent learned that it could move without spilling.

Touch, when used, was always minimal. It was never before marriage, it was only after marriage. A finger placed gently between the shoulder blades, a palm resting on the lower belly, a hand on the heart for a few seconds, then released. These were not techniques in the usual sense. They were reminders. Each touch was a signal: here is the path, here is the center, here is the pause. The woman never held energy for him. She only pointed to the place where energy already wanted to go. Whenever he touched her at a particular chakra, energy would gather at the same chakra within him, flowing blissfully toward it from both the base and the top. It felt as though their chakras were being shared, responding to each other in one continuous movement.

Premyogi learned that all these cues worked only when the woman was free to stop at any moment and when he was free to refuse. Consent was not a rule; it was the foundation. When either side felt obligation, the serpent reacted badly. It rushed downward or locked upward. When both felt free, the serpent became playful, curious, and light. Freedom was the hidden technique behind all techniques. Freedom keeps the mind free to think, and freedom to think gives freedom to move energy. Energy follows thought very closely: higher thinking lifts energy upward, lower thinking draws it downward. Nondual awareness is the highest form of thinking, while dual thinking is the lowest, and this is why energy swings most strongly between the top and the base when these two modes alternate. Rapid shifts of thought create rapid swings of energy, and this rapid movement produces rapid growth, because yin and yang mix more often and more deeply. But a woman who is stressed, depressed, frustrated, or exhausted remains fixed in one mode of thought, and when thought becomes fixed, energy also becomes fixed. With no inner swing in her, she cannot induce any swing in her partner either, and the dance of energy slows or stops.

As years passed, Premyogi simplified everything. He abandoned strong methods, long holds, and extreme practices. He had learned through experience that intensity burns the nervous system faster than it strengthens it. After periods of powerful tantric work, his body signaled the need for softness. Mild inflammation, fatigue, and sensitivity were not failures; they were messages. He listened. He stepped back. He returned to breath, posture, and gentle direction.

He also saw that beginners needed even more softness. When people tried to lift energy without preparation, they created pressure, anxiety, and confusion. The body must first feel safe. For those with digestive problems, heart conditions, or spinal sensitivity, forceful breathing and strong locks were dangerous. Premyogi always advised gentleness, though he rarely spoke it aloud. His own life was the example. The serpent obeys safety faster than it obeys will.

The most reliable practice he ever discovered was shared breathing. Sitting face to face, eyes open, both breathing slowly, with a soft verbal anchor like “here” on the exhale and silence on the inhale. Another way they worked with energy was by softly chanting the seed mantra of a chakra—*yam* for the heart, *ham* for the throat—while gently placing the palm on each other’s corresponding chakra. This was repeated slowly for each center. It felt like resonance, as if one person’s chakra awakened the other’s, and many times the movement felt far stronger than what could be felt in one’s own body alone, as though the energy of both was flowing together through the same path. No effort, no holding, no pushing. Just staying. In those two minutes, energy reorganized itself naturally. The downward pull softened because the suffocation of the body was relieved when energy fully nourished it. As the body became calm and settled, energy naturally began to move upward slowly while also being uniformly distributed throughout the body together. Downward movement of energy happens mainly under stress, when the lower working organs—legs for action, arms for effort, and belly for digestion—need more power to run, work, and process life. The upward channel opened. The body remembered balance. This simple practice worked even on difficult days, even when nothing else worked. It was not technique. It was cooperation.

Premyogi noticed that after such shared breathing, energy stayed distributed throughout the body. It did not rush upward and disappear. It did not fall and drain. It spread evenly, nourishing the whole system. The serpent did not need to be controlled because it was no longer afraid. Fear creates extremes. Safety creates rhythm.

Looking back, Premyogi saw that breath, bandha, and direction were never separate things. Breath changed posture. Posture changed direction. Direction changed energy. The woman’s role was to make these changes easy, not to enforce them. When she breathed, he breathed. When she settled, he settled. When she was calm, the serpent was calm. That was the true technique. That is why a housewife often gives better relief to her spouse, because she is generally calmer and less exhausted than a working woman, and this calmness helps the body and energy of the man settle more easily.

This chapter of the dance taught him something lasting: the most powerful methods are the simplest ones, and the simplest ones work only when done with awareness, consent, and care. Anything beyond that becomes violence, even if it wears the mask of spirituality.

By the time Premyogi fully understood this, techniques no longer felt like techniques. They were just ways of living, ways of sitting, ways of breathing, ways of being together. The serpent moved not because it was forced, but because it was shown a clear, safe, and gentle path.

And that is how breath, bandha, and direction became tools of grace instead of tools of struggle, allowing the nagin dance to continue without exhaustion, without injury, and without loss.

## Chapter 5 — Channeling: Movement, Voice, and Sacred Touch

When Premyogi first understood that energy could be moved without being spent, it changed his entire relationship with touch, movement, and voice. Until then, like most people, he believed that intimacy naturally ended in discharge, and that anything that did not end that way was incomplete. But the body taught him otherwise. It taught him that completion is not an event but a circulation, and that energy, when allowed to move freely, creates satisfaction that is deeper and longer than release.

He noticed that when movement slowed, energy stayed. Movement produce stress and pulls energy down. When touch softened, energy spread. This soft touch happen itself with nonduality. When a man sees a woman's body as his own, his touch naturally softens, because no one wants to be hard with oneself. When breath synchronized, means breathing happened together in harmony, energy rose. And when attention was held gently, energy danced instead of spilling. Scattered and unstable attention also produces stress that in turn pulls energy down.

This was the beginning of channeling.

Channeling did not begin with technique; it began with listening. Premyogi learned to listen to how energy wanted to move through the body. Sometimes it wanted to flow upward through the spine like a warm breeze. Sometimes it wanted to spread sideways through the chest and arms. Sometimes it wanted to sink slightly into the belly and legs, grounding him. When movement followed listening instead of desire, energy stayed alive and full. Nothing was lost, nothing was forced.

Movement was the first doorway. Slow movement, almost like swaying, created space inside the body. When Premyogi and his consort moved together, not to perform but to feel, their bodies became like two reeds moving in the same wind. The pelvis did not thrust; it undulated softly, like waves rising and falling. The spine remained upright, relaxed, alert. The feet stayed rooted, the head light. In this slow rhythm, energy began to circulate on its own, moving from base to heart, heart to throat, throat to head, and back again. The serpent was no longer rushing or collapsing. It was dancing.

This dance did not require intensity. In fact, intensity broke it. The slower they moved, the deeper the current became. Premyogi realized that speed belongs to release, but slowness belongs to circulation. The body, when given time, redistributes energy naturally. What normally poured out in seconds now stayed for minutes, then hours, then days. The after-effect was calm strength, not emptiness.

Voice came next, not as speech but as vibration. Soft humming, long vowels, breath carried through sound, created a bridge between bodies. When the voice vibrated in the chest and throat, energy followed the vibration upward. When the sound softened, energy settled. There was no need to chant loudly or continuously. A few gentle sounds were enough to guide the serpent like a flute guides a snake, not by command, but by resonance. Premyogi noticed that when voice and breath moved together, the nervous system relaxed, and energy spread evenly through the body instead of gathering at one point.

Energy tends to spill when it gathers at a single point. When the load becomes too heavy, the body instinctively wants to get rid of it, and release feels like the quickest way to shed that

load. But while release removes pressure, it also creates a lack of energy in the body. The better way to shed load is not to lose energy, but to redistribute it throughout the entire body. Premyogi observed something unusual in this regard: speaking in Punjabi helped him do this naturally. The language has soft, lengthened words, and when spoken slowly with a loving and respectful tone, it allows the breath to flow more fully. There is no rushing. Even when spoken quickly, Punjabi has a unique quality of spreading energy evenly through the body, integrating it instead of letting it escape.

Touch, when it appeared, was minimal and intentional. A palm resting for a few seconds on the back, the chest, or the lower abdomen. A hand placed on the shoulder or the spine. The touch was never gripping. It was never holding. It was simply pointing. Energy moved toward the touch, like water flowing toward a slope. Then the hand was removed, and energy continued moving on its own. This taught Premyogi that touch is not meant to take energy, but to remind it where to go. Sacred touch works in both bodies together. The energy moves to same point or chakra together in both bodies.

He also noticed that when touch became demanding or hungry, energy rushed downward. When touch was slow and free of expectation, energy rose. This became the guiding rule. Touch must never ask for outcome. It must only offer direction. That is why it was called sacred, not because of ritual, but because of restraint. Sacred touch knows when to stop.

In time, Premyogi saw that these three elements—movement, voice, and touch—were not separate. When movement was slow, voice softened. When voice softened, touch became lighter. When touch became lighter, energy lifted. The three worked together like parts of one body. And when all three aligned, the serpent entered its full dance, rising and falling gently, spreading nourishment everywhere, without spilling outward and without building pressure inward.

This dance became ritual, not because of repetition, but because of intention. Before moving, they paused. Before touching, they breathed together. Before speaking, they listened. These small pauses changed everything. The body felt safe. The nervous system opened. Energy followed safety upward. This was the secret Premyogi had missed for years: safety creates ascent faster than effort ever can.

Sometimes, the dance lasted only five minutes. Sometimes longer. But even five minutes were enough to reset the entire system. Energy circulated, organs felt nourished, the mind cleared, the body rested. After such dances, Premyogi could work for hours with ease, meditate deeply without strain, and remain emotionally stable without effort. The serpent had been fed without being drained.

Premyogi was emotionally unstable in his early years, partly because of a premature awakening and partly because of a love affair that appeared to have failed. In truth, the love had succeeded, but in a way the world could not recognize. A failed love can cause awakening because when love breaks the outer form, it frees the inner current. But the world cannot see awakening; it can only see outward expressions and label them as ordinary love. It cannot sense the sacred dimension hidden within, and so it judges from a distance, as if looking from another galaxy, more interested in stories than in truth. Premyogi spoke of this only to a few very close ones, but the world's gaze created in him a strange sense of guilt, as if something sacred had been turned into a sin.

What healed him was not explanation but practice. Tantric energy work, combined with yoga and pranayama, helped him more than anything else, both during the time of that sacred love and later in married life. Through these practices, his energy became balanced. It stopped gathering painfully in emotional centres and began to distribute itself evenly throughout the whole body. He also noticed that without tantric support, the benefits of yoga alone were too slow and subtle to be felt deeply in the beginning, but with the presence and assistance of his consort, the effects of yoga were magnified many times over, becoming immediate, profound, and stabilizing.

He noticed also that the dance worked best when it ended before exhaustion. Stopping while energy was still rising allowed it to continue rising even after the movement stopped. This was the art of containment. Ending at the peak of circulation, not at the peak of intensity. This kept the benefits alive long after the ritual ended. Serpent only needs a slight upward tilt, then it works on its own.

Some people take the help of tantric tilt methods such as yab-yum, while others use simple yoga, pranayama, or spinal breathing. All of these methods serve the same purpose: to turn the dragon upward immediately after it has exhaled its fire and moved downward. These methods differ in their effectiveness and are chosen according to individual needs, temperament, and ease of practice. The bitterness that develops between couples often arises because the serpent is not tilted upward, or is tilted improperly. When this happens, partners begin to see each other as energy stealers rather than energy growers. I have seen couples heading for divorce who completely abandoned sexual relations for years in order to avoid energy loss. They succeeded in preventing spillage, but they also lost the ability to nourish and grow each other's energy. I have also seen the opposite kind of couples, who overindulged and eventually separated as well. In their case, energy was either drained from each other or pushed to such extremes that life itself began to feel ungrounded, almost renunciate-like, detached from the world.

I believe that the vanaprastha and sannyasa stages in ancient Hinduism reflect this later extreme of upward energy rising. Awakening was expected to happen during the grihastha stage, the life of family and responsibility. After awakening, separation from family was advised for further spiritual growth toward liberation. This suggests that many people were unable to adjust their energies within family life after awakening, and so these later stages were created. Yet there are countless examples of people who remained with their families even after awakening, lived fully, and attained liberation. This shows that balance of energies can be maintained within family life and that liberation is possible there as well. It may be more difficult there than in renunciation, but it is not impossible, and when achieved, it offers a rare gift—growth in both the worldly and the spiritual dimensions together.

Domestic violence is never right, but understanding its roots is necessary to prevent it. In many cases, it arises from deep inner imbalance rather than conscious cruelty. When a man's energy is repeatedly lost and not redirected upward, frustration accumulates, clarity weakens, and his capacity for higher thinking collapses. In such a state, he may react instinctively rather than consciously, and this can turn into harmful behavior. This is not an excuse, but a description of the inner breakdown that precedes violence. A man generally loses more energy than a woman, and when that loss is not balanced, his instability increases. A woman often does not feel the urgency of redirecting her own energy because her loss is smaller, so she may never learn the practice of tilting her own serpent upward. But if she learns to conserve and uplift her own energy, even in a small measure, she experiences its benefit

directly, and this calm, balanced state naturally extends to her partner, helping stabilize his energy as well. In this way, mutual energy balance becomes a means of preventing harm, restoring clarity, and replacing violence with understanding.

A working man who lives with a householder woman naturally expects a high level of cooperation from her. During the struggle of earning a livelihood, his energy remains mostly in the lower chakras, engaged in effort, movement, and survival. If cooperation is lacking, this energy can spill unnecessarily. Yet because of physical work, digestion and other bodily functions remain strong, and the lost energy is restored quickly. Still, the energy that could have been used for spiritual growth is mostly spent on digestion, work, and recovery. In this way, he remains caught in a cycle of eating, growing, spilling, and eating again. In such worldly conditions, nondual contemplations like *sharir-vigyan darshan* and *quantum darshan* help keep him spiritually grounded. They preserve a subtle upward current even while life remains busy and demanding. When the time ripens, this stored clarity naturally turns him toward full spirituality, not by force, but instinctively, as part of his inner maturation.

The face has many active organs—eyes, mouth, nose, and ears—so energy naturally rushes toward it more strongly. I feel that beards were given to men to slow this rush, helping energy remain available for the lower working organs of the body. On the other hand, a woman's primary role was traditionally centered around the household rather than intense outward work, so she was given a clean face where energy could gather more easily, helping her guide and calm a man's energy through her face, voice, eyes, and presence. I also noticed in myself that when I grew a light beard, my energy felt more integrated and more available for awakening. In earlier years, collecting energy from the world was easier with a clean face, but in later age, the beard together with tantra helped redistribute that energy with greater calmness and peace, supporting a more stable awakening. Beards also prevented the disturbance from worldly energies that interfere in awakening surge.

The true beauty of a woman lies in how she handles her own energy and the energy of others. A beautiful face and body should be additions to these deeper qualities, not replacements for them. When both inner balance and outer grace are present together, a woman becomes *sarvagunasampanna*—complete in qualities. Sometimes, however, physical beauty itself becomes a hurdle for the upward movement of the serpent, because it pulls attention into worldly charm and attraction, which are enemies of the slow, steady pace required to keep the dragon facing upward.

Over the years, Premyogi also learned restraint through experience. In his earlier life, he had used strong practices that produced intense effects but also demanded recovery. With time, his body taught him that intensity was not necessary. Gentle circulation produced deeper and longer nourishment. This was especially important after he noticed signs of strain in the body. He withdrew from forceful methods and returned to simplicity. The serpent responded with gratitude.

He also learned that this dance was not always possible. When either partner was exhausted, stressed, or emotionally closed, energy did not circulate. The dance became mechanical or stopped completely. On such days, they simply sat or rested. No movement was forced. Premyogi learned that not dancing was also part of the dance. Forcing movement created loss. Waiting preserved energy. Forcing movement indirectly means urgency, need, threat

from somewhere. It switches body into safety mode that can pull energy excessively down and can lead to its spillage.

What surprised him most was how this practice affected daily life. Energy became available everywhere, not only in intimacy. His walk became lighter. His voice became steady. His work became focused. His meditation became effortless. The serpent, once trained to circulate, did not forget. It danced even in silence, even in solitude. However, the crowd around him, unaware of these inner processes, continued to live in a rushed and restless way. To them, Premyogi appeared slow and inferior in progress. This disturbed him slightly, and to adapt, he allowed a small amount of rush into his life, only up to a tolerable limit. At the same time, he increased his yoga practice in equal measure to balance this added speed. Instinctively, he turned to nondual quantum *darshan* during this phase, using contemplation as protection against the harmful effects of rush, which can cause uneven distribution of energy in the body and lead to many physical and psychological problems.

This chapter of his life taught him that channeling is not about holding energy away from life. It is about letting life carry energy in a new way. Movement, voice, and touch are not tools of pleasure; they are tools of distribution. When energy is distributed, nothing is wasted, and nothing is hoarded. The body becomes a field of nourishment, not a battlefield of control.

And so the dance deepened. Not louder. Not more intense. But more subtle, more stable, more alive. The serpent no longer needed to be lifted or restrained. It knew the rhythm now. It moved because it wanted to, not because it was pushed. And that is when Premyogi knew that the true ritual had been learned—not in the body alone, but in the way life itself was now moving through him.

## Chapter 6 — The Inner Alchemy: Mind, Intention, and Transmutation

Premyogi discovered that the most powerful alchemy happens in the mind long before it happens in the body. Energy moves first as attention, then as feeling, then as action. When attention is scattered, energy leaks. When attention is held, energy gathers. When attention is offered with devotion, energy transforms itself into something finer. This was the great secret he learned slowly: the serpent does not rise only by breath or movement, but by meaning.

In his early years, Premyogi tried to lift energy by discipline alone. He controlled the body, managed breath, held posture, and watched sensations carefully. It worked to a point, but the energy remained heavy, mechanical, and difficult to sustain. It rose like a weight being lifted, not like a flame being drawn upward. Then something changed when devotion entered his life, not as religion, but as one-pointed love for a single direction. That direction was not a person alone, not a god alone, not a goal alone, but a sense of truth that pulled his entire being forward. The moment his attention became devoted, the serpent began to rise without effort.

He saw clearly that sexual energy is not a problem to solve; it is raw fuel. When left without purpose, it burns outward. When given purpose, it burns upward. The same heat that once pushed him toward release now pushed him toward creation. The body did not need suppression; it needed direction. And direction came only from intention.

Premyogi noticed this first in work. On days when desire was strong, instead of fighting it, he turned to writing, study, or building something with his hands. The energy flowed into the task like water into dry soil. Hours passed without fatigue. When the work was done, he felt full, not empty. He realized then that energy does not demand pleasure; it demands expression. Pleasure is only the easiest expression when no higher channel is available.

Later, this same energy began feeding his devotion. When longing arose, he sat quietly and placed attention on the heart, not to escape desire, but to give it a higher home. The warmth rose, spread, softened, and became stillness. That stillness carried more sweetness than any release had ever given him. This was not repression; it was refinement. The serpent had learned a new language.

Over time, Premyogi understood that intention is the hand that turns the serpent. Without intention, energy obeys gravity. With intention, it obeys meaning. Meaning is stronger than habit. Meaning lifts weight effortlessly.

What people call kundalini awakening is simply the serpent turning upward. The mystical experience of merging completely with the cosmos, accompanied by the highest possible bliss for a few moments, is not awakening itself; it is an aftereffect of awakening. This state is known as the peak of *sampragyat* (savikalpa) samadhi, the border where *asampragyat* (nirvikalpa) samadhi begins. Awakening itself is simply the energy turning upright. All deeper mystical experiences arise only when the kundalini is awake. A serpent that is spilling downward cannot produce such a surge of self-realization, because the brain is the seat of awareness, not the lower organs. Only when energy is rising upward can consciousness expand into these higher states.

Only an awakened man can stand upright; when he sleeps, he lies downward. There is nothing mystical in this, though people have made it so. Yoga's role in keeping the kundalini serpent upright is like the role of bells, conches, drums, or loud sounds in keeping a man



awake—they prevent sleep, that is all. Yoga creates an upward pull from the muladhara, and this pull keeps the serpent facing upward. When the energy begins to fall again, the next yoga session gives it a fresh pull, so the serpent remains upright through repeated reminders. Yoga is like a snake charmer playing the banjo; as long as the sound continues, the serpent keeps dancing. Tantra simply adds more strength to this pull, just as a drum or orchestra adds more power to ordinary sound and can even make a man dance. After release, one applies an upward pull, and bliss begins to rise. As energy moves upward, the lower organs naturally shrink in demand because energy is no longer accumulating there, and the work is done. Some people create this pull through spinal breathing, some through asanas, some through breath retention, some through tantric pairing like *yab-yum*, touching chakras together and meditating on them one by one, with or without breath holds. Some use one method, some use many, and some adjust according to their need and condition. Once an upward pull is made, the serpent often remains upright on its own for days or even weeks, until the next release occurs, or until release is consciously held back for a few cycles of upward pulling, depending on the body's capacity to tolerate and contain energy. After a deliberate pull, the serpent develops a habit of rising, and this habit can last for a long time. During this period, even worldly work begins to support upward movement rather than pushing energy downward. Still, it is wiser to strengthen this habit with repeated daily pulls through yoga, so the upward orientation remains steady and natural. There is nothing mysterious about this process. It has only been wrapped in mystery without reason in modern times. The mechanism is simple: energy falls, energy is pulled upward, and with repeated upward pulls, the serpent learns to stay upright. That is all. Bliss, peace, and calmness of mind are clear indicators of kundalini awakening, the upright serpent, or a sustained upward pull of energy.

This is why the mind is the true laboratory of alchemy. A single thought, held with sincerity, can redirect a storm of energy. A single image, repeated gently, can create a channel where none existed before. A single sentence written honestly can drain tension from the body more effectively than hours of restraint. Premyogi used writing in this way without knowing it was a practice. Whenever longing or restlessness arose, he wrote. He did not write about desire. He wrote from desire. The energy flowed through words into clarity.

Later, he realized that this writing was transmutation. Each longing became a sentence. Each urge became a page. Each page became understanding. The serpent climbed the spine disguised as ink.

He also noticed that when intention was unclear, energy became confused. It gathered at emotional centers, created pressure, and sought escape. But when intention was simple and sincere, energy distributed itself evenly. The body relaxed. The breath softened. The mind focused. Alchemy was complete without drama.

This is why Premyogi never separated sexuality from creativity, or spirituality from work. For him, they were the same current wearing different clothes. The serpent did not care whether it was writing a book, serving a family, studying a text, or sitting in silence. It only cared that its movement had meaning.

He remembered a time when he was emotionally unstable after awakening and love. The energy gathered painfully in the heart and throat. It had nowhere to go. That was when he began writing daily, not to express emotion, but to move energy. Slowly, the pain dissolved. Energy spread through the body. Stability returned. Writing saved him, not psychologically, but energetically.

This taught him that transmutation is not conversion of desire into morality; it is conversion of force into form. Force without form destroys. Form without force dies. When force finds form, life grows.

Premyogi also saw how devotion magnified this process. When energy was offered to something greater than the self, it purified itself automatically. There was no struggle. The serpent rose because it wanted to rise. Devotion created a slope upward. Energy followed that slope naturally.

He noticed that people who lacked devotion struggled endlessly with energy. They fought, held, suppressed, released, and repeated. Those with devotion flowed. They worked hard without exhaustion. They loved deeply without collapse. They studied intensely without dryness. Devotion gave energy a home.

In later years, Premyogi used a simple practice to maintain this alchemy. Whenever a desire, restlessness, or attraction arose, he wrote one line in a notebook: what do I want to create right now? Then he acted on it immediately, even in a small way. The action transformed the urge. The energy moved. The pressure vanished. This small habit kept his serpent alive and upright through many phases of life.

He also saw that when intention was absent, even advanced techniques failed. Breath, bandha, movement, and touch worked only when intention was clear. Without intention, they became empty motions. With intention, even sitting still was enough.

The greatest alchemy Premyogi experienced was this: when intention became pure, effort disappeared. Energy rose because it wanted to serve something larger than pleasure. It became ojas, not because he tried to conserve it, but because it was no longer needed to escape.

This is why sexual energy becomes creativity, and creativity becomes devotion, and devotion becomes wisdom. It is the same current climbing different levels of meaning. Each level refines the fire until it no longer burns, but illuminates.

By the time Premyogi understood this fully, he no longer feared desire, nor worshipped it. He used it. He listened to it. He let it become art, work, service, love, and silence. The serpent had been transformed not by control, but by purpose.

And that is the inner alchemy: not turning energy against itself, but giving it a direction so beautiful that it chooses ascent on its own.

## Chapter 7 — Troubleshooting: Blockage, Overaccumulation, and Spill

Every dance breaks at some point. Not because the dancer is wrong, but because rhythm is lost. Premyogi learned this the hard way. Energy, when misunderstood, either accumulates too much or escapes too fast. Both look different on the surface, but both come from the same mistake: losing the middle path of movement.

In the early phase of his journey, Premyogi thought more energy meant more progress. When bliss appeared, he held it. When power rose, he tightened around it. When clarity came, he tried to extend it endlessly. He did not yet understand that energy, like breath, needs to move to stay alive. Holding too long created pressure. The head became heavy. Sleep became shallow. Thoughts became fast and anxious. He felt alert but not rested, awake but not at ease. This was not awakening; it was overaccumulation.

The signs were clear, though he did not recognize them at first. The body became warm even without effort. The chest felt tight. The mind raced ahead of the body. Silence became uncomfortable. Restlessness replaced peace. At night, the serpent refused to sleep, staying upright when the body needed to sink. Insomnia followed. Anxiety came without reason. He saw later that this was energy with no downward path, trapped in the upper centers without circulation.

Energy feeds on raw duality through the lower chakras during worldly interactions. It refines this raw experience, cooks it, and then releases it upward as a fragrance-filled golden nonduality through the higher chakras. This nonduality works like the stick of a circus master that instantly calms and controls his lion. In the same way, the restlessness gathered from worldly life is transformed into peace and calm, and the man becomes ready again to return to the world. With renewed intention, energy then moves downward once more, and the cycle continues. Through this continuous movement, a man grows both worldly and spiritually at the same time. If energy becomes stuck in the upper regions, peace slowly turns into boredom, because calm and stagnation cannot live together. Bliss is always relative to struggle, and when struggle disappears completely, even bliss loses its freshness. This boredom then produces the side effects of energy being trapped above. In the same way, if energy remains stuck in the lower chakras, the man becomes tired and restless. Constant duality, desire, mental noise, ignorance, and inner darkness begin to dominate, harming health, social life, and working capacity. That is why energy must keep moving. Sleep after worldly exhaustion is a natural way of redistributing energy through the body, but it is far less effective than the conscious redistribution that happens through kundalini awakening.

Believe it or not, every evil begins with a downward-facing serpent, and everything godly has its foundation in an upward-facing serpent. Serpent upside down makes the brain also upside down, and it in turn tends to make every work upside down. Even when the serpent is upright, it can rest at any level of the spinal column depending on the situation, yet it always remains positive, blissful, and life-giving, even if it is at the lowest rung of the muladhara. A downward-facing serpent never rises. One may then ask how a man lives at all in such a state. The answer is that he lives only through blood. The energy carried by blood is different from the serpent. Blood keeps the body alive, but the serpent gives charm, enthusiasm, bliss, intention, direction, and meaning. It is a divine energy, independent of everything else. The world calls it sexual energy, but that is a limiting name. The serpent is not confined to sexual joy alone. It gives awakening, self-realization, samadhi, purpose, aim, divinity, and everything positive in human life. It is Mother Nature herself, moving in the form of a

serpent. All the scriptures clearly say it living in the muladhara chakra. Sex is only a small fraction of the universal roles this energy plays. However, it is true that this is the easiest worldly way to access it. Today our planet feels like a dimming lamp, and so the serpent is expected to save it. But this is possible only if we adopt the lifestyle given by sages, a way of living that naturally supports its awakening, may be in contemporary style but base spirit preserved. Some call it prana, some life force, some energy, some kundalini, some Shakti, some goddess, some life essence, some bliss, some sexual force, and some muladhara-vasini. All these names point to the same reality.

Once, a divorced friend asked me how to satisfy a partner. I immediately said, “Keep the nagin upface.” He could not understand and kept touching his forehead, asking what nagin was, how to turn it, and what turning even meant. I only gave him a hint of tantra and told him to search on his own. Some things cannot be explained directly because of social, cultural, and personal limitations. He had recently divorced, and for years he had not even shared a bed with her. I hoped he would understand the meaning of nagin, because if he had, perhaps the divorce would not have happened, or at least it would not have ended at such a deeply unsatisfied point for both of them.

Whatever the serpent faces, it pours its essence onto that, and that is why it appears dear and attractive to us. When the serpent faces outward, it pours itself into the outer world, and the world looks desirable and absorbing. When it turns upward, it pours itself into inner thoughts and the soul, and they begin to feel more precious than anything outside. Sitting in *nirvikalpa dhyana* makes the soul the chosen field, because the serpent now pours itself entirely into the inner being, making the soul itself appear supremely beloved.

The opposite problem came at other times. When work was heavy, emotions strong, or life demanding, energy spilled downward repeatedly. The body felt empty. The legs were tired. Motivation vanished. The mind became dull. Creativity disappeared. Premyogi could still function, but without spark. He felt like a lamp with oil leaking slowly, never fully dark, never fully bright. This was chronic loss.

Both states were painful, but in different ways. Overaccumulation burned. Loss drained. One created agitation, the other created hea

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viness. The body always spoke first. Premyogi learned to listen to these signs instead of judging them. The serpent was not misbehaving; it was signaling imbalance.

The first correction he learned was simple: do not panic. Panic makes both problems worse. When energy is too high, panic drives it higher. When energy is low, panic drives it lower. Calm is the only medicine that works in both directions.

When overaccumulation happened, Premyogi grounded himself. He walked barefoot on earth. He ate heavier food. He spoke slowly. He touched physical objects. He visualised himself inside inert objects through quantum darshan. He brought attention to the legs and belly. He tried different pranayamas that push energy down. Sometimes he allowed a mild release, not out of indulgence but out of safety, like opening a valve slightly so the vessel would not burst. He always turned the serpent upward immediately afterward, gently, through breath and posture, so ascent was not lost. This saved him many times from collapse.

When chronic loss happened, he did the opposite. He stopped unnecessary movement. He rested more. He reduced speaking. He shortened his world. He used breath to lift energy gently from the base, never forcing, never holding. He allowed desire to exist without acting on it, and slowly energy gathered again. The serpent, when not chased, returns home.

There were also urgent moments, rare but intense, when energy went out of control. Once, after a period of intense practice and emotional strain, his breath became very fast, yet a feeling of suffocation appeared. He thought it might be pneumonia and rushed to the emergency ward. All tests came back normal. The doctor called it severe stress and advised him to relax and take a few calming medicines. This experience taught him a crucial lesson: spirituality must never replace common sense. The body is not an enemy. When it cries for help, it must be answered plainly.

Rapid breathing during stress often happens to produce nonduality, and this nonduality creates calm by bringing detachment from the world. When the world looks the same as the self, there is no need to wander outside, and one naturally wants to sit inside the self peacefully, which feels like the nearest home. It is also a natural instinct of everyone to move toward bliss and peace. In breathing, the in-breath touches the brain, the source of nonduality, and the out-breath touches the lower chakras, the source of worldly work. A person who tends to remain in nonduality often shows rapid breathing during stress, as I do, but this does not mean that duality always stays in the lower chakras. In fact, breathing mixes the energy of the lower and upper chakras, creating a dual–nondual blend throughout the entire system, whatever the chakra may be. Before this mixing, the heart chakra shows attachment, but after mixing, attachment refines into love, because love is the union of attachment and nonduality. Nonduality arises in the brain and attachment in the heart, and when they mix, the heart and brain become joined along a single axis. The same process happens with every chakra, which is why chakra meditation contemplates each one in turn, so that no emotion or center of the mind is left isolated, otherwise the personality remains incomplete and nonduality cannot fully establish. In truth, every emotion involves all chakras, though one may dominate: in love, the *swadhishtana* and *muladhara* support romance, the navel supports nourishment, the *vishuddhi* supports loving speech, the *ajna* keeps intellect awake, and the *sahasrara* maintains selflessness, and this is why chakra meditation trains all centers to remain joined in one unified flow.

Over time, Premyogi developed a simple emergency rhythm that saved him again and again. First, he grounded. He felt his feet, his legs, his weight. Then he breathed, slow and long, without effort, especially with throat. Finally, he moved gently—walking, stretching, or swaying—until energy found a path again. These three steps—ground, breathe, move—worked in every situation, whether energy was too high or too low. They were not techniques; they were instincts refined into awareness.

He also learned to recognize the earliest signs of trouble. A slight pressure in the head meant energy needed descent. A dull heaviness in the belly meant energy needed ascent. A restless mind meant distribution was uneven. Catching imbalance early made correction easy. Waiting made it hard.

The most important lesson came when he realized that no state should be maintained forever. Bliss is not meant to be held. Calm is not meant to be frozen. Power is not meant to be hoarded. All these are signs, not goals. The serpent must keep moving, or it becomes poison.

Premyogi saw many people fail at this stage. Some chased bliss until their bodies broke. Some feared energy until their lives shrank. Some refused release and burned. Some released constantly and dried out. The wise ones were few, but their secret was simple: they corrected imbalance quickly and without drama.

In later years, Premyogi became gentle with himself. He stopped trying to be perfect. He stopped measuring states. He allowed bad days and good days alike. This softness kept energy flowing more than discipline ever did. The serpent trusted him again.

He also learned to respect limits. When the body was tired, he rested. When emotions were heavy, he slowed down. When energy was high, he grounded. When energy was low, he lifted. No ideology guided him. Only listening.

This chapter of his life taught him that troubleshooting is not failure; it is mastery. A man who can correct imbalance has more power than a man who never falls, because falling is inevitable. The dance is not about staying upright forever; it is about returning upright again and again without injury.

By the time Premyogi understood this, fear disappeared. He no longer feared loss or excess. He knew the way back in both cases. The serpent could fall, rise, rest, and move freely without danger. The body felt safe. The mind became calm. Life became steady.

That is when the dance matured—not in ecstasy, not in intensity, but in reliability. And reliability, Premyogi knew, is the true sign of awakening that lasts.

## Chapter 8 — Integration: Daily Routines for Sustained Ascent

Premyogi understood at last that awakening is not held by intensity, but by rhythm. What rises in a moment must be carried by days, and what is touched in silence must be protected by routine. Without integration, even the highest ascent becomes memory, and memory slowly fades into longing. The serpent does not remain upright because of one great pull; it remains upright because life itself begins to support its direction.

He learned this during the years when his inner life had stabilized but the outer world kept testing him. Work, family, travel, illness, responsibility, and social noise did not stop because he had awakened. In fact, they increased. The world demanded more, not less. It was then that Premyogi realized that if daily life did not become the ground of the dance, the dance would collapse. The serpent needed a home, not just a moment of flight.

Sleep was the first foundation. Premyogi noticed that when sleep was irregular, energy scattered, no matter how deep his meditation had been. When sleep was steady, even shallow practices worked. He stopped pushing late nights, stopped celebrating tiredness as discipline, and allowed the body to sink fully into rest. Deep sleep redistributed energy more evenly than any practice, and when he woke rested, the serpent was already halfway upright, without effort. However, he also avoided unnecessary sleep, which produced a useless mental world of utopia and uncontrolled duality in the mind.

Food came next, not as diet, but as nourishment. Heavy food pulled energy downward and made the spine dull. Very light food made energy rise but burn quickly. He learned to eat food that warmed without inflaming, grounded without dragging. Simple grains, warm meals, fresh vegetables, and foods prepared with attention carried a quality of calm that the serpent recognized immediately. He noticed that when food was eaten in silence or with gratitude, energy moved upward on its own, as if digestion itself had become a prayer.

Breath became his daily companion. Not practice, not exercise, but remembrance. Throughout the day, whenever he noticed the breath shorten, he slowed it slightly. Whenever he noticed tension, he softened the exhale. This small adjustment, repeated hundreds of times a day, kept the serpent from falling completely. Even when energy moved down for work, it did not spill. It paused, then returned. Sharirvigyan darshan and quantum darshan helped him greatly in maintaining regular breathing. Just one glance at these contemplations made him take a deep gasp, followed by smooth, steady breathing. Dozens of such glances throughout the day turned him into a regular, almost continuous meditator, without effort or strain.

Creative work became his hidden sadhana. Writing, thinking, building, solving, teaching—these were not separate from energy work. Working digitally, using AI in almost every aspect of life, and maintaining digital records became his passion. He felt a remarkable increase in growth and efficiency through these practices, both spiritually and physically. Whenever longing or restlessness arose, he turned it into action. A paragraph written, a problem solved, a task completed became an upward channel. The serpent loves purpose. When purpose is present, it does not seek escape.

Relational check-ins became another quiet ritual. Premyogi and his consort learned to sit together for a few minutes each day, not to talk, not to solve, but to feel the space between them. Sometimes they breathed together. Sometimes they simply sat. Sometimes they

touched hands lightly and then released. These moments reset the rhythm. The serpent remembered its path. The dance continued without effort.

Weeks turned into months, and Premyogi saw that small rituals mattered more than big practices. Lighting a lamp at the same time every evening. Sitting quietly before sleep. Walking slowly after meals. Speaking gently when energy was high. These ordinary acts formed a net that held ascent steady. He almost completely gave up quarrelling with anyone. When someone became aggressive, he remained calm and resolved the matter peacefully. This was not out of fear, but out of wisdom, knowing that anger and frustration harm the soul. He was able to make great progress even with his juniors and subordinates simply through silence, by setting an example of steady, consistent work, and by handling their problems with empathy. He found that work done with willingness and interest was far more effective, both spiritually and worldly, than work done through unnecessary forcing.

There were times when life became chaotic again. Travel, illness, emotional storms, social pressure. In those times, he did not try to maintain high states. He only maintained direction. Even if energy stayed low for days, as long as it faced upward, it was safe. He learned that direction matters more than height. A serpent facing upward at the base is still divine. A serpent facing downward at the crown is still falling.

Once a week, Premyogi reviewed his energy quietly. Not with judgment, not with pride. He noticed where it was strong, where it was weak, where it moved freely, and where it stuck. He wrote a few lines, nothing more. This simple logging kept him honest and attentive. Patterns appeared. Corrections became easy.

He also learned to respect cycles. Some weeks energy was high, some weeks low. Some weeks worldly work dominated, some weeks inner life expanded. He stopped forcing balance and allowed oscillation. The dance was not meant to be flat. It was meant to move.

With time, something remarkable happened. The routines themselves began to lift energy. Walking, eating, working, speaking—all began to support ascent. The serpent no longer needed constant correction. It had learned the way. Life itself had become the teacher.

This was the greatest integration: when no part of life opposed awakening. When nothing needed to be escaped. When nothing needed to be suppressed. When even tiredness had meaning and rest had direction.

Premyogi saw many people fail here. They practiced hard but lived carelessly. They meditated deeply but slept badly. They sought bliss but ignored digestion. They spoke of energy but lived in disorder. The serpent would rise in them, but it would not stay. It had no home.

He understood then why sages always emphasized simple living. Not as moral rule, but as energetic necessity. A simple life creates few leaks. Few leaks mean stable ascent. Stable ascent means freedom.

By the time Premyogi entered the later years of his life, the dance no longer felt like effort. It was woven into the day like breath. He could enter silence at will and return to action without loss. Energy flowed where intention went. The serpent trusted him completely.



Integration did not make life dull. It made it steady. And steadiness, he discovered, was the deepest joy of all. Bliss came and went. Peace came and went. But balance stayed.

That is how the dance lived beyond practice and became life itself—not dramatic, not intense, but continuous, quiet, and unbreakable.

## Chapter 9 — The Social & Ethical Landscape

Premyogi slowly realized that the serpent does not live only in the body, but also moves through relationships, society, culture, and the silent agreements between people. Many who learned to move energy within themselves struggled when they entered social life, not because their inner work was wrong, but because social currents are complex and powerful. These currents can support the dance or distort it. Energy work without social and ethical awareness becomes fragile, not because the serpent is dangerous, but because human relationships are sensitive and easily influenced by imbalance.

Premyogi found his self-created *sharirvigyan darshan*, and later *quantum darshan*, very useful for managing his interaction with society. He realized that the body itself is like a society, a living community of cooperating parts, and this inner society perfectly mirrors the outer one, though in a more refined and harmonious way. This internal society is naturally nondual, and when he contemplated it regularly, that nonduality slowly and unknowingly transferred to his interaction with the outer world, becoming a habit. Social friction reduced, harmony increased, and his inner energy work began to fit smoothly into social life. *Sharirvigyan darshan* made him very active and potent, like the body's own cells working tirelessly in unity, but as he aged he could not tolerate that level of activity, so he intuitively developed and adopted *quantum darshan*, in which every quantum particle is seen as human and the entire quantum web as a human society. This approach was gentler and more passive, resembling idol worship or god worship in *Sanatan Dharma*, where observation and surrender replace effort.

In his early years, Premyogi made many mistakes by ignoring this. He believed that if energy was moving well inside, the outer world would automatically adjust. It did not. He saw how easily spiritual language became a tool of control, how intimacy became expectation, how guidance became dominance, and how devotion became submission. These distortions did not arise from intention, but from unconscious power. When one person grows faster than another, imbalance appears. When one person has knowledge and the other has longing, imbalance deepens. When energy rises without wisdom, harm follows quietly. He noticed that when his dhyana remained fixed for hours, he naturally became a point of attraction for everyone around him. He did not hide this state or shy away from it. Yet even though he could have become dominant or controlling, he chose to remain neutral, smiling quietly, as if nothing extraordinary had happened and as if the same was possible for anyone.

He saw this first in small things. A man who spoke of energy but ignored consent. A woman who surrendered out of fear, not freedom. A teacher who enjoyed being needed. A seeker who confused dependence for devotion. None of them wanted harm. But harm still happened, because the serpent amplifies whatever is hidden. If greed is hidden, it grows. If fear is hidden, it grows. If superiority is hidden, it grows. The serpent does not judge; it magnifies.

Although Premyogi was, in worldly terms, a so-called failed lover, like Krishna with Radha, that love never truly left him. Whenever he engaged in deeper energy work, the memory of that love would brighten and intensify in his psyche, making her presence feel vivid and alive within him. For a time, this created social imbalance, because such inner absorption was easily judged by others as instability. To avoid misunderstanding, he often paused his energy practices. Later, he discovered that practicing energy work in moderation, combined with *sharirvigyan darshan*, acted like a buffer of nonduality. This buffer softened the charm of memory, gradually creating an inner space where the image of his guru could arise naturally.

The shift amazed him. With the guru's image anchoring his energy, he could increase his practices without fear of emotional disturbance. In a healthy society, a man remembering a man does not invite suspicion, and once Premyogi found solitude, he used tantric force to deepen this awakening further, free from outer disturbance and inner conflict. Within one year of this dedicated practice, he attained self-realization, the peak of *savikalpa samadhi*.

That is why Premyogi came to believe that mutual evolution is the only ethical foundation of this path. Although the final leap may require brief isolation, most of the journey unfolds within the social world. No one should rise alone while another remains behind. No one should grow at the cost of another. No one should be turned into a means for someone else's ascent. The dance is shared, or it breaks. That is why Premyogi never hesitated to speak about his yoga, whether on social media or among the general public. However, he remained careful, knowing that sharing it with an unfit person could diminish its value. So he chose to share it only with those who were capable, or potentially capable, of understanding and using it rightly.

A person established in *nirvikalpa samadhi* may sometimes find the emotions and behaviors of others irritating, yet he must still respect them, because every person needs to express themselves fully in order to awaken. Premyogi lived this understanding. He allowed others to be as they were, knowing they would reach the same stage in their own time. When expectations, control, or dominance appear in someone who claims awakening, it is a sign that the awakening is not yet mature or is only partial. A fully matured awakening remains completely satisfied within itself; it can mix freely with others, yet it carries none of these defects, only quiet balance and natural compassion. When a person capable of *nirvikalpa samadhi* enters it during or after tamasic, dark environments, he experiences a blissless *shunya*. But when he enters the same state during or after satvic, light-filled environments, the *shunya* becomes blissful. Understanding this, he naturally moves from dark habits toward awakened ones. This is why spiritual spaces are designed to be satvic—filled with fragrance, light, and gentle sounds—so that even emptiness becomes luminous and supportive of awakening.

He learned to watch power dynamics carefully, especially between men and women. Culture already carries old wounds—control, silence, expectation, sacrifice. If these wounds are brought into energy work, they reopen with greater force. A woman is not a healer for a man's imbalance. A man is not a savior for a woman's confusion. Both are travelers, equal in responsibility, equal in risk, equal in growth. The moment one becomes object or instrument, the serpent turns downward.

Premyogi also learned the importance of informed consent, not as a legal idea, but as an energetic one. Consent is not only about saying yes; it is about having the freedom to say no without fear of loss. When fear enters, energy collapses. When freedom exists, energy rises. He saw that many people agreed outwardly while shrinking inwardly. Their bodies said no even when their mouths said yes. The serpent always listens to the body first. That is why harm often appears later, as illness, resentment, or withdrawal. However, it is also true that saying yes to every good keeps positivity alive and can make even difficult tasks easier, so a balance must be maintained. Fear should not take the form of forgetting one's own self; it should be pure, the kind that inspires awareness and dedication toward the task at hand. Impure fear shrinks energy, but pure fear expands it, because it leads to growth through the accomplishment of new challenges.

There were times when Premyogi himself stepped back, even when energy was strong, even when connection was deep. He learned that stepping back is not failure; it is maturity. Although many called him a dead lover, he remained unaffected and continued on his own truthful path with full awareness. When emotions became heavy, when old wounds surfaced, when confusion grew, he paused. Sometimes he suggested therapy. Sometimes rest. Sometimes distance. The serpent respects timing more than ambition. Pushing forward through trauma does not heal it; it engraves it deeper.

He once saw a couple who had begun the dance with sincerity. They practiced breath, presence, and movement gently. Energy grew, and so did joy. But slowly, one partner began to demand more time, more closeness, more surrender. The other partner felt trapped but did not speak. Energy turned downward, bitterness grew, and finally they separated in pain. When Premyogi spoke with them later, he saw that nothing was wrong with the practice; only the balance had been lost. Correction would have been simple if done early. Silence had turned it fatal, yet there are times when temporary silence and isolation become the best healers. There is an exception everywhere, and the same thing that acts as poison in one situation can become medicine in another.

In another case, he saw a woman who feared intimacy because of old wounds. Her partner was patient, slow, respectful. He never pushed. They worked only with breath and presence for months. One day, energy moved naturally without fear. That movement healed her more than years of struggle. Here, ethics created safety, and safety allowed ascent. He was often amazed to see newly wedded couples living separately without any dispute, and he wondered why they did not practice tantra, which he saw as a giver of every kind of growth. Later, he understood the reason. They were already exhausted by the worldly corridors of ambition, desire, and relationships, and their minds were not focused. Without a focused mind, tantra cannot be practiced, no matter how much energy or beauty the body may have. The beginning of tantra requires a certain cleansing of the mind, and this comes naturally through basic yoga and *pratyahara*. That is why *pratyahara* is given so much importance in Patanjali's yoga. The mind, like the body, must be healthy—relaxed, at ease, free from constant distraction, and somewhat removed from the crowd, resting in solitude.

Many people think of a *nirvikalpa yogi* as a poor man who failed to grow physically, but this is only half true. *Nirvikalpa* comes after the peak of physical growth has been reached and fully felt inside, even if it is not always visible outwardly. Once that peak is touched, a person may continue moving in the same direction, but wisdom suggests a different choice. Premyogi diverted his energy toward awakening, understanding that there is no use in climbing the same hill again and again when one can move beyond its top to reach the summit of the mountain itself. It is his self-story.

These stories taught Premyogi that skillful approach is always slow, humble, and responsive. Harmful approach is always rushed, proud, and outcome-driven. The serpent moves toward patience. It flees from hunger.

Premyogi also noticed how society misunderstands this path. The world either romanticizes it or condemns it. It turns subtle work into scandal, or reduces it to entertainment. This pressure creates secrecy, and secrecy breeds corruption. That is why Premyogi believed that ethical clarity must be stronger than social opinion. One must be able to walk openly, quietly, without hiding and without exhibition. The dance is not meant for display.

Gender roles, too, needed careful untangling. Ancient forms often reflected their time, not eternal truth. When these forms are repeated blindly, inequality becomes ritualized. Premyogi refused that. He saw that energy has no gender, only direction. Any role that limits growth, silences voice, or demands sacrifice is not spiritual; it is cultural residue. The serpent rises only where there is equality of becoming.

In his own life, Premyogi learned to speak clearly and listen deeply. He stopped assuming understanding. He asked. He waited. He corrected when needed. He apologized when wrong. These simple acts protected the dance more than any technique.

The greatest ethical lesson came when he realized that not everyone is meant for this path. Some need healing first. Some need stability. Some need distance from energy work altogether. Some people need worldliness lived with a nondual attitude. Others need pure worldliness as it is, without any nondual outlook, guided only by humanity. Humanity is the cornerstone; it should never be abandoned. Respecting this saved many from harm. The serpent does not demand followers. It invites readiness.

Over time, Premyogi saw that ethics is not a rulebook; it is sensitivity. It is knowing when to move and when to stop. It is choosing growth over pleasure, clarity over power, balance over intensity. Without ethics, energy work becomes a weapon. With ethics, it becomes medicine. Black tantra is an example of unethical energy work.

By the time he reached maturity, Premyogi understood that the social and ethical landscape is itself a chakra—one that must be awakened slowly and carefully. When this chakra opens, relationships become fields of growth instead of fields of struggle. Communities become supportive instead of competitive. And the dance of the serpent continues not just in the body, but in the world.

That is when the dance becomes truly sacred—not because it is hidden, but because it is harmless.

## Chapter 10 — From Nagin to Nectar: Fruits of a Well-Directing Practice

Premyogi reached a point where the serpent no longer felt like a force to be managed, corrected, or even watched. It had become nectar. Not in the sense of something sweet that intoxicates, but in the sense of something that nourishes quietly, steadily, without calling attention to itself. The burning, rushing, dramatic movements of the early years had softened into a steady flow that touched every part of life without disturbance. He realized then that the true fruit of practice is not extraordinary experience, but ordinary life lived without friction.

Creativity was the first visible sign. Ideas came without struggle. Work moved forward without resistance. Writing, speaking, planning, solving, building — all happened with a natural momentum, as if energy itself had learned where to go. He no longer needed motivation, because motivation is only needed when energy is blocked. When the serpent flows freely, action becomes spontaneous. Even rest became creative, because the mind remained alive even in stillness.

The mind itself changed shape. It became steady without becoming rigid, open without becoming scattered. Thoughts came and went like visitors, not residents. Problems appeared, were handled, and dissolved without leaving residue. Anxiety lost its grip, not because life became easy, but because energy was no longer trapped in anticipation or regret. The mind became a clear road rather than a crowded marketplace. This steadiness was not excitement, but reliability, and Premyogi came to value it more than any vision or bliss.

Intimacy deepened in the same quiet way. There was less need for intensity, less hunger for proof, less demand for response. Presence itself became enough. Touch became light, words became fewer, silence became rich. Relationships no longer pulled energy downward or pushed it upward; they circulated it. Even conflict lost its poison, because energy no longer accumulated in one place. It moved, spread, and resolved itself.

Spiritual glimpses came and went, but Premyogi no longer chased them. Sometimes the world would disappear for a moment and only vastness would remain. Sometimes everything would shine as one body. Sometimes there was nothing at all, only awareness resting in itself. But he learned not to measure progress by these states. They were signs of health, not goals. They were the fragrance of nectar, not the nectar itself.

He also learned what not to expect. He did not become perfect. He did not become free of emotion. He did not become above pain. He did not become special. The serpent did not remove humanity; it purified it. He still felt sadness, still felt tired, still felt confused at times. The difference was that these states no longer ruled him. They passed through without leaving wounds. That was freedom enough.

With years, Premyogi saw that the dance was not a phase but a lifetime. There was no finish line. There was only refinement. Some days energy flowed strongly, some days gently, some days barely at all. He stopped demanding consistency and allowed rhythm instead. Worldly participation and inner ascent began to support each other naturally. Work fed awareness. Awareness fed work. There was no need to escape life to grow, and no need to drown in life to stay human.

He understood then why sages never spoke of completion. Completion belongs to objects, not to living processes. The serpent does not reach a final position; it learns a final direction. As long as direction is upward, every moment becomes growth, even when energy is low, even when life is heavy, even when age brings limitation. Direction is the real fruit.

In his later years, Premyogi practiced a simple closing ritual each day, not as discipline, but as remembrance. He would sit quietly for a few minutes, place one hand on the belly and one on the chest, breathe slowly, and remember the spine as a living axis. He would not try to lift anything. He would only feel where energy wanted to go and allow it. Then he would silently offer intention, not for results, but for continuity: let the dance continue tomorrow, in whatever form life gives. This sealed the habit without tension.

He knew then that nectar is not a reward; it is a byproduct. When energy is directed well, life becomes drinkable. Even difficulty becomes nourishment. Even loss becomes clarity. Even aging becomes wisdom. The serpent, once feared and worshipped, becomes invisible, because it is everywhere, in every breath, every action, every silence.

And this was the final teaching Premyogi carried without words: the dance does not end, but it becomes gentle. It does not disappear, but it becomes natural. It does not demand attention, but it supports everything. When the nagin becomes nectar, there is nothing left to prove, nothing left to seek, and nothing left to escape. Life itself becomes the practice, and the practice becomes life.

That is the true fruit of a well-directed serpent.

**Thank you for reading this book.**

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

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**Good luck on your journey, wherever it leads.**



