

# A Student of Gurbani

(THE LATE) SARDAR K.S. BHINDER

In the affairs of the world  
I want no voice  
Losing a world of noise,  
I gain my silence,

I escape from a rat-race  
as I have my choice  
A world bereft of good deeds  
full of violence.

I shun pseudo-saints  
and their intricacies  
Who entrap the ignorant  
with thier glib semon,

Builders of myths of  
utter fallacies  
Inwardly all corrupt,  
lovers of mammon.

Neither a parasite  
nor an escapist line I toe  
I earn my living  
by the sweat of my brow,

And mix with one and all  
in their weal and woe  
A student of Gurbani I'm  
which I try to follow.

