

**The Beloved is All in All**

by

Francis Brabazon

An Avatar Meher Baba Trust eBook

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*Other works by Francis Brabazon*

Early Poems

Proletarians – Translation

Journey With God

7 Stars to Morning

Cantos of Wandering

Singing Threshold

Stay With God

Let Us The People Sing

The East – West Gathering

Silent Word

The Word At World's End

In Dust I Sing

*The Beloved is  
All in All*

*by  
Francis Brabazon*

**BELOVED  
BOOKS**

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*You have come all the way from your*

*Beyond-state to call your inspiring Call:*

*“The lover exists only in the Beloved,*

*The Beloved is All in All.”*

## My Gratitude

To Avatar Meher Baba for encouraging me to continue sharing His love and message.

To the Avatar's Abode Trust for permitting me to edit and publish Francis Brabazon's work. All the ghazals written in the sixties were read out to Beloved Meher Baba by Francis.

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To Charles Mills for the painting of Meher Baba on the cover.

To all those lovers of the Beloved, who have come to understand and appreciate the form of writing ghazals.

Naosherwan Anzar

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**When the lover's lips have become a rose and  
his eyes a nightingale's tongue,  
The Beloved listens with pride and joy  
to every note that is sung.**

The young banana plants are birds with green wings  
rising from the ground;  
Such was my spirit when I still thought that  
Beloved God could be found.

Now that I have strained the universe through  
my heart-sieve without finding a trace  
Of his Reality, I have ceased from search and await  
his date of Grace.

Out there is nowhere, nothing —  
Only the Beloved's shadow  
Embroidered with star-stiches which  
the darkness causes to glow.

When God first threaded our souls on his breath  
for a necklace,  
He gave every one his own beauty  
And His singing-place.

With the first breaking of His Silence there streamed forth  
the light which became my eyes;  
When He breaks his Silence this time may I be hurled  
beyond mere paradise.

All works are but attempted corrections  
Of one initial error.  
This is the sum of knowledge:  
Truth is in the dust before the Master's door.

Since hands must work, use them to fashion  
A cup of wine.  
Then await his favour, and all other offers decline.

How brave were our flags when we marched out  
    in the first dawn!  
Now we are men bowed in the dust — objects of scorn.

Yet you ask us still to be merry and sing for you!  
Pour wine for us, and we may still muster a verse or two.

You would be ill-pleased with the cracked voices  
    of old crows —  
You who first taught the nightingale to sing to the rose.

We started out singing; we have now  
    travelled song's road —  
Yet greater than ever is the burden of song's load.

I am old, old. I look at people hurrying by —  
And my heart aches at the quick smile  
    that covers their cry.

I would beseech God-man to lessen the load of the Law;  
But now, even when I raise my eyes, He points to the door.

I remember stories about a pearl on the ocean-floor.  
I, too, have plunged in. This is my body cast up on the shore.

I once strayed away from myself and it took me  
a million years  
To find Him again; and to find that I am but  
a shape of tears.

Yet this shape is also a doorway in which  
the Husband of the Universe  
(My Beloved) appears, and refills with gold  
my empty penny-purse.

A shape of tears and a doorway, and a parrot that repeats  
Verses of long ago about love's favours and deceits.

The Beloved is one who promises roses and gives thorns,  
Promises a palace and makes one a beggar  
the world scorns.

He has reimbursed with coins of gold  
all my travel expenses —  
But only because one day again I will be sleeping  
under fences.

I know that the day will come when dogs will sniff at me  
propped against a tree.  
That will be the time when I have almost  
finished my journey.

Soon, then, my Beloved will come and lift me up  
and embrace me —  
And young lovers will marvel in each other  
at love's fine tracery.

I will not cease desiring to please that one who has  
    won my heart,  
Until His Grace shatters the silence held captive in my art.

So long as the silence sleeps, its form in love's mirror  
Is disturbed by the violence of every labour.

My whole journey has been the seeking  
    of various kinds of treasure;  
Now my delight is to serve my Beloved's  
    wayward pleasure.

Yet it always turns out that when I would serve Him,  
    He serves me;  
And so each pleasure in service becomes a new misery.

I would that my two hands were the wings of my soul  
    ready to fly;  
There is no honour in spirit wasting itself in a sigh.

What with one thing and another my life  
    has become a plain  
That bears a few wild flowers once a year after the rain.

Next time the rain falls I will not let them waste their  
    fragrance on the air;  
I will weave them into a garland which He may  
    for a moment wear.

The ache of separation is permanent.  
There is no point in moaning post-wise that  
love and the times are out of joint.

Some day there will be a conjunction of these two things.  
It's the rubbing together of past and present which stings.

There is no remembered past action  
that does not cause me pain;  
And every present breath leaves an indelible stain.

To love is impossible; to serve the beloved is not allowed.  
My hands do nothing all day but weave  
my next death shroud.

The Beloved is all in all, the lover is nothing.  
This is what is meant by 'grinding' and 'crushing.'

Even obedience cannot be given. The snag there  
Is the root of self-desire —  
to make one's black face seem fair.

Do not be beguiled, brother, by loose talk about the Quest:  
The only path of love is: *the beloved knows what is best.*

What to do with the days? Everyone has work, I alone  
Lie by the roadside — the roadmender's left-over  
bit of stone.

Yet I am not old as men nowadays reckon time.  
I could help carry the equipment by  
which younger men climb.

Once I used to drive a straight furrow  
for the autumn sowing.  
And I'm not the sort who would begrudge another  
the mowing.

Lonely was my childhood — lonely as the fox's cry  
at night;  
And again, in my beloved's unpleasure, this is my plight.

Since the wineshop closed its door my friends  
are the stars;  
They spill golden wine for my spirit from their silver jars.

But what is that to me who has drunk from love's cask?  
What is any answer to the question I ask?

So I hearten the stars in their journey by telling them  
the name  
Of the Beloved whose one glance lit in them and me  
love's flame.

That day when you first opened your door to me  
in Love Street!

Your glances were the promise of summer heavy with  
grapes and wheat.

Smiling you poured out for me a little glass of wine;  
And I left my lips on your doorstep, and my eyes in the dust  
to shine.

Summer cam round all right — with dust-storms darkening  
the skies,  
And every fence wearing a woolen coat, and the crows'  
harsh cries.

My grief has turned the plain into a sea;  
my sighs are ships message-freighted to you.  
But I know that beyond all seasons' betrayal is  
the night I have awaited from you.

Soft breeze, though you carry my tale to my Beloved's feet  
You must pass on — you may not linger in that holy street.

God pity those who still question whether  
your 'doctrine' is sound.  
They are so earth-sunk that only their dried ears  
stick up out of the ground.

If your beloved is God, they mumble, let Him  
give us a sign.  
So I tell them (though they can't hear) of the Miracle  
of the Glass of Wine.

Spring used to come round each year with its  
    myriad bud-breaking,  
And summer ripened the grapes for an  
    abundant wine-making.

But even then I dreamt of another wine poured  
    by another hand;  
Even then my soul was freighted to some  
    beyond-the-stars Homeland.

Soon, then, I was initiated into the swagman's tribe,  
Where success and honour were spoken of  
    as the devil's bribe.

But it took me thirty years to find the Master's door  
In Love Street which runs along  
    the shoreless ocean's shore.

That night when He poured the first glass of wine,  
    the earth was sunk  
In the wide ocean forever, and the whole world was drunk.

With love's hammer He beat my heart into  
    thin sheets of gold  
For a temple in which love's story should endlessly be told.

Such is the Master's wine that in one drop the sun  
    has been trapped.  
If He pours another glass the thread which binds the stars  
    will be snapped.

Long ago this futile quest would have been relinquished,  
But the fire lit by one kiss could not be extinguished.

The barrenness of unlove is worse than the  
dryness of lover's draught.  
The act of Creation was only to bring our meeting about.

I have seen that God modeled the world  
in the shape of ignorance;  
But also, that by my Master's compassion  
is my continuance.

Although I cry, I know that the world's tenderest  
affections  
Are as dew in the sun: that in love's pain  
is love's pure directions.

In reality, separation is but union's prediction.  
So love's tears are pearls, and rubies are  
the heart's affliction.

When the harvest is gathered, and the song  
of the grinder is low,  
And the plough is broken, and the sower goes out  
no more to sow,

And the doors are shut in the street along  
which you used to go,  
Come to me then, Beloved, and kiss me again,  
and love's secret at last I shall know.

The foxes have their holes, the birds their nests  
and men their beds,  
But the swagmen of God have nowhere to lay their heads.

Well, what is that to others? We should have stuck  
to the ways  
Of fireside and family and the craftsmen's measured days.

No one made us leave honest work  
and start building ships;  
To leave our women for a dream of impossible lips.

The nightingale sings to the rose — not at the rose's behest.  
It's time to bring in a new rule: every bird to its own nest.

The best way to sing the Beloved's praise  
is through one's hands.  
God created the hearth; we, by building ships,  
made foreign lands.

I was a prince when I used to drive  
a straight shining furrow.  
Now I am lord of a bit of scrub and a wombat's burrow.

And nights when the fiddles sawed  
and I led my girl out to dance —  
Love was a proud thing then,  
not a hole-in-the-corner romance.

To acquire this body for you, millions of others  
    have I burned;  
So there can be no question of my asking  
    for it to be returned.

I crave not union, but service: to usefully fill in the days.  
I ask you not to take away my occupation of praise.

I have no complaint at all about having been  
    turned into stone —  
So long as I can still sing, no matter how dull the tone.

In order for my soul to become dust at your dear feet  
The stone-crushing must go on until the job it complete.

And I'm all for it: for only pure dust truly sings  
As it awaits the fan of your dress, when you pass,  
    to give it wings.

Born of your Song, singing I went out in the long-ago,  
And the stream of praise for you has never  
    ceased to flow.

I have given myself to you, Beloved, but do not deny  
Me the service of praise — for without that love  
    is an empty cry.

Because I see my shadow I know love's sun has risen.  
But my fascination with my shadow has  
    become my prison.

My shadow goes out from me and turns back and beckons,  
Come! Let us dance together along new horizons.

I answer, Invite me no more my sweet little witch;  
Many times I have danced out with you — into a ditch!

We said our love will awaken the earth to a new dawn:  
But my spirit blew only cracked notes on its wilted horn.

I will sit out my prison-sitting in my heart's corridor;  
At midday your beauty will be buried beneath this floor.

For although my prison has thick walls, it has no roof —  
And of love's sun's glory mid-day  
    will bring burning proof.

Not only you, darling Shadow, will have vanished —  
    but the horn of the sun  
Will bring down these walls, and I and my true Beloved  
    will be one.

What of the warm-housed ones,  
and us on this trackless journey?  
How great the distance between us — we are bound  
and they are free.

I would return to the hills of my youth and work  
in the fields —  
But what woman would I now lead out  
at the harvest festivals?

To partner me could only be one whom  
all other men scorn —  
Yet to match my spirit's step no goddess  
has yet been born.

Following the melodies and rhythms of your glance  
Has made me an expert in every type of dance.

I have been dancing since you sent the stars  
out on your breath —  
Dancing with my pretty shadow in a Dance of Death.

Lately, bushman-eyed (so I thought) I have been tracking  
your footprints to your dwelling-place —  
Only now to discover that all along I have been in love  
with my shadow's charming face!

Walled on one side by desert and on the other by sea,  
There is nothing for it but to await  
your whim's destiny.

The beach trembling under your fingers  
the wave erasing the pattern of your careful nails  
Time's rollers are laundry-wringers  
coiling clothes of flesh into baskets.

The yachtsman and his sails are not so proud  
as the least of your unguents;  
nor is spring so urgent as your impetuous brow;  
never has woman been endowed  
with your earth-warm purity.

Any thought of ships and journeying would be  
a blasphemy after being given the Freedom of your Kiss.  
Only drunkenness can settle the arguments  
of goings and becomings —  
Time's snubs to pretence — and establish the eternal Now  
of your beauty. That; and This.

Each have I known  
    has been a mirror  
To a new aspiration  
You alone  
    are the giver  
Of beyond-mere-jubilation.

Else I had remained  
    a wave  
A crest of light  
Sustained  
    by black water to lave  
The stars at night.

As it is  
I am a drop of your love-being:  
And your fatal kiss  
Will end my knowing, seeing.  
And this, and this,  
From stardom to man-state, always I have been fleeing.

You can endure the monotony of evenings,  
of pleasures, of seas, mornings,  
trains and motor cars, because all these are beings  
born of your certitude. They are your singings  
from solitude.

The hive of your hair brings nectar from the flowers  
of stars to store  
under your tongue, so that when you speak  
men everywhere,  
according to their hungers, will obtain their share  
of Word-food — all, except the horsemen  
who sleep under the plains and dream of cities to sack  
again.

The heifer of your cheek grazes on the sky's  
velvet herbage;  
Your laughter comforts the ashes of the moon  
cast into the sea;  
the river of your tears bears both  
the song of the hills and human garbage;  
winds seek your throat, and jewels your hands,  
to become mosaics of poetry.

When, at last, I thought I knew your loveliness  
I fell from the sun into an emptiness  
in which the Pacific was a jewel  
glistening on one finger of your caress.

There, a supersonic plane small as a fly  
crawled across the plate glass of the sky,  
and voice drunk on alcohol fuel  
floated, complaining, seeking a place to die.

After being locked up in stone for a hundred years  
I heard your voice pure as flames and flutes  
awakening the world to a new cosmic Spring.

cancelling the huge sum of my arrears,  
bidding me to come forth and strike new roots  
in song-soil, and let my love once more essay to sing.

In the mirror of the First Silence  
we, Beloved, made a pact:  
You would speak me into being-fact;  
I would speak you in every word I spoke.  
How truly you have kept your part, but how I have  
broke  
faith millions of times! Yet your mercy still flows  
cool as a mountain stream, sweet as ripe mangoes,  
healing again and again my violence.

Yet because of your mercy I completely trust  
that you will complete your creation-act  
and lead me by stages of gentle ruin  
back to the faith which I grew in,  
and on to the final man-being-fact  
that man's true station is in noble dust.

I would lie a long night on your breast breathing  
like a child;  
And you would not begrudge me my resurrection;  
from the beginning of time, you have remained  
undefiled.

I crop silence. I unburden myself of mountains of  
civilizations,  
of thickets of blood from which the tall trees escape,  
of accretions of tears on ships graving-docked at  
stations in space,  
of the wordiness of all false revelations.

When I awake, my vertebrae of twenty-six notes  
will have been schooled in the music of silence,  
and I will map out new singing continents  
of vegetation without the curse of fruits,  
of vision without the curse of horizons,  
of love without the burden of illusions.

The stars are in your hair as flowers of memory,  
the sea is round in your throat with pearls of memory,  
the sheep are in your teeth for shepherds of memory,  
the hills are in your eyes as lighthouses of memory.

But you will not want to know me  
when I am beyond the sea  
and the stars and the shepherds  
on the Hill of the Leopards.

You will not want to be with me where the leopard  
roams in the Valley of a Hundred Perfumes,  
or in the Mansion of Forty Musical Rooms:

For your pleasure is still in flowers and pearls and  
sheep  
and the songs of the shepherds in the pastures of  
memory  
before you draw the curtains and give yourself to sleep.

The sun beats up to the earth  
and the rain reaches up to man  
and rain encircles the earth to keep it green.  
The earth gives the sun form.  
And man give the earth the reason for its solidness.

Woman, you are a river.  
But if you strew your bed with boulders  
you make navigation risky,  
and if you lose yourself in marshes  
you make it impossible.

I will never look down on the sun  
so long as there is gold in your voice,  
nor tread heavily upon the earth  
while your arms are willow branches.

We went through the streets  
that went through the houses  
that were built in the people who  
had opal eyes and mushroom ears,  
lips as beautiful and brittle as coral  
and hair of violin grass.

And we came out into a whiteness  
beyond the moon and the sun beyond  
the symphonic utterances of galaxies,  
into the pure whiteness of space which  
is the seed-bed of music and architecture.

And we found that we were walking in God's shadow.  
And far away on the horizon of emptiness  
the rainbow smiled with pleasure and approval.

Mountains are corruptible. But the work of our hands  
time and wind and rain cannot destroy.  
For our hands are the purpose of our blood,  
and our blood is the river of our soul —  
which sings the river, the purpose.  
Death's scissors may cut the bands  
of love a million times; but we can enjoy  
new voyages on another flood:  
and all rivers wander to the same Ocean-goal.

Man's life is more numerous than all the sands  
of all the world's beaches, and reaches back beyond Space  
(God's sackful of suns) to the primal tone  
of the Creation Song.  
Though faith is brittle as burnt bones,  
and our vision reduced to the size of our face —  
the Word of your Silence will restore to us the work of  
our hands.

If only we could forget the story of dreams,  
the history of hopes and appointments,  
the theology of sowing and reaping,  
the allurements of all that is not but which seems.

We wade through the sludge of sensual ointments  
to islands ruled by the Hypodermic Needle,  
to ruined churches where to pray is to wheedle,  
to benches and counters where we work while sleeping –  
and dream-spin a new history of appointments and hopes  
in wider horizons and narrower scopes.

But behind the eyes a long wave washes the sands  
in a dawn of arising to the work of our hands.

And behind the clatter of words, the Word  
which shall speak — and a new song will be heard.

A house turned upside-down could be a boat.  
And a man turned inside-out would be God.  
But a house turned side-down would collapse.  
And an inside-out man is a ruin.

There is no way out of the world for me  
but to build myself a nest in your hair,  
drink deeply of the nectar of your lips  
and sit on the stone egg of my soul and  
hatch a voice to sing in praise of beauty.

One must have some useless work each day  
from which to make a pillow for the night.  
Brush your hair; stroke my plumage of sorrow.  
So long as I can go to bed dead drunk  
I can endure the parting till tomorrow.

We have met before, many times, on the stairs of our  
blood  
and sewn our lips together with the thread of breath  
(which would defy the shears of Death — so we thought)  
and built a house with the bones our ancestors shed.

And looked at the work of our hands and saw it was  
good.

And diving down into the deep of our eyes  
we brought up the pearls of heroism of great journeys  
and strung them into epics for our seed.

Now that our faith has become brittle as a forest floor  
and our vision no longer encounters crystal horizons,  
what shall be our legacy to our songs, our dowry for our  
daughters?

We can only believe in the ancient pregnancy of waters;  
we can only trust that our cry will present our need;  
and the Word will shatter its own eternal silence.

The desire of the drop is to return to the ocean:  
When separation is perfect, journey loses its motion.

My destiny with you, Beloved, was in the Word  
of your Breath  
When it ordered the white suns to battle  
to overcome death.

In my journey across the terrible planes of separation,  
The train has brought me to a shantytown  
called Annihilation.

Now I am deprived of even the oppression of your glance,  
Which, in the days of love madness, set the measure  
of my dance.

I camp by a salt water-hope which has blistered my tongue;  
My eyes are two holes in a gunny-sack bleached  
by the sun.

I have become a skeleton that has no bones  
To support my flesh in this country of sand and stones.

Yet I praise the separation, for it has written your name  
On the waters of my tears in the colours of bright flame.

Although I have always been, I remain in ignorance  
As to who and what I am in this mad cosmic dance.

With the sons of God I rode out to the Word-begotten wars;  
And our horses' hooves struck off sparks which became  
the morning stars.

The son of such an ancient father should know  
His inheritance:  
But the cruel fact remains, it all depends on His  
whim's glance.

True, I have lived riotously and wasted my substance,  
While my elder brother toiled against the season's chance.

From the Beyond I came — and have arrived at the back  
of nowhere.

Sometimes I dream my father calls, Here! son, here.

Each morning I take up the journey again —  
but the distance

Never shortens on this road of surrender and resistance.

I really have no form. My appearance is an illusion.  
I ask pardon of any I meet for my seeming intrusion.

You have stooped down to heal the roots of the rose's pain,  
To bathe lepers, feed the poor and comfort the insane.

You have shaken out before our eyes prospects  
of new dawns,  
But we, your lovers, have garlanded you  
with the rose's thorns.

Maybe the beasts will invent new scales and melodies;  
Our praises are hammers riveting fingers and knees.

From the depths we cried to you;  
from your beyond-state you came  
As a flood of bright waters, as a column of bright flame.

There's a place in the heart in which the universe can revolve —  
But we have sealed in capsules daring and high resolve.

It was inevitable — our final degeneracy —  
That having failed God and woman we would invent  
a monstrous She.

Your presence is our answer. Why do we nourish our  
absence?  
Speak to us, Beloved, the refreshing Word of your Silence.

I remember in spring the paddocks were full  
of wild flowers.

Today the streets are full of faces. The first singing hours

Lengthened into years, and years were journeys.

I returned chastened.

And Love, who had been seeking me from the doorway  
of time, hastened

Up to me and stood by my side. On his breast was a rose  
tattooed by spears,

And his feet were blistered by millions  
of lovers' molten tears.

He said: One cannot untie the knots of revolt;  
the rope is too new.

Only the tug-of-war sawing across perspectives  
will fray it through.

He said: There are fishes scaled with precious stones,  
and animals slow as smoke and swift as fire —

Yet they will not be preferred before you if you make your  
Beloved your only desire.

I said: Millions of times I have remembered your name,  
each time making it new.

He smiled: That only shows how many times I have  
remembered you!

Then I came out into the streets of faces  
innocent as flowers.

For journeying was done — and the years shortened  
again into hours.

If in a church, mosque or temple you see the true light —  
what harm is it?

God is merciful and one day will give you the true sight.

If you deny the scriptures and the prophets by whom they  
were written — what harm is it?

It may be a case of twice shy after one  
has been once bitten.

If for a better value you change your religious cage —  
what harm is it?

At least you have demonstrated some degree of courage.

If you believe that Truth will be uncovered by a telescope —  
what harm is it?

The Path is a thread of darkness;  
each must light some candle of hope.

If you marry (in law or fact) or remain celibate —  
what harm is it?

Either way there are jubilations, and woes to relate.

If you are one who reaps harvests, or sows the wind with  
desires — what harm is it?

The harvests are stored, or squandered, and the wind  
returns and inspires.

If you are not rushing about madly trying to earn love's  
grace — what harm is it?

Why should you get your neck broken  
in the Beloved's embrace?

As long as I can remember I have been more of a stranger  
In this world of short friendship than He who was  
born in a manger.

He was the great Outcast, but He had a home  
to which to return  
And six hundred years rest before His next alien sojourn;

But I, when I leave here, will still be seeking a place to rest,  
A stranger on the roads tolerated as a one-night guest.

He, though few knew Him, had one beloved breast on  
which to lean;  
I am still seeking a beloved whom I have never seen.

He was the supreme poet, the undisputed lord of the Word;  
I sometimes manage to write a couplet  
that is not absurd.

He came of His free will even though born of woman  
in a manger;  
I was hurled here from the womb of God,  
a naked and utter stranger.

The strange thing is, I am more touched by His suffering  
than my own,  
And I would have the jewels of my heart plucked out  
to encrust His throne.

I have come to value separation more than presence:  
Presence is a veil; in the heart of separation is essence.

My brothers are they who are inundated by sorrow;  
For them the sun no more rises — there is no ‘Tomorrow.’

We gather where guitars give out vibrant chords  
and violins weep:  
Time must be passed somehow until the Sower comes out  
to reap.

In so many billion years the earth will be a dead thing;  
By then I will have tuned my heart and be ready to sing.

Being not then, as I am now in the ranks of lovers  
a raw recruit,  
My Beloved may not be quite so disdainful of my suit.

Accompanied by guitars of lightning and violins of rain  
I will sing a new song as God shoves a new Earth  
into place again.

And He, laughing behind rainbows, will be stretching out  
His hand for my love-fruit  
As from the notes of my singing come forth in radiance  
reptile, bird and brute.

My journey to you had been through thousands of trials  
requiring thousands of courages;  
And you asked me, when I arrived, did I know about  
the rising price of cabbages.

I had pierced my heart with holes, making it a flute for  
your pleasure;  
And found that I should have made it into a cup, for wine is  
your treasure.

I came to you in rags, and found you surrounded by the  
well-dressed.  
I acquired wealth and you said, "By poverty is  
one's worth assessed."

You did not speak in parables, but discoursed  
in plain speech;  
But your simplest words were utterly beyond my reach.

You said, "Hang around. One day I will make you  
the leader of a host."  
And I found myself one of a witless crowd  
crying, "Lost, lost, lost!"

Somehow the days run on into months and the years pass  
And I still stand at your door with a held-out empty glass:  
Yet at you word the universe of stars streamed out to light  
Only my path to you, Beloved, and our secret night.

What an *eternal* Beloved you are!

After much hand-wringing on my part, you blessed  
The work of my hands — only to make me see that success  
is a paste jewel on a hag's breast.

I was envisioning the spoils of toil —  
come late, come greater —  
And found myself consigned, 'arse up with care' to  
Nowhere on a freighter.

Now when the sun rises with trumpets I weep and say to  
him compassionately,  
Don't be boastful, Brother —  
in a few billion years it will  
be your turn for what I have been through lately.

And to the earth-worm I cry, Bravo!  
a couple of wiggles more  
And you will be arriving at the steps to the Beloved's door.

The mills of God turn slowly and grind small;  
The wedding night is destined for us all.

Down tools and sing the night away, if you'll make the  
time shorter;  
And shut out that bitch Progress — she turns good wine  
into water.

What a Beloved you are! I will shout from the house-tops,  
I will advertise  
That regarding resourcefulness you are never stumped  
to bring a new surprise.

You have expressed much loving-kindness to me of late,  
Bending down from your Beyondness, tender,  
    compassionate;

Bending down as a beautiful rain cloud healing the  
    parched earth,  
As a breeze from the hills filling the night with its  
    perfumed breath.

By this I know that I am now not very far from death —  
Which I welcome, for it will bring me  
    closer to you in birth.

I would only grieve if there were none to take my place  
    in song-duty:  
But you have lovers enough to celebrate  
    your eternal beauty.

And will not my dust whisper inspired songs in the  
    singers' ears,  
So that they will sing all night, sing!  
    till the pale dawn appears?

And will not you, in the dawn, open to them your door;  
And a few drops may spill on my dust  
    of the wine you pour?

Because of your loving kindness I can cheerfully  
    welcome death.  
And I know I will be born again, with the smell of wine  
    on my breath.

A man, try as he will, can never accomplish his purpose.  
Mind is a space-traveller on the back of a lame tortoise.

There is a sadness about all travelers; they never arrive  
At any other door than the one from which with bright  
hope they leave.

Even though it were possible for a man to reach Stars' End,  
He would never find what he set out for —  
the bosom of the Friend.

Love is guarded by a flaming sword against all intrusion.  
What is in the shops of the world are well-fitting illusions.

The lover stands still and lets the road fly away under his feet.  
In the night when the Beloved's face rises, the journey is  
complete.

But all this is mere manner of talk;  
without the Grace of the master  
The road is the rim of a wheel that spins ever faster  
and faster.

My heart, do not remain in the dust: become it —  
the dust that blows along Love Street.  
Some evening when the Master opens His door you may,  
perhaps, kiss His feet.

On the one hand I complain of the days —  
    there is nothing to do  
(For all the works of men — as well as sun-whirl and  
    earth-spin — are done by you);

On the other hand, I desire this stone of me  
    to become dust,  
To kiss your feet with lips not sculptured by greed,  
    anger and lust.

A man is either a child happy with its bright balloon,  
Or a larva spinning another protective cocoon.

Let the mills grind on. (Time is only the motion of them)  
They cut and polish each dust-grain into a perfect gem.

Each of us is lord and master of the universe  
Buying a six by four land-plot and a ride in a hearse.

Write on my tombstone: Here lies one who  
    never did belong,  
But died gloriously, for Love accepted his song.

I came here in ignorance, but have accomplished wisdom's  
    supreme goal —  
That to which all men journey — The meeting of the  
    Beloved of one's soul.

Words are effective covers over faces and things;  
And from your words, Beloved, new false hope  
bravely springs.

Your promises are salt wavelets caressing the beach  
of my breast,  
While I thirst for spring water and a green, sheltered  
place of rest.

Which simply shows that I am back where I started in this  
love-racket —  
A rank beginner in the I-will-love-you-if-you-love-me  
bracket:

I am really a plastic flower stuck in a vase,  
While my spirit wanders in the field of stars.

I could remain content wandering among these lights  
born from your eyes,  
If I were not nagged by the knowledge that work is  
true courtesy.

The sun is no more than ash from one spark of your  
divine fire,  
The earth's forms are but your beauty's reflection caught  
in desire.

The Silence of your Word breathes through faces  
and things;  
And the Word of your Silence in each one eternally sings.

Everything is good, but nothing has any sense;  
And all postures except that of dust are mere pretence.

In each grain of dust there is every form of precious stone;  
In each grain of dust the seed of poetry has been sown.

It awaits but a drop of spilt wine to give it a voice —  
When, compared with its singing, all other music is noise.

When the lover's lips have become a rose and his eyes  
    a nightingale's tongue,  
The Beloved listens with pride and joy to every note  
    that is sung.

Ah! but who can set out on this terrible journey  
    into Nothing,  
Even at the promise of eventual union with Everything?

Brother, do not listen to any tale about love's recompenses —  
This journey is only for those bereft of their senses.

Every thing is solid, but no thing has permanence. As in  
    a dream  
Eyes and lips that I have cherished appear as bright  
    bubbles on a stream.

Oh, what a game! what a game! I wrote poems that win me  
God's kisses of approval,  
And I laugh and bow before Him knowing that my verses  
have no existence at all.

Good poems are droplets of praise to the ocean  
of the Word.  
That the poet himself *creates* them — how perfectly absurd.

Sun sings, stars sing, Manward - their journey's end.  
Men sing *Homeward*, to the house of the Friend.

The best built palaces are but camps for one night.  
The finest wrought art is but a moment's delight.

When my Beloved praises my work it is a divine pretence  
That there are just the two of us — and oh, how I relish  
such moments.

A pretence? The fact is, the universe is nought  
But an endless playground for Love's infinite sport.

Love is, at first, a setting out on a high adventure.  
Then the troubles begin — and one is a little less sure.

The lover finds himself with one foot in that world and  
one foot in this:  
The clatter of little greeds in his ears and on his lips  
Love's first kiss.

So he is forced to dissemble and appear a little absurd,  
And yabber their tongue while preserving in his heart  
his hint of the Word.

Have courage young lovers, and push on regardless  
to the point of no-returning  
And challenge the Dragon-beloved: the world, anyway,  
will soon now be burning.

We have already been ages on the road to the Beloved's  
door:  
Let us not be disheartened by the prospect of a few miles  
more.

Pity the delicate discriminators of private encounters:  
Neither the world nor the beloved will endure pretending  
renouncers.

The Beloved is a dragon — but His nostrils pour out a  
cooling stream  
To the lovers who beg respite from the heat of their  
personal dream.

We look back from our dark times to the sunlit ages of  
substance and ripe days|  
When we spoke the language of the heart and knew beast —  
and bird-talk; and labour was praise.

And God was not a hard Bargainer nor the doctors'  
Abstraction;  
And there was no Beloved to seek, for love had not to be  
won.

Wars there were — they began in the Beginning with the  
Word's Great Strife —  
But not crucifixion on barbed wire and bombs to roast one  
alive.

Now God has to be born as a Man every few hundred  
years  
To break through our brain-fog, re-light our eyes and wipe  
away their tears.

We cannot go back to the Sun Age; and though our times  
are raw and thin,  
We can make God-man our divine beloved to die for  
and win.

In which case we will become greater than the pure men  
of old —  
For to love God-Man perfectly is to turn lead into gold.

Let him finish quickly with the matter of lamps  
and sorrow;  
For the lover is a man of today, not of tomorrow.

The little men, the insect brood, have got the world by its  
short hairs.

Everywhere the heart-highways are blocked with signs  
'Road Under Repairs'.

Where can a hobbit enjoy his after-breakfast pipe  
Without the scream of a jet or gossip cocking to snipe?

The bomb-happy bastards are preparing a great big treat —  
It'll be mushrooms and toast for breakfast for all in our street.

The poetry lads are still singing about woodlands green  
And the prettiest birdies and flowers you've ever seen.

The Prosperity-balloon goes on getting bigger and brighter  
And if you don't fall on your face to it you're an  
undemocratic blighter.

Sing the balloon and the woodlands! Till someone presses  
the Button  
And the balloon goes pop! And the woods burn and we  
are all dead mutton.

To which I am quite reconciled: since even if I escape that  
death,  
My Beloved anyway will consume me with His  
dragon-breath.

All a hobbit really wants is his pipe and his armchair;  
And at times some merry music and a jug to share.

And what happens? Along comes a Gandalf who talks of  
life's fullest measure:  
Of high adventure, heroic deeds and the winning of  
hoarded treasure.

And off goes our little hobbit with clinking horse-gear and  
untrusty sword,  
Not wholly convinced at all — rather feeling that it's all  
a bit absurd.

And when it comes to high passes, fearful caves and  
(life the stake) contests of riddles,  
Oh, how he longs again for his armchair and pipe, and  
friends and the saw of fiddles!

Poor hobbit! His 'high adventure' has been going on now  
for a billion years.  
Don't laugh at him because he wants to sneak off  
to an armchair and a cup that cheers.

And no sooner settled, than along comes that Man who  
drags him out of his chair  
And sets him on the road again to win gold  
from the Dragon's lair.

Great hobbit! All the songs of the world have been  
composed only for you.  
They celebrate the long quest for your Beloved,  
the eternally true.

I gave my heart into my Beloved's hands, and in its place  
He gave me a mirror in which I could see His lovely face.

This fair exchange took place when we were screened  
from men's sight,  
Alone together in the secrecy of night.

The mirror turned out to be an ocean in which  
I was drowned,  
A silence in which the root of pure song-praise was found.

When my Beloved spoke, the Creation again occurred  
(For my instruction) and remained suspended in His word.

The suns were marbles with which He invited me  
to a game.  
His tor was the breath of His song, mine  
His beloved name.

He pointed across space and said: That is My fair Earth;  
It is dear to Me for there only do I ever take birth.

How fortunate that He accepted my heart and  
in its place  
Gave me a mirror in which I could adore the splendour  
of His face!

Although I have given myself to my Beloved without  
reservation,

This tug of war between us still goes on.

Although I have no will of my own, some instinct  
of self-preservation

(Which has been from ancient times) still goes on.

At my Beloved's whim for knowledge the world rose  
out of non-existence

As His trailing shadow — and still goes on.

No wonder I have always clung to myself with persistence  
(The safety of darkness) — which still goes on.

It was in the act of creation that my Master first showed  
His mercy to me

(Else I would still have slept) — and it still goes on?

Why then this tug of war from the beginning of time,  
when it is so easy to see

That He alone is — why it still goes on?

Although I am His, the dark nourishes thousands  
of my desires.

Strange! but His patience never tires — it still goes on.

Time was, and not so long ago either, when I sought for  
rewards;  
Now I look on while others take their bow and the world  
applauds.

My Master has taught me that ambition is a pretty bubble;  
The fairest edifice today tomorrow is a heap of rubble.

My Master has taught me not to trouble myself about  
anything  
except keeping  
My heart comfortable and quiet, for there the Infant  
God is sleeping.

‘Stay by my side,’ He has said. ‘When I break my Silence  
Your Beloved God will awake, and your dust will sing.’

I have given away my harvest, burnt the stubble and  
reploughed  
Ready for the seed of His silence and the rains from His  
Grace-cloud.

When, in His infinite compassion, he speaks the renewing  
Word,  
Position and honour, to say the least, will appear rather  
absurd.

I have nothing further to trouble about, so I remain bowed  
before Him,  
Knowing that the healing of nations and  
my Self-knowledge depend on His whim.

If they who take L.S.D. only knew what sort of wine  
is being doled out  
In the Wineshop in Love Street, it would be a case of all  
plane-flights sold out.

If the beat kids got a hint of the melodies that pour  
from the demijohn's throat,  
They would be crawling around the floor with their  
tongues sticking out trying to catch one split note.

So that I don't blab out my secrets, my Master has stitched  
my lips together  
And restricted my movements to the length of  
a short tether.

Regarding God-Man, even though the intellect is dim,  
Try and grasp that the world and you and I exist  
by His whim.

Reality doesn't just 'happen': it comes to one who has kissed  
The winecup's lip — or from a blow of the Master's iron  
fist.

In the meantime we who have been admitted to  
the wineshop scrub pots and sweep the floor:  
This, after having worn thin with our eyebrows  
the stone steps leading up to the door.

When one has become wasted with love, one is fit to see  
the Beloved's face;  
When one has become a dead man, one is at last fit  
to receive His Grace.

I am the slave of the master who has not  
released me from ignorance:  
Like a planet round the shining sun I am content to swing  
in His dance.

The moment of my Self-knowledge was fixed by Him  
at the time of the Creation  
When the suns were born from singing Word,  
and I in their midst shouting with elation.

Except for brief moods of home-sickness, ever since then  
I have been dancing  
To the calls of this singing Caller and to the tune  
of His love-glancing.

All our association has been a dialogue  
which He was sustaining  
To keep me going on the long journey and make me forget  
my complaining.

Now the talk has been swallowed up in His Silence,  
the dance is ended;  
I have danced my way back to stone-state, completing the  
Journey Splendid.

Now there remains only the breaking of this stone head  
with His hammer  
to release my Self-song and put an end forever  
to this stammer.

How lovingly my Beloved has kept me in ignorance  
on this journey,  
Heartening me at every stage by the thought  
that with the next step I'd be free.

The Master opened the wineshop again last night,  
and filled our glasses  
And comforted us in our dejection. His mercy never ceases.

It wasn't long before a singer was unwinding a choice  
melody  
And the Master was glancing at one or another  
meaningfully.

With that, it was a case of each man for himself — the ship  
of our cares was sinking.  
The last thing I remember was Him looking at me and  
deliberately winking.

My flight was in the empyrean of His smile, eager to meet  
Him face to face in His infinity — it ended at His feet.

The Beloved with infinite patience prepares the lover  
for his destination:  
Once the rocket leaves the launching pad he won't allow it  
to land on some wayside space station.

It will travel on through space (His shadow) till  
it reaches Him;  
The end of a billion years journey which began  
with His whim.

In the meantime, the only place of safety is at His feet;  
The only prayer, 'Wine!' — by which forgetfulness is made  
complete.

Since You planted your banner in my heart,  
my heart has become  
A field of battle against the Pretender to your kingdom.

The battle rages back and forth across the empty plain,  
And many knightly heroes on both sides have been slain.

How you delight in this (as in all wars) where none is hurt  
at all —  
Where the fallen are whisked off to heaven to continue the  
brawl.

But for my part, what with this war going on and your  
tantalizing glances,  
I envy him who enjoys his pipe in the sun, or the yogi  
his trances.

I am the ass that at the same time has his bones broken  
with blows  
And is led on by a carrot dangling in front of his nose.

Well, as the saying goes, it's a long road that has  
no turning.  
Sometime this heart-war must end, and my soul be healed  
of its burning.

In the meantime, until this happens the only remedy  
is to get, and stay, drunk. True —  
But — there's only one wineshop; in this place —  
and that is owned by you!

In the Far East they are driving out the dead religions;  
In the West there are the Damn-your-authority protest  
legions.

The Master, 'in His inimitable way,' is house-cleaning  
before  
Installing a new image of Himself for men to adore.

Send into all lands the news that the Ancient One is here  
To level mountains of ignorance, dry up oceans of fear.

The Ancient One, God-Man, Creator of the creation  
Will again make the stars envious of little Earth —  
His Song-station.

Man is to be born again. Doctor! When you cut the  
umbilical cord  
Say, Ram tha kyonkay Baba hai - Send into all lands the  
glad word.

God-Man has now fed Silence for four decades —  
damming back Grace;  
Moulding the new eyes of our unborn hearts to see His  
face.

Send the word into all lands: Prepare for the ultimate  
violence  
That will shatter the past when the Word of His lips breaks  
the seal on His Silence.

The heart-war goes on, like all other wars, unnecessarily,  
It continues as long as one doesn't know one is eternally  
free.

But freedom must be tested in bondage: let the bondage  
be  
Not to self, but to the Beloved's divine whimsicality.

The Master lovingly has fixed the time for each of our  
head-breakings;  
Let there be no thought of barter with Him, of givings and  
takings.

If your soul does not leap when it hears the news  
that God-Man is here on earth,  
Don't worry; it's not yet the time for you to tasted the wine  
of No-more-birth.

There will be plenty more Occasions to blazon His name  
on your shield  
And point your sword at your throat and say, It's time  
dearest Enemy to yield.

But how I wish that all men now could meet the Beloved  
that I know;  
All strewing petals at His feet, instead of each hoeing his own  
row.

How I pity those who cherish the imitation instead  
of the real,  
Those for whom the newest 'prophet' is the latest Seal

If your heart-bell hasn't chimed when the tongue  
of God-Man's name has been striking it,  
When the hammer of His Word strikes the gong  
of the world you will hardly be liking it!

If your heart is not then shattered you can, of course,  
spend the next seven hundred years  
Scraping and filing away the rust and pitting  
of ambitions and hopes and fears.  
Do not go to one who offers dream-trips — to return from  
to greater doubt;  
Seek the Master who lovingly and patiently plans  
your dream-self's armies' rout.

I took a little trip once, to heaven. The palaces all needed  
repairing badly,  
And the saints, with their wings molting, were repeating  
their 'Hail Marys' rather sadly.

I returned swiftly to the real heaven of my Beloved's smile  
And begged forgiveness for absence for even  
so short a while.

The real journey is that from which —  
except in compassion — there is no returning.  
The training for this is had at the Love Street School,  
where is taught the Great Unlearning.

There is only one lifetime job worthy of a man —  
the heavenly chore  
Of sweeping with his eyelashes the steps  
leading to the Beloved's door.

My days have become emptied of purpose, an idleness  
in the sun.

The world and its affairs are in my Master's hand: He does  
what is to be done.

The traffic in Love Street has ceased, there are few  
boon-seekers  
Since the wineshop-keeper shut His door and pours  
no more beakers.

I sit in the dust before His door carolling  
To my Beloved: in the dust is eternal spring.

It was in the springtime of creation that I first set out  
on my quest;  
It will be in the sap-flow of His fresh Word that I come  
to complete rest.

If you had not protected me I would not have arrived at  
this singing-station,  
But wandered off and got stuck for vast time in the Eden  
of some blind mutation.

Ignorance was the energy that nourished nerve, brain  
and sinew,  
But without your smile I would not have had  
the heart-strength to continue.

Your winning smile and hints about a Beloved  
waiting for me to come  
Drew me along a trail which wound through  
seven kingdoms and brought me home.

What an immense journey it was from the bursting of  
the suns from your Word to this green Earth!  
Yet all the while Earth, fully formed, was hidden  
in the midst of the suns, waiting to take birth.

And hidden in the Earth was the face and form of Man  
waiting to break out  
Of his six prisons and dance over the plains and hills  
with a mighty shout.

And hidden in men were monsters and fears (formed from  
the back-wash of your Whim's word-flow)  
And saints and singers to hew out space in the heart  
so that your Word's love-seed could grow.

What a wayfaring! What a heroism you injected into us!  
What an over-coming, what an accomplishing  
you expected of us!

No wonder, Beloved, we are thirsty after such toil  
and travail —  
No wonder there is no end to music's voices and  
the singer's tale!

Yet the wineshop door remains closed and the demijohn's  
loud note has ceased,  
And we're invited no more by the Wine-master  
to the all-night feast.

But one honour is left us: to endure cheerfully  
not seeing the Beloved's face —  
To continue our singing in the dust before the door  
without receiving His Grace.

To remain still, though busy, with no thoughts behind or  
before, singing the Beloved's beauty:  
This is the sole occupation of the Love Street dust-dwellers,  
their only duty.

No thoughts behind — yet the clear knowledge of the  
divine wayfaring;  
No thoughts before — because of the Beloved's infinite  
caring.

Not a leaf trembles nor a sparrow falls except by His  
trembling and falling;  
Not a lover sings nor a loved one calls except by His  
singing and calling.

Nothing at all can be, nor appear as dream, without  
His being and dreaming.  
We know that He is absolute being, but we only see His  
seeming.

We have busied ourselves in the world all our lives —  
but songs are our only cash;  
And what will they buy except maybe one day the  
Beloved's whim's lightning-flash?

Maybe is maybe; as far as we're concerned our songs have  
only entertainment value.  
Sometimes He rewards us with wine — but sufficient is  
His permission to continue.

After a billion years of wayfaring it is no hardship  
continuing to wait.  
Keeping busy in song-stillness, with no thoughts behind  
or before, it is never late.

We have proved that the world is a box of dreams, a bag  
of words, a bundle of occasions;  
A kiss of meeting, a short laughter, a weeping  
of departure, a swift flight of seasons.

We know that in one glass of the Master's wine is  
the intimation  
Of beingness beyond any advertised heavenly station.

Still, don't try to find your way to Love Street and the shop  
where vintage wine is sold,  
Unless you have hard currency and the patience  
'to wait until the tale is told.'

Even then, you might find the door closed; He opens it  
only when in the mood.  
You might bluster your way into heaven — but the Beloved  
has to be wooed.

There are two vintages: one pressed from the press of  
selfless service;  
The other pressed at the time of creation and from the press  
of bliss.

Love seemed such a sweet thing in the beginning — so  
sweet that the young heart would burst;  
Then, though the lover must continue his singing, comes  
separation and thirst.

History is the tale of ruins left by the army of the Beloved's  
glances;  
Geography is the name of graves which terminated  
divine romances.

I began life as a stone. That was when I learnt how to wait.  
Without patience I wouldn't have arrived  
at the rosegarden's gate.

Then the Beloved split the stone with his compassionate  
glance,  
And I sprang up as a grass-blade in my first ecstatic dance.

Then He advanced me to worm-state to crawl on the forest  
floor:  
By that lowliness I am now prostrate in front of His door.

Next He formed me into a fish that I might imbibe  
the notion  
Of water and one day long to return to the divine ocean.

Next He gave me a bird-form to conquer distance with  
strong wing-beat,  
And loving space and freedom, to soar to find them at His  
feet.

Then He clothed me with earth-hugging flesh to know  
animal passion  
So that one day I would approach and adore him  
in man-fashion.

Now He has given me man-shape and turned me back  
into stone  
Singing under blows on my way to dusthood before  
His throne.

You have said: Drown all sounds in my silence so that you  
may hear my word of words,  
Yet you demand fresh songs — to bind me in your net of  
contradictory cords!

But it wouldn't be you if you did not require opposite  
things at the same time —  
Such as a dissonant harmony and a melody of correct  
rhyme.

You are the Master Musician and the Great Ancient  
Silence — what a strange accord.  
The universe is your chorale swinging about the axis  
of your silent Word.

Really, you created the universe to provide me with  
a journey, after which done,  
I would meet you, Beloved. But before creation was,  
we were already one!

A journey into nothingness along the star-studded loop of  
space —  
A voyage into separation to arrive at your dwelling-place.

Sweet Nothingness! That taught me your everythingness.  
Sweet song of the stars!  
That taught me how to imprison silence behind  
musical bars.

So, to a small degree, I have obeyed your order to be silent  
and sing:  
But only by wine have I been able to accomplish  
this impossible thing.

Thank God you have shown me that the world is a  
nothingness and that God is a myth.  
Only you and I are; and since I am not, there is only you  
to reckon with.

And that is too much — so I don't. I just try to entertain you  
at odd moments  
By praising your beauty and recounting some of  
the varieties of your glance.

Your being is knowledge, power and bliss, and love is  
your nature; to sing is mine:  
And my song is gradually maturing under the influence  
of your wine.

Why then be so niggardly? Give me a little more of  
the precious stuff,  
And I will consider the most astonishing figures less than  
enough.

A dry throat is no good for a singer, it must have plenty of  
lubrication;  
Otherwise it cannot be a fit vehicle for song's nude  
jubilation.

What is the good of having given me song, unless it  
dances before your eyes  
In ever-varying vestments and colours of infinite surprise?

What a pity that we alone are (and I am not) in the whole  
of space —  
That there are not worlds upon worlds to pay homage  
to your beauty and your grace.

Let my life and work vanish back into the Primal Night  
From which the suns sprang — suns, molten blackness lit  
by love's light.

The shape of things is merely the signature of my  
Beloved's whim.  
There is no space left anywhere for my name — except as  
His pseudonym.

There is not a grain of sand or a sun outside His universal  
design;  
There is not a word that can be improved by any  
commentary of mine.

Peace and war, loving-kindness and cruelty,  
Are kisses and clubs on the road to Reality:

Let both these be increased enough, and I'll need no map  
of the way  
With place-names in Sanskrit or Persian, nor songs like  
an ass's bray.

And for heaven's sake stop all talk about the ocean and  
the pearl you seek:  
Both the ocean and the pearl are two tear-drops on my  
Beloved's cheek.

I would brush those tears away, but my hand has no more  
strength than a fly's breath:  
So I desire my work to perish and life to be swallowed  
by death.

I never signed on for this voyage, I was shanghaied.  
When I awoke we were sailing out on the spring tide.

It's eight on and four off and smart to it at the bosun's  
whistle,  
And the grub is weevilled biscuits and meat all grease and  
gristle.

When I complained, the captain said: You're on for the round  
trip;  
Like it or lump it — this is a trader, not a tourist ship.

But you'll get paid fairly at the end of the voyage,  
And in gold, not by check — so see it out with courage.

Now we've rounded the Horn with its storms and are  
becalmed on a sea of oil;  
But at night you can almost pick the white flowers  
growing from the sky's dark soil.

Maybe when we come to the Singing Islands we'll be  
allowed ashore.  
Maybe the captain wants to lose half his hands and  
have to shanghai more!

The star-flowers comfort me, they and the sailors'  
Homeland songs  
Which are sung from one heart, though in a dozen  
different tongues.

How rich are love's scents tonight and how sweet is love's  
endless tale!

Each dust-grain is a rose, and each rose is its own  
nightingale.

The wine-master has shut His door and the Beloved has  
hidden His face

And God has sealed Himself in silence before He  
unseals His Grace.

The world's pain is His; but dust must keep on blooming  
and singing —

For these were in the seed of silence before the Beginning.

Love was before the suns and Earth tumbled out of the  
mouth of love's pain;

Dust was before the oceans were made and the bearers of  
healing rain.

From dust and wine God fashioned Man and quickened  
him with his song-breath,

And told him: Because I have so made you you will never  
know death.

Then God made the suns as escorts for Man in his looped  
journey through space,

And to shout together at each *returning* and its Moment  
of Grace.

The wine-master may shut His door, the Beloved veil His  
face and God-Man withdraw before He sends the flood;

But dust must continue blooming and singing, for song  
is written deeply into each cell of its blood.

The dust-garden of roses and nightingales blooms and  
sings all around me.

Wisdom I hold cheap after having heard so much  
nonsense uttered profoundly.

Everyone in the world wants everyone else to applaud  
him,

Yet nobody knows that the show is by the Beloved's whim.

When the curtain goes up, no one from the gods to  
the stalls

Thinks of the tears and sweat poured out at the rehearsals.

The Beloved is the ancient one who was before  
the beginning.

Desiring music, He ordered the stars to come forth and  
start singing.

So ancient, yet so amazingly new that even in our clearest  
moments of seeing,

Our pattern-impressed minds cannot catch a hint of  
His always-becoming being.

It is rumoured along Love Street that soon He will give a  
new twist to the production —

Something never done before, to which there will be a  
startling audience-reaction.

But as ever, the dust will remain singing before  
the wineshop door.

Only when He opens it and pours wine again will it cry,  
Encore!

The dust blooms and sings; but I am still dumb, apart,  
bound in stone-binding.  
But the Master has kept His shining word and has begun  
the grinding.

Sometime, somewhere, my lips will be rose-petals and my  
tongue a nightingale's;  
For despite changes of fortune one's original nature prevails.

When the grinding is completed, there will only remain  
His lightning Grace-glance  
To put an end forever to this hide and seek of a billion  
years romance.

I have been so long at the mercy of His here-I-am, here-  
I'm-not divine whim,  
That I pray when I die He will not give it out that I have  
merely come to Him.

Let my coming so far not end in less than my own  
Self-state:  
Till then let me return again and again to sing and wait:

To sing (and may my singing bring the thirsty to  
the wineshop door)  
And await my proper turn for *that* glass from His special  
store.

Let me not, I pray, be swaddled in a comfortable,  
forgetful, bliss,  
But shoved back in the Street until I am fit for Truth's final  
naked kiss.

Not among stones with the noise of false waters  
in my ears  
Did I reckon would be the harvest of my ardent years.

Yet in this desert I have learned what few men  
come to know,  
That the world and its works are nothing  
but a cinema show:

Shadows lit with love-burning, shadows pitiful and  
mean,  
Dancing, limping and shuffling across a cosmic screen.

And the one to whom they pray as Inspirer and Protector  
Is the Man in the box at the back working the projector.

Yes, I have done better than most with the moments of  
lyric chances:  
I used once to visit a wineshop where were poured cups  
of love-glances.

That was also illusion — the better part of dreaming,  
In which Reality was covered only thinly with seeming.

Now there is only the long wait (what matter in desert  
or green plain?)  
For the world and myself to be swept away in another  
forty days rain.

All those girls who have beguiled me through the ages:  
They have been scrupulously excluded from history's  
pages.

Nowhere do they reach towards the sun from beds of  
green rushes,  
Nor emerge triumphant from carefully laid ambushes.

Nowhere is described their opal finger-nails smoldering  
Under the roots of my skull; and their eye-lids  
shouldering

The burden of spring's bud-breaking,  
And my for-you-Beloved heart-waking.

History is really a denial of our pilgrimages  
To your white feet; a refusal to record our huge  
courage.

It has burnt down the crops for Jesus-bread, and given  
us stones  
Of the baked blood of people and the dust of ambitious  
princes' bones.

Nowhere in its pages have I found descriptions of  
the girls' eyes  
That lit my path to you, of hands that fanned  
the singing of my sighs.

Our song is no more, Beloved, than a sighing of a breeze  
in your praise;  
We do not implore great boons or small benefits to fatten  
our days.

Sufficient for the day are all those errors and shortcomings  
which to  
the day belong;  
Sufficient for the night is when you, Beloved,  
are entertained by our simple song.

You have come all the way from your Beyond-state to call  
your inspiring Call:  
“The lover exists only in the Beloved, the Beloved is  
All-in-all.”

Each one’s song is sufficient in itself – whether or not by  
others it is heard.  
All songs are but reflections of one Song, Beloved, that is  
your singing Word.

Every heart reflects the divine Beloved, the lover is he  
Who would shatter his heart-mirror and set the Beloved  
free.

Each cell of our blood sings your Song – the pity is, each is  
double-tongued and two-faced!  
Each soul is a ray of your Sun, it is by, and before, himself  
that each is disgraced.

Millions of times, Beloved, You have come to us and sung  
your Original Song;  
“The Beloved is All-in-all: to Him alone does the Earth,  
and you, belong.”

Though we were to sing from now until time's end, we  
will be no more  
Than a band of minstrels playing a one-night stand before  
Your door.

Yet our song is more pleasing to you than the chorale of  
the stars:  
Their song is free, ours must be within the limitations of bars.

The stars are the bees of Creation surrounding Earth their  
queen;  
Their song praises Earth; our, poured at your feet, makes  
love's desert green.

Bondage is a girdle to keep spirit's figure pleasingly slim.  
When it can pass through a needle's eye it is in spiritual  
trim.

How serene are the stars! How disturbed is man! But  
man's disturbance  
Pleases the Beloved for it shows he has lost self-assurance.

Self and love cannot exist at the same time in the same place.  
Self seeks self's pleasure; love longs for the sight of  
the Beloved's face.

Do not seek knowledge from the stars; their glory is less  
than Earth's clay.  
And the men of the stars are countless lives from where  
we stand today.

We set out in the long ago, in the dawn of Creation.  
We set out singing in a sort of nude jubilation.

We had every reason to rejoice, for we had just left your  
presence.  
Ah! Beloved, we had no idea there'd be a billion years  
absence.

A conducted tour of Space with the stars as our guides,  
we thought.  
O God, no excursion ticket was ever so dearly bought.

Presently, Earth loomed before us with a notice board:  
YOUR TRIP ENDS HERE.  
And the angel part of us fled, and the Man part stayed  
rooted in fear.

But we know that we would have to take up the load  
of birth;  
We were children no longer, but men to inhabit Earth.

And soon (it now seems) you, Beloved, came  
swinging down the road calling your bright Call:  
“The lover is only his own imagination, the Beloved is  
All-in-all.”

Once we were children singing anthems and praises  
before the throne of the Lord;  
Now we are the Love Street singers filling in time,  
awaiting your lovely Word.

In a moment of aberration I thought I saw the Beloved,  
Quite forgetting that from my station no glimpse may be  
had of the Beloved.

Even the dust can only long for the sight of that Beloved face.  
And I am not dust but still stone: dust is my dwelling-place.

True, I have spoken of the Beloved's smile and of His  
flashing glance.  
These were moments of encouragement to continue my age-  
long dance.

I have also spoken about nights of song and of the wine  
He would pour.  
Unless sometimes I got drunk, how could I have remained  
sitting before His door?

Even the longing to see God is a boon not easily won.  
And without the Master's protection how could you  
endure that sun?

Not to see the Beloved is to remain among the dead:  
To see Him even for one moment is to lose one's head.

What to say of those who continually see beloved God's  
Face —  
Who long with the very blood of their souls for union's  
Grace?

The immensity of a past that had no beginning,  
Of a future which will have no end: this is my singing;

This, and the lover who has escaped from illusion and  
now faces  
The fearful *chasm* between him and where eternal union's  
grace is.

This is the theme given by the Beloved wine-master  
last night

When the song of the demijohn had pushed the world far  
from our sight.

On a whim the Ocean of Being begot a Sea of Illusion  
So that in the everythingness of Is would be nothingness's  
inclusion.

Nothing had to be poured into nothing so that nothing  
would seem  
To have real existence. And nothing remained nothing –  
the Great Dream.

Nothing had to be poured into nothing so that Everything  
would prove  
That the lover has no existence except in the Beloved's  
love.

God is. And even the idea of 'oneness' betrays  
a confusion.  
Any words, Francis, but, God is the beloved who \*is\*, are  
an intrusion.

Slowly, slowly the drop-lover rises from the tangled  
sea-floor;  
Slowly, at last, by wave and current he makes his way  
to the shore.

Before him now stretches the illimitable Ocean of Bliss;  
Pure shining Being, the divine Beloved, indivisible Is.

But between him and his Beloved is a chasm unbridgeable  
except by Grace;  
But the Beloved, in the form of the master now, averts  
his face

Saying: That is your affair not mine – cross it by what  
means you can find;  
Millions are still being tossed about in the seas you have  
left behind.

This chasm is the terrible void of absolute separation –  
For which all the lonelinesses of dropness were but a  
probation.

In this separation all the Beloved's promises turn into the  
smoke  
Of the soul's gutted, burnt-out candles of once fair, radiant  
hope.

Tears are the only helper of the helpless; and the lover's  
tears become a flood  
Which fills the chasm – and he swims over to his union  
with beloved God.

Nothing into nothing, and a chasm created by grief!  
Pour wine, Beloved, for your lovers lest I strain their  
belief.

Drunkenness is the only effective and lasting mind cure;  
Only he who has drained the Beloved's cup can be called  
pure.

Kill the mind so that the ears of the heart can listen, and  
hear;  
So that the heart's lips can kiss truth and its song be freed  
from fear.

Kill the mind which has caused us every color and shade  
of shame —  
And the best weapon for the slaying is the Beloved's  
name.

Man is born of the dark wave, and so he is always  
seafaring.  
But to take the way to the Beloved's door needs greater  
daring.

We have crept shoreward for a billion years, brother;  
would it not be our crime  
If now we did not break free from the wave and await the  
Beloved's Grace-time?

For Name-singers, who prefer song and silence to weeping  
and wailing,  
God's tears have already flooded the chasm: they await  
only His whim for sailing.

If we expect rewards, we have gone over to the Beloved's  
enemies.

Even realization of Self — our right — will be when  
the Beloved shall please.

If we cannot remember the billion years of the tangled  
sea-bed,

The wave and circuitous currents when hope of  
shore-coming was dead,

We should not come ashore when borne there, but plunge  
back again into the deep

For the tides to rock in a comfortable, unending sub-dream to  
sleep.

To clamor, even silently, through tears, that *now* is  
the marriage season,

Forgetting the long travail and dead hopes, is no less than  
treason.

For myself, when the chasm yawns before me I will  
joyfully shout —

For the aeons of journeying will be seen as  
a little walk-about.

I will bow before the face of my Beloved, before His ocean  
of bliss —

Considering another billion years as but a moment  
for the whim of His kiss.

I will drain the chasm's winecup to its last drop of  
separation

And beg (my last begging) for it to be filled again for an  
oblation.

How can He who eternally is be other than what He is?  
If today He breaks His word, tomorrow He will fulfill His  
promise.

Because we straggle along like sheep in the summer heat  
(dreaming of clover)  
He strings us on with: Just a little further and the journey  
will be over.

His 'little furthers' cannot be measured by light-years  
now;  
He was little-furthering stardust when it asked the first  
when and how.

Whatever the Master says has a divine origin and reference;  
It is our loss alone if we treat His word with indifference.

Do not seek to understand the subtleties  
of the Creation-romance  
So long as you only possess the vocabulary of ignorance.

If your heart has not yet ripened to the extent that you  
wish to obey Him,  
At least do not let intellect seize you by the throat and  
force you to gainsay Him.

Even if you deny Him, He will be with you until your  
last drop-bubble breaks  
And you are finally and forever released from  
mind-confusions and heartaches.

We are all vagrants living from hand to mouth a day  
at a time  
Wave-riding, current-rafting, having broken free  
of the sea-slime.

Why not take it to its conclusion and vagabond  
along the seashore?  
Don't you recognize that *that* is the threshold  
of the Beloved's door?

The beloved Master has been with us every drop-bubble  
of the way  
Putting song into our sinews — yet we seek every excuse  
for delay.

With thousands of “Just a little further, another wave crest,”  
He has urged us, “and storm-toil will be over and you can  
rest.”

Will He not open His door to us and fill our cupped hands  
with wine  
If we sing sweetly to Him? Is He not the Merciful, the  
Benign?

If we polish the threshold with our eyebrows till it gleams  
like the snow  
Will not His ocean-bliss face with compassion tenderly  
glow?

Might he not, Francis, say to himself: Here is a tale  
brought to completion,  
A story that needs no more words — only one little deletion?

We have no way of sounding the depths of Is-ness of Him.  
We have no way of measuring the extent of His divine  
whim.

He has given us figures such as an ocean without a shore,  
To try and stretch our hearts, lever open our sleepy eyelids  
a notch more.

Gorged on seafood (cannibalism) we cannot listen;  
All we can do is to climb on a wavecrest and glisten.

Male-glisten and female-glisten with greater or lesser  
reflection.  
Take away the bubble, and the drop loses its attraction.

He has given us figures, woven them into the fabric  
of our dream.  
Sometimes in the deep night when the sea is quiet  
they fitfully gleam.

I think of the star-stitches on His beautiful dark blue coat —  
And His Isness, while still incalculable, is not remote.

He has given us figures — but more than that, the lustre of  
His eyes  
To dream upon and establish the planes  
of a New Paradise.

Our drop-souls are of the ocean of Truth, their bubbles are  
bright snares  
Which keep us in the sea of Illusion playing ‘musical  
chairs.’

Dear Soul, says one bubble to another, you are all I adore.  
Curl me up in your arms and I’ll ask of heaven  
nothing more.

Good luck, brother! but it won’t take you to where you’re  
going — because  
The fly in *that* ointment is, every ‘It is’ becomes  
an ‘It was.’

Distance ever grows longer; it never becomes shorter.  
The mirage stretches on and on but is never water.

The distance between any two bubbles equals the  
circumference of Space.  
No matter how great our love, union is conditioned by  
time and place.

Come, dearest Droplet, let us together seek the Beloved’s  
door;  
Let us leave this wave which will separate us, and come  
up on the shore.

I hear His beautiful voice calling deep in my soul:  
‘The lover is nothing, the Beloved is all in all.’

My trouble began when a madman whispered a word in  
my ear —  
A word, a name — and I became mad that its form should  
appear.

How long ago this was, how many forms I've chased  
in love and fear,  
Is known only to the Person of that name; I have no idea.

All I know is that I have a Beloved to whom love  
is a game;  
Who once, on a whim, sang a song that caused  
Space to burst into flame.

This flame, cooling, broke into suns, and men who love  
in hope and fear —  
Lunatics dreaming that one day the Beloved will appear.

I have become old and cunning; I know that every  
*appearance*  
Is nothing but a signature on a this-time life assurance.

I have landed myself in a sort of star-bubbling  
cosmic soup.  
Well, I cheated in the beginning — and have become  
my own dupe.

But I don't want any more assurances or promises,  
For the logic of both is founded upon false premises.

If the Beloved had not always been with us  
    how could we be going to Him?  
Every bubble-change of the long sea-way has been  
    because of, and through, Him.

Not a leaf trembles nor a sparrow falls except by His  
    trembling and falling,  
Not a heart gladdens at a loved one's call except by His  
    gladness and calling.

Strange it is that we have made the Beloved who is  
    always with us a stranger —  
And then have to set out in search of Him across  
    mountainous seas of anger.

No wonder the Beloved laughs, and sows strange tales in  
    our ears for our later reaping —  
Such as He (who is always with us) comes like a thief  
    in the night when we are sleeping.

If He comes as a thief it is only because He comes to thieves.  
But He comes as Himself, the Beloved, who for Him grieves.

To this one He talks of things strange but sweet to the  
    heart —  
Of how the mighty song of the Whole sings in each part;

But, in fact, part and whole belong to seeming — only  
    absolute Isness is.  
And at the lover's delight in this talk, the Beloved showers  
    him with bliss-kisses.

Awake and sing! all you that float on the ocean of Illusion,  
For the Beloved is here — and in Him there is no exclusion.

Make your hearts giant guitars chord-sounding, and your  
souls' melodies  
Fine-drawn and full of thousands of delicate courtesies.

Empty your skulls of their brains, wash them out clean  
and keep them ready as wine-bowls —  
Who knows? The Beloved's whim may have our names  
inscribed on the wineshop's honor-rolls.

Awake! and come up from the waters of illusion's sad sea  
On to the beach, to the wineshop's threshold with dance  
and sweet melody.

The Beloved has millions of ears and eyes, and not a note  
or step will be lost.  
And I tell you that His greatest attribute (unwritten yet) is  
the Divine Host.

But if it is not His pleasure to play host to us this time,  
what of it?  
We'll go on singing — maybe to compose a Best of the  
Advent Song Hit.

Francis, tell them your secret: the Beloved cannot resist  
good singing for long —  
That's been His weakness ever since He sang the world into  
being with a song.

Singing's His weakness. Evolution was nothing else than  
improving His throat —  
Perfecting His original, ancient One-singing phrase by  
phrase, note by note.

When the Beloved heard His own song in man's first cry  
He said, This is My long-sought son who shall never die.

This is he for whom I ordered the suns to stream out on  
the First Morning,  
For whom I became separated in myself and began my  
wandering.

Where two or more are gathered together for His singing,  
there He is;  
But it is to the lone singer that the Beloved gives His kiss.

Into your bosom of song, Beloved, I sink deeper and  
deeper,  
Yet in truth I am nothing more than an apprentice  
threshold-sweeper.

The Beloved is; and I am because of Him  
I would never have been at all but for His whim.

What beloved can equal the Beloved who eternally is —  
Whose form is an ocean of glory and whose face is the  
mirror of bliss?

Time is the distance between two bubbles. Short time,  
long time, according to  
Brightness or dullness, homogeneity and hue.

Time is the difference between two ways of looking.  
Today we have seen  
That that which appeared yesterday as a form in red is a  
shape of green.

Our bubbles are mirror-rooms in which we prink  
ourselves trying to erase  
The scars of wounds inflicted by time's iron-shod tread in  
our tender flesh.

In drunkenness, not with mirror-labours, should we meet  
time's violence;  
With wit born from the crystal wineglass should we  
answer time's insolence.

But all our lives we've been drinking illicit seaweed liquor,  
Never getting divine-drunk, but just lousily sicker.

Seaweed liquor creates a terrible thirst, which the drinker  
tries to slake with more booze.  
More booze, more thirst, more booze. Consciousness  
climbing up sinks back into the ooze.

Seek the wineshop of the Beloved: by His wine you'll  
overcome even death —  
For there's one thing death cannot stand, and that's  
the pure wine drinker's perfumed breath.

Time's a poor fellow, hat in hand, begging extension of  
service;  
Yet, inexplicably, at the sight of him *we* become nervous.

We rebuff him, then enthrone him King of Kings and  
God of Gods  
And submit our souls and backs to His Nods and Rods.

In caverns on the sea-floor are the ancient seats and  
the new schools of learning.  
The taverns of the beloved are dotted along the sea-rods  
of returning.

In the schools are studied the histories of illusion  
And the analysis and cure of bubble-confusion.

In the taverns are found the apprentices to floor-sweeping,  
verse-making and tune-setting,  
And the students of the higher studies of Beloved-pleasing  
and knowledge-forgetting.

Time's a poor fellow looking for a home like any honest  
weevil;  
But we make him King and God, and soon we've  
enthroned the devil

So we do knee-drill to try to influence the Nods  
And double-back somersaults trying to avoid the Rods.

The world is being run on time, by time, for time, and at  
no time are we free  
Just to sit and enjoy even the outward forms  
of the Beloved's beauty.

Each drop-bubble in time is a sphere bounded, but infinite;  
So fragile, yet the whole creation is held in it.

It is a mirror reflecting, never Truth, but the drop-soul's  
desires,  
No matter how deep one dives in the truth-quest or how  
high one aspires.  
Good man, bad man — economy-tailored or king-sized —  
Each gazes in his bubble-mirror self-hypnotized.

Since the blows of my will are too feeble to break my  
looking-glass,  
At least, Beloved, let it reflect only your all-loving face.

Then, though still in time, I will no longer be a fool  
Under time's tyranny, but under your benign rule.

The amazing universe and this beautiful earth will vanish  
leaving not a trace behind,  
When His glance shatters this so unbreakable mirror  
of my mind.

One night in a wine-bubble blown by my sigh  
I saw the procession of nations go by.

How brave were their flags! How finely their spears and  
bombs were 'crafted'!  
How high the songs of the widows-to-be of the lads  
drafted.

You who come out for the day to enjoy the garden of God,  
How could you know that the roses have been painted  
with my blood?

Come unto the Beloved all you whose necks are ready  
for the axe.  
With one stroke you'll be free from wants, grievances  
and lacks.

The wheel of the law goes on turning until you stop  
the thing.  
To stop it, awake! arise! and become dust and sing.

I wake up each morning wondering what loss is in store  
for me today,  
What loss my Beloved has planned to entice me further  
along the way.

Not until you have drunk the last drop of loss, Francis,  
and washed the glass  
Will the handsome wine-master fill it from His special cask.

One thing I cannot understand: why you put up with  
the *sound* of me  
When some filing down here, a screw tightened there  
would improve my tonicity.

Not understanding one thing shows that nothing is  
understood.  
Which means that I know nothing about your  
Belovedhood.

If I understood the least thing about you  
my heart would be  
A sounding-board to your eternal, singing infinity.

But this sort of knowledge is only revealed with your kiss —  
Which brings me back to the point that only the Beloved is.

Words; words: bubbles streaming from a bubble — yet so  
great a load!  
They could not be heavier if they were drops of liquid  
lead.

Dear Magician, what terrible things you pull out of your hat:  
Suns, words, hearts, bombs and tears — your Continuing  
Creation Act.

Let me lose all words, Beloved, except those strong, soft  
words that cause the tears  
Which fill the chasm of separation, that I may cross over  
from what appears.

Knowledge is search; search, the denial that  
the Beloved is here.

Knowledge is the stock-piling of the means  
of terror and fear.

Knowledge makes distance grow greater  
and the Loneliness increase —

And nowhere, with itself or with others,  
can the soul find peace.

By knowledge the hearth is ruined, the family broken  
and driven out.

By knowledge Big Fist watches us and knows  
our secret thought.

With knowledge we become spectators and the heart  
forgets to sing

And the Robots go in procession honoring  
the Silent Spring

With knowledge we would bring the secrets of the night  
into the light of harsh day,

With knowledge we would obliterate the  
shining Song Way.

Knowledge is a man with germ-guns for eyes,  
a belly full of bombs and lead in his breast.

But it will take no more than God-Man's crooking a finger  
to send him back into stone for a long, long rest.

The schools of learning close at night;  
but in the taverns the day then begins,

And the master pours wine. And cracked notes and poor  
tempo are the only sins

I'm not blaming the knowledge-wallas. How could they  
not be blind, deaf and dumb  
Brought up as they were on the big dividend doctoring of,  
Kingdom, here I come?

I, too, am sea-sunk in illusion — singing the Beloved who  
keeps by my side.  
'Soon, soon now', He whispers to me, 'will be the time of My  
Avataric tide.'

Where are my songs of cheer, my time-pass tales  
of the Way? It's now all too grim.  
Who am I that I might be included in the next tide-turn  
of His whim?

Yet I don't hope. Nor can I pray. With prayer I've never  
intruded.  
I know that God is — and believe that somehow in that Is  
I'm included.

And would the Beloved remain by my side and whisper  
'soon' in my ears  
If I were to stay in Illusion's sea for more than another  
billion years?

Do I not over and over (to the exasperation of all) insist  
That the Beloved is all-in-all and that time and lover do  
not exist?

I am but a song being sung by a singer who infinitely is.  
I am non-existent: He is eternal and I am His.

Knowledge was really a game the Beloved invented  
For us — a time-pass after our being fed and tented.

That only is real knowledge from which the Master speaks;  
And what He says is a confusion to him who seeks.

Human knowledge consists in knowing that the Beloved is  
all-in-all.  
Beyond this there is precisely nothing to know at-all, at-all.

Our error is in not seeking that which cannot be sought,  
And so all our seeking necessarily comes to naught.

The universe was created out of nothing but ignorance;  
The how and what of it even makes the Beloved look  
askance.

Love is all that a man needs and is meant to know  
Over and above tent-pitching and what to sow.

And now they are planning moon-travel and beyond!  
No wonder the Beloved is again about to abscond.

Time is the turn of the sea-tides, the pause between  
inbreath and outbreath,  
The blowing and staining of a new bubble  
in the bubble-shop of death.

Time is the time of the Beloved who has come for all  
Bubbles of men and ants who respond to His call.

The Master of ocean-crossings may enjoy playing with  
pebbles on the seashore,  
But He has no thought of pebbles when He is on the  
bridge amidst the storm's roar.

I try to be careful of time so as not to increase  
The Beloved's burden, not to give His pain a longer lease.

The Beloved is our all-in-all, our setting out and our  
coming home  
But who can build a house for Him on the moon or in the  
eye of the storm?

It is best to have no thoughts, no hopes, nothing but His  
name on our lips:  
He is the Master of ocean-crossings, and also the ferryman  
of harbor trips.

Though ocean-born, who among us is ready to embrace  
the ocean?  
Take it easy, Francis, first of all we have to get out of this  
sea of illusion.

Where now are all my former companions of sea travel  
And endless arguments and songs that came out of a  
barrel?

I have never prayed, but I pray that the Beloved  
has remembered some of them:  
Fifty from among them all — twenty — ten — even one,  
may be a gem.

But all prayers are granted even before they are spoken —  
For God's Isness is in all, continuous and unbroken.

Not a hero of the road can fall in the gutter without God's  
falling:  
Not a knight of the cup can sprawl over the table without  
God's sprawling.

One day, beautiful lunatics, we will all arrive at His feet,  
The song sung, the tales ended — only one word in each  
still to delete.

God has stooped down and with His finger stirred the pot  
of illusion,  
And the drop-bubbles are leaping in wild, jubilant  
commotion.

Surely some of my companions through the ages must be  
caught in the turmoil,  
Mad for sight of the Beloved whose compassionate glance  
will end their sea-toil.

Since virtue belongs to God, sin is the only means I have  
by which  
To distinguish between myself and the other bubbles  
in the ditch.

Sin is not only a distinguisher, but the great leveler.  
There is no difference between the good-laws man and  
the reveller.

But remember, friends, that it behooves us as drinkers  
To drink only what the Beloved gives — no more ‘seaweed  
sinkers.’

If we fall back into swilling that rot-gut stuff  
We’ll be joining the Bomb boys, instead of calling their  
bluff.

All bondage and oppression is with the consent of  
the oppressed.  
Once a man has drunk the Master’s wine he is from all  
bondage released.

The world is nothing into nothing (so also the prince of  
poets said).  
Put that into your computer and see what comes out, dear  
Egghead.

The world is nothing into nothing — and their progeny is  
but a seeming.  
What marvelous dreams, beloved Dreamer, you dream —  
and thank God for the dreaming!

Without the error of your dreaming, O beautiful Dreamer,  
I would never have needed, and found such a charming  
Redeemer.

I would still be asleep in the unknowing  
of the Beyond-the-Beyond —  
Not even dreaming of one so exasperating, so tender and  
fond.

There would not have been any deserts or seas  
of separation to cross;  
There would not have been anything at all — not even  
knowledge of the loss.

Not by righteousness did I come to you, my Beloved,  
but by sin,  
And if by sinning I have lost my soul, I count it a good  
bargain.

For each new life, out of sin's residue I made a shining  
vehicle.  
Alas, each one lasted but a moment — for each was only  
a bubble.

Perhaps because of all those disappointments I now have  
such patience  
With your vagaries, put-offs, promises and little-bit  
furtherations.

By means of your Original Error you came to know  
what you were.  
By my sins — tiny shadows of you Error — I have come  
to know who you are.

The new kings strut across the stage brandishing  
the same old rusty sword.

The new singers sing the same old songs urging, pleading  
the same old reward.

Every ancient idiocy is still being preserved and revered.  
Only the song of the demijohn prevents life from  
becoming too absurd.

But with the wineshop now closed so often it's sometimes  
hard to recall  
All the modulations of that old favorite, "The Beloved is  
All in All."

What with this put-off, Beloved, and all the values being  
bulldozed,  
Life will yet become much more difficult than I had  
supposed.

The dark wave curls up above my little bubble-boat.  
Well, he will let me drown or he will keep me afloat.

What is one more drowning, so long as the Beloved blows  
another bubble?  
It's a long way yet to the Great Drowning which frees one  
forever from trouble.

Every word we speak or write was already contained in  
the One Original Word;  
Every question that can be asked has already been  
answered.

I am one who has become lost because he was found;  
One who once was music and now is a small thin sound.

Yet for all my hard work in the past I received no reward,  
And now that I do nothing my income is unmeasured.

I have nothing further to do with work and reward.  
All works were begun and finished in the moment of the  
First Word.

The traffic flows by, but no one could tell you where he is  
going:  
A harvest of faces waving in the wind ready for mowing.

Every face is a flower blooming on the stem of the Word —  
Yet in every face is the sadness of hope too long deferred.

Better than fall to the harvester let our faces be banners of  
flame  
Acclaiming the beautiful Beloved who, though named, is  
beyond form and name.

Oh, for those nights, Francis, when only the song of  
the demijohn was heard!  
Soon the Beloved will pour from the cask of His silence  
the wine of His Word.

Oh, for that grand day of days when I leave the dark sea of  
    illusion behind me  
And stand on the shore gazing at the face of my Beloved  
    till His beauty shall blind me.

I will call softly to Him with sweet noises of delight,  
For with the call of His Word He called to me in my night —

Awakening me from deep sleep into my present dreaming,  
Drawing me, through dreams, towards the Isness of being  
    seeming.

God is the beautiful Beloved, beyond comparison,  
The shoreless ocean of truth which has no beckoning  
    *horizon*.

He will come up with me from the waters when I emerge  
And untie from my ankles the white fingers of sea-surge.

But He will turn His back on me if I cry to be carried across  
    the void  
Saying: That's your affair, find your own transport, I am  
    otherwise employed.

So I will praise the chasm's beauty; and maybe  
    two mist-drops will glow on the face of His bliss  
And fill the chasm for my crossing (when He whims it)  
    to the Is of His kiss.

Although my song is measured in time-bars, time has  
no place in it.

The tale of it is already complete. I only endlessly  
re-spin it.

It began in the beginningless beginning, and so shall never  
cease.

It will go on until, and after, I have become what my soul  
always is.

Nothing exists anywhere except as the Beloved's whim.  
Is it not time we took up the whole-time, full-hearted  
praise of Him?

If we sing Him — each sings the song of himself which the  
Beloved has made —

Will we not escape the wrath of the sun (hot illusion) and  
dwell in His shade?

Time is but the garment the Beloved wrapped us in for  
journey's duration —

Wrapped us lovingly, for union was implicit in the act of  
separation.

Let us come to the threshold of the Beloved and sing our  
songs to Him:

For even this, too, was allowed for and ordained by the  
Word of the Whim.

And at His smile of pleasure the great bell of His love  
in each heart will chime,

Calling all lovers, calling all lovers, to the Avataric  
Wine-time.

## THE GATES OF KEEPING

The gates of keeping slid with a faint jolt  
onto their pneumatic mattress, for the night.  
Had they ever been open  
except to a chosen few?

Night closed the shops and museums  
except to a chosen few:  
Morning will surely break  
along beaches and beneath the cathedral-columns of  
eucalypt forests.

Morning will break. But, to what, in time,  
shall we awaken? Certainly  
to new and newer machines, certainly  
to a most ancient Earth  
full of pristine loveliness:  
full of beloved God — the new Trinity:  
TRUTH, KNOWLEDGE, BLISS

## SUN IN THE EAST — AVATAR

Sun in the East

enters my house:

This lovely Man:

His hands are All-protective,

His finger-tips are darts (fourteen hundred years)

Waking the world to His benign immensity.

Isn't He splendid?

See how the fruitfulness

Of His brow

blesses all who came nigh.

Oh! This Man

this lovely Man with eyes so clear

perfect in courtesy —

On the battle-field His feet

Trample with tenderness

Those marked by Time for Time's release.

## WALKING

I wear myself out walking to nowhere.  
A tear (a single drop or a whole Ocean)  
Should make one more ambitious ...

If one stopped at each gate admiring  
    every Rose Garden —  
One should hardly expect success  
if one took up '*diving for pearls.*'

Don't let your mind tell your heart  
that it can 'get away with it' —  
hope rides upon the contours  
    the senior violins.

Don't let your mind splinter your heart,  
nor your heart  
wash your mind with the milk of the Moon,  
waiting for it to be turned into Gold.

## CLEAR VINTAGE

This clear wine in the Demi-john's throat  
cost a thousand dollars — nay, much  
much more.

What about all the foot-slogging  
of the regular pilgrimages? Then,  
arrival's end in the dusty street,  
and the mad search for the Shop and the Glance —  
and the huge peal of laughter  
as our eyes meet.

Yes. Open the treasury of your heart  
if you would have Him fill for you  
a glass of this precious Stuff.

## BANNERS AND SINGING

We have left between Banners and Singers:  
structured our peace to come; never  
regretting the unavoidable; never idle  
remorse.

Can you stop that blade of grass  
from blowing in the wind?  
or the mountain from tumbling?

Of our works we know nothing:  
We 'do', or we don't; we don't 'do' or we do. Yet  
we manage to write into our accounts something  
done — vain bastards.

*Structured* — *built* upon the delightful  
attributes of His own Name.

See! The Stuff of TRUTH

See! The Stuff of KNOWLEDGE

See! The Stuff of BLISS

See! He has His own entire approval  
of everything He does, and

His own methods of accountancy

See! He comes stepping over the rim of the Sun

Eager to embrace each one of us.

## **CREEK-BEDS**

Dried up creek beds  
    only mutter faces  
from a far, far past.

How was it they got left behind  
    in the mad scramble for  
    evolutionary places?

God had to have some lovers not so bright,  
    thro' whom He could experience His Mercy  
in simple joyance.

## **MEETING**

We met  
exchanged Greetings  
and went on, laughing:  
in our laughter was each one's  
news of the Beloved

## A CHILD'S SONG

In the Beginning of things  
God planted the forests thickly:  
God had many books to write.

Then He sowed the branches  
with twigs and leaves and flowers.  
He had many songs to sing.

## **HOW WILL YOU FEED THE BIRDS?**

How will you feed the birds  
When the forests have all been destroyed?

How will you feed those chirpy songsters  
When there are not more seeds of grass  
for them to browse on?

How will you feed the birds? Long-witted  
But short-sighted as we men are  
in the craft of Assisi.

## **TIME HAS BROUGHT ME**

Time has brought me out of the circle of myself,  
Time has brought me out of the tyranny of golden nails.

Who but a stubborn fellow would praise Time?  
Time, the glorious One,

Time, the stupendous One,  
The Ever self-chanted,

The Land-scapist,  
The Oceanographer (and Man — the last one to come  
into view in God's great Sight).

Why should not my feet come into His Dance —  
Why should not my eye glance unpardonably in Love's  
game?

## NO NUMBER

No number of 'yesterdays' could re-cast  
the Bell of this morning:  
(dew-fresh with promise).  
But that old Man  
Cares not for roses and music.  
See! How He showers Himself with Glory and Splendour.

No number of 'tomorrows' could re-shape  
the Chimes of today  
(wet with soft night-rain)  
but that Man —  
the very God-Man  
that very God-Man who pours  
Splendour and Glory over His own lovely head.

**AUSTRALIAN POET FRANCIS BRABAZON died in 1984 and left a legacy of memorable poems. He lived in Meherazad, India, as one of Meher Baba's close disciples. Over the years he experimented freely in words and form. He had the ability to reveal worlds through a word and his poetry was never obscure.**

**When Francis started writing ghazals, he said, "Avatar Meher Baba gave me the shape and content of these poems." The form is based on the Persian ghazal, perfected by Hafiz 600 years ago and carried down in the Urdu language to the present day.**

**In 1974 explaining the form he had chosen for his poems, Francis wrote, "After some time I conceived the idea of an English ghazal. I wrote a few, and waiting a suitable time, told Baba about them. He had me fetch and read them to him. He seemed pleased and told me to continue writing in this new form and to read them to him in batches of four as they were done. Each reading brought the blessing of his embrace, and every embrace contained the seed of the next pieces. In the years that followed Baba had them all re-read to him many times."**

**The ghazals and poems in this collection have been published for the first time.**

**This book was produced on an Apple Macintosh SE using Quark Xpress, Aldus PageMaker and McDraw software. The camera-ready artwork was printed on Laserwriter Plus, except for the first few pages that were printed on a Linotronic typesetter. The cover was produced by conventional methods.**

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<b>Register of Editorial Alterations for <i>The Beloved is All in All</i></b>				
Online Edition Text	Print Edition Text	Page Number	Stanza Number	Line Number
His	his	1	2	3
His	his	1	2	4
His	his	1	4	1
His	his	1	4	3
His	his	1	5	3
His	his	1	7	3
Him	him	7	7	1
He	he	8	5	1
He	he	8	6	1
He	he	32	1	2
He	he	32	2	1
His	his	32	2	3
His	his	32	6	1
His	his	37	7	3
Him	him	41	1	3
His	his	42	7	1
His	his	46	1	2
His	his	47	3	3
His	his	48	5	3
His	his	51	4	2
His	his	54	4	3
His	his	55	1	3
His	his	56	2	3
His	his	56	3	1
He	he	58	4	3
His	his	58	6	4

His	his	60	2	1
His	his	60	7	4
Himself	himself	65	2	3
His	his	79	5	1
His	his	81	7	1
Beloved	beloved	81	7	1
He	he	83	6	1
His	his	83	3	3
Himself	himself	83	3	3
His	his	84	7	3
He	he	84	7	3
His	his	85	1	3
My	my	85	2	2
Beloved	beloved	87	3	3
His	his	89	7	3
My	my	92	2	3
His	his	94	4	2
His	his	99	7	3
His	his	99	1	4
His	his	99	6	1
Him	him	100	2	1
His	his	100	2	2
He	he	100	2	2
Beloved	beloved	100	4	1
He	he	100	7	3