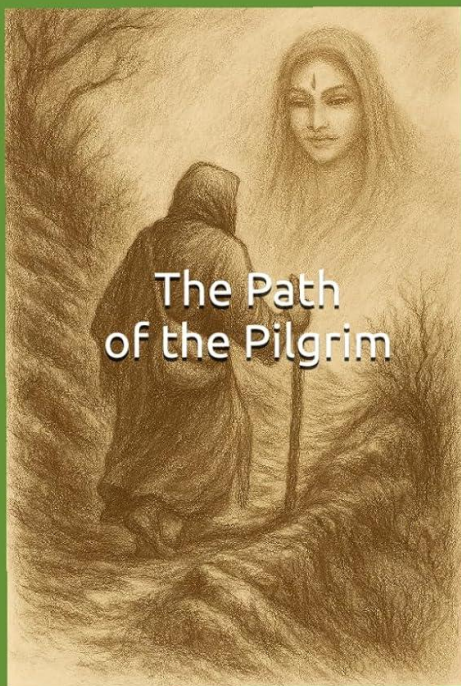


Sannyasin Anamika



The Path
of the Pilgrim

Meditations and Poems

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“Translated from the Dutch by the author”

The Path of the Pilgrim

Meditations and Poems

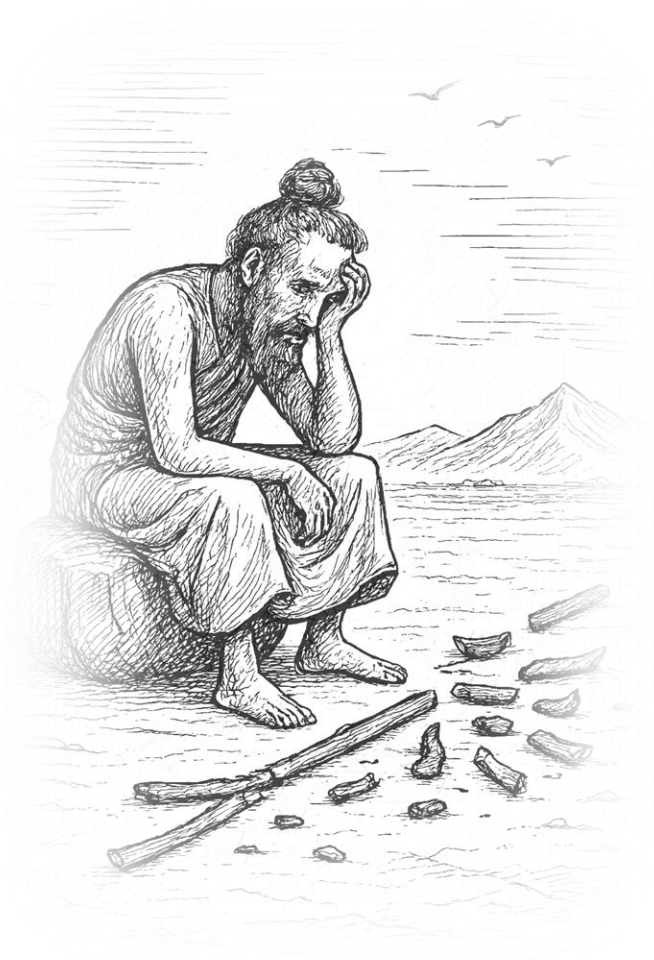


Sannyasin Anamika

“If I may claim any merit at all, it is only that of a seroant 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.

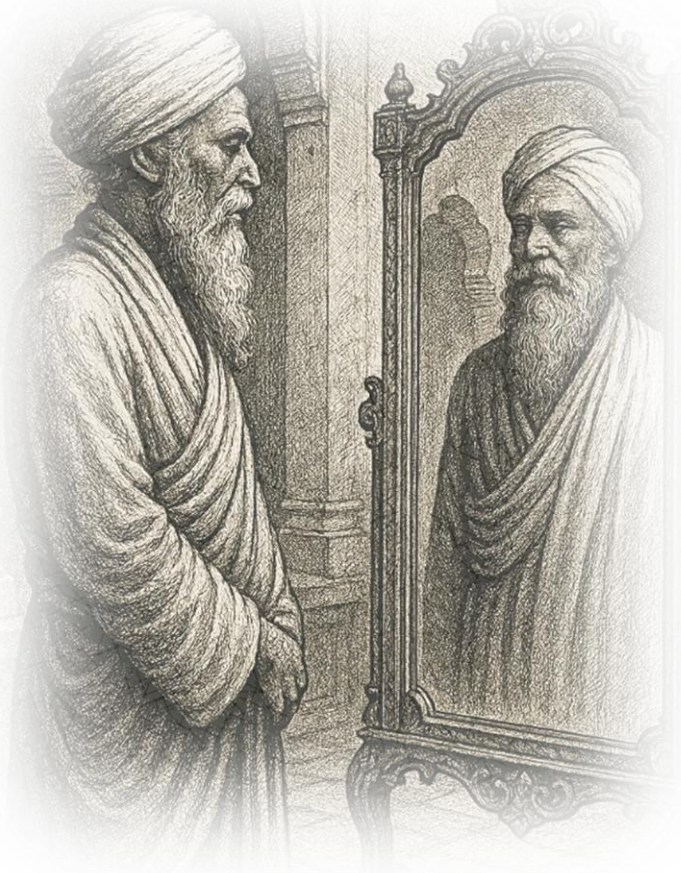
bereft of every sense,
I drift along her way,
into the furthest realms
of sorrow's vast decay.



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.



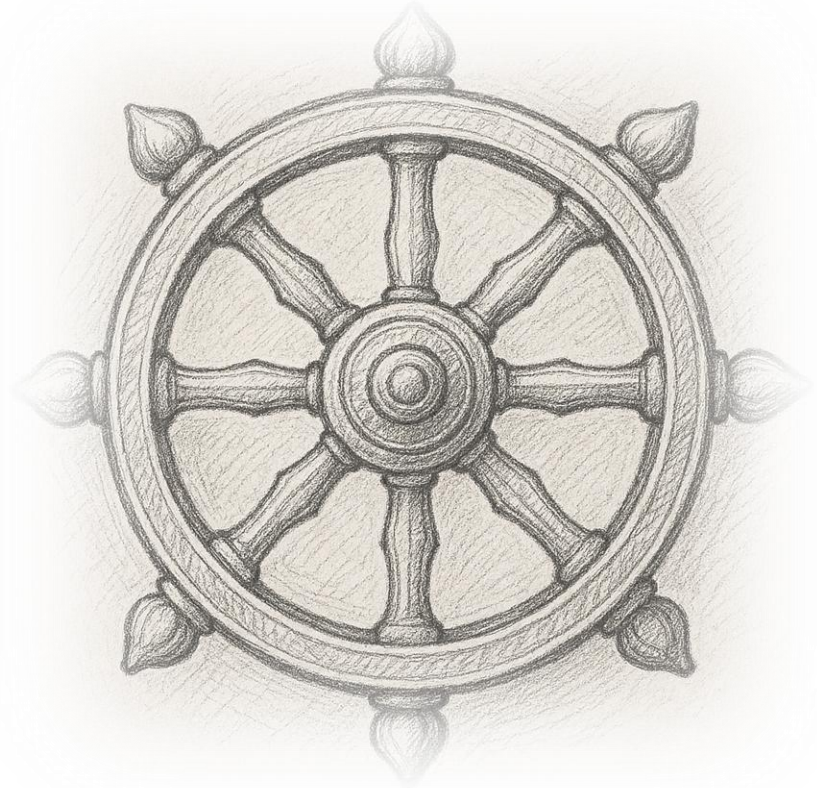
The way within
knows no map.



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.



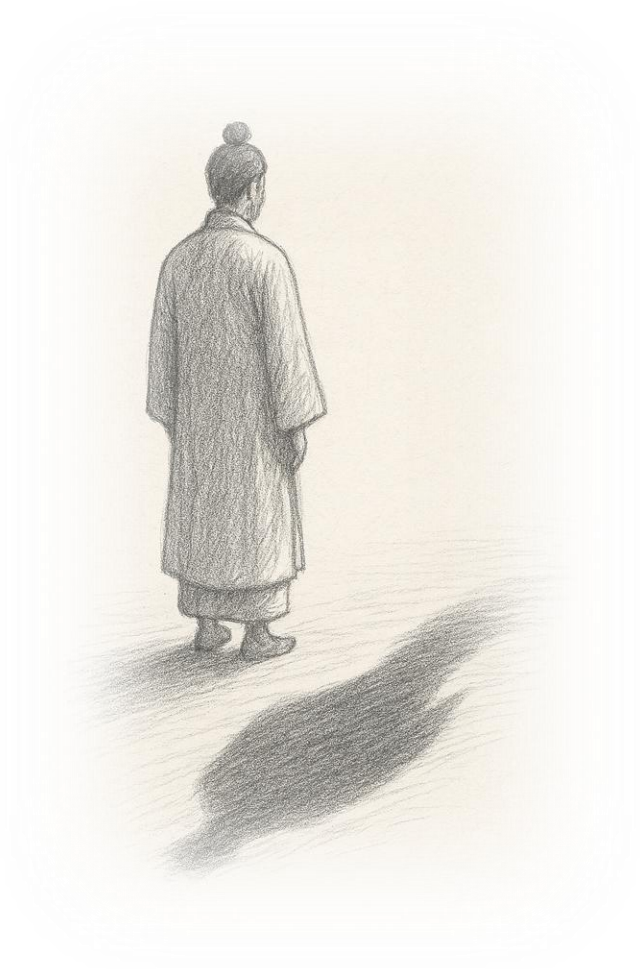
The senses, untouched,
tremble with delight.
enchanted by Your light,
they wait for but a touch.



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.



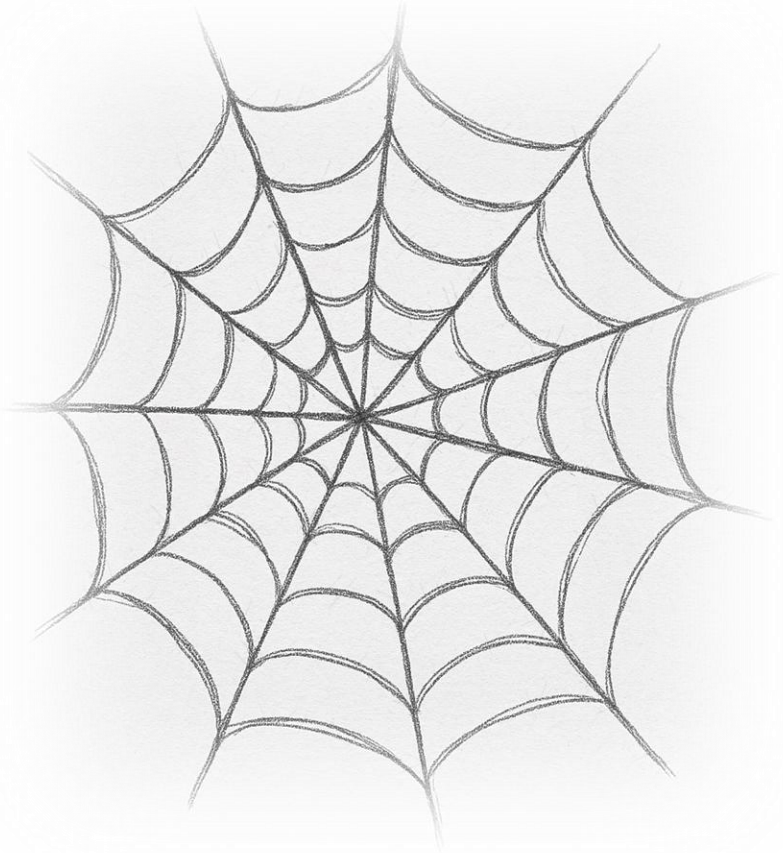
He was a dreamer,
yet what he saw
was far more beautiful
than sober sight could draw.



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.



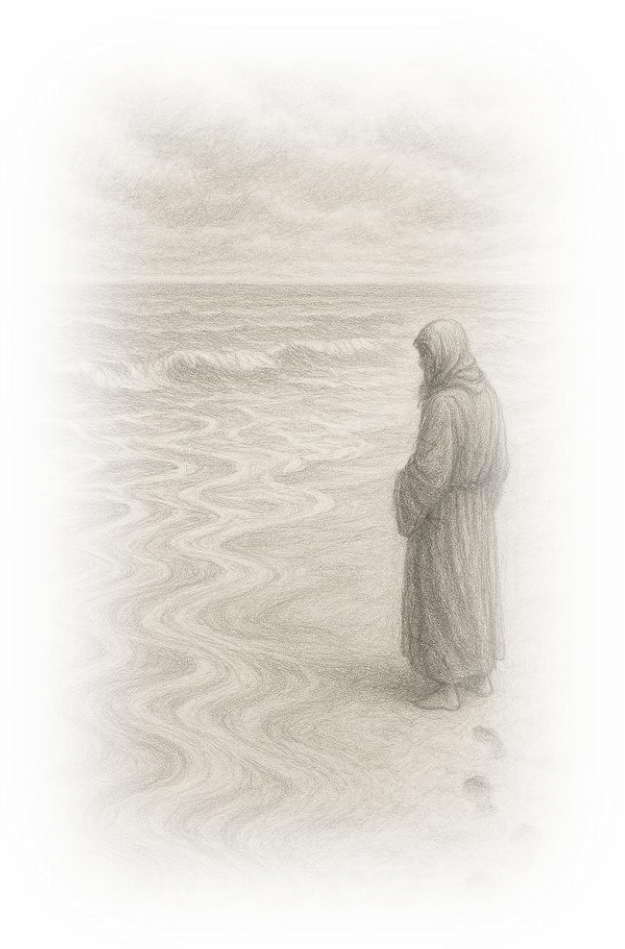
Within the eye
of the wise
there lingers still
a frozen tear.



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.



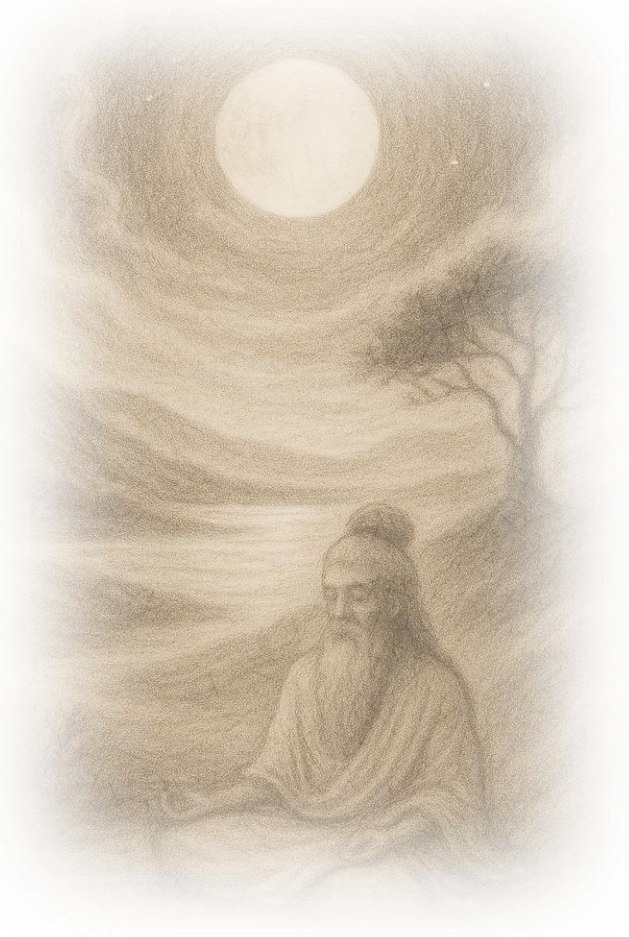
Within the silence
time forgets itself,
and you can hear
the heart of eternity
beat.



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 turn 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 disenchant,
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.



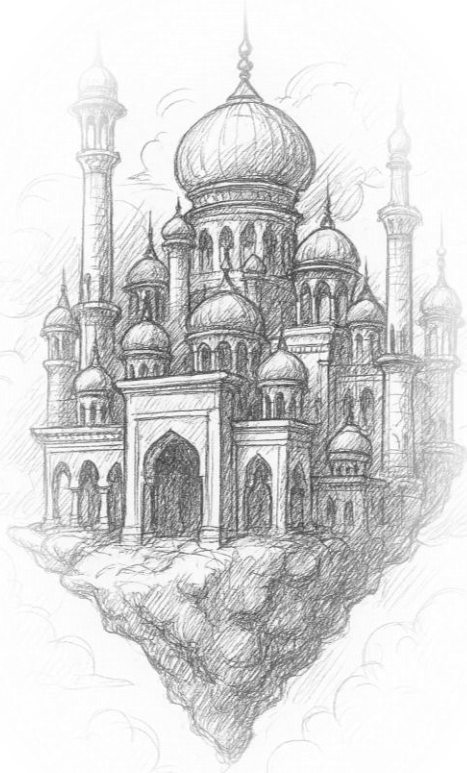
To lose oneself
in illusion's trance
is like finding
fool's gold
that sparkles
in the sun.



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.

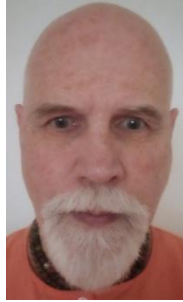


Afterword

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.