

# Excerpt from God Makes the Rivers to Flow, by Eknath Easwaran, page 192

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## The One Appearing as Many

May the Lord of Love, who projects himself  
Into the universe of myriad forms  
Through maya, from whom all beings come,  
To whom all beings finally return,  
May he grant us the grace of wisdom.

He is the fire and the sun, and the moon  
And the stars. He is the air and the sea,  
And the creator Prajapati.

He is this boy, he is that girl; he is  
This man, he is that woman, and he is  
This old man, too, tottering on his staff.  
His face is seen everywhere.

He is the blue bird, he is the green bird  
With red eyes; he is the thundercloud, and  
He is the seasons and the seas; he has  
No beginning, he has no end. He is  
The source from whom all the worlds evolve.

From his divine power of maya comes  
Forth this magical show of name and form,  
Of you and me, which casts the spell of pain  
And pleasure. When we pierce through the magic,  
We see the One who appears as many.

Two birds of beautiful plumage, comrades  
Inseparable, live on the same tree.  
One bird eats the fruit of pleasure and pain;  
The other looks on without eating.

Forgetting our divine origin, we  
Become ensnared in the world of maya  
And bewail our helplessness. But when we  
See the Lord of Love in all his glory,  
Adored by all, we go beyond sorrow.



What use are the scriptures to anyone  
Who knows not the one source from whom they come,  
In whom all gods and worlds abide? Only  
Those who realize him as ever present  
In their hearts attain abiding joy.

The Lord, who is the supreme magician,  
Brings forth out of himself all the scriptures,  
Oblations, sacrifices, spiritual  
Disciplines, past and present, and the whole  
Universe. Though he is not visible,  
He remains hidden in the hearts of all.

Know him to be the supreme magician  
Who has brought all the worlds out of himself.  
Know that all beings in the universe  
Partake of his divine splendor.

Know him to be the supreme magician  
Who has become boy and girl, bird and beast.  
He is the bestower of all blessings,  
And his grace fills the heart with peace profound.

Know him to be the supreme source of all  
The gods, support of the universe,  
And sower of the golden seed of life.  
May he grant us the grace of wisdom.

Know him to be the supreme God of gods,  
From whom all the worlds draw their breath of life.  
He rules every creature from within.  
May he be worshipped by everyone.

Know him to be the supreme pervader,  
In whom the whole universe is smaller  
Than the smallest atom. May he, Shiva,  
Fill our heart with infinite peace.



Know him to be the supreme guardian  
Of the cosmos, protecting all creatures  
From within. May he, Shiva, in whom all  
Are one, free us from the bonds of death.

Know him to be the Supreme One, hidden  
In the hearts of all as cream is in milk  
And yet encompassing the universe.  
May he, Shiva, free us from all bondage.

Know him to be the supreme architect  
Who is enshrined in the hearts of all.  
Know him in the depths of meditation.  
May he grant us immortality.

Know him to be the supreme source of all  
Religions, ruler of the world of light,  
Where there is neither day nor night, neither  
What is nor what is not, but only Shiva.  
He is beyond the reach of the mind.  
He alone is. His glory fills all worlds.

He is beyond the reach of the eye.  
He alone is. May he, Shiva, reveal  
Himself in the depths of meditation  
And grant us immortality.

I live in fear of death, O Lord of Love;  
I seek refuge at your feet. Protect me,  
Protect us, man and woman, cow and horse.  
May the brave ones who seek you be released  
From the bondage of death.

