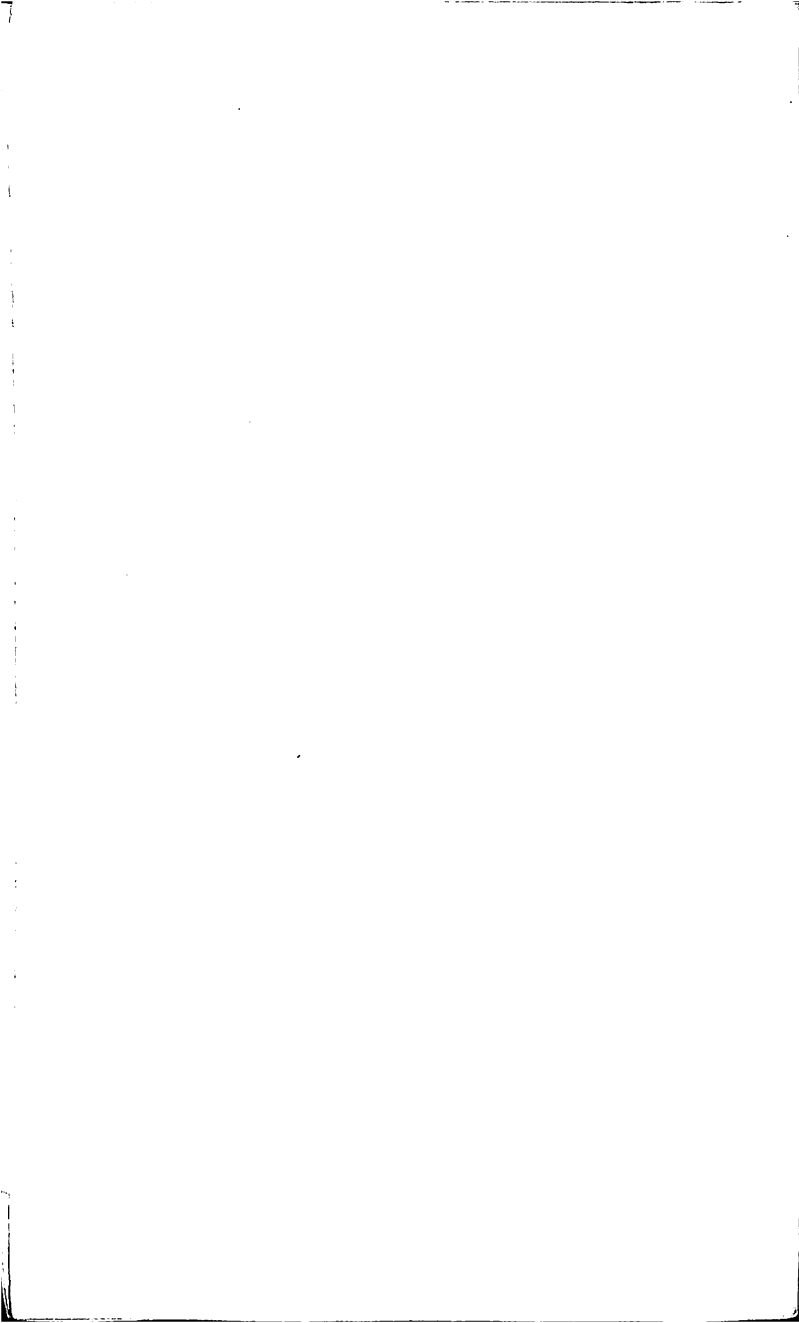


On The Wings Of A Swan

By Adah Francis Shifrin



1-701041



DEDICATION

To Meher Baba whose Spiritual
Guidance has filled my heart
with Love overflowing. A few
“Drops” have touched these pages
in the form of simple verse.

INTRODUCTION

I travel light for burdens
Seem to weigh me down and
Hold me back.
The Journey's hard, the destination
Far but quite exact.

Away! Away! I gladly leave
Behind the worldly way that
Seemed to pay the fare.
Away! Away! forever Joy and
Bliss, without a single care!

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BABA'S LITTLE MIRACLE

Is this the miracle of how you
Touch a heart?
This lighting of a flame within
That Love Divine can start.

What is this restless churning sea
That stirs my very being,
Washes clean my inner self and
Sets my eyes to seeing?

Is this a great and moving force
That pulls me into you, and
Leaves behind the outer shell for
Others left to view?

Are you my own beloved one for
Whom I long have sought?
Am I not one small miracle,
Dear Baba, You have wrought?

YOUR SILENCE

I hear your voice, not in words but
In a Silence all Divine.
The message that you whisper,
"Oh Beloved," is "mine forever mine."

Your Silence speaks in thought not
Known to human ear,
Your Silence sings within my
Heart to banish every fear.

Your Silence is my cherished thought
And essence of things sweet,
Speak silently to me my Love,
The meaning is complete.

AWAKE

I thought perhaps my love might
Go to sleep when all the earth
Does too.
Dark velvet skies would pull
The cover over dreams and put
To sleep the pangs of loving you.

Still there you are in every glowing
Star and in the lovely stillness of
The night.
Each moonbeam is a dart that finds
A target in my heart and turns the
Darkness into shining light!

ASLEEP

Day is here and with it comes the
Light to wake me from my sleep.
I shall go about my chores with
Care and all the duties keep.

Yet in my mind there is one thought,
So far above the rest.
The One that fills my heart with
Love with which I am so Blessed.

The thought of you, Beloved,
Will hide away the earth.
Love lifts me to a higher realm to
Cherish all your worth.

Now, I find it hard to know when
I am really sleeping,
For day is night and night is
Day when I am in your keeping.

WORSHIP

I went to seek a place of
Worship worthy of your love,
A place that you deemed perfect
With blessings from above.

Each house built in your glory
Was a beauty to behold,
Although each one was different
With traditions very old.

The architecture was superb with
Windows of stained glass.
Some had towers, some carried
Doors, trimmed with shining brass.

Others laid in great treasures, studded
With rare stones.
Some even had a casket where-in laid
Sweet Saints bones.

All seemed so very precious, I felt
Love for them all,
But underneath this great green tree
Is where I heard your call.

NOVICE

Look here for only simple words
For that is all I know,
They come from such a happy
Soul, with heart that's all aglow

For those who search for something
Lost, I have within a treasure,
Come, dear friend, we go to find
The greatness one can't measure.

Hold tight my hand, all seekers
Of the way,
We go to join the other "Lambs of
Love" this very day.

Here, at last, the greatest
Gift of all!
The heights of Love discovered
In a Blessed Master's call!

WHAT IS LOVE?

Is love, this intangible gift of God
To man that lifts him high above
The sphere of actual being?
The softest gossamer wing that
Silently infolds him to the One
Who is all seeing?

Is love the dream that takes
One in his sleep to soar aloft
Through realms which are a
Heart's delight or brings to
Mind something sweet awakening
Soul to sudden flight?

Is love a part of gravity within
The universe or eternal light
That touches poets' hearts and sets
His hand to writing verse?

Is love the masterpiece that all the
Artists strive to paint, and
All the songs that singers sing,
Or part of one great cosmic ring?

In time we all shall learn the
Truth and find our heritage,
"The Higher Man"! Let us strive
To reach this goal with all the
Love we can.

FELLOW TRAVELER
(In answer to Walt Whitman's
"Call of the Open Road")

Here I am, dear Camerado!
Another traveler for the open road.
How good of you to wait for me.
I hope I haven't kept you long.
Hurry, let us go, and with a
Joyous song!

Don't be so surprised, my friend
You fooled me not with all your
Hidden words.
I know this sacred way, to be the
Road you love so well.
Shall I keep your secret or
Shall I tell?

CONTENTMENT

Oh mind, how can I keep you still?
Your likes and dislikes keep me
From the glory that is free from
All illusion.
All that seem to come from
Thought is much confusion.

There I have you locked behind
A mental door, while through
The void a light shines from within.
Behold and know what peace
Today I win.

FUTILITY OF WORDS

How futile are the words my
Conscience calls upon to tell
You of my love.

Perhaps the language that I
Strive to find, is hidden by
The angels high above.

The words that speak of sweetness
Such as yours is hidden in the
Nectar of a rose.

The words that tell your gentle
Way is in the softest breeze that
Blows.

The words that show your mercy
Is a baby's tender kiss.
The words that deem your glory,
In one simple term, is Bliss!

ANN

Nature mingles all that lives
Together.
The souls that God embraces,
Do radiate this better.

You, dear friend, are like a
Masterpiece to treasure.
God used in you his beauty
Without measure.

Are you not all the lovely
Things that grow?
The trees and flowers sweetly
In you show.

A clear blue sky is hidden
In your eye.
If given wings, dear Ann, away
To Baba you would fly.

*Dedicated to my dear
friend, Ann Forbes*

ILLUSION

My eyes believe the things
They see but truly they should not.
What visions they behold this
Day are fancies that will rot.

What ever grows, what ever shows
Will not out last the truth.
Everything must fade and go
Exactly like our youth.

Should I be sad because this
World is really, merely, loaned?
Should I sit and moan or weep
For things I haven't owned?

Should I dread to leave behind
What life has given me?
Dear God, not I, for with your
Grace, truly I will see!

DREAMING

Little feathered friend that
Flies about in joyous song,
Your life intrigues me so, I
Want to go along.
How glorious to fly from tree
To tree,
To feel the soft green leaves
Against a feathered me.

DELUSION

Great halls that glitter with
A hundred chandeliers where
Men and women move in all
Their finery.
What lies beneath the falseness
Of their outer world?
What sadness could be written
In their diary?

Each face may wear a painted
Happy smile while muscles sag
Beneath with true fatigue.
All watch each other in their
Earthly act,
A member of delusion's human
League.

CAUTION

Wait! Take care, my intellectual
Brother.

You know not what you do.
This world is not a moving
Piece of metal but a great
And breathing life.

Take not the air and fill
It with the dust of atoms!
Air was meant for scent of flowers.
Take not the sky and fill it
With the shrieking Jets where
Once the birds did fly!
Take not the loving chores of
Man and give us the machine!
Man needs the feel of honest sweat.
His labor is serene.

Hold still your mind, my intellectual
Brother!

Can you replace the rose and all
The lovely things that grow?
Can you replenish dew that
Wakes earth from her sleep?
Can you give back all nature's homes
Where little creatures creep?
No power do you have, to give
As such as these.
Take care! I would not trade
God's given gifts for all of your
New schemes.

COMPLIMENT TO A POET

(written when I was a child of twelve)

Ah Poet! With your thoughts and
Dreams within whose heart a
Heaven beams.

Your love of beauty and of grace
Has made this world a
Better place.

With your thoughts, your dreams
And inspiration, you gave to
Each man a better nation.

So I praise you and bless
Your name.

Though you died a man of little
Fame.

A PRAYER

God! Lift me up and out
Of this mere shell;
Release this mind that binds
Me to an empty dell.
Abide in me and with the souls
You love so well;
Steal away this lamb, that with
Them, I might dwell.

THE BIRDS

Sing! Sing! friends on wing
That fill my ears with
Sheer delight.
The songs that stir my heart
Are tuned with yours.
My soul is soaring in your
Flight.

What songs we sing to one another,
The sound of joy within.
Human words cannot express the
Glory of this cosmic din.

We glide thru rays of sun and
Swell our throats with clouds of
Air.
The fragrance mingled from spring
Flowers cling to us and make us
Fair.

Here we are forever bringing gifts
Of beauty beyond time.
Shining little souls from heaven
Winging, singing God's own rhyme.

WANTING

Latent in the heart of man
Is something he must find
He always thinks the things
He wants are values of a kind.
A kind of house.
A kind of car.
A kind of way of dress.
A kind of style of living
That brings him happiness.
This goes on a long, long time
And finally he will see,
The true joy, everlasting, is never
for a fee.

NORINA

My eyes do not see
But you are here.
My ears do not hear
But you are here.
My fingers can not touch
But you are here.
Your beauty fills this
Room like hosts of violets,
Tender, sweet, soft purple hue
Or should I spell it you?

*Written in memory of
Princess Norina Matchabelli
who dedicated her life to
The Avatar, Meher Baba.*

SEEING

If I could share the joy sublime
That fills my inner heart,
You would find a light so bright
The sunshine would seem dark.

If I could share my eyes with you,
The inner one, that's seeing,
You would see nature's glory, part
Of one great Being.

If I could share the spectra colors
Flashing thru the air,
Then you could see, what I see in
The Master artist's flair.

COLOR

I held a rock within my hand
Old by many ages.
My eyes detected all the colors
Seen one time by Sages.

All at once there came to mind
A kind of revelation,
That every color in this rock is
Here in vegetation.

Along this trend of thought, the
Pattern followed too,
Why everything that lives and grows
Contains a similar hue!

The birds on wing or flowers that
Grow, have felt the Master's touch.
Yellows, reds, blues, greens, in sunsets
Loved so very much.

In everything the eye can see the
Colors are the same.
God goes on painting endlessly,
The Glory and Perfection of His name.

AN ENCOUNTER

Each man is friend to me so
Do not hasten on your way,
Stop that I might look
Into your eyes and know
What you will never say.

You are dear to me, yes, all of you,
For none is stranger to my heart.
How sad the cloud that covers
Mind can keep us thinking we're
Apart.

Still in a glance, while passing by
I heard a soul cry out,
Silently the words I heard were filled
With pain and doubt.

If only you could hear God's word
Each one would learn the truth,
We will journey life's great highway
And never be aloof.

There would be a kindred feeling
In each and every heart.
All would know there are no
Strangers for we have never been
Apart.

OBSELETE IS ABSOLUTE

Power, fame are not for me nor
Do I seek the worldly glory,
The life I strive to live this
Time is quite a different story.

My garments will be sunlight,
And the stars shall be my jewels.
Words of praise soft fragrant
Breeze that whispers little clues.

Content am I, while out of reach
Of things that bind me fast.
No human tie or worldly goods
But only joys which last.

So dear ones who understand or
Ever read these words
Obsolete is absolute and travels
With the birds.

YOURS

I am yours! Every cell that
Is my life and every
Thought which fills my mind
Belongs to you!
How like a grain of sand in
Worth, when placed before
The Glory that is you!

