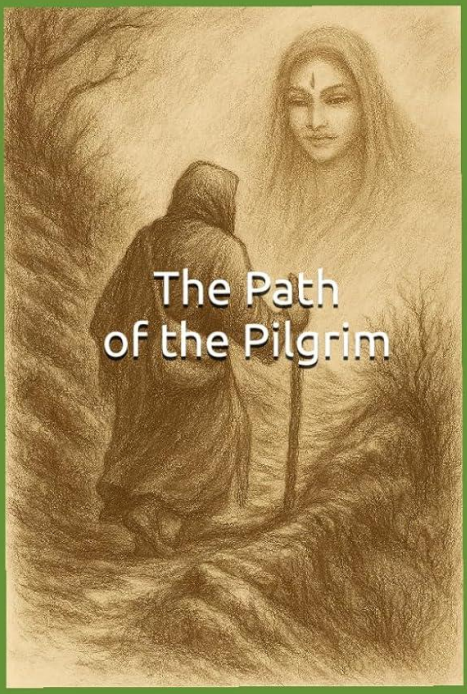
Sannyasin Anamika



Meditations and Poems

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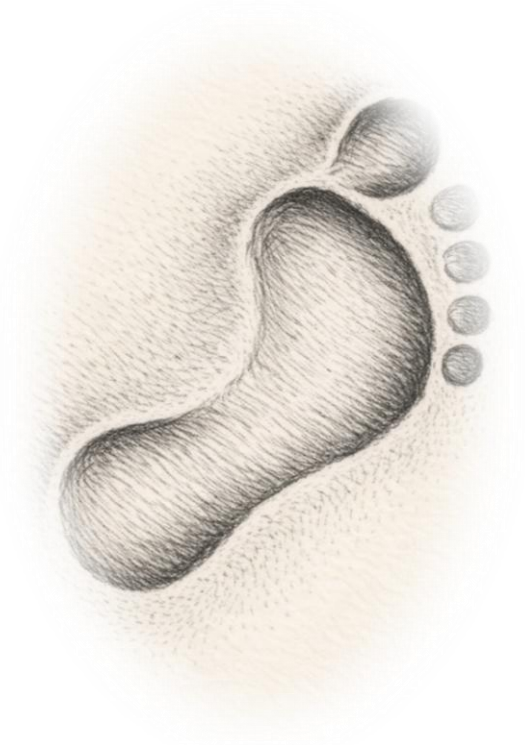
The Path of the Pilgrim

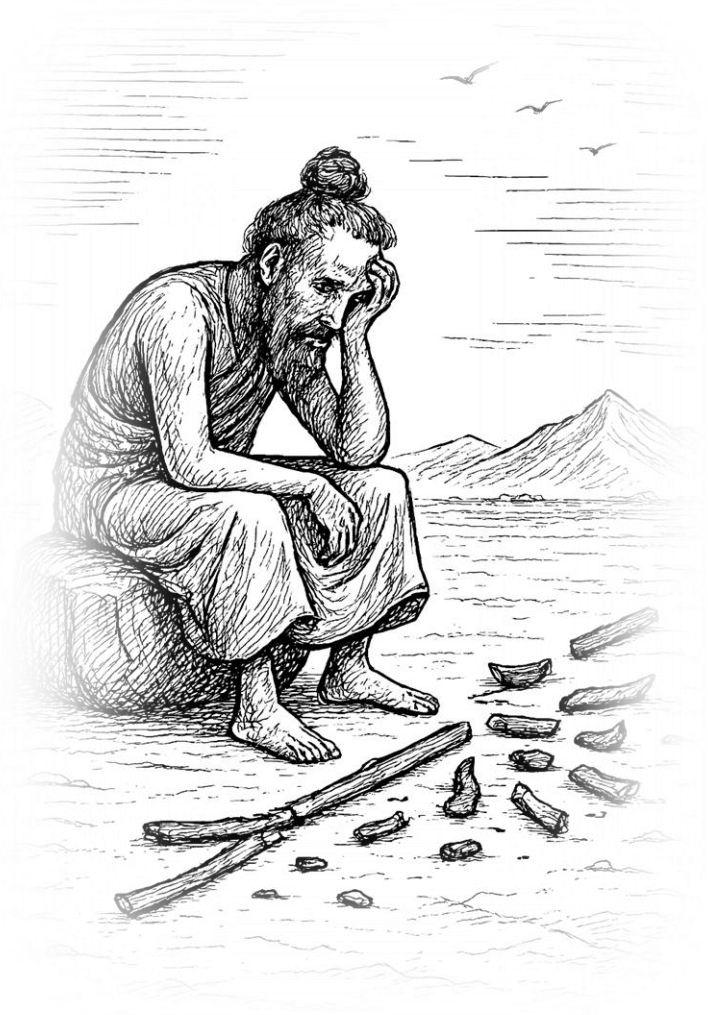
Meditations and Poems

Sannyasin Anamika

''If I may claim any merit at all, it is only that of a servant permitted to set down what his Lord whispered to him.''

Sannyasin Anamika





I stand bare before the world,

the mantle of faith

no longer shelters me,

the staff that once upheld me

through countless ideals

lies broken at my feet;

all is, simply, as it is.

In this world, the victor

and the vanquished

exchange their roles.

Who keeps desire small,

breaks the binding thrall.

In many a silent night

solitude comes as my guest,

she lays herself close by my side

and heals my wounds with rest.

bereft of every sense,

I drift along her way,

into the furthest realms

of sorrow’s vast decay.

Who flees the day

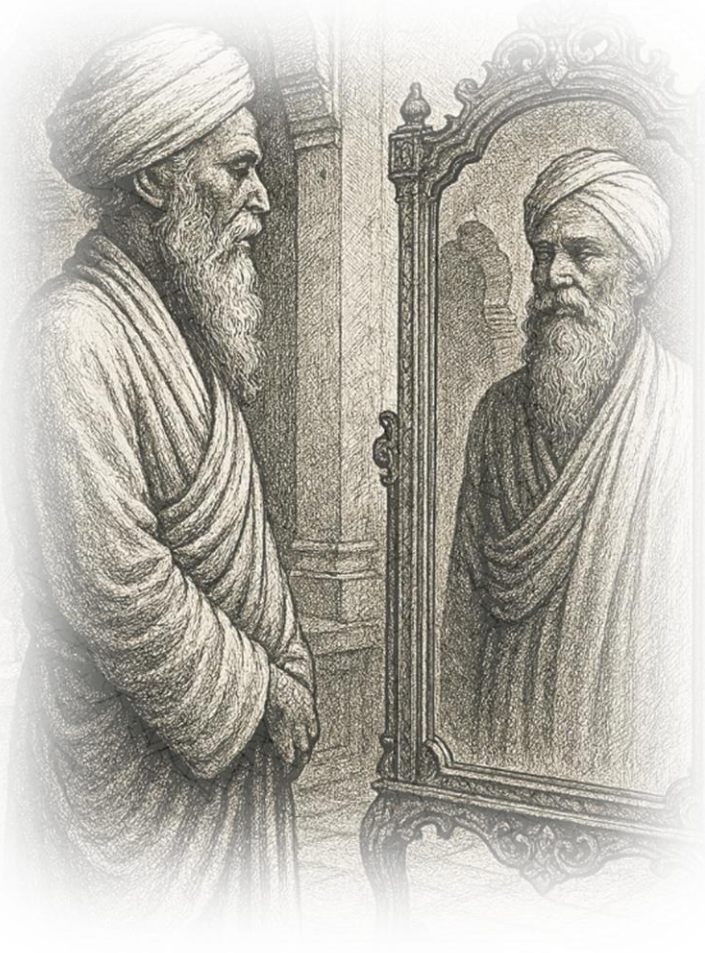
of tomorrow's song

must flee away

his whole life long.

Absorbed in self alone,

the spirit turns to stone.



I gaze into my mirror's face,
strange how it keeps its place,
until I suddenly see,
the questions come from me,
and answers I must keep
unspoken, buried deep.

See eternity

in everything you do

and time will open

wide before you.

Everything

is a matter

of balance.

Be still, for Silence whispers,

so speaks the Eternal All,

her words are full of prophecy,

yet no one hears the call.

Do not battle with emotion,

let it rise and let it go,

only phantoms of illusion,

that in silence fade and flow.

Our moods

are tides that rise and fall,

like nature's peace,

yet wrathful call.

''Lord Shiva''

Existence is a dance

through oceans of fire,

where serpents of flame

coil around each turn,

and sparks,

imprisoned in time,

fade into ash.

He who takes alone,

is left with nothing of his own.

Build your house of happiness,

never at the cost

of another's well-being.

The way within

knows no map.

Strength grows in silence,

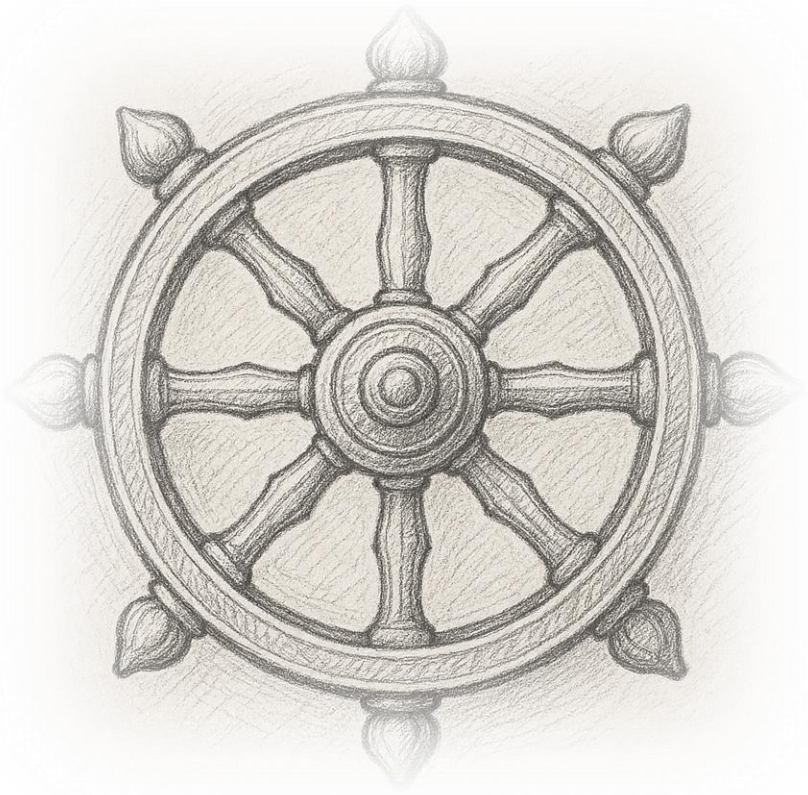
not in strife.

My world of crystal,

I have built it myself

from shards

of trial.



''Dharma Wheel''

Voice of my conscience,

word of truth, word of right,

voice of my conscience,

source of sorrow and of joy,

voice of my conscience,

my Guide in light and darkness.

No words

can rival

a small prayer

of silence.

In the guise

of a silent sigh,

sorrow chastises

often without a cry.

The path of dharma

is long and steep,

Maya beguiles you

along each keep,

humiliation follows

like a shade,

on every hill,

in every grade.

but he who endures

through night and time,

shall find within

the soul's divine.

Be watchful,

like a soldier in his tower,

who knows the enemy

may come from any side.

He who believes

the longest lot is his to bend,

forgets the hand

that grips the other end.

Desire no life

but the one

measured out for you.

Whatever role

you are given in this life,

remain a witness

until you awaken.

The world is a powder keg,

desire the sulfur match.

By his deepest desire

one knows the man entire.

White circles

like foam upon the tide,

each turn a prayer,

each breath a mystery,

whirling like a spiral

to the rhythm of ecstasy,

along the shores of your being

into the center of your Soul.

Think not of the fruits

of triumph or gain,

but act with lightness and freedom,

as beggar or king the same.

The senses, untouched,

tremble with delight.

enchanted by Your light,

they wait for but a touch.

The one who longs

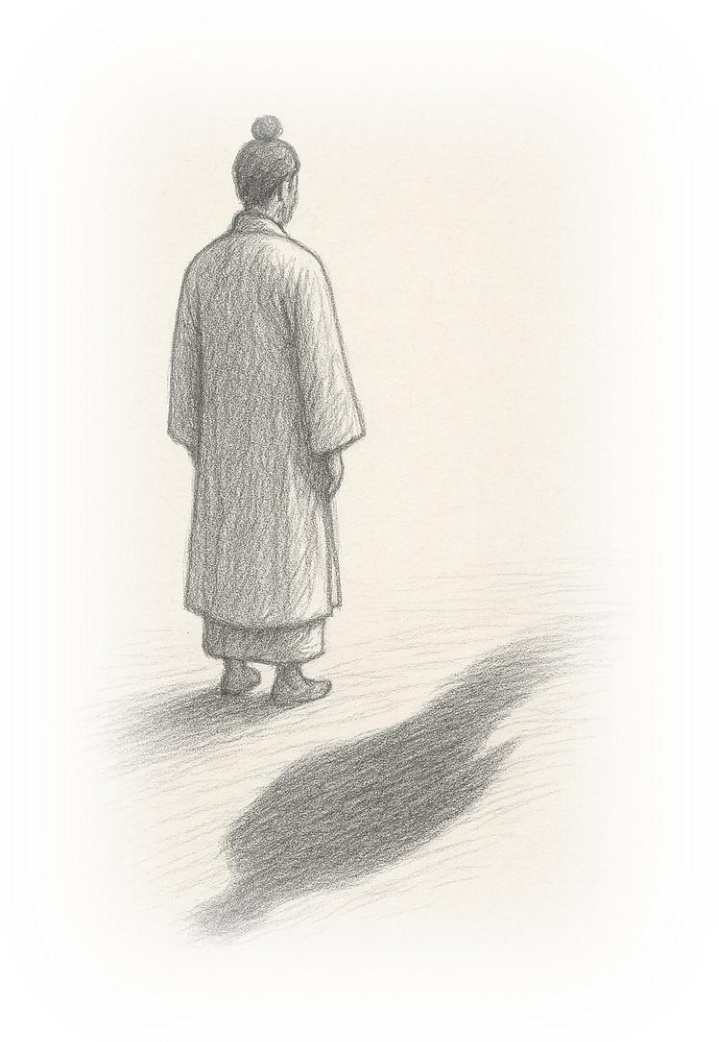
to become a name,

let's slip away

his own true flame.

In the sand of time

nothing remains.



Soon I shall close my eyes,
leave this flesh where I dwell,
my breath will fade, so softly lost,
farewell to you — O earthly spell,

through the void between the stars I drift,
embraced within the breath of light,
on and on Spirit leads me on,
toward the vision of eternal sight.

He was a dreamer,

yet what he saw

was far more beautiful

than sober sight could draw.

The things you so desired,

for which you waited long,

will bow before your feet

once you have scorned them strong.

A single veil,

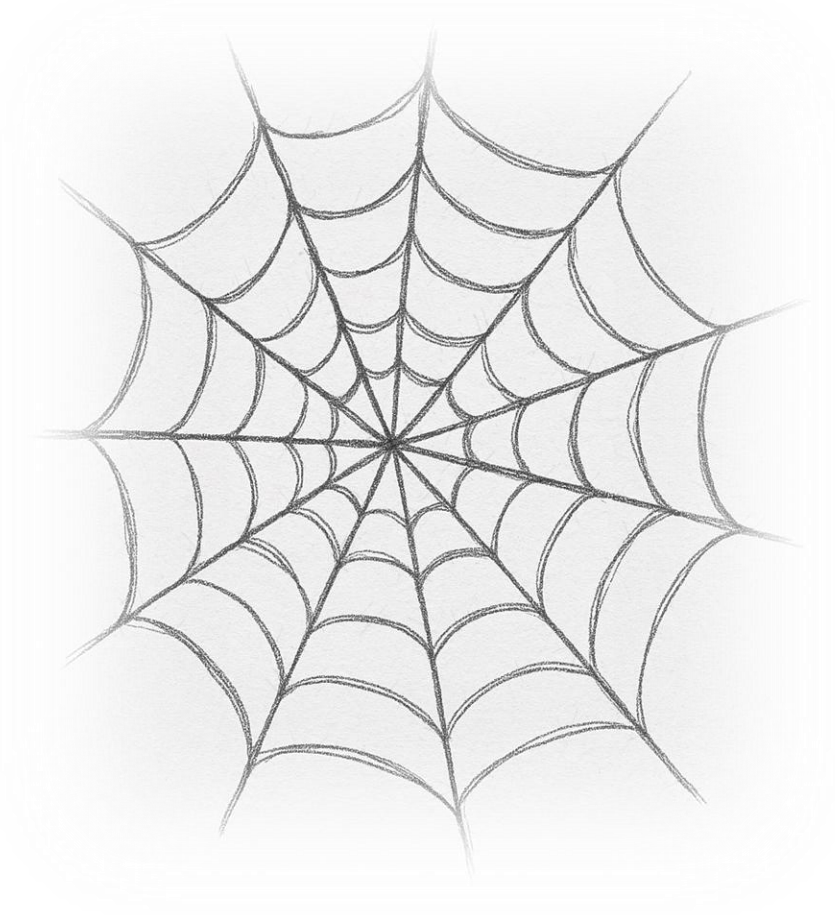
the world we know,

unbound by time,

unshaped by form,

beneath it flows

the hidden stream.



Temptation drapes the world
in her shimmering robe,
her weapon is pleasure —
subtle as a needle's point,
sweet as spun sugar,
she whispers promises
that carry no weight,
and whoever calls her name
wraps himself willingly
in her silken cocoon.

The longest journey

is not a step away.

From head

to heart —

a small leap,

a great awakening.

My land of longing

lies beyond this world,

hidden deep

in the soul's quiet rooms,

and guides the compass

of my being's truth.

Better free in weakness

than bound to might,

better silent in truth

than speaking in borrowed light.

In the heart of time

no clock is ticking,

where wisdom's light

shines soft and even,

boundaries fade

between master and disciple,

and questions become

no more than waves

rolling back into their source.

Within the eye

of the wise

there lingers still

a frozen tear.

Life is like a ball,

carried by the play,

oft you guide it,

oft another steers the way.

Nothing is as it seems,

all but illusion —

life, only a dream.

Beneath the breath of ashen clouds
silver-grey waves crowned with foam,
where sand is woven into hidden forms,
my footsteps falter, dissolving into dust.

Deep within,

no tale to spin,

deep within,

no race to win.

Through the windows

of my eyes

the world appears

in laughter and in tears.

Within the silence

time forgets itself,

and you can hear

the heart of eternity

beat.

So often we seek

a stranger's advice,

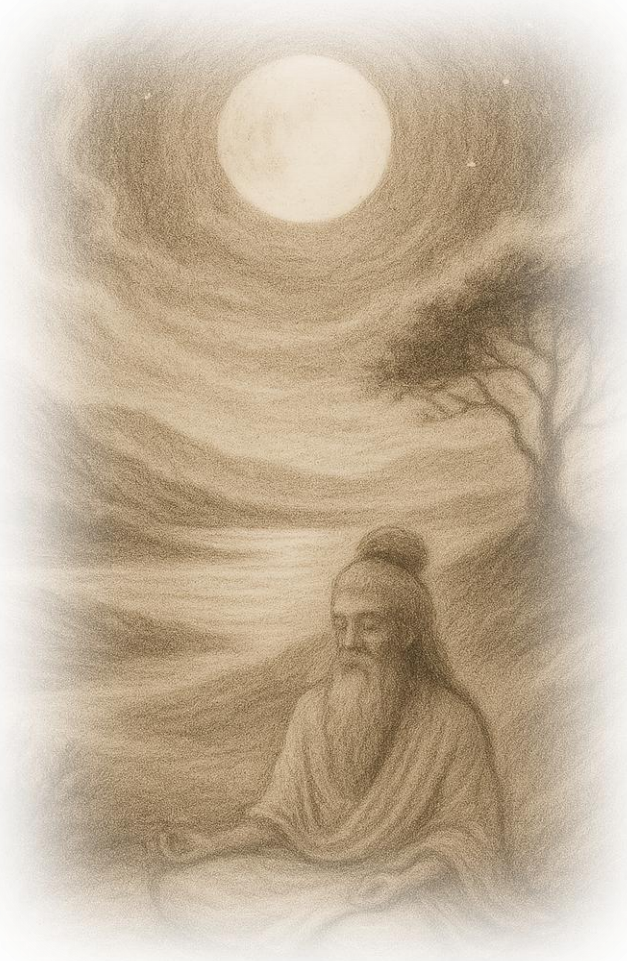
yet rarely our own.

To turn from shadow

is to be bound

in the endless dance

of dark and light.



Under the moonlight
even the sharpest shadow turns soft,
the night whispers secrets
that only the heart can hear,
as if the world were listening
to something older than time,
and those who close their eyes
are carried by the tender dark,
a promise that nothing
remains hard forever.

There are moments

when every word

is one too much.

No matter how bright,

fame fades away

in the quiet shadow

of humility.

Honor and dishonor

live together

beneath one roof.

Under the weight

of an invisible load

many a back bows.

Earthly love enchants

and disenchants,

for a moment it dances

to the same rhythm,

until the wind

tears it from heaven.

Beauty,

beyond ideal forms,

deaf to the call

of worldly norms,

rises through joy,

through grief and pain,

into the Light within —

to be Soul again.

Receive with grace

the smallest things,

and happiness

is near at hand.

Life is as heavy,

or as light,

as the burden

of your thoughts' weight.

Amid the wrinkles

wrought by time,

we grow older,

yet onward wade,

until the mirror

of the world shall break,

and illusion meets

its final morn.

One moment lived in silent grace

will weave a thread of truth's embrace,

one moment borne in silence deep

heals the wounds old layers keep,

within her breath a fountain lies,

where the soul began its rise.

''Lord Buddha''

My shadow bows

to Your bronze rest,

where silence, like incense,

the air has blessed,

Your eyes grow dim,

release all time,

revealing in light

the eternal sublime,

no word is spoken,

but breath still flows,

for those who waken

Nirvana shows.

To lose oneself

in illusion's trance

is like finding

fool's gold

those sparkles

in the sun.

Blessed the soul

who lets the past drift with the wind,

and with a calm heart

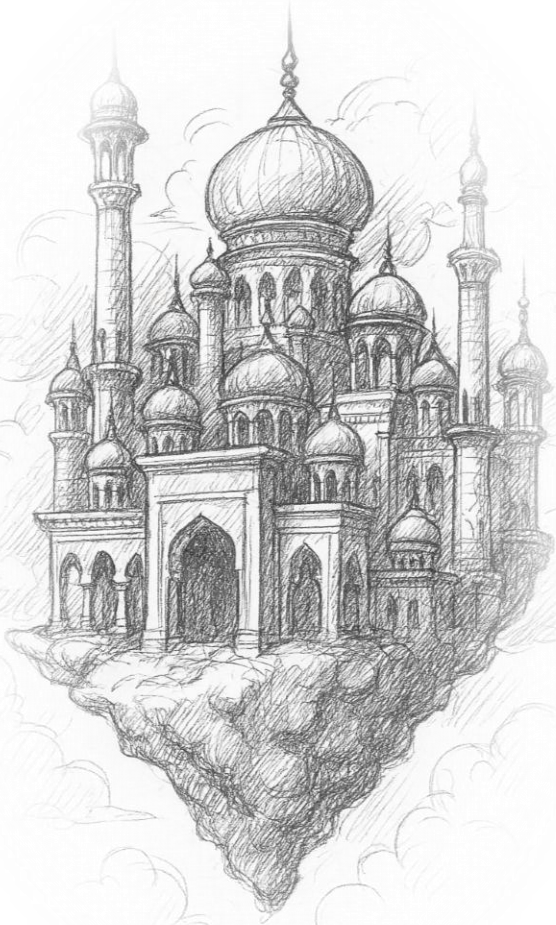
offers the future to Providence's care.

Teachings lead

to the doorway of your Soul,

yet the step beyond

is yours alone.



Wishes are castles

of air and dream,

that make you believe

you might live

within their walls.

Over the waves

of the past

memory drifts

away,

lost within

the wake of time.

''Lord Krishna''

Let my love revere You

like the innocence of a child,

knowing not the grasp of longing,

free as breath in wind's embrace,

let my love for You be glowing

like a flame that shall endure,

woven bonds of faithful yearning,

serene in essence, timeless, pure.

All my goals have broken

on the edges of desire,

every effort swept away,

no urge to have,

no burden to be,

only the joy of Emptiness,

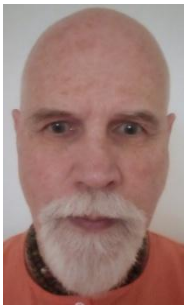
dancing in the Void.

Afterword

This collection contains a selection of poems and quotations from various poetry volumes I have published over the years. Like every mystic, I too have passed through the dark night of the soul. Some of these texts bear witness to that period. It is by no means my intention to discourage the spiritual seeker; on the contrary, with these words I wish to support him not to give up, but to persevere. Allow your spiritual seed to germinate gently in the forest of experience and grow into a powerful tree that withstands every storm. Train yourself in patience and learn to take steps before you try to walk. Be persistent, but never fanatical. The true spiritual path is indeed not easy, and many obstacles will cross your way. Yet time and again you are given the chance to rise after you have fallen, and to learn anew. Know that everything that happens during your search for the great mystery occurs not without reason, but through cosmic providence and suprasensory love.

With my sincere wishes for deep peace,

Sannyasin Anamika



In this collection, Sannyasin Anamika (Dirk Eeckhaut, Belgium, 1957) weaves poetry and contemplation into a quiet journey through memory, longing, and surrender. The verses breathe simplicity and depth, balancing between fire and silence, between innocence and the serene equanimity of the soul. With images that are clear and tangible, yet at the same time point toward the Unsayable, he invites the reader to recognize their own inner path: beyond illusions, beyond time, to the threshold of the One.

Sannyasin Anamika lives a withdrawn life as a karma-yogi and mystic. He shares his knowledge and experience through writings and publications. His spiritual quest of more than forty years brought him into contact with numerous Eastern and Western traditions, which he studied and practiced with dedication.

Along the way he also encountered deception, manipulation, and the misuse of spiritual authority. Over the years he learned to discern the true from the false, distancing himself from rigid, institutionalized traditions that are more concerned with preserving their structures than with supporting the sincere seeker in his inner unfolding.