

From the Sojhi 2nd-grade syllabus:

¹ Gurū Granth Sahib

By Jivanjot Kaur

The Book itself is not my king
Not paper nor ink the thing
That commands my respect.
It is not the palki's beauty
Nor even yet a sense of duty
That causes me to reflect.
Not colored edges not the binding
Not the pulkan nor the winding cloth
My bow inspire.

It is the resonate song of praise
Teaching me the value of my days
That leads me ever higher
A velvet romala, gold trimmed replete
Does not bring me to the Gurū's feet.
Mere print removes not anger, lust, nor pride,
But the ESSENCE that is found inside.
In the end suffices
To free me of pain and greed
And relieves me of the need
To heed attachment devices

It is the meaning of each word
That my thirsty soul has heard
(Longing like the chatrik for God's Loves Nectar),
Where is written in every sector
The sweet Shabads that the Gurū's spoke
To fill the sangat with santokh
No mere book with pagination
Inspires my soul to contemplation
Of the bounty of God's gifts,
Not incense wafting that lifts
My wayward mind in meditation.

Not a chaur waved in an arc
Has placed upon my soul mark
Of God's unmerited Grace
And revealed to me the treasure
Composed in many a raag and measure
That makes the worlds wealth commonplace.

Not the book, but what is contained therein
Bring me to the Gurū's feet again.
Before the Gurū Granth Sahib I stand
With prayerful heart and folded hands.
To Gurbani- it is my Teacher now
To the essence of the Ten Masters I bow