

## **Expect not: for thou shalt not be disappointed**

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## **Introduction: The Freedom of the Unclenched Hand**

We live in a world conditioned by the heavy weight of expectation. We are taught to grasp, to anticipate, and to measure our joy by how closely reality aligns with our demands. Yet, the deepest spiritual truths often reside in paradox. As the profound teachings of revered Chariji (Third master of Sahaj Marg), the ultimate freedom

lies in a simple, profound surrender: *Expect not, and thou shalt not be disappointed.*

This collection of poetry is an invitation to explore the boundless space that opens up when we finally unclench our hands. Rooted in the spiritual philosophy of Heartfulness and the wisdom of the inner Guide, these eighteen poems are not merely philosophical reflections. They are a sensory journey. True spiritual progress is not a retreat into gray emptiness; rather, as Chariji noted, a "growing lightness of mind and spirit" awakens a vibrant inner landscape.

Within these pages, the inner life is painted in its true, radiant hues. You will encounter the sapphire light of deep meditation, the fragrant scent of sandalwood and jasmine that accompanies true prayer, and the resonant, ringing chords of a quieted conscience. You will travel through themes of selfless love, the beauty of human flaws, the courage to face oneself, and the realization that our ultimate destiny is never 'out there'—it is entirely within.

As you read these verses, allow the rhythm and imagery to wash over you. Read them not just with the mind, but with the heart. Let them be a reminder that when we cease demanding from the world and turn our gaze inward, we find a sanctuary bathed in golden light—a place where true, unshakeable joy is waiting.

### **Prelude: Expect not**

*In the heart's crimson garden where sweet jasmine blooms,*

*Expect not, and starlight will banish the glooms.*

*Grace falls like a golden and shimmering shower,*

*Unclenched, we inhale the rich scent of the flower.*

*Expect not, the chains of tomorrow take flight,*

*As dawn paints the heavens in amber and white.*

*The gifts of the Maker sing out as bright streams,*

*Eclipsing the pale, fading hues of our dreams.*

*Expect not, let ringing bells leave you anointed,*

*In fragrant, bright freedom, you aren't disappointed.*

*Turn inward where incense and emeralds gleam,*

*Where silence hums softly, a sapphire-lit dream.*

*By cleansing the self, the whole world becomes bright,*

*As heavy thoughts melt in a violet light.*

*Go kindle a candle of saffron and myrrh,*

*Where love's golden ringing makes dark echoes blur.*

*When heart-song is chanting, no terror can stay,*

*Just lavender breezes that whisper away.*

## Chapter 1: The Art of Giving

*A ruby-red warmth where the sweet roses grow,*

*Expect not to reap, but be willing to sow.*

*The melody sings in the giving of grace,*

*A golden light fills every shadowy place.  
Breathe in the rich incense of selfless desire,  
And watch the dark nights burn in tangerine fire.  
The heart's gentle drumbeat will echo above,  
For giving is the fragrant perfume of true love.  
Let copper-toned sunbeams awaken the morn,  
Where melodies of true compassion are born.  
When hands offer freely, the spirit takes flight,  
Bathed softly in rivers of silvery light.*

## **Chapter 2: The Luminous Spark**

*A solitary candle of soft, yellow flame,  
Expect not the glory, the praise, or the name.  
It burns with the scent of the sandalwood tree,  
A beacon of azure across the dark sea.  
The Master's quiet whisper, a silver-toned bell,  
Dispels all the shadows where silent fears dwell.  
Just walk in the glow of this luminous spark,  
And emerald dawn will awaken the dark.*

*The ringing of wisdom, a deep, resonant chord,  
Reflects the white grace of the ultimate Lord.  
Breathe deep of the lotus that blooms in the chest,  
Where amethyst halos and weary souls rest.*

### **Chapter 3: Lightness of Spirit**

*To die without dying in lavender peace,  
Expect not the world, let the heavy thoughts cease.  
The scent of the lotus floats sweet on the breeze,  
While chimes softly ring through the emerald trees.  
Religion may bind us in gray, lifeless chains,  
But spirit is sunlight that washes the plains.  
A lightness of being, a sapphire-blue sky,  
Redemption is learning to live as we die.  
The crimson horizon breathes warm on the skin,  
As golden-voiced choirs awaken within.  
Inhaling the jasmine of spiritual flight,  
The soul merges into the diamond-clear night.*