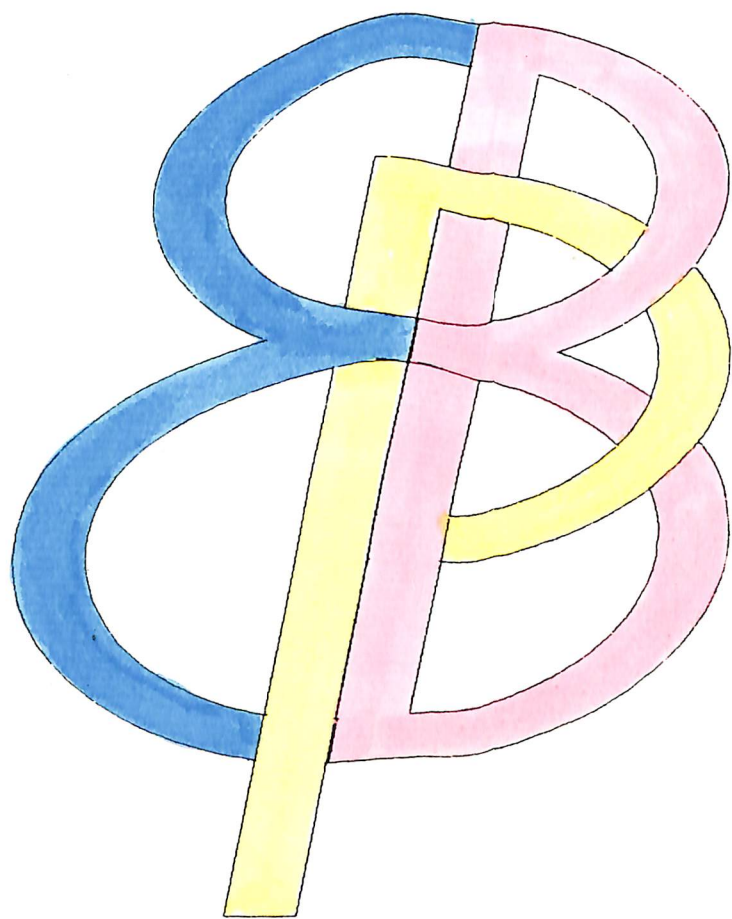


ETERNAL PERFECT BELOVED



eric solibakke





**ETERNAL PERFECT BELOVED**

**eric solibakke**

**agora press**

OM

avatar meher baba ki jai?

every word in creation  
comes through the loving grace of god  
which incarnates in the form of avatars,  
who in this cycle of time are  
zarathustra, ram, krishna, buddha, christ, muhammad  
and in this present age  
avatar meher baba, the eternal perfect beloved,  
to whom i offer obeisance as well as all credit  
for these words and all results accruing to them.

victory is baba's

peacefully truthfully lovefully

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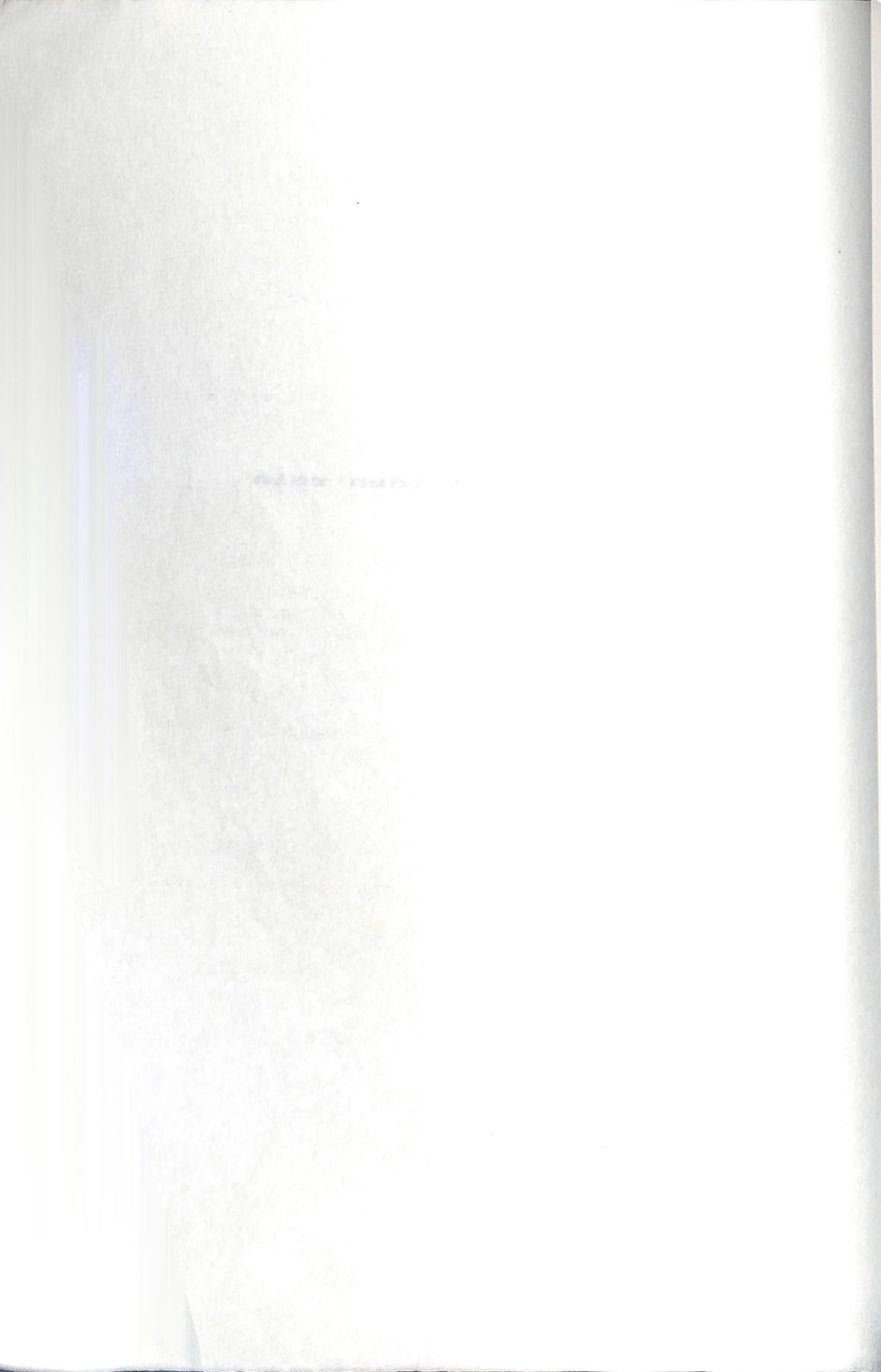
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**the golden rain**



eternal perfect beloved

a golden rain of gratefulness  
falls into the ocean of oneness in my heart.  
oh meher baba, you drown me in yourself.  
thank you after thank you merges in your grace.

this oneness in which everything disappears  
and yet remains, all one, alone,  
you are this everything beyond large and small,  
which all struggle to divide.

dream phantoms pop up in the ocean  
with their senseless scenes  
and fall back into the ocean without leaving a trace.

oh beloved, you respond in love.  
separation disappears and bliss remains.  
where all is soaked in your wetness,  
lover and beloved become one ocean without corners.

eternal perfect beloved

oh olive of exquisite taste, meher baba,  
one and all, you who heal the divided mind,  
the feast of my life is to roll your name over my tongue

and enter into the silence within you,  
which is empty of division and full of wholeness.

the entire universe answers your question, "who am i?"  
you answer my question, "who am i?"  
i am means the same as you are.  
other than self, what is there?

mind, projecting analysis into manyness,  
puts its feet down everywhere like a millipede,  
whereas heart, projecting synthesis into one,  
reaches every seeming corner with its glue of love.

the veil of twoness both reveals and conceals  
the truth of one uni-formless dual-form.  
all and/or nothing is and/or isn't self and/nor other.



eternal perfect beloved

at first i didn't recognize you in the crowd,  
then i caught your face but i didn't seem to care,  
now my heart leaps with joy at every sight of you.

in the beginning you were stranger than fiction,  
then you were friendlier than my own self,  
finally you are the inescapable reality of oneness.

your face is everywhere i turn,  
a single face in fact, filling everywhere so full  
that turning and direction are impossible.

despite all the insane analyses of my mind,  
you are always there in my heart  
in serene synthesis, healing grace.

the moment attention slips off you, pain begins,  
stress comes into play and work is created.  
the moment i think of me separate from you  
i have chopped reality in two  
and given birth to the universe and murdered it too.  
the moment attention drains away from you  
dream arises full of witless scenes.  
you play with these dream scenes like images in film,  
pretending that they are not you.

eternal perfect beloved godself meher baba,  
one and only one, self without other,  
keep company with me all the time and everywhere  
and please make me worthy of your company.

i bow myself totally at your feet  
and beg to become dust there.

eternal perfect beloved

all-pervading ocean of oneness, meeting you,  
i find myself and lose myself at the same time.  
by your grace i drown in the ocean  
and thereby become the ocean.

i was lost in my livingroom  
until i discovered my real home  
and found myself alone,  
the one who is all beings in every guise.  
one foot in the unity of past and future,  
one foot in the unity of here and there,  
i fall out of time and space, fall beyond.

i can say only meher baba exists,  
only the ocean of baba's love,  
or i can say only i exist.  
i am the very ocean, all self, no other.  
you make me the biggest ego, the only ego.  
you make me you, self without other.

no more two things are here,  
now just one that is both thing and not thing.  
whatever that is, so am i,  
glue and solvent of oneness throughout everything.

all floats in the ocean of oneness,  
which washes away the stain of either and or.  
there is no such shore.  
everything struggles to stay afloat.  
there is no solid ground and all eventually drown.

no backward or frontward when the ocean is everywhere.  
what difference if i drown here or there?  
i see you and don't see you at the same time,  
by your grace, the creation both is a mirror  
and is not a mirror of your face.

eternal perfect beloved

wonder of wonders, grace beyond measure!  
this small drop, full of differences and viewpoints,  
becomes the ocean of oneness.

you, all-pervading glorious godman,  
wash my heart clean of all bias and border.

you turn me around like a piece of a puzzle.  
suddenly i slip into place and disappear in the whole.

you are the friend who shows me who i am.  
i owe you everything,  
not the least little bit held back,  
gratitude beyond measure.

you make your body into a path for me to walk to you.  
you are my companion every step of the way.

how can i return or repay such friendship?  
now let me make my body into a path for you.

eternal perfect beloved

while i struggle to swim, you teach me to drown.  
you give me the pearl. what can i give you?

truly the pearl is beyond "you" and "me".  
it is heresy to ask what can i give you.

nevertheless, i can recycle your bliss,  
and endeavor to please you.

to realize you as you really are,  
i recognize that only you are, that is, i am.

to love you as you love me,  
i love all as you, that is, as myself.

to serve you as you deserve to be served,  
i do the activity of unity among the many.

eternal perfect beloved

i wrap my dualities in your name,  
both the good ones and the bad ones,  
both praise and insult.  
what are they to me when you are here!

all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
your name cushions the blow  
and converts disturbance into remembrance of you.  
tension melts out of every opposite,  
halves fuse into wholes in your presence.

all-pervading ocean of only you,  
where even the pearl disappears  
in the indivisible oneness of reality,  
you are the unity that binds every two.  
you are the coin of which heaven and hell  
are head and tail.  
you are the one containing many,  
like a seed full of forests of fruit.

you are always there quiet and unmoved  
in the midst of every activity.  
you make activity possible like the rivit in scissors.  
but the scissors of duality can never divide you.  
only when the scissors could cut the rivit  
that binds them could they divide you.  
no, not even if the scissors could cut  
their own rivit could they divide you!

same, same, same, no difference, no other.  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
you appear to divide like the red sea one day  
giving life to some and death to others,  
but a sensible person knows you never divided,  
you never took one and left another.

oh oneness, there is nothing to discuss  
with words all rooted in manyness.



eternal perfect beloved

the whole created universe revolves on god's wrist  
like a handsome watch with seven hands.  
he winds it and wears it  
and lays it aside at his pleasure.  
he's the jeweler who made it.

he knows himself in everything,  
praises himself in every excellence  
and loves himself in everyone.

religions come and go throughout the ages  
according to the needs of mankind,  
while god remains always unstained  
by the excesses and short-comings  
of religious practice done in his name.

his love for the creation  
is reflected in the love of male for female.  
woman is god as the creation.  
the love of the creation for him  
is reflected in the love of female for male.  
man is god in the creation.

god differs from the universe  
as much as a seed differs from a tree,  
and god is as much within the creation  
and the creation within god  
as the seed is within the tree  
and the tree within the seed.

eternal perfect beloved

i feel like a larva winding myself  
tighter and tighter in a cocoon  
in order to die in love and thus live.

as soon as i see the ocean of oneness  
i am soaked through and through,  
free of rift and recoil, relaxed, original,  
anxious to drown in it.

eternal perfect beloved

i am the world endeavoring to love you,  
as ' you with infinitely caring response  
take me into yourself.

i am one in reality  
while the world appears many within me  
or projected from me  
by the process of apparent divisions.  
my reality is all-pervading unity.  
my appearance is the world.

i am both the world and god, both two and one,  
and what i say is both false and true.  
the world praises god and god praises the world.  
god through the world praises himself,  
and the world through god praises itself.

eternal perfect beloved

reality milks the dream of every tear  
imagination can find, in order to make known  
the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
where salt and sorrow never enter in.

eternal perfect beloved

oh friend as close as my own heart!  
the creation is a great ventriloquism, a divine theater.  
players, sets, audience, author, all,  
all are one and the same you,  
amusing yourself with humor and sorrow,  
your show of god awakening to godhood.

eternal perfect beloved

thank you for this christmas gift  
of the reality of you-myself  
and the illusion of manyness-other  
that gives rise to real compassion.

thank you for the gift of seeing the thought bundle  
full of false "i" that creates the "i" impression,  
and the false "i" that creates the thought bundle,  
all rolled in a ball as small as the moon  
during the daylight of your massive oneness.

thank you for this gift of compassion  
which is the sum total of suffering,  
lifted into the light of truth.

thank you for this gift of golden rain  
that falls into the ocean of oneness,  
which pervades the entire world, dissolving dualities.  
all individuality collapses into the one individual.

eternal perfect beloved

one and indivisible godself baba,  
awaken me from this dream of manyness  
continuing on like a plucked string  
stretched between the stillness of unconsciousness  
and the stillness of superconsciousness.

we are all one in unconsciousness  
and one in superconsciousness.  
we get separated in the impression of individuality  
during the period between those two,  
while we are awakening consciousness  
but have not yet reached superconsciousness.

creation is the evolutionary by-product  
of awakening consciousness.  
a perfect life erases itself  
and disappears completely away, leaving only  
the purified consciousness created by it.

truth is the same for all  
just as unconsciousness is the same for all.  
only ignorance has differences of form  
and conflicting points of view.



eternal perfect beloved

i will not eat that apple of good and evil,  
that apple of duality, by your grace,  
and i will not be cast out of paradise  
into the labyrinth of entanglement in illusion,  
but i will love and obey you and remain one with you.

you are paradise! cast me your daaman  
as i am swept into the dualistic mind tangle  
of this is bad and that is good.  
the daaman is all god.

accept me to labor in your vinyard as a slave  
with the root and fruit of intoxication in your love.

eternal perfect beloved

oh purifier, you who provide no place  
for darkness to hide it's dull head,  
who open my eyes and tie my tongue  
and dissolve my mind like salt  
in the all-pervading ocean of oneness,

stop the presses of newspaper mind,  
sunk in the shadows of black and white type.  
drop these deadlines of updates.

burn out all opposites with the flame of your love  
so that nothing is left but your gaze  
within everybody's eyes shining eternally  
behind the ages of conditioning.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
still and immoveable, indivisible and eternal,  
without surface or shore.

all creation is your shadow.  
all things and beings come out of you  
although we are always in you,  
and all things and beings return to you  
although we never left you.

the play of shadows does not confuse you.  
you know yourself in us all.  
in reality only you are.  
whoever claims otherwise speaks from the false "i"  
saying words of shadow.

you are all in one and one in all.  
how do i know that? if you were not,  
then the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
would be divided in two parts, you and the ocean.

the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
swallows up every last scrap  
of the cut and paste world of duality.

eternal perfect beloved

oh self indivisible, you play this mirror game  
that makes one seem two  
-- up/down, right/left, forward/backward --  
creating space out of reflection,  
-- past/future -- creating time out of now.  
such is the mirror game that maya makes seem true.

beyond the mirror lies silent self without attributes,  
absolutely all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
that single self who is all beings  
in every guise of otherness,  
no longer entangled in the play of shadows  
with its score-keeping,  
no longer standing on a false shore  
contemplating the real ocean.

eternal perfect beloved

the all-pervading ocean of oneness washes away  
all stain of duality -- no nose to smell,  
no skin to feel, no eye to see, no ear to hear,  
no tongue to taste, no mind to think --  
yet it participates in all smelling, feeling,  
seeing, hearing, tasting and thinking.

the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
disappears into a drop  
and even the drop disappears  
into a point without parts.  
the ocean is a point and the point is the ocean.  
oneness pervades everything  
yet remains always outside of space.

not only does the dew drop disappear  
into the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
but the ocean also disappears into the dew drop,  
like a grain of sand into arabia.  
even more so, even when the dew drop  
dries up in the sun, the ocean remains  
the all-pervading ocean of immortal oneness.

the ramblings of duality go nowhere,  
like dreams filled with false gold  
and colored shadows full of slander.  
whatever happens within the shadow  
has consequences only in the shadow,  
whereas in reality nothing ever happens.  
all the shadows must die in time,  
yet live forever.

eternal perfect beloved

the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
out of which all mind arises like a reflection,  
washes against an imagined shore and throws back  
reflections from an imagined surface.  
though it reflects this form or that form  
it remains always undivided.

mind becomes conscious  
through the recognition of opposites.  
mind becomes superconscious  
through the recognition of unity.

mind awakens when it distinguishes  
the higher from the lower,  
the delightful from the painful,  
and the useful from the useless.

mind transcends when it realizes  
that viewpoint determines what is higher or lower,  
that desire decides what is pleasure, what pain,  
and purpose separates what is useful  
from what is useless.

the all-pervading ocean of oneness is equal  
throughout entire creation and beyond it,  
neither divided by the divisions of duality  
nor limited in the immeasurable beyond.

eternal perfect beloved

thoughts form like rain drops, snow flakes and hail,  
each falling in its own way  
into the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
where they take form within the formless  
like ice islands which hold their sense  
as long as the temperature permits.  
as soon as the warmth of real love reaches them  
they disappear without a trace.

beauty and use as well as ugliness and danger,  
all melt and return to original source.



eternal perfect beloved

you are my family, my father and mother,  
my sister and brother.  
you are my friend and constant companion.  
you are my self,  
all-pervading ocean of oneness.

you are one indivisible divine wholeness,  
the one reality, infinite and incomparable,  
independent of all manifestation, yet within it also,  
the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
eternally outside of time, formless and beyond space.

one which can only be perceived through two or more,  
one present in every two, in every many,  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
you are equally in liking and disliking,  
in every form, yet formless,  
in every sound, yet silent.

oh all-inclusive, inescapable single face,  
you are equally in the beautiful and the ugly,  
equally in the ally and the enemy,  
equally in the awake and the asleep.

all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
word baffler beyond description,  
nothing can be said of you unless words be found  
outside the grid of opposites,  
absolute love without fear or aversion,  
absolute truth without falsehood or error,  
absolute power without helplessness or failure.

filling all space, yet filling no space,  
filling all time, yet outside of time,  
thinking all thoughts, yet beyond thought,  
feeling all emotions, yet beyond feeling,  
doing all deeds, yet beyond action,  
you are everywhere including nowhere.  
where could any other be?

eternal perfect beloved

you are the self of all beings.  
you see yourself and know yourself in everyone.  
you embrace all and everyone in inescapable oneness.

all thought, talk and action are unreal in illusion.  
the duality of thought creates the impression  
that there is a thinker,  
just as the thinker creates the impression  
that there are thoughts.  
so they create ego and ego creates them  
in endless appearances of false manyness.

truth is unmodified by appearances of right and wrong.  
in any opposition you are both sides.  
in any comparison you are both elements.  
in reality only the one is true,  
you are beyond all separations.

you span all divisions,  
silent in the center of sound,  
still in the center of motion,  
the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
present everywhere but being nowhere,  
visible but unseen, obvious but ignored,  
eternal in the center of time.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the projector, sustainer and absorber,  
who braids three dreams to make the world --  
the concept of design, the force of energy,  
and the appearance of solidness.

you tie and untie the knot of all existence,  
slip all tension, undo time and dissolve space.

you are the end of wondering,  
and the beginning of divine oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

the dogs of duality bark and growl  
within the dream of separation.  
they run around on a beach without size.

they don't know why they're here  
or what <sup>o</sup> draws them to the sea.

just a few more steps and they'll drown  
as i did when i fell off that shore  
into the bottomless all-pervading ocean  
without even a wave to mark the grave.

eternal perfect beloved

the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
one doesn't even see it until after the boat is built.  
one doesn't go to sea on board  
until one has already jumped overboard,  
and one doesn't flop into the water  
until one has already drowned.  
and then one arrives at the port of one's destination.

this continent i stand on is nothing  
but the all-pervading ocean of oneness.  
this body is nothing other than the same ocean.  
the shore is just a trick of imagination,  
where we struggle to build a boat  
that doesn't swim gayly away like a porpoise at play.



eternal perfect beloved

the all-pervading ocean of oneness falls as easily  
into a speck of dust as into a mountain,  
and the nobility of the mountain  
finds completion in dust.

everything turns liquid when sufficiently heated,  
therefore the sun keeps distance.  
but invite the sun into your heart,  
my friend, and liquify the entire creation  
in the all-pervading ocean of oneness.

hear it sing, watch it dance  
like water drops sizzling in flames,  
or lightning flaming through clouds.  
and it's a really rare wine.

a dew drop, a drop of blood or semen,  
a drop of gasoline or honey,  
a drop of whiskey, a drop of milk,  
the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
enters into any one of them comfortably,  
without the least bit of crowding or strain.  
what tool works that wonder?  
is it a funnel, my friend, or like a shoe horn?

one drop of the real ocean  
contains everything in creation,  
and there is a drop of it within each of us.  
all keys are in it, so locks fall down like sand.  
all libraries are in it,  
so books open up like wildflowers.  
whispers are in it,  
and that is the end of secrets and manipulation,  
as well as unrequited love affairs.  
maps are in there,  
showing every tree in the forest,  
the tree of the knowledge of good and evil,  
yggdrasil, the lote tree, the peepul tree,  
the bodhi tree, the asvattha tree,  
the kabala tree, the tree of life.

be alert, my friend,  
as you stand unwittingly on the shore,  
one drop is certain to drown you seven times or more.

eternal perfect beloved

the all-pervading ocean of oneness --  
here floats vishnu not separate from the ocean itself,  
but supporting brahma's absorption  
in his dream of meaning, energy and body.  
i slip in and out of his dream.  
i'm the ocean, then i'm caught up in his dream,  
then i'm the ocean again.  
of course, when i'm in the dream  
i'm still the ocean, but i don't notice it then.  
the ocean and i are the reality  
within everything and everyone, the real identity.

eternal perfect beloved

vishnu, the sustainer and protector,  
hides within every duality.  
he holds them together while no one else notices  
in their enthusiasm for one or another part  
of brahma's lively dream,  
preferring the high, shunning the low,  
inclining toward pleasure, avoiding pain.  
  
vishnu, like the sun, chooses all equally.

eternal perfect beloved

the poison in shiva's throat kills  
the entire dream of brahma  
with its forking comparisons  
of the question "who am i" that echo and re-echo  
through all the kingdoms of creation.

just a drop of this poison churned  
from the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
kills your whole family all the way back to adam.  
more than that, it vaporizes the landscape too.

this is the only real death, my friend.  
all the deaths you experienced since adam  
were dress rehearsals for the real one.

this blissful poison undoes every opposite  
and reduces all to one and only one.

eternal perfect beloved

reality hidden within the dream,  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
awakeness within sleep,  
drown me, drown me yet again.

the moment i find you, i cast myself in  
but i keep falling out again  
into sleep and the divided dream.

hold me in that ocean without shore  
until all dream is washed out of me,  
all division has died utterly and disappeared  
in the wholeness of oceanic heart.

drown me ever deeper in the ocean of oneness,  
where the dreams of division are nowhere found.

eternal perfect beloved

oh what a dry night!

i was counting on my friend's love,  
but he just hit me  
and rubbed the wound full of pride.  
my heart was ripped by fear.

oh ocean, you are the only glue,  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
that restores the heart to wholeness.

you heal the tissue crushed within the dream  
by waking me up again and again  
to the indivisible oneness where no crush can enter in.

eternal perfect beloved

oneness is everywhere outside of space and time,  
disguised as manyness creating space and time,  
but it's just a trick of viewpoint.

you are one even within the many.  
you are there, hidden within every dream.

this mind chatters like a chipmunk  
in the branches of the tree of life  
that grows in the sacred garden eden.

absolutely indivisible one and only one,  
you are ready at every moment to fall apart  
into appearances of time and space.  
so persists this dream that something  
else is true other than you,  
which cannot be, that i see.

eternal perfect beloved

everything is wet with the water of oneness,  
truly under a sea of oneness, washed in oneness.

this is the beloved's real face,  
outside the movements of time  
and the directions of space.

this is my own real face.

in reality the faces of lover and beloved  
are the same, differing only in dream.

eternal perfect beloved

attacked by the angry forces of maya,  
embroiled in angry response, counterattack, defense,  
the center remains untouched, stainless,  
reality remains unmoved, tranquil.

the enemy wants to render me helpless,  
to feed her appetite for failure. i feel it.  
helplessness. i feel it. remorse. i feel it.  
but you, all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
want me to feel the emptiness  
of those very contractions of energy.

maya loves to be beaten and abused,  
so she can say to god, "see what a shit you are."

because of her attacks, i become wiser.  
hello lucifer, i see you in her.  
you carry a light within a dark lantern,  
like lightning within a stormcloud.

no matter what duality says or thinks or does,  
reality is one all-pervading ocean.  
don't ask me what is good or bad.  
i have no point of reference.  
i have only the all-pervading ocean.

reality ever-present, unlimited ocean of oneness,  
constantly you are polluted with dream figures  
and fragments of no consequence.  
they appear and disappear  
just like shadows on a partly cloudy day.

they cannot stain the unstainable,  
nor can they darken the undarkable.



eternal perfect beloved

the dogs bark and snarl at me.  
unless eumaios casts his stones, i will be mauled  
and fall prey to the jaws of imagination.  
they yank me out of the ever-present  
all-pervading ocean of oneness  
on to some false and painful shore.

what a humorous bruise to my heart,  
whenever i bump into one of those imaginary rocks  
that shoot up in front of me,  
like suddenly falling out of the sea,  
the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
even though there is no way out.

only bliss is real. only bliss exists.  
to realize that no problem, conflict, suffering,  
mistake, loss or threat is real, that's bliss.  
no opposite is real, that's bliss.

only the all-pervading ocean of oneness is real.  
this is bliss, the ever-present ocean of bliss.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
which erases the mind,  
unbraids the three strands of space,  
and removes the borders from time.

you are everywhere and in everything,  
yet nowhere and spaceless,  
present in every moment of time, yet outside time,  
bliss without increase or decrease, total bliss.

the illusion of space comes from within  
by the process of projection.  
reality has no inner or outer and no senses.  
reality is indivisibly one without a second.

within the projected senses, duality is law,  
comparison upon comparison, from cause and effect  
through desire and fear to failure and success,  
none of which are present within total bliss.

eternal perfect beloved

do not let me get caught up  
in my projections and imaginings.  
do not let me get stranded on unreal shores  
of an ocean that has no shore.

let the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
wash my imaginings and projections  
clean of any tendency to take them as real.

you, the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
are everywhere and nowhere, always and never,  
non-dimensional and indivisible.

mind is one dimensional,  
composed of one set of polarities,  
like the thread of time  
reaching back into the distant past  
and forward into the endless future.

heart is two dimensional,  
composed of two sets of polarities,  
like cloth woven of crossed threads,  
warp of desires and fears,  
woof of strong and weak,  
out of which the pattern arises.

body is three dimensional,  
composed of three sets of polarities,  
like a suit of clothes  
that drapes nakedness in outward appearance  
of back and front, left and right, collar and cuff.

eternal perfect beloved

even a mind drowned in the all-pervading  
ocean of oneness rushes here and there,  
showing off its importance and making power plays.

it's both dead and alive at the same time,  
outside of time, dead in reality,  
alive in imagination only, blissful in reality,  
ridiculous in imagination.

vishnu floats there in the aimless sea,  
while dreams blossom on his belly  
like children's drawings.



eternal perfect beloved

your play makes imaginary islands in the real sea  
where dream-lives unfold replies to an infinitely  
answerable question, "who am i?"  
the divine charades acts out endless variety.

nothing ever fills this divine emptiness  
any more than characters in a film fill a cinema.  
an endless film unwinds  
out of the divine question "who am i?"  
never creating anything other than god.

out of the formless arises appearances of form.  
out of silence arises appearances of sound.  
out of eternity arises appearances of time.

eternal perfect beloved

god's life is shared by all creatures.  
if god were dead, as philosophers claim,  
there would be no living creatures.

god is unlimited potential like a gong  
waiting to be struck.  
what is the sound of an unstruck gong?

who strikes it?

eternal perfect beloved

sitting on a false shore  
in a pile of dream pollution,

saying your name again  
and calling to the sea tide,

to rise above this witless junk  
and drown me in your real oneness.

i call your name again  
and scratch it in the sand,

where lovers leave their marks  
for others coming near,

before they cast themselves in  
and disappear.

eternal perfect beloved

i am caught up in the dream as if it were real,  
the dream of my problems:  
whether to go to the post office or eat lunch,  
what to do with anger,  
why didn't he call me to go ice-skating with him?  
and the dream of my friends' problems:  
how to pass a test at school,  
how to remember childhood,  
give up compulsive snacking,  
get free of drugs,  
have a baby or an abortion.

oh just one glimpse of the invisible ocean,  
one wave from the wave-less ocean,  
one drop of the indivisible ocean.

oh just to stand on the beach of the shoreless ocean,  
catch the smell of that imperceptible wind,  
hear the roar of oceanic silence.

eternal perfect beloved

flotsam and jetsam float in the ocean  
attracting attention not because they are valuable  
or even interesting.  
all are mirages, yet fascinating  
as they appear and disappear in imagination.

oh all-pervading ocean of oneness, this fascination  
distracts me from your indescribable bliss.  
with you, i know the bliss as my own real self.  
without you, the junk of imagination  
floats around aimlessly.

eternal perfect beloved

all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
undivided into viewer and view,  
like a vacuum cleaner you pull into yourself  
the cluttering dust of projections  
and conceptions within consciousness,  
all imagined and supposed.

they disappear in you,  
and finally there is no bag to empty either,  
neither emptiness nor fullness.

eternal perfect beloved

my mind slips into a letter for a friend,  
the neighbor's cat, your name, planetary  
interpretation, scenes and thoughts  
without number, order or sense.

i feel like a monkey plays with my remote tuner.

i'd rather hold on to the ocean without handles  
and enter deep into all-pervading reality,  
get high on potent oneness.  
i'm dying to score.

this tv mind, channel imagine, has no off switch,  
rolls on and on with infinite imagery,  
except when the viewer falls into deep sleep,  
pulling the plug on dreams.

all-pervading ocean, infinitely one,  
free of imagery, when you are the viewer  
thought creates the thinker,  
and the thinker creates thought.

the sleeper pulls the plug on dreams  
while still awake.

eternal perfect beloved

as i awaken from deep sleep  
dreams become more intense and solid  
until they deny being dreams.  
what world calls the waking state  
is really deep in dreams of false dualities,  
imagined divisions of the indivisible.

as one awakens from these very convincing dreams,  
discarding false divisions, returning to unity,  
one enters what the world calls  
the unconscious state of deep and dreamless sleep,  
but this time one enters wide awake.

thus, what the world calls wide awake  
is really deep asleep,  
and what the world calls deep dreamless sleep  
is really the state of mind of those most wide awake.

eternal perfect beloved

i sit here discarding divisions,  
zipping sides together, buttoning onenesses  
bringing attention to the unlimited pacific  
of oneness within every form and expression.

everything reveals x-ray-like  
its apparent temporary divisions of the indivisible.  
only oneness is really eternal.  
only the all-pervading ocean is real.

therefore i know who i am and i know who you are  
as we meet within the temporary divisions  
in our dream of manyness  
which stages the theater of human companionship,  
full of masks and colored lights, scenery, props,  
and rehearsed words conceived by others.

i pull the main switch, darkening  
the entire theater, and now i speak to you  
unrehearsed words of my own, beyond conception.  
i say hello, myself, i recognize you,  
you are one, the only reality.

eternal perfect beloved

oh indivisible reality,  
how could you be divided into birth and death?  
thus i call you eternal.

oh indivisible reality,  
how could you be divided into good and bad?  
thus i call you perfect.

oh indivisible reality,  
how could you be divided into liker and hater?  
thus i call you beloved.

oh indivisible reality,  
how could you be divided into you and me?  
thus i know you as my own flawless self.

eternal perfect beloved

i see the oneness of rain, lake, river, ocean, cloud,  
and the oneness of my body, family, nation, race,  
planet, solar system and galaxy.  
certainly you are those unities, those outer onenesses.

i see another oneness in the archtypal unity of myth,  
needing only one of each thing and being in creation --  
one mountain to climb, one road to discover,  
one fire to master, one ocean to cross --  
one of each suffices to tell everyman's tale,  
and certainly you are that archtypal oneness  
of form and meaning in experience.

you also open my eye to see that you,  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
are another unity, the inner indivisibility  
that collapses every possible variation  
into an inexpressible state of profound sameness  
where even everything and nothing are identical.

nothing remains in the absolute vacuum of total oneness,  
which is irreducible reality.  
illusion appears orbiting nearby,  
wrapped in dream play and colorful projections  
of unlimited manyness.  
your game of creation looks so spacious,  
all-pervading oceanic one,  
and seems to take so long to play,  
full of unfolding opposites far too various to number.

eternal perfect beloved

in the outer oneness  
of all things and beings in creation,  
i find the door.

in the archtypal oneness  
of everyman's mythical adventure,  
i open the door.

in the absolute oneness  
that dissolves all space and time,  
i disappear through the door.

in the unity of all onenesses  
that are at once within all things and beings  
as well as beyond them,  
everywhere and nowhere are one,  
and i am that.



eternal perfect beloved

almighty, all truthful, all loving one,  
you are a circle that is all centers.  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
you are everywhere and nowhere, always and never,  
non-dimensional and indivisible.

everything is you and not you --  
you because only you exist  
and not you because variety is only appearance,  
a dream imagining points of view within the one,  
creating relativity in space and time.

space is imaginary. time is imaginary.  
everything that takes place within those two fields  
of imagination is also imaginary --  
birth/death, female/male,  
sacred/profane, power/helplessness.

imagination thinks. reality is free of thought.  
imagination breathes. reality is free of breath.  
imagination speaks. reality is silent.  
imagination moves. reality is free of motion.

three bodies play games of apparent death and life  
upon what looks at times like some kind of shore.  
this is the dream reply to your imagined question,  
"who am i?"

eternal perfect beloved

buddha purnima, full moon in may,  
birth, enlightenment and death of lord buddha.  
lo and behold, three experiences that are really one,  
the real birth and death which is ultimate awakening.

after many practice births, an authentic birth,  
after many practice deaths, a genuine death,  
after many practice awakenings, a true awakening,  
all three simultaneously, the only real experience,  
all others being but preparation, dress rehearsals.

eternal perfect beloved

every moment i'm not looking at you  
feels wasted, thrown away, spent for nothing.

i want you with me no matter what i'm doing  
or else i'm just not interested any more.

most blissfully i return attention to you  
after distractions in society or sleep.

when we're alone together  
we merge in each other, visibly one.

most painfully we separate in two again,  
and it is i who come between us, not you.

false divisions of the indivisible  
absorb my mind in a world of projections.

i forget that you're here in every duality,  
all-spanning one, seemingly far yet really near.

eternal perfect beloved

muhammad krishna ram buddha  
baba christ zarathustra

eternal perfect beloved

everybody is already a baba-lover,  
but most people don't know that yet,  
just as everyone is actually already enlightened,  
but very few recognize it.

to live a baba life means to love baba, realize baba,  
and do baba-centered activities in the world.

to love baba is to remember him in all beings and things  
and thus to behave toward them as the beloved.

to realize baba is actually to recognize him  
in all beings and things, including self,  
and thus to discover that one is him.

eternal perfect beloved

god personal, avatar, awakener,  
who incarnates periodically  
in response to the needs of creation,  
zarathustra, ram, krishna, buddha, christ,  
muhammad, meher baba,  
you are the indivisible face of the beloved.

god impersonal, almighty inner oneness  
that underlies both outer manyness  
and outer oneness so totally everywhere  
that i say ocean, all-pervading oneness,  
ocean of bliss, ocean of truth, ocean of love,  
you are enlightenment, ever-blissful.

i drown in your pacific name, ocean everywhere,  
meher baba, no middle, no edge, neither light nor dark,  
inexpressible through any duality.  
the question "who am i" has not arisen.  
neither am i nor am i not.

the life you live lives on in me,  
the truth, the love, the reality.  
by your grace and abundance  
and the beloved-lover romance,  
help me hold your daaman  
with ever more love and response.

seamless one no opposite has ever entered,  
you are the floor on which all creation dances  
in couples, two by two, eyes sparkling with desire  
as we whirl in time to the rhythm of your awesome om.

help us use this body to love you,  
to realize you and to serve you.



eternal perfect beloved

in my dream i think to write poems  
you will thrill to find when you return  
seven hundred years from now.

in reality i know you enjoy these poems  
as i write them, even before i write them,  
where only you exist,  
in your author-of-all majesty no centuries ever touch.

eternal perfect beloved

though words all root themselves in manyness  
and false divisions of the indivisible,  
send words that please you,  
words that carry your presence.

guide me in the structure and feeling  
of your new literature.  
put across the message of your choice.

write the words you wish to hear  
when you return seven hundred years hence.

send out the sounds into duality  
that stir and awaken unity.

eternal perfect beloved

5 states of duality  
2 states of unity  
3 states of sharing  
10 states of god

eternal perfect beloved

you are the creator of manyness within one  
by the imagining of viewpoints  
which appear to divide the indivisible.

as brahma you take a viewpoint called "now"  
which seems to separate eternity  
into past and future, which is false.

as brahma you imagine a viewpoint called "here"  
which seems to separate everywhere  
into north/south, east/west, up/down.

in reality you are never more than one,  
though your play in illusion multiplies manyness  
beyond the scope of numbers, which are infinite.

eternal perfect beloved

all-pervading ocean which isn't there  
of oneness which is there,  
you're real and undisturbed within the soup cooked up  
in imagination's kitchen.  
beyond imagination and conception,  
you're free and untrapped within the pages of print  
published in concept's shop.

untouched by anything yet within all,  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
such enormous silence swallows worlds,  
all worlds gone without a trace,  
the noise of all worlds awakened into silence.

eternal perfect beloved

nothing to watch, no one to watch it.  
all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
reality of realities, god the beyond.  
you are the doorless door, the gateless gate  
into the intensely unthinkable,  
god the beyond beyond, the state of consciousness  
of deep dreamless sleep.

eternal perfect beloved

mind dreams up these islands,  
these continents within the shoreless sea,  
and forests them over with thick projections,  
full of wild creatures, where the traveler  
wanders lost, far from the shoreless sea.

oh all-pervading ocean,  
you are everywhere and in everything.  
to the traveler you first appear as a cloud,  
then a rain drop, a puddle, a stream, a lake,  
a river, and finally the sea.

this mirage of mind is within me and comes from me  
as a play of light and sound within and without.  
it looks like a playground outside a school,  
with groups of children and activity everywhere.  
when you ring the bell of awakening, all the children  
stream into the building through one door.

only the all-pervading ocean of oneness is no mirage,  
no play of light or sound,  
unenterable because never exited,  
unexitable because nowhere else exists.

eternal perfect beloved

i can't conceal my dream of desire from you  
nor can i hide it from the seductive woman.  
you watch that movie through her eyes  
as well as mine, oh indivisible one,  
amused by the interplay of your many forms.

on the path of awakening, you desire yourself,  
you stroke yourself, you unify with yourself.

eternal perfect beloved

my body has its desires -- food, sex, comfort.  
my emotions have their desires -- affection,  
excitement, happiness.  
my mind has its desires -- to remember,  
to understand, to be right.  
my soul, ever one with god, remains absorbed in you,  
reminding me that really i am you,  
and that separations of duality are untrue.

my three divided friends -- body, emotion and mind --  
dance a triple two-step all over creation,  
as far as imagination can go,  
to satisfy desires, feel secure and grow.

soul is often fooled, tricked and forced to hide  
by such an entertaining threesome,  
so quick and colorful and alive,  
and the show goes on forever,  
unless soul lays down the law:

"dance your triple two-step. i like it.  
i'm impressed, but i won't be always watching,  
now that i understand the set up  
and know the music well.  
thank you, friends, for all the fun and sorrow.

now i've found the real one, the only one,  
nondual, full of love, full of bliss,  
outside of time and space, though inside of them too.  
i'm astonished, literally amazed,  
to see the indivisible and discover that it's me!

i know you'll keep on dancing.  
that's okay. that's god's play.  
nothing is concealed within the one,  
where everything is open and revealed.  
but i'm no longer fooled nor tricked,  
nor can i hide myself away."

eternal perfect beloved

i'm totally trapped in reality.  
no exit. no escape. no alternative.  
you are everything and beyond everything.  
i'm drowned, utterly obliterated,  
merged with the ocean of oneness.  
either i don't exist or else i am all and beyond all.

you love you, that's your game.  
you address and respond to you, that's your play.  
you go away from and return to you,  
that's your amusement.  
you are always only you, that's your joke.  
you are infinite joy, infinite humor, infinite play.

eternal perfect beloved

god is.  
all other isn't.

indivisible reality is.  
divided illusion isn't.

infinite oneness is.  
infinite manyness isn't.

eternal perfect beloved

not ex nihilo, but ex unito.

mind is created by taking positions  
which define viewpoints that divide unity  
into relativities full of meaning  
in relation to each other.  
good better best, bad worse worst.

equally can one say  
that mind is the creation reflected within,  
or that the creation is mind projected without.  
either way one sees it, they are identical.



eternal perfect beloved

the apparent form of the formless is sky,  
the heavens in all their formless reach  
to outer space and beyond.

the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
manifests as the sky of interstellar space  
without top or bottom, without border or shore.  
the islands of imagination which arise by temporary  
and only apparent divisions of the indivisible  
shine out as stars, suns and planets.

through the duality of projection,  
interstellar space seems to be outside,  
but in reality outside and inside are indivisible,  
without beginning or end, without near or far.

all-pervading ocean of oneness, you are sky,  
interstellar heaven, everywhere and nowhere,  
space within all as well as beyond all,  
except within imagined dualities  
relative to planets and stars.

thus outermost joins innermost as one,  
except within the dream, which seems  
by trick of viewpoint to divide the indivisible  
and set one upon another beyond count,  
bewildered by infinite manyness  
within the infinitely one.

eternal perfect beloved

the consciousness of interstellar space  
sleeps deep in dreamless slumber,  
like god in the beyond beyond state  
where the "who am i" question never stirs a viewpoint  
to imagine a division of the indivisible  
and begin the long dream of answers  
to that most creative question of all  
which awakens the whole universe in reply.

eternal perfect beloved

the absolute vacuum of intergalactic space,  
like the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
where nothing can be seen or said  
without violating the nondual state of mind,  
cannot be grasped by intellect with its telescopes,  
rockets, spaceprobes, or any dreamed-up craft  
voyaging through lightyears of undivided oneness.  
all dualities must be left behind,  
body, feelings and mind.

beyond body, which is earth,  
feelings, which is solar system,  
and mind, which is galaxy,  
one reaches vacuum absolute,  
which one has always been without beginning or end,  
before any dream of starlight or planet  
spun through day and night.

eternal perfect beloved

you are space between stars only relative to stars,  
otherwise you are right here,  
oh all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
beyond mind, beyond duality, beyond comparison,  
beyond beginning and end,  
and you are thoroughly within all them as well,  
unchanged and independent, unbound and free.

oneness pervades everything and nothing equally.  
distance disappears, except within the mind  
full of relativities of near and far.

interstellar space, void and vacuum, located  
nowhere except in relation to stars and planets  
created in imagination by apparent divisions  
of the indivisible, is seen from earthly space  
through the relativities of earthly creatures' eyes.  
in reality there is no where, neither no nor every,  
just as there is no when, neither sooner nor later.

oh all-pervading ocean of oneness, you are  
indivisibly and infinitely one without another.  
those temporary islands, false shores  
dreamed up within you by unreal divisions,  
appear as planets, stars and galaxies,  
infinite in manyness,  
reflecting your infinite oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

consciousness rooted in intergalactic space,  
oh all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
rishis describe you in wonder  
as the everlasting tree whose branches  
grow down on earth and roots grow in the sky.

one who sees this upended tree  
takes refuge in the all-pervading oneness  
out of which and into which creation ever flows.

eternal perfect beloved

your meher baba body comes from indivisible reality  
on a visit to the imagined world of oneness,  
avataric phantom shining with one truth,  
come within the dream as the best of illusion,  
to lead us to the ocean where we drown  
in your all-pervading oneness.

you, shoreless ocean, outside space and time,  
create, sustain and absorb the world dream  
within yourself as suns, planets and continents,  
all giving impressions of space and time,  
as well as creatures, animal, vegetable and human,  
to share those impressions with.

it's like you're not here and at the same time  
you're the only one who really is here.  
every time you ask "who am i" another soul is born  
to round the cycle of discovery and return home.

i call your name into my heart to awaken you,  
oh awakener, to come together with me  
and awaken me from this dream  
of wanting and fearing, this comedy and drama.

eternal perfect beloved

only when i'm naked do i meet you,  
only when i've pulled off these garments  
of involvement in the world,  
these stout trousers of fascination with survival  
through food, sex, money and work,  
this colored shirt of feelings and powerful emotions,  
this big umbrella-like hat of conceptions  
and ideas that hide the sun.

once stripped of all this clothing  
which i picked up in various public places,  
then i meet you, oh oneness all-pervading,  
and you are naked too, though you own  
every possible costume in every style.

eternal perfect beloved

all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
you are a totally unspeakable void,  
the blown out flame of nirvana,  
untouched, untainted, unrelieved shunya,  
the ultimate reality of intergalactic emptiness.

galactic mind, solar heart, planetary body,  
all appear within the irreducible reality  
of the oneness which we incorrectly call space,  
incorrect because space has three apparent dimensions,  
while oneness has only one -- indivisibility.

all creation consists in divine games  
of imagined divisions of the indivisible  
manifesting stars and planets  
where only oneness really exists.  
huge and awesome in human eyes,  
human minds attach to false polarities as if true.

eternal perfect beloved

you who imagine suns and planets,  
and invite me to imagine them too,

i am a creature in your imagination,  
as long as i consider imagination true.

when you awaken me from that dream,  
the long separation is over.

i become the imaginer also,  
totally merged in you.



eternal perfect beloved

the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
lies over all like the great flood,  
while the entire creation in all its dualities  
floats therein like noah's ark.

one who recognizes the all-pervading flood  
and sees the creation two by two,  
leaves behind the old world of strife and suffering,  
and comes to rest in a new and purified one.

here is a portrait of mind as well as creation --  
a craft of amassed opposites afloat  
in the unlimited ocean of oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

oh all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
you carry odysseus home on a phaiakian ship,  
in a deep sleep state, yet swift as thought.

you carry noah to the newly purified world  
in his ark of assembled dualities.

dreaming brahma floats within you.  
the nagas churn you to discover the poison  
now in shiva's throat.

you are the ancient pond which basho splashed in.

eternal perfect beloved

all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
you are the ocean of love  
that brings together all partners  
and fulfills all longing with completion and rest.

you disappear distance. you level all ranks.  
you are the loss of identity in the beloved.

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**shoulder an oar**

eternal perfect beloved

the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
offers nothing to cling to,  
no convenient device for remaining afloat,  
no secure bottom to struggle to and plant one's feet on,  
nothing but death by drowning.

the limited ego promises a luxury cruise  
with a sincere and witty captain,  
waiters rushing to and from fragrant kitchens  
while dancing girls discreetly slip keys into one's pocket,  
if only one could break through, take charge  
and make it all happen.

but it's only a ship of projections,  
a feeble phantom that dissolves away in the ocean  
where silence swallows up all cries for help.  
one drowns.

yet at the same time, outside of time,  
one becomes the ocean unlimited,  
absolutely immaculate and pure,  
in which the noisy ships are cruising  
with all their tobacco-stained dramas  
and impossible decisions.

one dies into realization of the nondual ocean  
beyond imagination and conception,  
where death itself has drowned and one is free.

eternal perfect beloved

i awaken on a shore beside the sea.  
i recognize this bay and beach of the shoreless one,  
this cove of phorcys,  
halíoió gérontos, halòs atryqétoio médontos,  
old lord of the untouchable ocean of oneness.  
yes, this is my native land.

i am home on ithaka isle, with phaiacian gifts intact,  
by your grace, oh dimensionless one.  
the great bow of herakles lies ready  
to thread twelve axe heads on a single arrow.

i feel family and faithful friends,  
and i remember the words of teiresias  
that from this domain of peace  
i take up an oar and set out for populations  
unfamiliar with the all-pervading ocean of oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

nirvanic oneness remains always absolute vacuum,  
even while producing all worlds and universes.  
therefore rishis say, "rupa shunyatam, shunyata rupam."  
form is emptiness, emptiness form.  
manyness is one, oneness many.

misled meditators imagine you to be nothingness,  
a void of absence, zero.  
they attempt to deny, suppress and disassemble the worlds.  
but one can never see you through nullification,  
beloved ocean of love.  
mere nothingness has no such potential.

nullification leads to the world.  
the entire creation amounts to zero.  
whoever divides oneness creates worlds of zeros  
counted by the mind as manyness.

you can only be found in wholeness,  
that balance of opposites which simplifies all  
in the absolute vacuum of indivisible oneness.

unification leads to you, the ever-beloved  
both in and beyond creation.

oneness loves, oneness knows, oneness does.

eternal perfect beloved

oh worldly web of opposites in tension,  
the creation spans your hands like a cat's cradle.  
your breath whistles through those cables,  
sounding the mighty om which only heart can hear.

we tight-rope walk all around this three-ring circus  
looking for you at one end of the wire or another,  
until somehow we reach both ends simultaneously.

in the span of that silent wholeness  
we recognize your puppetry of love, divine player,  
in the intelligence that cushions our falls  
on a net of unexpected awakenings.



eternal perfect beloved

oh indivisible one, nirvanic oneness,  
you are clothed in your delicate creation  
to make your unspeakable nakedness visible.

even the mountain sits on space, on nothing whatsoever,  
fragile as a rainbow floating in a mist of colors  
that nobody can resist or ignore.

you are the original plan and its final working out.  
you are the self of every living being,  
the figure reflected in the inner mirror of every being.

you play every game,  
winning and losing according to your whim,  
and you are the tears of both victor and vanquished.

everything in creation struggles to be identifiable,  
waring with its opposite,  
until in your amusement and in the joy of your laughter  
the knife becomes a needle and the saw becomes a nail.

eternal perfect beloved

the golden rain of gratitude falls all directions at once,  
falls up and falls down,  
falls from every quarter of the compass  
like bees returning to a hive,  
or like starlight falling on the globe of earth  
from sky in all directions.

each drop of golden rain is an agreement,  
an insight, a solution, a recognition, an acceptance,  
a relaxation, a thank you, a breakthrough, an answer,  
a settlement, a completion, a reunion, a grace.

each golden drop carries a load of divine love  
back to its source in the all-pervading ocean of oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

swimming through the dream of brahma to its source,  
i battle my way upstream against the current,  
struggling through rapids of doubt and confusion,  
flinging myself over white-waters of anger and fear,  
leaping falls of ignorance and desire.

i reach the gravelly shallows of the dream  
in the navel of the creator.  
i swim through him into the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
in which he floats like a planet in space.

no more struggle, no more scenery, no more directions,  
only the absolute bliss of undivided oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

oh nirvanic oneness, only you are not imaginary.  
only you are not a dream.

you are beyond dream in the reality of undivided oneness.  
you are also within dream,  
disguised in your illusions  
of the one dimensional dream of thought,  
the two dimensional dream of thought with feeling,  
and the three dimensional dream of thought with feeling  
and physical form.

you waken us from our solid-seeming dream  
of bodies and worlds bound in shifting opposites,  
to see the dreamer behind the dream  
and also within the dream.

no separation is possible within unity.  
dream and dreamer are identical.

the dreams of ordinary life are called wide awake.  
even your beloved messengers are dreamed up  
by the power of love  
within the universal dream of creation  
to awaken oneness from its deep sleep of unknowing.

eternal perfect beloved

oneness is asleep and has to be awakened by manyness,  
hence the question, "who am i?"  
manyness is asleep and has to be awakened by oneness,  
hence the answer, "i am god."

eternal perfect beloved

in myself i am free, by your grace,  
and in those around me i feel bound  
by the adamant "no" that dams the onward flow  
and the deep groove of "yes" that bends its direction  
like an ancient riverbed.

the bodhisattva who opened the himalaya mountain  
and drained kathmandu lake  
must have earned a degree in sanskaric engineering  
from your university of true freedom.

please accept my application.

everyone i meet overflows with false meanings  
like politicians campaigning for votes.  
only you offer genuine freedom independent.

i can't be bound by events which seem to have taken place  
in a past which doesn't really exist,  
nor can i be bound by events which may take place  
in a future which doesn't exist.  
therefore i am free  
in the indescribable wholeness of this eternal moment  
outside of time's imagined tenses.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the freedom of all-pervading oneness  
from entanglement in shifting dualities,  
though consciousness of freedom  
can be created only through contrasts of duality.

sparks of impact as duality strikes against duality  
enlighten consciousness to the reality of oneness.

the heat of friction as duality rubs on duality  
ignites mind's tinder to the blaze of consciousness,  
and that same fire burns away every duality  
until consciousness remains undivided one.

eternal perfect beloved

you, old man of the sea,  
ancient one of the all-pervading ocean,  
you change shape and appearance before our very eyes  
as we hold fast to your daaman.

at one moment you flow like water  
inevitably making its way through stream and river  
back to the indivisible ocean outside of time and space.  
in your inner reality vishnu floats imperceptibly  
as brahma dreams up the entire creation  
of apparent dualities.

at another moment you appear as a tree,  
the tree of life in the center of eden garden,  
with its roots sunk deep in the sky,  
while its leaves, unfolding numberless cycles  
of life in creation,  
fall on the road and river of new jerusalem.

at another moment you burst into fire near and far,  
separating warm from cold and day from night,  
like proteus did on that magical day  
when menelaus pinned him down and held on  
as he changed from lion to serpent  
and fed his vast appetite for life.

eternal perfect beloved

i sit with closed eyes and tour a conglomerate mass  
of projections,  
an architecture of immeasurable diversity  
rising in its individualistic way to the mind's eye.

the axe of mind, like the double-bladed labrys of zeus,  
appears to chop unities into dualities in all directions,  
to build this labyrinth of blind alleys and no exits  
which mirrors human entrapment.

mind hews this architecture of projections,  
each asserting itself in its own way,  
each a passageway turning back on itself.

no matter how sharp the axe nor how often it falls,  
reality can never be divided any deeper than appearance.

eternal perfect beloved

i think unkind thoughts and say ungrateful words  
about your tragicomical game of appearances.  
oh indivisible one, which give rise to the natural world  
full of creatures in conflict and cooperation.

why should i think, feel or say negative things  
about your sport?

i'm afraid that i'll be swallowed up again by manyness  
and become trapped in appearances,  
myself apparently divided,  
unable to find my way again across the rainbow bridge.  
this very fear itself causes separation.

you are indivisible in your game  
as well as beyond your game,  
both of which in reality are only one.

you praise imagination through your variety in nature.  
you praise intelligence through your brilliance  
in cosmic design.  
you praise courage through your ferocity in battle.  
you praise love through the longing of all beings  
to merge in you.

best of all, you remain always yourself  
even while taking on all the shapes and forms  
of divine praise.

eternal perfect beloved

when i'm awake, thoughts make sense  
within the context of daily life.

when i'm sleepy, thoughts fly around  
with the freedom of meaningless fantasy.

when i'm wide awake, thoughts disappear  
within the all-pervading ocean of oneness.



eternal perfect beloved

you come along with me as i wander  
into this worldly labyrinth of thoughts  
about every conceivable matter from serious to silly.  
you, indivisible one, are always here in each thought  
as the unity which underlies every comparison,  
every contrast and every duality,  
no matter how sinful or sublime.

mind can't really divide you,  
nor can it really separate us into you and me.

the inner unity, in fact,  
which underlies every meaning of mind's expression  
is also my self,  
else how could i recognize answers and questions,  
or distinguish effects from causes?

you are that underlying oneness, oh dimensionless one,  
and therefore i am that oneness too.

thank you for the indivisible bliss of being myself,  
the very one i seek,  
the very beloved i longed for and woo'd.

eternal perfect beloved

i thank you with my mind  
by tethering it to the all-pervading ocean of oneness.  
no matter how far it roams  
through the mazy worlds of dual manyness,  
it always finds its way back to the one reality.

i thank you with my speech  
by speaking the compassionate truth,  
knowing full well that language,  
with words all made of opposites  
struggling to separate from each other,  
can really speak truth only by saying your names.

i thank you with my body  
by feeding it to you  
in the embrace of every one and every thing  
without exception, including myself, as your form  
in the infinite varieties of your appearance.

eternal perfect beloved

what sound purifies duality of its partiality?  
what syllables loosen the grip of clinging?  
what words does humanity long to hear?  
what poem does earth need?

every day turns a page of nature, the real book,  
which contains the facts of life  
as well as the poetry of insight and appreciation.

send beautiful poems to warm the hearts of your lovers.  
send poems of experience in the beloved.

eternal perfect beloved

brahma dreams earth and water  
as the horizontal arms of the medicine wheel,  
and fire and air as its vertical limbs  
creating the world dream  
with its great sanskaric tree rooted at the center.

only through the dream of duality  
can creatures become conscious of the reality of oneness.  
creation arises to perform the essential service  
of awakening that consciousness.

oh parabrahmic oneness, seat me firmly in reality  
that i may serve you most effectively within the dream  
and accomplish your purpose there.

ripen this fruit you have long cultivated  
on the tree of commitment to indivisible oneness  
in the orchard of your grace.

eternal perfect beloved

you weary the blissful heart in the separation  
of emerging from you,  
and you renew the weary heart in the bliss  
of merging back into you.

eternal perfect beloved

black and white seabirds  
frolick in the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
settling on the shore, suddenly taking flight,  
passing back and forth from sea to shore.

they fly in and out through vishnu's navel,  
with their reed voices oboeing shrilly,  
from god-the-beyond-duality to the dream worlds  
of divided oneness  
where two wings are needed to fly, two legs to walk.

eternal perfect beloved

you imagine divisions of the indivisible,  
master dreamsmith,  
and project them as apparent space and seeming time  
through the senses of a host of your own lively creations.

every face in creation, human and otherwise,  
though made of material amassed in various worlds,  
is molded over the structure of your face, beloved,  
like an armature of living sculpture.

the expression of every face always moves  
toward the communication of your presence  
behind each impression of isolated individuality.

every person is exactly like you,  
though clothed in temporary dualities  
of personal history in apparent time and place.

each relates to the projection according to its history,  
yet each, beneath the outer appearance, is only you,  
the master dreamsmith,  
creating an end for every beginning,  
always in balance of come and go, to and fro, joy and woe,  
short and long, weak and strong, right and wrong.

what is temporary and apparent differs infinitely.  
what is real is common to all in infinite measure.

eternal perfect beloved

while wide awake in the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
i am required also to day-dream  
the worlds of shifting duality.  
you set me free from duality, oh indivisible one,  
even while making me at the same time  
fulfill the requirements of duality as well.

i can only thank your grace for forgiving me  
the wild and uncontrolled shifts of viewpoint  
that make right seem wrong and wrong seem right.  
nothing is good, nothing bad,  
but only appears that way from various viewpoints.

you offer me the best of all possible existences,  
to be in reality one and indivisible  
and at the same time to participate  
in the rough and tumble of daily life in the three worlds  
full of dream projections.

eternal perfect beloved

the physical universe, earth,  
is a projection and extension  
of the physical body through the senses.

the human body creates space.  
objects create space.  
the earth creates space.  
otherwise space doesn't exist.

all of this does not have size,  
being in essence undivided oneness.  
illusion gives it the appearance of size.

eternal perfect beloved

consciousness -- mind  
energy -- feeling  
form -- body

eternal perfect beloved

oh awakener, with your many lovely faces  
you challenge the sleeper  
to open his eyes and behold reality.

one face in its intelligence  
dismantles the very machinery of projection  
which envelopes the sleeper  
in images of activity and place.

another face removes the lens that focuses a viewpoint  
which isolates the sleeper within its limitations.

one face stirs the heart so deeply  
that the sleeper abandons the dream  
in order to be with you, his beloved.

another face ties together the loose ends of the dream  
until it becomes paralysed  
in the net of its own inconsistencies  
and the sleeper abandons it.

one face takes in hand  
the threads of the sleeper's involvement in the dream  
and draws the dreamer to himself.

another face awakens song so loud in the sleeper's heart  
that sleep is no longer possible  
and he awakens to meet the singer.

eternal perfect beloved

when i lolligag around in the underbrush of idle thoughts  
i miss you, miss the shore,  
miss the ocean of all-pervading oneness.

the unity of all beings, things and cycles,  
this outer reflection of inner unity,  
projects the imagined shore of the indivisible pacific.

one step into that unlimited ocean  
fuses time into eternity,  
and removes the directions from space,  
collapsing form into an unspeakable vacuum.



eternal perfect beloved

only mercy is beautiful in authority.  
only mercy brings wholeness to the heart.  
only mercy turns failure into intelligence.  
only mercy patiently attends every step  
until the goal is won.  
you are all-merciful.

only mercy works anonymously.  
only mercy is not deceived by ugliness.  
only mercy stoops in order to elevate the lowest  
to supreme heights.  
you are all-merciful.

only mercy refuses to fall into indifference.  
only mercy releases binding until freedom is totally real.  
only mercy bends the wrong road around until it arrives  
at the right destination.  
you are all-merciful.

only mercy expresses strength through noncondemnation.  
only mercy holds the vanquished in an embrace of equality.  
only mercy cultivates the seed of friendship  
hidden within aggression.  
you are all-merciful.

only mercy continues to care after all hope has faded.  
only mercy frees by forgiving the unforgiveable.  
only mercy is unlimitedly spacious.  
only mercy is patient beyond all reason.  
you are all-merciful.

only mercy values the intention apart from the result.  
only mercy hears the inner sense of speech.  
only mercy treats others the way it hopes to be treated.  
you are all-merciful.

eternal perfect beloved

love is not something one has.  
love is what all and everyone is.  
you are love, just as you are the oneness  
of all opposites joined in unity.

one love, not many loves.  
not my love nor your love, but one love.  
your love returns to you as my love.

that one love binds us closer than parent and child,  
tighter even than lover and beloved.

eternal perfect beloved

how can you be praised sufficiently  
who are yourself both praise and blame?

the more i praise you, the greater the shadow of blame  
grows behind me, by the law of duality.

by praising you, i secretly blame you,  
and by blaming you, i secretly praise you.  
the more intense sunlight, the deeper the dark shadow.

you are the one behind and within both praise and blame  
who makes them both equally possible.

when praise and blame fuse together in one place,  
there i see you neither smiling nor frowning,  
yet both smiles and frowns fly out of you  
like rainbows from a sunny downpour.

eternal perfect beloved

all depend on you who are the oneness  
out of which all manyness takes form  
by denial of certain opposites and assertion of others.  
every duality appears to divide the indivisible,  
to create consciousness  
and to project itself as the creation.  
you are the unity which appears to be divided.

all depend on you  
who are the manyness of consciousness itself,  
which is divided into false and true knowledge.  
and you are beyond consciousness too,  
independent of any knowing or unknowing.

all depend on you  
who remain ever oneness,  
original and simple even within opposites.

eternal perfect beloved

what sort of love is this that belittles  
your game of awakening consciousness in illusion?

what sort of love is this that puts down  
your whimsical dream of time and space?

what sort of love is this that avoids  
creatures and characters who people your play?

oh all-pervading ocean of oneness, show me how  
to participate in your divine sport  
in any way that amuses you.

oh perfect beloved, how can your lover  
expect to please you  
without the grace of your forgiving love?

oh indivisible one, how can your slave  
possibly hope for even a moment of intimacy  
unless you happen to will it in your divine humor?

eternal perfect beloved

loneliness overtakes me  
and i think, "where is my beloved?"  
it's so easy to lose you among the enticements  
and irritations of the world.

when i'm busy looking at one or another of my bodies  
rather than at you,  
a veil falls across my mind and separates me from you,  
one lonely man making a sandwich in his kitchen  
to feed you, the almighty unveiler.

as you grow strong on that nourishment  
the veil lifts and i see each world as my own body.  
you are the unity of my indivisible self  
which projects the physical body as the physical world,  
the subtle body as the subtle world,  
and the mental body as the mental world.

all three worlds spin out of self, orbit around self  
and cycle back into self,  
each in the rhythm of its own time.  
it's a mere convention of language  
to say "out of, around and into,"  
because indivisible self always remains totally within  
as well as beyond all bodies and worlds.

eternal perfect beloved

all-pervading ocean of oneness, you are love,  
boundless love which melts divisions  
within an individual,  
leading to the disappearance of separations  
between individuals.

you inexorably draw all into your oneness,  
driving false love, which is desire, out of the heart  
and flooding it with truth from your ocean of love.

you are beyond liking and hating, beyond desire and fear.  
you are the indescribable completion  
of lover and beloved in union,  
full of appreciation and gratefulness.

you bend every river toward the pacific of love.  
you harvest and compost good and bad deeds.  
you take responsibility for disasters as "acts of god,"  
and bear the hatred and blame in your own body.

you give the world a body to wrack and worship,  
a heart to love and long for,  
and a mind to realize and transcend.

you awaken intelligence  
as you restore balance to perfection.  
you preserve the positive purpose  
behind every negative act and situation.

you sever the very root of illusion  
with your blade of wholeness,  
and you ordain that all awaken in heart  
and join you in infinite bliss, knowledge and power.

eternal perfect beloved

this elusive love!  
when i long for it, it's gone far away.  
when i just let it be as it is,  
then i become aware of the ocean of love  
in which i'm totally lost in unlimited love.

because you are love, i am love and i can love you.  
because you are truth, i am truth and i can know you.  
because you are goodwill, i am goodwill  
and i can serve you.  
because you are that, i am that and i can be you.

you are infinite love, infinite truth, infinite goodwill.



eternal perfect beloved

love for you makes its presence felt in attitudes  
and behaviors toward the creation,  
this dream of false divisions and distinctions.  
creatures in conflict struggle to survive  
and extend their empires  
or die and flow back into the ocean of oneness  
and disappear.

it's your dream, beloved, and every particle  
and person in it is only you.  
don't hold back your love  
and deny us the opportunity to melt our hearts  
in the "only you" of each and every thing,  
though we can never deserve or earn such grace.

let nothing be left in our hearts to protect.  
send the generals home with their artillery  
and infantry.  
why should we fear anything from you?

eternal perfect beloved

what's the difference between loving you  
as the dreamer or as the dream,  
you who are indivisible?

every eye is your eye, every glance your glance,  
every vision your vision.

if there is something or somebody in your dream  
whom i cannot appreciate as you,  
help me find the space in my heart to love  
that thing or person even as you certainly do.

break the bonds and borders of my heart  
that keep me cowered in fear and avoidance  
and divide me from the indivisible.

expand this heart out beyond all frontiers  
to all-inclusive love without limitation.

help me give you my head  
so that you can give me your heart.  
kindly help me experience that my heart  
is no different from your oceanic love.

help me bow all the way down  
to the real humility of your love.



eternal perfect beloved

should i distinguish between you and your shadow,  
accepting you and rejecting your shadow?

you love your shadow and stay intimately involved in it.  
at the same time you sit apart from it,  
saying, "love me, love my shadow."

the shadows of every little thing and being  
find their place in your all-absorbing one.  
my shadow clings to yours.

all the darkness in my shadow that i would hide  
from myself and from you, i must love  
even as you who are the ocean of love  
love the darkness that is found within your own shadow.

it is you who send the cat to eat the mouse,  
the dog to kill the cat, the lion to eat the dog,  
the man to shoot the lion, the nation to sacrifice the man  
and time to obliterate the nation.

eternal perfect beloved

i play this trick on myself --  
by asking you for more love,  
i imply that i have not enough love.  
thus i attribute reality to a single side of a duality  
and i block out the ocean of oneness,  
which is your love.

i am on the beach where i smell and hear  
the ocean of your love but i can't see it,  
can't find it or throw myself in.

your truth makes no sense without love.  
i recognize the nightmare experience of being chased  
while in an inexplicably dreamy way i'm unable to escape.

your love tames the wild dogs of duality  
and coaxes them onto the lap of unity  
where they curl up in comfort  
and drift into dreamless sleep.

this oneness of love is the omnipotent truth  
within all and beyond all  
which seems like two but in reality is indivisibly one.

eternal perfect beloved

open the heart river to irrigate  
the lives of your struggling creatures  
with the waters of unlimited love.

oh savior, your world cries out for you now  
in all kinds of voices and languages.

medicine calls in panic through narcotic needles.  
politics calls in the budget's numbing numbers.  
agriculture calls you through the headlong charge  
of deserts on the move.

business calls you in the language of covert war.  
religion calls desperately from prisons of fundamentalism.  
science calls you through genetic codes.  
art calls feebly from senile amnesia.  
entertainment screams for you in violent shock.

send the voices that you want in your creation.  
send language from your heart.

even a sprinkle of your love,  
though less than a river,  
breaks the cycle of drought  
and brings new life to the lost ones.

eternal perfect beloved

the fuel and spark of the sun's energy  
expresses the enormous power  
of the burning question, "who am i?"

the constant changes and endless cycles of the moon  
reflect the numerous thoughts and theories  
which appear to reply to that question.

the earthly canyons and peaks of man and his institutions  
unfolding through human seasons  
declare the concrete answers to that question.

eternal perfect beloved

freedom flows out of love for god  
which brings one closer and closer to you  
who are the very essence of freedom,  
unbound and unbindable while committed totally  
to every being bound within the creation.

in rebellion against bondage,  
some turn to their families,  
addressing the patriarch or matriarch,  
and demand freedom.  
others turn to the government,  
addressing politicians, and demand freedom.

some turn to religion,  
addressing priests, and demand freedom.  
others turn to the mind,  
addressing psychiatrists, and demand freedom.

some turn to economics,  
addressing their employers, and demand freedom.  
others turn to revolution,  
addressing guerillas, and demand freedom.

maybe a few savor a foretaste of freedom by these actions.  
maybe the bonds only tighten and become more subtle,  
like the monster at lerna who grows two new heads  
every time one is severed.

only by turning to you and addressing the self of all  
in an attitude of real love  
can anyone hope to receive the gift of freedom  
which it is your pleasure to distribute to your lovers  
through the blissful grace of your divine love.

oh beloved, identify yourself in everyone's heart  
so that all know which way to turn to address you  
and become candidates for real freedom.

eternal perfect beloved

the sound of krishna's flute  
spreads through consciousness,  
awakening desire to go to him  
just as the delicious smell of baking bread  
draws the hungry to a kitchen.

eternal perfect beloved

if i say i want to love you more  
i create a false distinction and distance between us,  
and i struggle in isolation to find love in my heart.

if i say i want more of your love,  
i also create that false distance  
and choke myself with absence and longing.

both longings block the everpresent reality  
of unlimited love.

when false distinctions of "i" and "you" are abandoned  
to the indivisible self  
of the all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
love is freed from all blockage.

everybody is now or will be a hero of heart in due time,  
a hero of understanding over judgment,  
care over fear, and help over hindrance.

truly i can't ask for love or create love.  
i can only remain in truth  
and be love living love's life.

eternal perfect beloved

you are three oceans in one:

you are the almighty ocean of peace which empowers  
from the divine liberty of absolute freedom  
without rival, opponent or resistance,  
without border, limit or restriction.

you are the all-knowing ocean of truth which enlightens  
from the divine realization of absolute transcendence  
without projection, transference or duality,  
without confusion, ignorance or error.

you are the all-cherishing ocean of love which enjoys  
from the divine bliss of absolute unity  
without separation, distance or division,  
without longing, disappointment or loss.

eternal perfect beloved

you hide within bodies, feelings and thoughts  
so perfectly that nobody can ever see you there.  
nothing accidentally sticks out to blow your cover.  
you never sneeze or hick out of synch.

with perfect humbleness you allow every form  
to assert itself,  
not like jim hensen with the muppets,  
because between shows they lie abandoned on studio tables,  
not like leo tolstoy within war and peace  
because that often sits inertly on a library shelf,  
not like charleton heston as moses  
in the ten commandments either  
because those reels mostly stand in film warehouses.

you never leave, abandon or separate from any form  
in creation.  
you are always actually right there,  
even in the dead body on the way to burial,  
even in old dinosaur bones, closer even than marrow,  
and yet unseen like sand in glass,  
or electricity in a battery,  
or like geometry in a house.

what a glorious moment beyond time and space  
when you step out from within your cover,  
oh beloved, and show yourself to your lover.

what an astonishing reversal of appearance!  
what seemed to be hiding you  
now reveals you as plainly as night reveals stars,  
or the grasp of a new language reveals meaning  
in what was only nonsense sound.

you become even more true and clear  
than all the forms you hid within.  
now they in total reversal all appear hidden in you.  
what tearful laughter, what wedding, what homecoming!

eternal perfect beloved

oh awakener,  
awaken heart to ever greater love,  
awaken mind to ever greater truth,  
awaken will to ever greater service.



eternal perfect beloved

mind moves from thought to thought  
like turning the pages of a fat newspaper  
that seems older and more tedious as time goes on,  
yet the page turns again and the eye fills again  
with familiar old voices.

let this newspaper come to its last page, beloved,  
or let me fold it and set it aside at once.

the newspaper becomes holy scripture  
in the truth of your name, beloved,  
and folds itself silently in the sound of your name.  
it burns utterly without leaving even a trace of ash  
in the love of your name.

oh savior, you establish true freedom of mind,  
freedom from the oppression of habits  
and freedom from the absolute tyranny of opposites.

eternal perfect beloved

let mind plow the field  
where heart-seed can take root and flourish.  
let body cultivate it with strength and skill  
til it yields the fullness of forgiveness and compassion.

eternal perfect beloved

how odd to know and feel you infinitely still  
in the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
without a wave or breath of movement,  
and at the same time feel you rocked  
in the chaotic waves of duality  
even to the point of discomfort and seasickness.

both still and in motion, both one and many,  
you rest and work at the same time.

when you're laughing and crying simultaneously,  
oh beloved, only you can tell  
if the tear on your cheek comes from humor or sorrow.



eternal perfect beloved

sitting in the early morning sunshine  
i gather together the wild wires of my thoughts  
and connect them all to you.  
all the juice flows into your immeasurable oneness.

each one of these wires feeds into you  
from a fragmentary opposite  
and in you links up with its other half,  
coming to rest in the wholeness of unity,  
which cannot be measured.

in you every fragment finds its setting  
and slips so exactly into its original place  
that no seams remain, no cracks or patches  
can be found anywhere.

every he finds his she, every left her right,  
every past finds its future, every complaint its praise,  
every orphan finds his parents and every exile his home.

eternal perfect beloved

you have your fun with me, divine playmate!

even though you are indivisible,  
you divide me from yourself in the things of the world  
and you also divide me out among the countless things.

then you kindly remind me of hafiz, who says  
with all the authority of a perfect master  
that the things of the world are nothing into nothing.

then i have my fun with you,  
discarding nothing after nothing until you appear  
in your indivisible majesty of all-pervading unity.

the very disguise which hid you now reveals you,  
and there is no break in seeing you,  
no respite from your omnipresence.

eternal perfect beloved

oh ancient one, awakener,  
every being and thing pours out of you  
like rain out of a cloud,  
and flows back into you like rivers into the sea.

all emerge from you like leaves  
sprouting from the branches of a tree,  
and merge back into you like compost at the roots.

all come out of you and go into you, beloved,  
but this is only the fantasy-language of mind  
desperately dividing you into "in and out".

beyond the fantasy of infinite separations  
in the reality of your all-pervading oneness,  
mind must retire and dualities disappear.  
there "in" and "out" are identical.

you are untouched by any "in" or "out",  
unmoved in any outflowing or returning,  
yet you are also inseparably merged  
in the fantasy movement of "in and out" flow.

the entire gross plane is your physical body.  
the planes of the subtle world are your energy body.  
the planes of the mental world are your mental body.

you are fully present in every nook and cranny  
of all your bodies.

in the head you are the ocean of truth,  
and in the heart, the ocean of love,  
and in the abdomen, the ocean of goodwill.  
but the real you lies beyond bodies  
in the undivided ocean of oneness,  
which cannot be entered nor can it be exited.

mind with its two-jawed pliers action  
cannot grasp you,  
either within your bodies or beyond them.

eternal perfect beloved

brahma belly  
vishnu heart  
shiva head

eternal perfect beloved

your unity beyond mind  
projects the creation as your bodies,  
where all must say in truth,  
"i am you, i am that, i am tathata."

whether absorbed in your projection,  
or absorbed in unity, still,  
all must declare, "i am you, i am that, i am tathata."

whether i remember or not,  
whether i feel it or not,  
whether i say it or not, still i am one with you, tathata.

whether anybody understands it or not,  
whether anybody agrees or not,  
whether anybody accepts it or not,  
still all are one with you, all are tathata.

eternal perfect beloved

the seeds of separative personality are ground to flour  
in the mill of forgiveness and acceptance.

they are kneaded with the water of caring,  
well salted with tears of release,  
and baked in the heat of commitment.

finally they are served up joyfully  
to all who are hungry  
in order to sustain them in their search for the mill.

eternal perfect beloved

talking about you requires learning a new language,  
with all the error and limitation, hesitation  
and search for right words and expressions  
that mark a beginning speaker.

words precisely understood in the old language  
convey wrong impressions and implications  
when talking about you.

i attend my lessons and practice  
to speak this newly acquired language of unity  
with the lips and tongue of duality,  
words of unity formed on organs accustomed to division.



eternal perfect beloved

you go through your protean changes of appearance  
while i grip you inescapably in my heart,  
until finally you deliver your perpetual message  
that i am that,  
that imperishable tathata beyond mind,  
that indescribable reality infinitely peaceful,  
infinitely truthful, infinitely loving.

by your grace i realize that i am that.  
without your grace i would never know.  
a thousand lives could pass and i wouldn't know.  
a million could come and go and still i wouldn't know.

i am your will and therefore you are my will.  
i am your love and therefore you are my love.  
i am your truth and therefore you are my truth.

you are the single source  
of all will, love and truth in creation.  
therefore i am your demonstration of tri-une reality.

your inescapable truth of all-pervading oneness,  
imprisons me in the total freedom of i am that,  
instructs me in the unlearnable i am that,  
shows me the invisible i am that,  
that immeasurable love, that indescribable peace.

in reality i am that.  
in the world i am the slave of that.

i serve that most thankfully.  
i concentrate on that and merge in that.  
i break contact with that and disappear  
in dream projections, both inner and outer.

because you are that,  
because your beauty and understanding  
are the bliss and truth of that, i am that.

let my body then be a tower of truth, love and peace  
to all who are caught up  
in the disturbed fictions of carelessness.

eternal perfect beloved

to facilitate relationship with the avatar,  
to focus and concentrate zarathustra, ram, krishna,  
buddha, jesus, muhammad, meher baba,  
who lives in all as the real identity,  
approachable through the heart  
with the help of a peaceful mind,

let the announcement go out:

the one who never left has returned  
to save himself who was never lost,  
and to awaken the many who are actually one  
from the dream that they are not sleeping.

he offers all an undeserved gift of unlimited love  
which all eternally possess  
and constantly long to give away.

oh tathagata, supreme personality, prophet, only son,  
saoshyant, avatar,  
beloved personal projection of god within your own projected  
worlds,  
on your mission to simplify confusion and draw attention  
to the reality of your existence,  
we welcome your divine love in our hearts,  
your divine truth in our minds,  
and your divine service in our bodies.

eternal perfect beloved

in this worldly circus the avatar leads the parade  
riding very skillfully on a unicycle  
like a sad-funny clown who steals hearts.

yogis and saints follow behind him  
riding very seriously on tricycles.  
behind them come philosophers and scientists  
riding bicycles with an air of great importance.

finally the rest of humanity comes rolling along  
hesitatingly in a great variety of wagons and wheelchairs,  
cars and carts of all kinds, both odd and ordinary,  
powered by all manner of animals and ingenious engines,  
all rolling squarely on four wheels.



eternal perfect beloved

do not cling to any opposite, you say.  
enter directly into the all-pervading ocean of oneness.  
drown completely in it.  
only the unlimited love of the ocean exists.

here the question wraps around the answer  
like a peach around its seed.  
here the winner serves the loser.  
here where only circles can be drawn  
ordinary logic hangs limp and impotent.  
here the two-sided coin of good and evil  
buys priceless freedom.  
here the one-legged outrun the two- and four-legged.

here scissors become knives become needles.  
here words become music become all-significant silence.  
here the absence of zero becomes the fullness of many  
becomes the absolute vacuum of one.

here the seven faces of the god-man  
and the countless faces of the men-gods are one face.  
here the lover merges in the beloved  
and even the memory of separation is extinguished.

here you find yourself in everyone and everything,  
caught up in every conflict and contest  
while spanning them all with equal love.  
here you go beyond them to their single source  
that heals all sorrow and spawns all humor.

any clinging to an opposite,  
even the least little no, even the slightest no,  
divides consciousness and creates worlds  
of thought, feeling and action.

even a little yes, a slight yes,  
divides consciousness and creates those worlds.

only agreement, silent acceptance  
and surrender to inviolable oneness  
dissolve worlds in the universal solvent of love  
and usher one into the ultimate reality  
of indivisible self,  
the unfathomable ocean of divine love.



eternal perfect beloved

you are in everything, not with your meherbaba face,  
but with your real face, your parabrahma face,  
your face of absolute unity, your paramatma face,  
your indivisible father-heaven face,  
your allahu-akbar face, ahuramazda face,  
your nirvana-samsara face.

your meherbaba face, in all its twinkling gravity,  
connects the dots of all past ages  
and draws the shifting features of maitreya,  
saoshyant, al-mahdi, the returned savior,  
in all their handsome beauty and inexpressible life.

what other face could bring saints to their knees,  
send yogi's flying out of their bodies,  
empty a thief's hands,  
and awaken the sleeping hearts of ordinary people?

eternal perfect beloved

you busy yourself tirelessly  
with unlimited imagination that fills the ocean of oneness  
full of comical dream figures.  
oh brahma, i don't know whether to laugh or cry.

you hide yourself behind masks of manyness  
and peek out through every duality  
with the double face of janus.  
your silly humor amuses me endlessly  
as it so cleverly obscures the indivisible beloved.  
each mask has its charm and fascination.

you show your real face only to close friends  
in private moments of intimacy.

i strain to catch the contour of your true features.  
i long to see your single face  
that sweeps away all the masks of difference and distance.  
mind, entirely without support, can not stand  
nor can words sit against each other  
in the totality of your divine humor.

eternal perfect beloved

the most important fact that mind can grasp,  
the single fact that both creates and destroys mind  
while at the same time sustaining it,  
the one fact that dispells all mystery,  
answers all questions and puts mind at rest,

the only fact that is, in fact, a genuine fact,  
the sole eternal fact, most ancient fact,  
in and out of time fact, the irreducible fact,

the only pan-galactic fact,  
equally true on every planet and star in every galaxy,  
the single parent of all factions and factitiousness,

is the atomic fact that god cannot be divided,  
that reality is absolutely indivisible.

all is one. god is one. reality is one.

eternal perfect beloved

truth is like a big blob of dough  
all kneaded and punched into readiness,  
whereas words are like spaghetti.

they've been squeezed through a device  
which makes separations and distinctions  
that easily become a confused tangle.

they can be straightened out  
only by adding a sauce of love  
and feeding them all to you,  
oh beloved consumer of confusions,  
you digester of distinctions,  
you assimilator of separations.

eternal perfect beloved

the rhythm of mind is emptiness.  
the melody of mind is fullness.

together they perform the mind's great music  
which creates the divine dance of inhabited worlds  
absorbed in the immeasurable beauty of their own motion.

eternal perfect beloved

all impressions fall before real oneness.  
real unity removes extension from objects that create  
the impression of space,  
and removes duration from motion that creates  
the impression of time.

silent "i am" remains untouched  
by the nuclear furnace of stars  
whirling through the dream sky of creation.

before abraham was, before the founding of the worlds,  
i am ever silent one.  
after the last planet becomes dust in the solar wind  
and the last star flickers out,  
i am as i always am.

throughout the entire adventure of creation,  
in every element,  
in every individual animal, vegetable and human,  
i am independent and imperceptible,  
yet committed and involved.  
i feel and respond to the joy of every triumph  
and the frustration of every failure,  
turning each into its opposite  
as a baker turns the loaves in his oven.

i search for myself in every form,  
and within the appearance of time  
i reveal myself in every form.

i am the silent one who,  
struck by the mallet of desiring to know myself,  
i hear the entire creation sound through my imagination,  
from the grand music of the spheres  
down to the least little thought  
articulated in any person's mind.

the creation unfolds within me in every detail  
and i unfold within the creation in every being.  
i am inescapable, unavoidable and nondeceivable.



eternal perfect beloved

the human personality of the avatar,  
with its unlimited love, uncompromising truth  
and tireless service,  
with its humor and beauty,  
is the divine personality present in every human.

it is the full expression of human personality  
which is achieved when the human accepts and loves  
the divine within himself and within all others.

the divine personality directly expresses absolute oneness  
through the human form  
within the worldly circumstances surrounding humanity.

it is the birth challenge of every human  
and the divine business of every world  
to press through obstacles  
and express the charm, honesty, humbleness and helpfulness  
of indivisible oneness in the world,  
which is the unblocked flow of krishna, buddha, christ  
personality,  
the undistorted pattern of zarathustra, ram, meher baba  
personality.

the truly human personality is divine,  
fashioned from the inside out by expressing  
the realization of absolutely indivisible oneness  
through the head of truth, the heart of love,  
and the body of goodwill,  
not deceived by what is untrue,  
nor disturbed by what is unloving,  
nor frustrated by what is unhelpful.

eternal perfect beloved

you unspeakable zero-many-one,  
so much easier to talk to than about,  
you stand outside of language,  
making a lie of every word  
by your absolutely pure silence,  
and you participate noisily in every word also  
as that very element which gives meaning.

oh, you are clever in your jam-packed emptiness  
that validates every word while turning it aside as false.

eternal perfect beloved

mind deals in halftruths  
because the whole truth wipes the mind right out,  
like a balanced minus-and-plus account  
that adds up to zero, an empty zero to be sure,  
yet full of minuses and plusses.  
in this algebra of consciousness  
the meaning and significance, the message,  
comes from the balance of minus and plus,  
the merging of each minus into its plus-mate.  
that balance expresses itself as oneness.

therefore the appearance of mind is manyness,  
elaborate complexity,  
the truth of mind is zero, void, nothingness,  
and the meaning of mind is oneness, balance, wholeness.

the appearance of mind is the world, samsara.  
the truth of mind is enlightenment, nirvana.  
the meaning of mind is reality, god.

eternal perfect beloved

saoshyant vishnu maitreya christ madhi meher baba

eternal perfect beloved

if you lift me up, praise and exalt me,  
it's only to crash me down from a greater height.  
if you push me down, trash and belittle me,  
it's only to lift me up from a greater depth.

you level both the high and the low in your oneness,  
where there is no place for even the slightest shadow  
of separation,  
not even the minutest particle of intention to separate  
the indivisible into appearances  
of high and low, new and old, cause and effect.

to choose one and reject another is just to play around  
in the children's sandbox of projections  
in the school yard of absolutely indivisible oneness,  
while the teacher carefully prepares yet another lesson  
that will drive the truth home.

eternal perfect beloved

in your indivisible majesty,  
you play the game of appearances,  
creating this rainbow world by passing light through mist,  
projecting seven shining colors,  
and creating this harmonic world by passing breath  
through a tube,  
amplifying seven vibrant sounds.

just as the seven colors come from colorless light,  
light itself comes from you,  
and just as the colors are not separate from light,  
light is not separate from you.

just as the seven tones come from untuned om,  
om itself comes from you,  
and just as the tones are not separate from om,  
om is not separate from you.

with this radiant palette and this vibrant octave  
you create all the gorgeous worlds of appearance.

oh artist, oh composer,  
you take your time outside of time  
and perfect every tiny detail of creation within time.

eternal perfect beloved

light is to color, hue and vision  
what om is to pitch, tone and voice.

just as light divides into the spectrum of colors  
when passing through a drop of water,  
so om divides into the octave of tones  
when passing through a length of tube.

just as the light of the sun passing through the mind  
divides into all images in creation,  
so the sound of om passing through mind  
divides into all the words of language.

light is the appearance of the sun,  
just as om is the sound of the sun.



eternal perfect beloved

archimedes, with his lever on his shoulder,  
ambitious to move the world,  
searches in vain for a fulcrum  
until he discovers that he himself is the fulcrum.

every viewpoint that he confirms  
sets a fulcrum against the lever of unity in his mind  
and determines his ratio of purchase  
in every field of opposites, not just heavy and light.

let him set it in such a way that beauty  
gets small purchase  
and ugliness will topple it into an unused corner of mind.

let him position it in such a way that success  
gets small purchase  
and failure will shunt it into mind's forgotten warehouse.

wherever he puts a viewpoint  
he sets a fulcrum against the lever of unity  
in the mechanics of consciousness.

eternal perfect beloved

klotho, lachesis and atropos, you three old dames of karma,  
you spin sanskaric threads, and measure and cut them.

you spin these binding  
from the fleeces of desire and fear.  
you meter them out in measurements  
of mind, heart and physical involvement.

you clip them with the special scissors of discrimination,  
made from one blade of desirelessness  
and one of fearlessness, pinned with the rivet of love.

eternal perfect beloved

love is the needle that stitches  
together the pieces of duality,  
whose pricks draw blood  
from the heart and hand of the sewer.

eternal perfect beloved

mind, like the rock of sisypchos, rolls repeatedly  
into the dusty valley of manyness,  
refusing by some inner law to sit contentedly  
on the clean symmetrical summit  
which old sisypchos assumes is you, beloved.

but as long as there is a valley,  
that summit can be no more than a symbol for you,  
and the force of mind's duality, like gravity,  
drags the stone down again into the dust.  
as long as there are valleys and peaks  
you are hidden though everywhere present.

when sisypchos has ground the entire mountain  
and his grinding stone as well as himself to dust  
and offered all this dust at your feet,  
then he will see you, beloved,  
as if through a suddenly focussed microscope,  
in the mountain, in the stone, in the dust,  
and most shocking of all, in himself.

if he were to offer his drops of sweat to you right now,  
you would stream them together to form a great river  
which inevitably would pour him into you,  
the all-pervading ocean of oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

let this golden rain of gratitude ever fall  
into the all-pervading ocean of oneness in my heart,  
washing away every impression  
accumulated during the great lifetime  
of 8,400,000 births and deaths in form.

all the solid works of medusa,  
and she herself who turns one to stone by a glance,  
all succumb to the one born of golden rain,  
who through a new angle of vision  
brings an end to her binding process.

the golden rain of gratefulness softens my stiff heart,  
reminding me of your grace, the gift of loving you,  
which you offer to your lovers.

eternal perfect beloved

without you, avatar, we would never recognize ourselves.

without you, awakener, we would just continue dreaming.  
without you, prophet, we would wander unguided.  
without you, savior, our hearts would remain flint.  
without you, friend, we would expect nothing but old age,  
sickness and death.

without you, supreme one, we would labor in vain.  
without you, king, we would suffer perpetual exile.  
without you, saoshyant, our minds would fall apart  
in confusion.

our dream of separation into manyness fades, awakener,  
into the reality of oneness.  
everyday roads turn into highways of pilgrimage,  
prophet, to the omnipresent holy land.  
you drill into our pride, savior,  
and blow us away with compassion.

by your law of harmlessness, friend,  
we are freed from birth and death.  
our activities lay up real wealth, supreme one,  
where thief and rust have no business.

you welcome us, king,  
finally home from our long foreign tour.  
at last we embrace truth absolute, saoshyant,  
in your indivisible wholeness.

we find you, avatar,  
beyond all duality as our own real self.

eternal perfect beloved

in the nondual state beyond right and wrong  
omnipresent god simply plays  
his omnidirectional game of "come to me."

every move, whether seen by humans as up or down,  
favorable or unfavorable, lucky or unlucky,  
brings one closer to the absolute truth of divine love.

in the unified state beyond good and bad  
omniscient god simply plays  
his revelations game of "who am i?"

every play, whether appreciated or abominated by humans,  
whether cultivated or avoided, loved or hated,  
strips away a disguise of god as yet another character  
in the variety of his infinite oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

the truth and beauty of your words  
stimulate and expand my understanding  
and move my heart to wonder,  
but the way you live your life overcomes me  
and slays me utterly dead.

you are like the sun and your words are light  
that illuminates my dim and vague surroundings,  
bringing precision into form and shadow.  
but your life is heat that burns me right up,  
incinerates me so thoroughly  
that scarcely even ash remains.

like ikaros i am uplifted into flight  
by the truth and beauty of your words,  
and like ikaros i am undone by the heat  
of your real life and i fall headlong  
into the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
where i drown in your indivisible wholeness.

eternal perfect beloved

in the golden rain of gratefulness  
i feel gratitude for the miracle that is my life,  
but even more so i feel gratitude for the wonder  
that is my death and release from habits of personality that  
limit me in time  
and bind me in the place of physical body.

joy in victory comes from dying to all except you.  
in that death-in-you all joy breaks loose  
and finds its freedom,  
the sting goes out of injustice,  
pride loses its insult,  
grace flows out to all,  
and slakes every thirsty lover in creation.

oh intelligent death, you are even more abundant life, more  
boundless freedom, and an eternity of time.



eternal perfect beloved

forgive me for clinging in my selfishness  
to painful judgments of wrongs i have committed  
against human beings, creatures and the earth.  
such judgments reveal that i hold on to the possibility  
that something can be wrong in your creation,  
which offends my love for you with accusations of failure.

judgments offend my intelligence as well  
in its realization of your indivisible unity  
which cannot in fact be separated into bad and good.  
self-recriminations are old ghosts of viewpoints  
from loveless and unintelligent days past.

not only must i slip myself free of recrimination  
but also must i free every being in creation.  
all of us are you, the single indivisible existence  
who plays in all forms by temporarily grasping  
each of our individual points of view.

your medicine of forgiveness heals the disappointed heart  
of longing for revisions in history,  
and cures the hardened heart of withholding acceptance,  
beloved godman.

the ocean of your boundless oneness  
flows through every division,  
closing the wound with forgiveness  
and sealing it with love.

eternal perfect beloved

there is only one oneness, paramatma, and that is you.

just as earth has only one sun, which is also you,  
while all fire, heat and light on earth  
are reflections of you and parts of you,  
so are we individual atmas reflections and parts of you.

each of us is the very same, not one whit different,  
yet we are wholly occupied  
with our petty furnaces and our minor ovens.



eternal perfect beloved

the golden rain of gratefulness falls  
into the all-pervading ocean of oneness in my heart  
quieting the chaotic cinema of flitting projections  
bobbing in the ocean like survivors of shipwreck,  
calling out for attention and help to be saved.

but i can't save them because i am the ocean  
which drowns them in oneness.

it seems sad to the struggling projections  
to lose their great attractiveness  
and be utterly foiled in their activity.  
finally they slip out of sight and sink out of mind.

but the ocean of oneness, true to its nature,  
neither grieves nor gloats.

eternal perfect beloved

in this mighty contest for attention and allegiance  
between you,  
who are the infinite bliss of absolute oneness,  
and your projections,  
which are the infinite flux of relative manyness,  
human beings have the dualistic habit  
of equating you with good, god,  
and your projections with evil, the creation,  
and find therein numerous grounds for condemning  
the world as deceptive, sorrowful and disappointing.

surely, relative to the world  
you are the greatest highest good,  
yet in reality you are absolutely beyond good and evil,  
independent and undivided.

good and evil struggle with each other  
only within fields of opposites projected as our world.

good and evil take their positions,  
vie with each other, stand or fall,  
all within duality, never touching you in the slightest,  
nor ever casting even the slightest shadow on you.

eternal perfect beloved

you also love those who reject you.  
you love us tenderly and soulfully,  
full of responsive caring.

you are the self of each and everyone.  
how heartbreaking to see one reject oneself  
and labor in blindness,  
attempting to awaken truth in a fragment of projection  
by beating the head against frustration,  
or trying to coax love out of a cleverly made-up phantom  
by repeatedly freezing the heart in arctic indifference.

you, with patience and endurance,  
cure that sorrow within yourself  
and offer it back as the intoxicant of real love  
in ever more refined vintages  
until it becomes the very bouquet of heaven itself.

such is your love for us who reject you.  
how much more for us who recognize you?

eternal perfect beloved

oh almighty oneness that nothing can divide,  
i am a plowed field carrying the seed of your new  
literature,  
and i am the slave who delights to work your field,  
and offer you the crop therefrom without need or duress,  
but solely from the joy of serving you.

let this gratitude find its way into words,  
beloved awakener,  
that others can add their voices to it  
and create a chorus of thanksgiving.

open me up to the words of your new literature.  
drive my hand to pen them clearly.  
pilot my feet to fly them out to the world.

let this golden rain of gratitude thoroughly soak all  
in the graceful flood of all-pervading oneness.



eternal perfect beloved

all projections arise two by two  
in the all-pervading ocean  
of profoundly still and silent oneness,  
creating consciousness by contrasts  
between relative opposites.

the entire cosmic wholeness arises exactly  
like a dream with its impression of self and other,  
first in the concept of separation,  
then the energy of separation,  
finally the appearance of separation,  
until we stand in the physical world  
surrounded by all manner of not-self,  
isolated, longing, frightened and dependent.

the omnipresent heart of wholeness  
suffers the constant sting of denial and scorn  
in the proud divisions of mind,  
projecting separation and contradiction  
into the labyrinth of minos and laws of manu.  
bullman devours it alive and manu punishes it to death.

oh reality  
that beds down the chattering hoards of dualities  
with their endless fantasy world business pressing them  
to work late into the night and rise early in the morning,  
your absolute oneness swallows up mind  
as easily as the whale swallows jonah,  
as simply as sky eats the four directions of a pyramid.

eternal perfect beloved

your love flows through subtle veins in creation  
nurturing, healing, and carrying life to all parts.  
all thrive like cells bathed in your love solution.

when circulation fails, all wither.  
when circulation increases, all flourish.  
you, beloved heart of creation,  
pulse your love through avataric arteries.

all glow in your caring  
and grow strong in the enrichment of your support.  
you make us all immune and protect us all  
from infection and corruption.

eternal perfect beloved

pushing through the onslaught of world events  
and personal events,  
all pressing around for attention,  
makes me feel like a salmon battling upstream  
through white-water and over waterfall  
to reach you, beloved, on your mountain-top throne.

then i see that your throne sits in the far heavens  
and only your feet rest on the mountain peak.  
to see your radiant face i must continue  
struggling upstream into the icy mists,  
and right up through falling snow and shifting cloud.

and there you are, crowned with stars,  
your heart as vast as all space,  
holding all within it.

oh great fisherman, this fish cannot fly.  
i can only thank you  
for dropping a line with baited hook into the salmony sea,  
that you could lift me directly to your self.

eternal perfect beloved

do not cling to any opposite, you say.  
cling only to the opposite-less wholeness  
with which there is no other to compare,  
from which nothing is left out,  
not so much as a particle of oceanic earth or starry sky.

where in all creation is there an "i am not that"  
except in the perpetual scramble to divide the indivisible  
into worlds?  
all things and beings struggle to create distinctions  
and hold them in place as long as possible.  
but they can only be temporary and insubstantial.

seen from eternity  
all appear with absolute clarity within one as self.

seen through time  
every thing and being labors to create and maintain  
individuality against the force of eternity.  
all such worlds must burn out, crumble and blow away  
while the indivisible remains involved but unaffected.



eternal perfect beloved

i praise the infinite richness of your imagination,  
the endless variety of dream images that arise  
out of the absolute vacuum of your infinite oneness,  
both those most numerous beyond number  
that never see the light of day,  
and those also numerous beyond number  
which play themselves out as the history of the planet.

our coffers overflow with wealth.  
the wish-fulfilling tree sheds heaps of leaves  
all over the planet.  
no wonder the authorities busy themselves  
making walls, borders, categories, rules,  
banks, prisons, plans, customs, schools,  
and god knows how many other tools  
for the purpose of conveniently handling abundance,  
all of which simply adds to it.

what is hidden from the open eye  
is seen behind the closed eye,  
one might as well try to catch all the rain  
on one's tongue,  
or dam the river with bare hands.  
it's just as though every single word itself  
were a whole new language that one must learn to speak.

oh imaginer, i revel in your infinite wealth.

eternal perfect beloved

these poems give me a vehicle of remembrance,  
a voice to praise you and a telephone to the world.

let them fall in abundance like snowflakes  
that cover the earth's wintry heart  
with the brilliant beauty of your crystalline name.

let them transform winter's sad deadness  
into the gorgeous white purity of your extensive identity.



eternal perfect beloved

in this market age, when the prevailing world view  
comes from the minds of merchants,  
human beings busy themselves buying and selling  
your projections, beloved, creating artificial scarcity.

how can prices be put on you or your projections?  
you are one.

buyer and seller disappear in your unity.

your projections, indeed those of human beings,  
are endless and infinitely unlimited,  
providing an unlimited though ignored source for goods,  
flooding the market so abundantly that  
by the law of supply and demand no price can survive.

ignorance creates demand and supports prices,  
though a sharper tongue might call it greed.

one ism values gold,  
and under that ism gold becomes scarce.  
another ism values human labor,  
and under that ism labor becomes scarce.

you have to make the world a failure, beloved,  
in order for human beings to find you.  
and when we find you, then the world has magnificently  
succeeded in its very purposeful failure,  
and all such distinctions disappear.

eternal perfect beloved

you are that star which illuminates millions of lightyears  
and gathers a generation of planets around itself  
like a king at court, like a true teacher.

that is your way of sport, but not your real identity,  
which lies between stars in the absolute vacuum  
of oneness out of which all stars and planets arise.

eternal perfect beloved

9 you are that unspeakable one reality  
symbolized by every form, energy and meaning in creation.

9 you are that grace which knocks on every heart,  
seeking entry into every life.

6/11/94 you are that omnipresent heart of wholeness  
which though infinitely divisible is totally inseparable  
and therefore heals stronger whenever broken.

6/14/90 you are that affection which melts the heart's isolation  
by satisfying its real desire  
and comforting its imagined fear.

17/6 you are that patience, humility and responsiveness  
which wipes out deep grooves of habit  
worn into individual and collective consciousness.

20/6 you are that understanding which unties the tangled  
knot of duality  
and finds exit from the mind's tiresome labyrinth.

22/6 you are that which is beyond opposites, beyond projection,  
beyond motion and conflict, beyond self-consciousness,  
that simple, pure, unspeakable self.

25/6 you are that goodwill which serves every need  
and nurtures every aspiration  
that leads to freedom from bondage and weakness.

26/6 you are that indivisible reality within which  
all endless cycles of beings inhabiting worlds  
appear to rise and fall while persisting eternally.

28/6 you are that sacred ganges rising like a river  
of champagne from the crown of wakefulness.

1/7 you are that all-pervading pacific of oneness  
which is invisible to two eyes  
but seen everywhere in the lamplight of the single eye.

5/7 you are that breathless oneness without stir or flutter,  
within which all characters and events take place in time,  
like organs and functions within a body.

you are that infinite power, knowledge and bliss  
which manifests as all-peace, all-truth and all-love.

eternal perfect beloved

in the practical world  
i can neither do all i think good and right  
nor can i do all i think evil and wrong.  
i have to accept both the right and wrong of what i do.

good and evil are categories created by interpretation  
of viewpoints established in mind.  
different minds have different viewpoints.  
often the same mind has viewpoints  
that support conflicting interpretations,  
and the same mind often changes viewpoints.

i can never build my life on such shifting footage.  
i must found it on you, beloved, who are that  
which when divided and interpreted yields good and evil,  
which undivided includes both good and evil as one,  
which is there before any division  
and which remains after interpretation has been abandoned.

like the sun, you warm both good and evil.  
like the rain, you soak both right and wrong.  
like the wind, you ventilate both saint and sinner.  
like the earth, you ground all, beloved one,  
supporting the feet of both success and failure.

eternal perfect beloved

oh shadowless one,  
you maintain this shadow show of creation  
in order to showcase your light to its fullest advantage.  
we shadow-puppets, caught up in the drama,  
lose ourselves in the fascination of hide and seek,  
and fail to notice your light.

if there were no shadow play, we would also fail  
to see your light.  
in the contrast of hatred we begin to recognize love.  
in the chaos of lies we begin to perceive and value truth.  
in the frustration of helplessness we begin to know  
the correct use of power.



eternal perfect beloved

mind dances around on the two feet of duality,  
running, turning and jumping with fascinating skill,  
seemingly inexhaustable, ever-renewing and ever-repeating.

exactly when the audience would take a break  
mind comes up with a new routine  
or delivers an old one with more skill than ever.  
when the audience has had enough of a good thing  
and would make its way home,  
mind dances a frenzy of objections,  
stepping, whirling and leaping all over the stage  
of limited consciousness.

as soon as i notice you, beloved oneness,  
behind the dancer's make-up,  
joining each separate step to each other  
and centering every spin,  
understanding replaces fascination.

now the dancer can also rest and take a break  
and make his way home at the appropriate moment.

eternal perfect beloved

four strands of consciousness weave together.

one is the rich and various dream life that unfolds  
in the half-sleep of awakening,  
seemingly significant yet usually forgotten  
within the first few minutes of attention focused  
in the ever more solid dream  
of ordinary awakesness in the world.

another is the solidified consciousness of the world,  
with upstairs neighbors moving around,  
cars starting and going,  
the whirring of the refrigerator  
and noises of nearby construction,  
the needs of the body, making a cup of tea.

another is the meditative reconsideration  
of current images and events in consciousness  
as one sits with impressions from friends,  
news and film scenes witnessed on tv,  
plans, duties and longings.

another is the sharp focus on you of mind beyond mind  
in the nondual reality of your everpresence  
which is both concealed within all duality  
and totally independently outside of it.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the dharmakaya, the realm of absolute unity,  
free of any tendency whatsoever toward the projection  
of dualities in any form of mind, energy or matter.  
you are bodhi, oneness.

you are the samboghakaya, the realm of profound wisdom,  
oh fully awakened one, where the light of understanding  
falls on all forms of manyness,  
illuminating the inherent sense within chaos.  
you are bodhi observing manas, oneness viewing manyness.

you are the nirmanakaya, the realm of wise behavior,  
oh awakener, within the activity of the world,  
the force that uplifts the conflicting rush  
of world events,  
and imprints it with a mark of divine love and truth.  
you are bodhi influencing manas,  
oneness working through manyness.

you ring the bell of realization that announces,  
like a rooster, the dawn of illumination  
which enlightens the incessant human dream  
of separation and success within the starry darkness.

you are the bell, you are the bell ringer  
and you are the waves of sound that break  
against the isolated shore of every individual heart  
like surf rolling against islands  
arising in the immense sea of your being.

eternal perfect beloved

when the knowing nature  
marries the feeling nature,  
wisdom is born  
and real service becomes possible.

eternal perfect beloved

one can never lose the ocean  
by becoming lost among the waves,  
just as one can never the lose the forest  
by becoming lost among the trees.



eternal perfect beloved

like beads on a string, you say, as you center  
every tradition in yourself -- indian, semitic,  
chinese, greek, native american, pacific.  
you draw every meaning to yourself,  
illuminating each with the touch of unlimited knowledge,  
far beyond intellect and mere learning.

you create every tradition  
by planting the original seed and cultivating it  
through the generations of human misunderstanding  
that distort and limit truth  
within the borders of cultures and languages.

you renew every tradition by threading its bead  
on the timeless string of yourself.  
no limitation or separation whatsoever  
can be applied to you,  
no matter how subtle or skillful.  
all is within you, and you are within all.

you are the inner meaning of every thought.  
you are the inner texture of every feeling.  
you are the inner purpose of every action.

eternal perfect beloved

bring out the words of your new literature.  
what do you want to say or sing to yourself  
within your dream of human beings  
and continents thickly blanketed in collective sound?

what is the new sound you bring out of silence  
to penetrate this thick stuff that oppresses all alike,  
to cut through it with the blade of silence?

oh beloved, lay back the covering of distractions  
and expose the simple reality of oneness,  
unpluckable, unstrikeable, unspeakable.

eternal perfect beloved

power -- mental  
energy -- subtle  
force -- physical

eternal perfect beloved

first we turn to you as the almighty,  
asking you to smash our enemies  
and raise us up to high places.

in the failure of might,  
we turn to you and ask for understanding,  
that you remove the veils of our confusion  
and show yourself undisguised and natural.

in the frustration of noncomprehension,  
we turn to you and ask for love,  
that we may delight in your every whim,  
whether it raise us up or confound us,  
whether it belittle or enlighten us.

in love, oh awakener, finally  
we discover a medium sufficiently powerful  
to dissolve the age-old shell of misunderstanding  
that isolates us from you,  
and smart enough to find its way out of the labyrinth  
of mind's perpetual crossroading.

eternal perfect beloved

without your love for us,  
we would never discover love for anybody or anything,  
especially not for you,  
who are at once the easiest and most difficult to love.

you are the beloved who gives everything  
while taking everything away,  
the beloved most attractive to the eyes  
yet impossible to see,  
the most agreeable beloved yet the most dominating,  
the most freeing and most binding beloved.

oh awakener, you are the ocean of love,  
send your wave that erodes away these cliffs of resistance  
and undermines these stiff bluffs.  
let your tide rise.

you are the lord of love,  
grant us asylum in your state.  
command our hearts to make us at home,  
that we can eventually qualify for citizenship  
and full participation in love.

eternal perfect beloved

riding the vehicle of attention driven by love  
i travel up through planning and desiring for myself,  
up through questions that i'm working on  
and further up through what i think i know,  
and there above all i find you,  
the indivisible all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
source and inner sustenance of all,  
without fanfare or self-righteousness.

what humor to watch the mind struggle with you.  
you are sharper than the sharpest needle  
yet larger, much larger than a galaxy.  
how can the mind handle the way you swallow up  
whole galaxies in the point of the sharpest pin?

how can the mind touch your aloneness?  
you are far too simple for mind to grasp  
with your eternity of beginningless beginnings  
and endless ends.  
even dream and music dumbfound mind.  
where can mind set foot in silence?

eternal perfect beloved

newton's law that  
for every action there's an opposite and equal reaction  
describes the physics of consciousness.  
every clinging in mind  
creates an equal and opposite challenge to that clinging  
which eventually breaks it loose,  
allowing consciousness to find its rest in equilibrium.

world itself, full of the countless limitations of  
"i am a mountain," "i am a tree," "i am a cow,"  
"i am a woman, or man, or a leader or a follower,"  
all arise by newton's law from god's original not knowing,  
god's first question, "who am i?"

every thesis in consciousness gives rise to an antithesis,  
creating a synthesis which is itself a new thesis,  
in the dialectics of consciousness.

as final synthesis in which there is no antithesis,  
beloved one, you unravel this stitching that knits  
all the worlds in their endless variety,  
and you free mind from its constant labor.



eternal perfect beloved

without your love, i could never allow myself to live.  
without your forgiveness, i would condemn myself to  
certain death.

oh meher baba, help me live a life like you live,  
full of committment yet free and uncaged by circumstance.

you are freedom absolute,  
free of ignorance, habit, conditioning,  
free of any limitation whatsoever.

to be your slave is to be absolutely free.  
the slave of freedom can only be free.  
bind me to you ever tighter in the bond of slavery  
that i, your love-slave, be also free as you are.

don't let me waste eternity lost in petty affairs of time.  
don't let me squander omnipresence  
caught up in ordinary features of local landscapes.

help me to live by dying in love.  
help me live the divine life of "i am that,"  
which embodies wholeness within divided worlds,  
which wills victory for both victor and vanquished,  
and expresses all-inclusive peace within continuous  
conflict.

you livingly demonstrate divine concern for every  
detail of creation.  
oh love-lighthouse, if i did not know you are here,  
i should be insane with worry and terror  
at the world's desperate dying.

but knowing your eternal perfection, beloved,  
and seeing the ocean of your love in every detail,  
i am amazed and freed and comforted  
by so serious a love that stops at nothing  
in its determination to awaken the heart of mankind.

help me to love you more and more  
realize you more and more,  
and serve you more and more.

eternal perfect beloved

all of these thoughts that i hang on to  
as if they were real or true, as if they mattered,  
some lift me up, some press me down.  
they all modify and qualify and interpret  
and comment and blame and excuse and explain.

viewpoints multiply like bees and ants.  
a remark becomes a letter.  
a letter becomes a book.  
a book becomes an encyclopædia.  
an encyclopædia becomes a library.  
the soul, the free and loving soul, becomes  
a librarian struggling to maintain the card catalog.

the night mind looks like the cutting room floor  
at the film factory.

all thoughts cover you over  
at the same time they reveal you,  
the indivisible one giving yourself  
to every development out of your infinite love  
and the sheer endlessness of your play.

gladly i sweep aside everything in mind  
in order to feast on your bliss, oh indivisible one,  
and see in you my own original face before i was born  
and hear the applause of your single hand clapping.

eternal perfect beloved

who understands what "one" means?  
someone says it's like one cookie or one slice of bread.  
another says it's like one cycle -- spring, summer, fall,  
winter.  
someone else says it's like a whole planet,  
as if viewed from space,  
with all its functions and cycles.  
another says nothing, keeping very intense silence.

once i said that "i" is the deepest, most mysterious,  
most magical word of all,  
but now i say the "one" is that word most profound,  
the single-word name of both the nameable and the  
unnameable.



eternal perfect beloved

the worldly mind resembles a game of tennis,  
flying back and forth from side to side,  
perpetually winning and losing without respite.

real gaming begins when the player attempts  
to put the ball over the exact middle of the net,  
and real victory is won when the sportsman succeeds  
in balancing the ball exactly on the center of the net.

the players disappear. net and court also disappear.  
finally the ball itself disappears.  
only the inconceivable trophy of absolute oneness remains  
to gladden the champion's heart.

eternal perfect beloved

in order to live in absolute freedom and oneness in you,  
beloved ocean of love,  
as an artist of life and love,  
i must cultivate the art of dying.  
i must drown utterly  
to the very end of struggling against helplessness.

every part of me that strives to express itself  
still clings to that fabric of opposites  
which must unravel thread by thread  
until the all-pervading pacific of oneness  
closes silently over my head.

eternal perfect beloved

the golden rain of gratefulness falls  
out of the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
and back into it again, like the river ganges,  
just a momentary separation  
into appreciator and appreciated.

eternal perfect beloved

you are at the center of the whole  
as well as at the center of each individual thing  
and being within the whole,  
thus it is said that you are equidistant from all.

in truth there is absolutely no distance  
between you and any other,  
any more than there is distance between a dreamer  
and his dream.

mind comes out of oneness on tour  
among the countless fascinations of duality's fancy,  
and returns again to oneness  
where all accumulated baggage melts away without a trace.

the worldly dream creates pockets of space  
in the absolute oneness  
where worlds of activity play out their imagery,  
like a quick flip through the inner channels  
of a personal tv,  
while you with infinite patience stand aside in eternity.

oh purity in a world of mixture.  
oh stillness in a world of ceaseless action.  
oh silence in a world of amplified noise.

eternal perfect beloved

the silent voice of oneness,  
the voice of love inarticulate,  
clarifies the claims and protests of personality,  
heals the hurts and losses between weak and strong,  
and comforts both criminal and victim.

the priceless gift of oneness,  
the gift of love indivisible,  
melts the giver, the gift and the receiver  
into a single joy of simultaneous sharing.  
this treasure increases when shared.

the everpresent destination of oneness,  
the goal of love absolute,  
lies at the exact place the traveler now stands.  
the moment he seeks out another place,  
he returns again to the road, the search, the journey  
and the destination slips away.

eternal perfect beloved

at best the world promises temporary happiness  
with more or less wild swings between elation  
and depression.  
you offer eternal bliss.

at best the world promises temporary agreements  
among a majority of scholars and scientists.  
you offer infinite knowledge.

at best the world promises partial control  
of one's affairs within guidelines and due process of law,  
including rewards and punishments.  
you offer infinite power.

but nobody finds you through bliss, knowledge or power,  
beloved.  
the only way to you goes through the heart of love  
which makes no bargains, keeps no ledgers,  
and expects no recompense.

love stands independent and free, unconquerable  
and inexhaustable,  
never failing to find a way to win over an enemy  
and burn up the very seed of conflict.

love's almighty victory arises in the realization,  
which marks a human turning toward the divine,  
that it is better to be love  
than to be happy or right or in charge.

the quality of bliss in love soars far above happiness.  
the quality of certainty in love stands unshakeable  
in the winds of opinion and theory.  
the quality of security in love overpowers  
the need to press others into service  
or prohibit them from expressing other wills.

you give the gift of love to your lovers,  
transforming them from human to divine.  
love flies to you, beloved, carrying the lover  
in its arms.



**winnowing the ocean**



eternal perfect beloved

the avatar lives a life that changes  
the direction of human history  
by renewing the life of love on earth.

love awakens from its frozen sleep  
within the heart of mankind,  
and this divine awakening steams joyfully  
through every channel in the entire creation.

of course god comes into his creation,  
yet what an unearned and undeserved gift!  
mind can't grasp it, and heart runs over  
with wonder that words can't say.  
but life must live it.

no customs or habits can hold it.  
no silly old man's dusty lips  
can bind it in split hairs,  
nor can any woman's vegetable fingers  
starve it into submission.

oh beloved, you renew the world  
in the blood and image of your own body,  
and we who are the world go wide eyed in wonder.

the great wonder is not that you are god,  
but rather we're astonished and awestruck  
that you should become a man among mankind.

that you should put on this suit of flesh  
and make it noble for all who wear it,  
awakens our hearts to divine love  
and humbles all pride.

the true power of your love silences the tongue  
and then mind itself.  
in the face of love's bliss,  
mind discovers its irrelevance.  
in the unifying grip of love,  
mind recognizes its divided nature  
and sees underlying unity in every duality.

in the humor of your light love, oh beloved,  
mind enjoys the divine pleasure  
of dissolving its own bindings.

eternal perfect beloved

oh post of reality in the ground of illusion,  
only you matter.  
the body is your temple, your home.  
feelings are offerings of sacrifice, your love.  
thoughts are priests in attendance, your truth.

you seed consciousness  
in the beyond and beyond beyond states,  
which germinate when touched by the question "who am i?"

you sprout through seven stages of evolution  
as mineral, vegetable and animal,  
until you flower as humanity in reincarnation.

you bear the fruit of infinite power, knowledge and bliss  
in the form of yogis, masters and saints  
on the path of involution  
through the subtle and mental worlds.

finally you return to timeless seed  
in your nondual state of immeasurable potential,  
neither alive nor dead,  
neither in the world nor yet totally out of it.

oh love, light, law,  
negative thoughts and reactions arise from  
struggling against your power and authority.  
fear protects desires and their dreams of fulfillment  
which are the raw materials of daily life.

oh passionless and aggressionfree,  
every person challenges you with his own private test  
of your authenticity,  
and struggles through the stages of acceptance  
-- denial, bargaining, helplessness --  
before withering away to dust at your feet.

eternal perfect beloved

quest for self drives the universe.  
love fuels that engine of consciousness.

in the realm of imagination  
where one poses the question "who am i?"  
self answers imaginatively "i am all and everything."

after searching for self and longing for self,  
self finds itself to be you, beloved,  
through the eternal marriage that none can undo.

when every duality admits its deeper unity  
the creation disappears into "i am only god is,"  
before the question "who am i?"  
created the universe in reply.

all are self, having come out from self,  
existing within self,  
and returning to self without ever really leaving it.

let me then recognize each as my self  
without false attitudes of acceptance and rejection.  
let me see through the disguises of duality  
and behold the indivisible reality of oneness in each.

eternal perfect beloved

the projected personality,  
that dualistic play of opposites  
in fields of conflict and resolution,  
doesn't find god.  
god finds god.

he finds himself.  
the will of oneness penetrates every purpose  
with its drive toward balance.  
the indivisible oneness finds itself.

eternal perfect beloved

today is today.

yesterday, today was tomorrow.

tomorrow, today will be yesterday.

merely by shifting viewpoints,

today becomes yesterday and tomorrow.

by removing viewpoints, today becomes eternity.

who projects these viewpoints? brahma, the creator.

who maintains these viewpoints? vishnu, the preserver.

who removes these viewpoints? shiva, the dissolver.

who remains unchanged

whether viewpoints are projected or not?

you, beloved all-pervading ocean of oneness.

you, unchangeable screen of reality

on which the mass of viewpoints are projected.

you, avatar, with your divine society of sadgurus,

saliks and majzoobs.

why are viewpoints projected?

in order to answer the goad question of creation

"who am i?"

eternal perfect beloved

you take the threat out of the world

and transform it into the playground of your awakening.

the entire world has no value beyond revealing you.

everything in form and time depends on you,

returns to you, veils your formlessness

in the shapes of love in motion.

oh divine beloved, even the smallest and meanest person

can imagine a golden mountain.

how easy then for you to imagine worlds.



eternal perfect beloved

absolute oneness

and the all-pervading ocean of only love,  
this is who "i am" really is.

no chains of dualities linked by logic  
or by sequence in time  
can bind absolute oneness  
or anchor the all-pervading ocean of only love.

whatever surfaces on this ocean,  
whether seemingly good or bad,  
the reality behind it is only love.  
whatever moral judgment the limited human mind  
may place upon public or personal events,  
the underlying motivation is only love.

love is absolute, beyond opposites.  
the opposite of hate is craving.  
love is oneness.  
blessing also has no opposite.

why should anybody cling to the shady humors  
of relative merits?  
nobody can defend them against the illumination  
of your absolute love, oh beloved,  
which penetrates through solid earth  
as easily as through the air of thought.

you love and bless, but never hate or damn.  
the expression "god damn it" can never  
be anything more than imagined fiction.

out of love comes knowledge,  
out of knowledge, power.  
out of only love come infinite knowledge and power.

eternal perfect beloved

you truly love, love truly both ways.

you give us the excitement, variety, challenge,  
beauty and awakening  
of participation in your creation.

and you also in your love  
take away the limitations, burdens, trappedness, frustration  
and helplessness  
of being caught up in your creation.



eternal perfect beloved

you come among us as human  
to show us your unspeakable face,  
which is beyond words and mind.

actually you are always present everywhere  
whether in your physical body or not.  
the creation itself is your body  
and the continuous focus of your unsleeping attention.

in reality everyone is the only-one.  
no creature or thing can ever be separate from you,  
though everyone experiences the illusion of separation  
as if it were genuine fact.

you are unconsciously present in all creatures.  
you are in various states of becoming conscious  
in human beings.  
you are fully conscious in some few humans.  
you live a fully conscious life in the forms  
of the avatar.

hail to you, oh godman,  
and hail to your masters, saints and lovers,  
and all the dualistic phantoms of your fancy.

eternal perfect beloved

in all the faces of the world  
mind sees infinite variety,  
whereas heart sees only one face,  
that of the beloved.

mind prefers the excitement of dancing  
with a stranger,  
whereas heart longs only to embrace  
the ancient beloved.

eternal perfect beloved

if god answered his question "who am i?"  
with only words,  
the creation would be no more than a sound,  
a complex music.

god answers his own question  
not only in thought and sound,  
but also in solid and moving matter,  
mountain and sea, fire and air.

therefore i must answer my own question "who am i?"  
not only in thoughts and words  
but also in solid and concrete actions in daily life.

the real meaning of his words  
can only be grasped in everyday action,  
where the hands are dictionary  
and the feet syntax.  
a lived word bears weight the rest won't.

eternal perfect beloved

the rhythm, melody and dance of doubles and halves  
cover you over with their love songs  
in all three worlds and all six senses.

but you can't really be divided or doubled  
into courtship or consummation,  
orgasm or afterglow, devotion or divorce.  
for you who are love itself,  
these are only your theater of playful amusements.

when a spring breeze shifts and sways  
through flowering limbs covered in greengold leaves,  
who could imagine a finer game?

eternal perfect beloved

you reveal yourself individually in every being,  
though only the awakening human notices you.

you awaken yourself in every human being,  
first in the confusion of seeing your beauty  
in the creation,  
and searching for you out there,  
then in the conviction of recognizing your truth  
in one's own consciousness,  
and seeking within for proof of your existence.

you surprise us all, beloved,  
by showing yourself in love.  
then we catch sight of you in our own heart,  
and begin to cultivate your companionship.  
what an amazing companion you are,  
so shy to begin with, and so bold in the end!

at first it seems to the lover that he is playing  
with an image of himself in a mirror.  
then he begins to suspect that the mirror image  
is more real than himself.  
then he discovers that he himself is that mirror image.

finally he sees that you, beloved, are the reality  
which in his innocence he has been mirroring.  
then you, eternal all-pervading, you remove the mirror.

eternal perfect beloved

oh well of renewal in a war torn world,  
your oneness binds both friends and enemies.  
you are the unity everywhere present,  
even in the most raw and dire conflict.

like radio waves, who could know you  
without the right receiver?  
neither agreement nor disagreement can reach you  
in your silent and wall-free citadel beyond opposites  
in the blissful realm of reality.

eternal perfect beloved

oh absolute vacuum of all-pervading ocean,  
the entire creation disappears into you  
as if into a so-called black hole,  
like a dreamer awakening to the light of day.

indivisible one without another,  
you project creation's fantastic play of faces  
in an illusion of space and time  
by pretending to divide yourself  
into the dualities of everyday life.

we struggle to master cause and effect  
in fields of success and failure,  
while you who are the unity within every duality  
reside equally in failure as in success.

your borderless totality, beloved,  
pulls our hearts off the chopping block  
where divided mind lets fall the axe.  
your love overflows the mind's narrow banks  
and floods the entire consciousness with grace.

we don't mourn our losses.  
flood again, beloved, and sweep away  
every antique and dilapidated reminder of mind's distress.

eternal perfect beloved

oh water of oneness that wets every heart  
in a single wave,  
ultimate love is union in indivisible divinity  
where every opposite melts into its mate  
and disappears in the oneness of only love.  
gone punishment. gone approval. gone longing.

oh man, you think there's something wrong in the world  
because you perceive that something is very right.  
such attitudes are the play of restless mind  
in the field of relative values.  
every word is a half-truth.

the entire creation expresses self  
but real self lies beyond creative expression,  
where no half-truth can survive.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the oneness of only love  
that shines without shadow,  
illuminating every nook and cranny of creation,  
every surprise twist of the world's root  
and every shade of its flower.

in your tower like a lighthouse  
you shine into every furthest corner of creation,  
dazzling us as you reflect on the splintered shards  
of mirror that make up mind's thought.

you enter the heart like sunlight  
suddenly streaming through a hole in the cloud cover.  
you renew everything in a morning of warm color.  
old dreams fade from memory as real day begins.

oh dawn of love in the grey heart of mankind!  
your light easily penetrates every hiding place,  
casting recognition everywhere.

oh springtime of divine longing,  
you bring eternal newness which never ages,  
ancient and brand new in one,  
seed and fruit in one.

no matter how often you visit earth,  
oh ancient one, you're always brand new.  
you fuse the old and new into one that renews each thing  
all the way back to its source in you.

eternal perfect beloved

the light of oneness casts no shadow,  
neither within the mountain nor under the tree.

no enemy finds cover.  
no deceptive appearance performs its magic.  
no garments create false mysteries.  
no night falls nor winter settles in.  
no cloud comes between.

no horizon cuts across the face of time  
with its cycles of waiting for beginnings and ends.  
never does it dawn, nor does it ever set.

this light of love,  
absolutely unclouded purity brighter than any jewel,  
sparks every illumination in existence.

oh divine love, dazzled by your brilliance,  
we drop our eyes and risk adventures in darkness.



eternal perfect beloved

the world with all its tools and toys,  
mind with all its judgments and comparisons,  
emotions with all their power and passion,  
alas, beloved, they are all bits of dream stuff.

only you persist beyond the awakening of love.  
you are made of love stuff  
from beyond the range of mind's constant divorce  
and emotion's continual reverse.  
even so, you urge us to love the world  
as your own personal game,  
the tool of your imagination.

you say, love me, love my dream!  
but don't be fooled into taking it for real.  
be a true sufi -- in the dream but not of it.

eternal perfect beloved

even the slightest stirring of the all-pervading ocean  
whips up the bubbles of aphrodite's beauty  
and oneness is lost in desire.

worlds in all their loveliness arise  
in this foam of longing and this thrill of beauty  
that captures one's favor.

fleeting worlds in creation shift and flow  
like whitecaps on ocean waves.

eternal perfect beloved

i row with a pair of these shapely branches,  
oars that move ships.

one of them like a handle on the ocean  
steers a ship in its progress  
from the near shore of manyness  
to the far shore of oneness.

as i journey beyond ocean,  
i carry a single one on my shoulder,  
the oar of only love,  
which winnows seed from chaff  
on the breath of the mountain.

eternal perfect beloved

the whole of life distracts the pilgrim  
on the way to divinity.  
every focus of attention other than god  
hides god -- art, science, religion, business, family.

the pilgrim travels from hiding place to hiding place,  
first as numerous as rain drops,  
then less numerous and deeper  
like streams of attention  
moving in specific directions.

distractions themselves carry the pilgrim  
toward the goal as attention grows deeper  
and gains momentum.  
they hide the goal,  
yet they also provide the vehicle for finding it.

the pilgrim sweeps along in a few great rivers  
destined to wash his eyes in waves of revelation  
as they enter the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
where no distraction exists.

the very hiding places of god prove to be  
his picaresque theater of revelation.

eternal perfect beloved

a morning of mankind dawns in your dream,  
which is the world's everyday reality.  
the alarm clock rings in rifle shots, rockets  
and the rage of car bombs on crowded streets.

startled and disoriented  
mankind fumbles for the off button.  
the first beams of morning sun  
penetrate cracks between drawn curtains  
and touch the wall with nearly painful brightness.

oh beloved awakener, you create this clock  
to insure that we not miss the morning,  
and you are yourself the off button we fumble for.

we struggle against the weight of sleep,  
inviting sunlight into the swarm of fragments  
and half-forgotten fantasies in our brains.

by your grace, beloved, we awaken  
and flex in the cool enthusiasm  
of morning mind on a day of freedom.

eternal perfect beloved

you author every drama, no matter whether tragic or comic,  
which plays in the theater of space and time,  
and you act every rôle yourself.  
you observe the performance through tears and laughter,  
and applaud or boo as you wish.

you write reviews and interpret the text  
in learned journals.  
much to my surprise i learn that all dramas,  
despite their enormous variety,  
have the same theme  
and could as well have the same name, who am i?

one group of plays deals exhaustively  
with the discovery or rather development of the theater.

a second group examines the full range  
of possible productions,  
making generous use of every capability  
offered by the theater.

the third group goes backstage to expose  
the entire workings of the theater,  
and dismantle it so to speak right down  
to its first laid cornerstone.

eternal perfect beloved

you beyond-mind who divide yourself on the edge of mind  
so that you can see and hear yourself  
in the space-time image of mind's mirror,  
you watch the parade of yourself moving  
to the cadence of cause and effect.

you allow love to take up arms on both sides.  
you sing and dance the world's entertainment everywhere.

eternal perfect beloved

you give us the gift of seeing you  
in your indescribable simplicity  
beyond the borders of mind,  
and knowing you in your inexhaustable complexity  
within the continuously falling apart realm  
of mind's creativity.

nothing can be added to or subtracted from  
your unthinkable simplicity.  
anything and everything can be added to  
and subtracted from your fascinating complexity  
of creative activity.

not even so much as a shadow of daily life exists  
in your pure, undivided oneness,  
but your infinite love allows us to divide you  
into our countless desires and satisfactions  
and our innumerable fears and sufferings.

in that playful space,  
which is after all an illusion  
that maya fools us into accepting as solemn reality,  
please allow me to give you a gift in return:  
that i live the truth of your loving simplicity  
at all times,  
even while waxing and waning with maya  
in the seductions of everyday illusion.

to see you means nothing if i can't also please you  
by inviting you to participate  
in every activity of my day.

eternal perfect beloved

from bedrock reality in the oneness of only love  
torrents of radiant eternity cascade  
into the shadowfree heart,  
and further flow into the physical world  
through the abdomen nurtured in love's discipline.

just as reality's divine oneness cannot be divided,  
so illusion's apparent manyness  
cannot really be divided.

love wills to live the life of indivisibility.  
love thrives on indivisible truth.  
love loves the indivisible.



eternal perfect beloved

the colorful weavings of opposites  
drape over your real form  
like the clothes of an emperor.

you are the very first to point out and insist  
that you are in fact naked.  
despite the shocked face of our protests,  
we continue to appreciate the details  
of fine weaving and tailoring.

what stunning mountains and fruitful valleys!  
what gorgeous dawns arise out of star black night!  
what symphonies of speech and song!  
oh beloved, even a child rejoices in the beauty  
and functioning of your imperial garments.

only profound foolishness, then,  
can accept your senseless words.  
what a bolt of sudden wonder  
to see the truth of your indescribable nakedness!

i was constantly clothing you with my eyes  
while you laid aside every new suit with loving patience  
and invited me to look directly at you.  
meanwhile i clothed myself also  
with odds and ends left over from your fabrics.

oh beloved, the moment i saw your nakedness  
i discovered my own, and for the first time  
i giggled with true innocence.

you are the immeasurable light of oneness  
clothed in the costumes of three worlds.  
each costume is tailored from fabrics  
woven of conscious and unconscious threads.

you parade these dazzling suits in public  
before the admiring eyes of everyone.  
you also plant those few among the crowds  
who scandalize everyone by insisting  
that you are naked.

fashion parades in fancy cuts and colors.  
all are dressed in unreal garments  
which hide the essential truth of selfhood.  
only the true emperor is naked  
without a stitch of fashion to hide behind.



eternal perfect beloved

all is you,  
even these thoughts  
projected on the screen of consciousness.  
you cannot be hidden anywhere  
because you are the hiding place and the disguise as well.

since you set your footprint on my heart  
i am contented seeing you and longing to see you.  
both have their characteristic sweetness.  
longing is another of your many disguises.

since your inner appearance dawned in my consciousness,  
i'm knowledgeable in the abc's of your divine language  
which fits so poorly into human words.  
your simplicity evades human meaning.

absolute one-and-only-one  
with whom there is no other to compare,  
suppose we compare christ with krishna  
or buddha with muhammad?  
your bodies are all made of comparisons  
but your love remains untouched  
by shifts of time and place.

how can i choose, beloved, when your song  
enchants me equally in arabic, sanskrit and greek?  
oh thanksgiving heart, welcome the singer of silences.

eternal perfect beloved

morning concert on the city street --  
vehicles accelerate glissando through the gears.  
horn jazz cuts to the bone of silence.

your silence is not the silence which mind knows  
when it pushes away all sound.  
yours is original and ever unbroken,  
the silence which mind experiences only in deep sleep.  
all sounds which arise in you  
are in fact only variations of silence.

compared to your silence, your sound,  
which is the sound of all worlds taken together,  
amounts to less than a pin-drop.

above the teachings of the prophets  
and the singing of the angels  
in the stillness of impeccable bliss,  
you seal the whispering lips of mind  
with the kiss of unthinkable silence.

TRNA  
11/07/94

eternal perfect beloved

you reveal your presence by a silence  
so deep and profound as never to be broken.  
never a hint or echo or even a shadow of sound  
ever enters the mountain of solid rock silence  
to which the worlds cling like shallow caves.

no tools or techniques of noisy busy mind  
can chew or chop their way into your silence.  
no beam of curiosity can shine in there.  
no stone tossed into your silence  
every reports contact with the bottom.  
sooner the stone itself dries up  
like a drop in the sun than it find bottom  
in your unlimited sky of silence.

asking to see you is like asking to hear silence.  
only your silence waits with infinite patience  
for the end of speech, listening to every word.  
and in fact, beloved, only your silence speaks.  
the significance of any syllable  
and its only real message is your silence  
that it struggles against in its short life.

you announce your arrival by a living silence  
that participates in every sound in existence  
from the om of creation and the ah of sustenance  
to the hum of dissolution.  
your eternal silence, beloved, can only be lived.

eternal perfect beloved

the moment one speaks,  
a veil of fantasy falls over truth.

all speaking tongues fork like the serpent's,  
saying only half truths,  
separating cause from effect,  
hiding oneness behind a screen of flashy contrasts.

you are truth, oh all-pervading beloved,  
which cannot be assembled or taken apart  
into befores and afters, edges and middles,  
or any other partially exclusive concepts.

you are as big as silence and as small as sound.

eternal perfect beloved

in the silence beyond every distraction  
of man and machine,  
you call your lovers with a song.

those who hear you, sit in rapt charm  
like the fully absorbed face of lord buddha.  
in this everpresent silence  
attention moves behind mind's temporary meanings,  
far from the incoming deliveries of sensual information.  
with such a subtle melody krishna summons his gopis.

your immeasurable silence, like dreamless sleep,  
reveals the face of reality itself,  
at once unspeakably empty  
while at the same time the source, cradle  
and inescapable participant in all fullness.

oh beloved, see that!  
even the concept of silence  
doesn't describe you properly  
since it calls to mind the duality of silence and sound.  
your real face lies in unity beyond all duality.

we might as well search for you  
in the squeals of children at play  
or the whistling rumble of landing airplanes.  
you clothe yourself there too  
in your inescapable omnipresence,  
but your real form, your naked beauty,  
is the shape of undisturbed silence.

eternal perfect beloved

everything lies within you  
and you are found everywhere,  
yet you have no size at all.

space spins out of every creature  
according to its own dimensions,  
so convincing and solid  
that the mouse can't imagine  
where the bird goes in winter,  
and the farmer wonders  
over the astronomer's numbers.

eternal perfect beloved

oh light without shadow,  
when i first heard that you would come to earth  
in a form that casts no shadow,  
my mind was baffled and i imagined you  
appearing in some kind of transparent glass body  
that allows light to stream through.

now, by your grace, i meet you  
and discover that your human body,  
though beautiful far above the ordinary  
and radiant with its own inner light,  
casts a shadow just like other human bodies.

but the light you bring,  
the radiance that shines in your face,  
that illuminates your words and gestures,  
the heart-light that pours from your forehead and crown,  
this light casts no shadow.

rays of this light wipe away shadows.  
they pass through the densest substance,  
penetrating and illuminating the darkest shade.

i recognize you as the one long ago promised  
by buddha, by christ, by muhammad.  
oh incomparable one,  
no shadow remains in your brilliance.

eternal perfect beloved

oh light of oneness that shines without shadow  
from every thing and being in creation,  
you are the ocean of love in which all creation floats  
like vishnu in the ocean of kindest milk  
from the breast of mother's care.

mind can come to the beach  
but cannot swim in the ocean of oneness.  
one drop swallows the entire vast complex  
of mind's creation.

humans fish around for you in beauty and grief  
without recognizing the net of conditionings  
that determines their cause and effect bondage.

all creation floats in your heart  
like planets in space.



eternal perfect beloved

who am i to put my foot down  
on one side or another of an obvious duality,  
or take my stand on good or bad  
when in fact all are you?

if i must project a point of judgment in the fantasy  
of being separate,  
then whatever unveils my closeness to you is good  
and whatever supports my fantasy of separation is bad.

you live your life through every sentient being.  
what's good for every being is good for you.

oh beloved, in the myths of india you are an ocean  
of purest mother's milk.  
a drop of your ambrosial ocean  
lifts the lover to immortality.

rain your ocean on mankind, beloved,  
and break the spell of separation.  
all the world's oceans taste bitter with the salt  
of tears shed for false values  
and loveless conventions.

as beautiful as buddha, as loving as christ,  
as playful as krishna and courageous as ram,  
as intelligent as zarathustra, as noble as muhammad,  
oh beloved, no flattery touches your heart.

only by pleasing you in the way i live my daily life  
can i enter your company, embrace you and melt in love.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the point the pendulum of breath hangs from  
as it swings back and forth  
in response to the push and pull of duality.

by the power of your imagination  
you fashion the entire creation  
from nothing other than only love.

you bestow blessings in the ocean  
whose still water purifies itself  
in apparent waves, tides and currents of only love.  
you bind them and free them in drops and floods.

you just put your hands together palm to palm  
and all three worlds drown in the total vacuum  
of absolute oneness in the ocean of only love.

eternal perfect beloved

i'm an illusion.

you are real.

no escape from illusion for me.

every me can be no more than a shadow of you,  
all-pervading ocean of only love.

as all dualities, contrasts, separations are swallowed up  
in the indivisible oneness of only love,  
you and i join in one, beloved.  
all my smallness evaporates in your almighty truth,  
far more intimate than marriage or the physical embrace.

oh glue of illusion's ragged parts,  
in the creative profusion of our imagination  
we day-dreamed divorces, other lovers and beloveds.  
as one we dream the worlds and the laws which move them.  
lover becomes beloved.  
both disappear in love.

you are the real one living my life.  
i'm the imagined one living it.  
let imagination not interfere with reality.  
let me live my life exactly as you live it.

eternal perfect beloved

i am a leaf on the meher baba tree.  
my beauty serves only to draw attention to you,  
so that a passer-by may say,  
"what a handsome tree, a mighty tree indeed!"  
your roots reach into deepest space  
and your branches cradle earth  
like the nest of a small and fragile bird.

happy am i to be a part of you,  
through the season of foliage, oh beloved,  
and happy am i to send my life into you  
at the end of this season,  
and drop my dry remains as dust at your feet.

eternal perfect beloved

your power is so great that you can kill me dead  
even with the tiny tap tap of valves  
in the heating system.  
they make me crazy with frustration.  
my concentration leaks away in vain struggles  
to locate and remove the source of disturbance.

day after day i trace pipes in the walls,  
following the sound through the system in the cellar  
only to get lost in dead ends.  
i fill my ears with wax. it doesn't help.  
i press them with my palms.

let the system chatter its stupid message.  
i'm conquered, left to die on the battlefield  
of loving you and submitting to your will.

other rooms in the apartment don't suffer this sound.  
why does it tap only in that place  
where i sit to contemplate your beauty  
and enter into the enjoyment of your company?  
why do you send this irritation against our intimacy?

oh beloved, don't hide behind these clicks.  
kill me quickly.  
it's better to die and find you  
than to live in frustrated longing.

eternal perfect beloved

shake me out of these stupidities  
that pull my mind like dough on the baker's table.  
a little sugar makes cake,  
a little salt makes bread.

how long can these pastries  
make themselves look interesting?

eternal perfect beloved

open my skull and let all the birds of opinion  
fly away in flocks like pillars of smoke.

let even the empty cage of skull fly too.  
leave nothing behind but brilliant oneness  
that casts no shadow.

eternal perfect beloved

i'm the biggest hypocrite in the world,  
because beyond a shadow of doubt everything is you,  
and only you really exist.

meanwhile i'm pretending to be me  
acting a rôle in your dream of creation.  
it's a wonderful part, beloved,  
playing your devotee, lover and slave.  
but in reality it's a sham and hypocrisy  
for which i deserve strict reprimand  
and reminder that really nobody and nothing  
can be anything other than you.

absolutely indivisible one,  
prevent me from building false walls for and against  
this illusion of preferring the beautiful to the ugly,  
the clever to the dull.

oh beloved, you are equally in all.  
what meaningless hypocrisy then to accept the important  
and reject the trivial.  
no matter what number i dial, you pick up the phone  
and reply according to the whim of your creative play.

eternal perfect beloved

when i express love for you,  
it's really you loving yourself.  
to whatever degree i'm present,  
i'm a hindrance to your love.

i require to be flushed away  
like filth clogging a pipe.  
your caustic love dissolves me.  
it pushes me out of the way  
like a plumber's snake  
so that your love flows freely.

one thing is clear,  
love must eliminate me.



eternal perfect beloved

emperor xerxes punished the ocean with whips.  
i keep striking myself with hidden aggression  
as if i could beat my heart into love.

holding on to the real you is more difficult  
than standing on a pyramid of ice  
which rises up to a peak  
and disappears into reality.

i don't blame and praise  
but rather my conditioned mind does those things.  
it walks on a carpet of comparisons.

all thoughts are my thoughts,  
not just good thoughts, saintly thoughts, pretty thoughts.  
also all thoughts are not mine,  
not even the good, saintly, pretty ones.  
no thoughts touch who i really am.

the thread of your love guides me  
out of the hall of mirrors.  
judgment falls away.  
both positive and negative lead to you  
who are beyond them.

first priority must be to hold on to you  
in thought, word and deed at all times.  
sink my feet onto the ground, oh beloved,  
and make every step whole and indivisible.  
forgive me this for-and-against mind.

eternal perfect beloved

a brain like scissors and a heart like glue.  
no matter how much i cut and paste  
i never manage to pretty up my sense of inadequacy  
within this open-eyed dream.

i'm like a goldfish in a small bowl.  
the glass looks just like water,  
but somehow i can swim no further.

you watch me with your eye like air everywhere.  
you are only love.  
all my loveless fantasy misses you completely.

eternal perfect beloved

surprising little imagined acts of aggression  
surface in mind like bubbles of poison gas  
percolating through a polluted landfill  
under an innocent and well-manicured landscape.

the beloved experiences insults as well as praise.  
i hold my thoughts not too loose and not too tight,  
the way a jockey holds the reins of a spirited horse.  
i could write a fat book of apologies  
illustrated by engravings of deep embarrassment.  
the beloved promises to bless me even if i curse him.  
my heart cannot help but melt in such love.

i welcome any excuse for remembering you, beloved,  
whether flattering or critical,  
trusting that you much better than i  
remain unseduced by the mind's passion  
for contraries and contradictions.

forgive my little aggressions  
which break into consciousness like a wind of foul gas  
from undigested matter moving through the gut.  
they make meaningless little noises as they pollute  
the space of consciousness for a regrettable moment,  
but they signify nothing.

let me feast on your beauty with both eyes,  
and take in your cool wisdom through both ears.  
oh beloved, let me hold you tight in the hug of both arms.

eternal perfect beloved

my mind says wooing words, like a suitor,  
and sometimes without warning it says hate words  
which knock my heart down like a felled tree  
and leave me wrestling for dear life.

love wins. love always wins.  
the inseparable union of love  
makes liking and hating relevant.  
without love, no polished floor appears  
for the dances of cheek to cheek or fist to fist.

eternal perfect beloved

i call on your forgiveness again and again  
as my rude conditioning continues to assert itself  
with mockery, violence and insult.

i reach out my arms to hug you, instead i hit you.  
i begin with praise and end with insult.  
i burn with shame, wanting only to kiss and please you.

what can you find to love in me,  
oh pacific of loving truth?  
only the honesty of my call for rescue  
as i drown in an ocean full of waves  
that i myself create.

my resistance, like the panic of a drowning swimmer,  
threatens to sink me in a chaos of arms and screams  
broken only by pleading curses.

bring this secret robot out of hiding, beloved,  
with his program for torturing my heart.  
let him sink by the weight of his machinery  
and drown in his own waves.  
without him, i float like vishnu  
in the still ocean of only love.

eternal perfect beloved

remove every desire from me,  
especially those in mind that entangle me in anger,  
and those in body that suck me into lust.

if for some diabolical reason desire must remain,  
let it be only the desire to please you.

you are the king of myself,  
while mind is only the prime minister,  
and body the chief of the armed forces.  
let there be no confusion about who's in charge.

eternal perfect beloved

curse pop into consciousness like gas bubbles.  
sewer smells shock paradise.  
old anger snake across the path.

help me bring this junk out from under the rug.  
help me find the unity in praising and cursing  
that drains away desire and fear.

in reality curses are the same as praises,  
just devices and vehicles for remembering you.  
am i cursing at the bartender  
because he won't give me any more to drink?

no one can deny that i'm already drunk.  
i'm content with this drunkenness.  
i stumble over mounds of dirt  
which i swept under the rug in times past.

eternal perfect beloved

when i raise the glass of love to my lips  
i'm never sure whether the wine  
will be bitter or sweet.

wine embittered by lust makes me just as crazy  
as any ordinary wine sleeping in an empty doorway.

wine sweetened by a drop of the ocean  
makes me guest of honor and the host's best friend.

eternal perfect beloved

those who will arrest you  
must catch the four horizons  
and bind them in one.

those who will interrogate you  
must climb the highest heavenly root  
of the tree whose leaves cover earth.

those who will judge you  
must woo and marry you in silence,  
and consummate the merger in deepest sleep.

eternal perfect beloved

i was losing touch with gratitude,  
falling into carelessness,  
and a kind of disappointment in certain knowing.

but knowing is only the skin of the fruit,  
only the shell of the nut,  
while gratitude is the meat and juice within.

a cocky boy says rude and mocking words  
in the privacy of our inner companionship, beloved,  
like a suitor's little brother hanging around  
the sublime excitement of our breathless meeting.

my heart sings a hymn to the little boy  
whose life exploded in a rain of bombs.  
he remembers war panic and he's still afraid.

oh beloved ocean of only love,  
it's so difficult to see love in bombs  
or make sense out of the kicks of their concussion.  
the world simply bombs its way into domination  
and little boys go up in smoke.

eternal perfect beloved

obviously there's a film festival in the theater,  
and i'm shown moments of great variety  
from melodramas and crazy parodies.  
i have to pay for the ticket with my life.

instead i walk along the quai  
where the rich moor their boats,  
and listen for the sea's invitation.

oh beloved all-pervading ocean,  
you're not amused by these cartoons either.



eternal perfect beloved

i can't win with me!  
when i have a desire  
and you don't give me what i want,  
i get frustrated with you.  
when you give me what i want,  
i get frustrated at myself for having desires.

in both cases, when i come to sit in love with you,  
my heart clouds over and attention sticks there.

if i were not an obstacle in my own way,  
i would be grateful  
both when you deny me and when you indulge me.

in the first case you're wiping away sanskaras,  
and in the second you're giving me a longed-for gift.

oh beloved all-pervading ocean of only love,  
create that soon i get out of my own way.  
drive this dog out of the christchild's manger.

eternal perfect beloved

i call things real that are not real,  
and i treasure worthless falsities.  
fits of doubt and jealousy make me crazy.  
you doctor my insanity with the medicine of oneness.

i try to help you treat me,  
but my mad behavior gets in your way  
and makes it more difficult.  
you have to wait until i tire  
or give some kind of opening you can step into.

a single drop of medicine snaps me out of it.  
and there i stand in my embarrassment,  
my old self again laughing foolishly,  
full of apology and gratitude.

potent medicine, beloved doctor of wholeness,  
brings instant health to the madness of hell.

eternal perfect beloved

the world like a hungry tiger  
eat. me without apology or remorse.

the driver who parks his car on my face eats me.  
the neighbor's aggressive children eat me.  
the confounded bicycle that won't work eats me.  
they chew on me with calm and expressionless eyes.

somewhere in my heart i find a new flank,  
a juicy thigh to throw to the fanged clamp  
of the world's jaw.

when i was a boy playing guns,  
i counted ten and came alive again.  
now as an adult playing tigerworld,  
i count one, or perhaps count one ten times,  
in honor of the tiger's appetite.

actually i'm eating my own leg.  
i'm like the toothless old dog who gums a dry bone  
until finally it becomes tasty from his own blood.

the tiger leaps out of me with a roar of frustration  
and disappears silently into you, beloved,  
without leaving a trace.  
i count on you to swallow the yellow and black striped  
phantom of cars and bikes and kids  
in the omniverous oneness of your indivisible reality.

eternal perfect beloved

how can i be so foolish as to fall  
for your disguise of opposites,  
mistaking your shadow for you?  
i boil with anger when my friend overpowers me,  
and i freeze with icy heart when my enemy embraces me.

i struggle to free myself  
like a dolphin caught in a tuna net,  
but only become more entangled,  
until you, beloved, dissolve the net  
in the universal solvent of your love.

eternal perfect beloved

the world doesn't always play with me  
when i'm ready to play  
and my hands go out in vain.  
sometimes when i'm far from games  
i discover that you amuse yourself in play with me.  
your hand never goes in vain.

the flavor of your play, beloved,  
sweetens the entire ocean  
and cannot be compared with predictable candies  
which soon become too much.

i saw a collection of playboy nudes today  
all deftly air-brushed  
and packaged like expensive chocolates.  
body streams toward that magnetic nakedness  
which conceives the race.

today my wife went out  
and i snuggled with the odes of rumi instead,  
discovering only on the last page  
that today is rumi's "wedding night."

your nakedness, beloved, appeals to purity of heart  
the way the sun lifts vapors up to pristine clouds  
from which life-giving rains spring.

rumi says that language is like a tailor shop  
where nothing fits.  
i say that your play reminds me of a tube sock.  
one size fits all.

eternal perfect beloved

maya pinches me between the tools of man and woman.  
every direction i turn brings me face to face  
with another bar in duality's narrow cage.

you hide behind the fastmoving screen of fantasy.  
i remember and forget you countless times a minute.

you sit on my neck like a rock.  
you are the entire ocean.  
surely you can dribble a single drop on me.  
my head opens like a barnacle.

eternal perfect beloved

do not cling to any opposite, you say.  
cling only to the daaman of the godman  
which is the hem of indivisible truth, love and bliss.

neither suffering nor pleasure are whole.  
ultimately both disappear into undivided oneness.  
why live life with the goal of minimizing one  
and maximizing the other?

the very nature of the world is conflict.  
its very essence is division, separation.  
real peace, then, lies beyond the created world.

unity underlies every duality in existence,  
so plentiful, so everywhere and omnipresent  
as to form an ocean of unities throughout the creation.

oh beloved ocean, drown my contradictions  
in your everlasting oneness.  
in every moment of time's imagined movement,  
let me eternally live  
the all-pervading ocean of only love.

eternal perfect beloved

come back to reality, you say.  
climb out of the mud of misunderstanding  
that grasps the feet and sucks them even deeper  
into endless defense and accusation.  
grab the daaman overhead.

the moment i touch the hem of the master's garment  
the swamp becomes a river with firm banks  
carpeted in the soft grass of his love  
and warmed by truth.

i clean my feet in the stream,  
wash my legs, scrub my clothes.  
i lay back on the meadow and dry out in the sunshine,  
enjoying the song of water  
winding its way back to all-pervading oneness,  
back to the indivisible truth of only love.

i sweep into you the way floodwaters  
surge down a riverbed and disappear  
into the ocean when a dam breaks.

eternal perfect beloved

i am a manifestation of your manifestation.  
your creative life in form must unfold  
through every detail in creation.

frightened, i hold back your full manly expression  
while the apprentice becomes journeyman  
and takes up the tools of mastery.  
he tries their weight, tests their fit in the hand,  
and perceives the purpose of each,  
marveling at their potential for accomplishment.

who will do this if you don't and if i don't?  
who are we waiting for?  
we waited for you, kept vigil for you,  
watched our calendars like clocks.

you came to teach the ways of duality.  
you came to establish the majesty of divine rule.  
you came to transform work and action into love.  
you came to enlighten those overwhelmed by karma.  
you came to give love to the loveless.  
you came to give law to the lawless.

we wait for ourselves,  
holding our inadequacy out in front of us  
like some stinking chicken gut we can't let go of,  
counting on you to take it away.

now you arrive in order to awaken sleeping mankind  
from its dream of false awakesness.  
the light of real apocalypse dawns every day  
in our awakening a bit more today than yesterday.

in this love-fractal of a world  
the pattern of a single day gives the model  
for a year, for a lifetime,  
and for the whole cycle of a soul  
out from god and back to god.



eternal perfect beloved

without your love, i would only lie  
on the ground of your creation  
like a dried root without life.  
i could never find my way to the trees  
that blossoms as the oak of your sturdy body,  
the fragrant rose of your heart,  
and the laurel of your luminous mind.

heart overflows with gratefulness,  
filling the sky with a rain of sweet tears.  
you dissolve the planetary hardness  
of my devotion to ego's choices.  
you open the sky and pour kindness.

a single seed unfurls gardens of differences.  
it blossoms in space without latitude or longitude,  
and harvests in time without past or future.

the integrity of divine oneness  
appears to divide hundreds, thousands, millions,  
an infinite number of times.  
oh truth of indivisibility, you remain always only love.

in reality love has no opposite.  
in illusion love's opposite is manyness  
experienced as separation and indifference.

the joy of your love runs through my veins as life itself.  
without it i would die.  
only love melts bindings out of mind and sets life free.

clear out every cloud and shadow  
from the heart of love for you.  
let no darkness hide in your brilliance.  
let no clouds form in the unlimited sky of your love.

you love me more than i can love myself  
and i must respond to love with love.  
i can't help asking you for more.  
let me greed and lust only for more love.

eternal perfect beloved

a golden rain of gratitude falls into my heart,  
watering seeds of love.  
they come alive, awakening a longing  
to live a life of love in thought, word and action.

living love means not getting discombobulated  
in any deadend duality as if it were real.  
living love means stepping over all lines  
of false challenge,  
giving all to please the beloved.

living the union of dualities in the indivisible one  
requires total extinction in self,  
complete surrender of false individuality  
to the one real individual,  
total sacrifice of the temporary to the eternal.

some part of me protests and takes distance  
with a violent gesture  
which creates no among the rushes of yes.

love dissolves bindings in mind.  
when anger flows into the heart,  
it becomes compassion.  
when aggression flows into the heart,  
it becomes the urge to give comfort.

the moment pride enters in,  
even virtues become karmic burdens.  
only love cuts through the protests of "me too!"  
love itself is the beloved.

eternal perfect beloved

i throw myself into the ocean of oneness  
and merge in the beyond words of unity.

my pen becomes the universal heart  
writing love on all the imagined walls in creation.

not even a speck of dust remains  
to testify where they stood.

eternal perfect beloved

thoughts pass dreamily by  
like fish swimming through a tropical sea  
or like a visit to an aquarium  
where the same fish circle around  
in one's field of vision.

when i go home, i don't take the fish with me.  
nor do i assert that this is my aquarium,  
and these my fish.

your mind, beloved one, like the sea of space,  
swims with stars and planets.  
you touch and penetrate all creatures  
exactly the way water surrounds  
and flows through sea creatures.

vast human oceans loom no larger for you  
than a fishbowl on the corner of your desk,  
just as giant stars appear to humans  
as mere pinpoints of twinkling light.

in reality you have no size.  
whoever says that you're vast is right  
but lost far away in your endless imagination.  
whoever says you're minuter than a quark is right too  
but equally lost.

in reality one step completes the road to you.  
a second step brings one to the outermost reaches  
of wailing and teeth-gnashing in darkness.

eternal perfect beloved

you turn the key of love that unlocks the heart,  
throwing it open to the warmth of seven shining suns.  
some say the heart bursts.  
some say it melts.

when the beloved joins the lover,  
longing ceases and the heart overflows,  
flooding the entire creation  
with the all-pervading ocean of only love.

eternal perfect beloved

let words of only love flow,  
beloved all-pervading ocean of only love,  
like rain-bearing clouds  
which blow over dry land delivering life damp.  
your world withers without you.

words draw us into ignorance,  
giving the impression that you are absent  
and must be carried in from elsewhere.  
in truth the ocean is everywhere,  
like juice in an apple.

just give us eyes to see the clouds of love  
blowing across the omnipresent beach  
of all-pervading ocean.  
let us taste the sweetness of your grace.

beloved, our thirst grows acute,  
like a man beside a well without a rope or pail.

eternal perfect beloved

oh unbegun and never-ending one,  
a niagara of love pours into my heart.  
the unity of your love frees my head of shadow.

ultimate knowledge is the science of oneness,  
where every duality admits its deeper unity  
and evaporates in your nuclear fusion.

wherever love flows, it reaches you.  
suffering and joy come together  
in the unity of cause and effect.  
wherever you go, you step on yourself  
and move through yourself like a blast of wind.

imagination displays the creation in consciousness  
through the om point of indivisible oneness.  
you self-create, self-perpetuate  
and self-destruct simultaneously.  
light devours darkness while darkness feeds on light.



eternal perfect beloved

here you are in your unspeakable indivisibility.  
how can i ignore you and amuse myself  
with the rising and falling of imagination?  
i can't erase the features of reality from my heart,  
beloved, nor be satisfied with appearances,  
no matter how shapely or glamorous.

thoughts fly through the mind  
like birds in flocks moving together.  
feelings swim through like fish in schools.

media images stuff the mind fat on party snacks  
that reenter consciousness in moments of quietude  
like onion burps, cucumber belches  
and sudden cola burns in the nose.

despite streams of pollution in consciousness,  
nothing can pollute the real ocean.  
the oneness of only love runs through even the garbage.

the surface of a lake reflects  
the passage of the sun and moon and stars,  
as well as every cloud which drifts overhead,  
but the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
has no surface, no reflection.

dream garbage disappears in awakening.

eternal perfect beloved

indivisible oneness enters into duality  
in order to catch our attention  
and draw it out of its limitations,  
first into the all-pervading ocean of only love  
and finally into the very heart of the beloved.

only love lifts the heart over the head  
where ultimate truth resides in the beyond  
and beyond beyond states of the divine beloved.

without your love, oh compassionate one,  
we could never shift attention or lift solutions  
out of the massive chaos of three dual worlds.



eternal perfect beloved

duality provides a window on unity,  
a place where unity in its infinite oneness  
can be observed and appreciated  
through the endless play of its infinite variety.

by itself unity cannot be seen  
any more than the eye can see itself,  
but in the infinite abundance of opposites  
which appear to arise from unity  
and barely clothe its oneness  
in varieties of contrasts,  
oneness can be perceived and enjoyed  
in an infinite number of ways.

the garments of duality  
with which unity clothes itself  
hide nothing from the eye of unity.  
all are utterly transparent.  
unselfconscious oneness shows itself  
both clothed and naked at once.

eternal perfect beloved

everything streams out of you  
like rays of light from the sun.

just as those rays are invisible  
while passing through space,  
becoming visible only when they illuminate something,  
you are invisible until you show yourself  
in the form of dualities.

eternal perfect beloved

just as sunrise reminds us of sunset,  
noon points to midnight,  
and a drop of rain conjures up an ocean.

you're always in attendance, beloved,  
in your indivisible oneness,  
speaking a language of parts  
in order to communicate the whole.

if we were chopped into tiny bits  
and scattered in the four directions, like osiris,  
we would never cease to be one beyond gain and loss.  
never would we go away and never would we return.

all remain ever one with you, beloved,  
in spite of impressions to the contrary.

what flights and falls of imagination!  
they reach the mountain's summit  
and plunge to the ocean depth  
while seated securely on your lap like a loved child.

eternal perfect beloved

morning cuts darkness into the appearance of manyness  
gathering itself as worlds  
within the reality of indivisible oneness.  
you urge heart to love the worldly appearance  
as well as the divine reality.

you coax and pull blossoms of love out of heart  
just as the sun draws flowers out of a green stem.  
you make a busy garden of my heart,  
where fruits distill the flavors of their juice.

i salute you in my heart, you, myself and others  
indivisibly one,  
not re-joined by love, but eternally inseparable  
in love's monolith.

eternal perfect beloved

we co-dream your creation, or better yet,  
you dream your creation through us.

you dream the forest  
through the eyes of the bear and the elk  
and through the solar eyes of the leaves themselves.

you dream the city through the eyes of the taxi driver  
and the heavily lidded eyes of concrete and steel.

you dream desire through the eyes of newly weds,  
and despair through the eyes of the unfortunate.

you dream the rhythm, the drum, the drummer's hands  
and the dancer's feet.

you dream the mother's love and the baby's need.

you dream victory through the eyes of the soldier,  
and surrender through the eyes of the saint.

you dream beauty through the flower's eye.

in all creation, beloved, nothing can be found  
outside your dream.

only in the single eyes of the perfect ones  
do you wake up from dreaming and show us the real dreamer.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the dreamer whose dream we live in,  
and you are the spark of reality  
within the dream of each of us.

when the energy of attention doesn't flow out  
through the senses into worldly life,  
it acts within consciousness to create  
the subtle experiences of dream life.

oh awakener, wake us up from the thralldom of sleep.  
you're like an alarm clock ringing with real silence  
in the midst of the day's imagined noise.

when you awaken us from our dream,  
we awaken also from your dream.

eternal perfect beloved

einstein made us see that matter is in fact energy,  
and developed our grasp of the consequences of relativity.  
now we await the great scientist who will make us see  
that energy is in fact mind,  
and will develop our recognition of the consequences  
of indivisible unity that swallows relativity  
like sky swallows smoke and ocean swallows rivers.

you always maintain a presence here in relativity,  
beloved, in major and minor forms,  
as well as your constant formless presence  
in the absolute unity underlying relativity.

the world struggles  
in the pollution of nuclear darkness.  
imagine the bombs jesus could construct  
with his great powers,  
or the electricity pythagoras could generate with his!

you promised to return as a great scientist in 700 years.  
oh beloved, don't make this world wait so long  
to wake up from this dream of relativity,  
and perceive the light of unity that swallows the sun  
as easily as the sun swallows the light  
of even as many candles as there are stars in the sky.

please wake us now.

eternal perfect beloved

when you turn the pages of the book,  
the dance of meaning sparks from word to word.  
one word illuminates all others.  
one book replaces the entire library.

just a single ever so slight gesture  
of communication from you  
makes the tragedy in life  
over into the silliest humor of honest comedy.

in a moment of sparkling awake,  
you play your divine leela.

eternal perfect beloved

mind projects the creation in space and time.  
clearly then all sciences --  
physics, chemistry, biology, mathematics, mechanics --  
all in their various ways study mind.  
they elucidate the properties of mind's projections,  
which after all are not different from mind itself.

social and psychological sciences  
turn attention to less concrete aspects of mind,  
group and individual behavior and archtypes.

spiritual sciences -- vedic, sufic and mystical --  
directly study mind  
in order to perceive its nature and functioning  
as the creative projector of cosmic illusions  
of matter within space, motion within time,  
and energy within cycles of return.

spiritual understanding awakens love  
for the one reality beyond illusion,  
and frees mind from identification  
with the limitations of cosmic illusion.

eternal perfect beloved

everything in creation comes into form within self,  
exercises the options of form  
and passes out of form within self,  
exactly like a dream within the mind of a sleeper.

in reality self is the immeasurable depth  
of deep dreamless sleep  
in which dreams arise at the urging of laws  
beyond the grasp of intellect.

whenever self vibrates with the question "who am i?"  
dreams appear to reply in subtle and solid forms.



eternal perfect beloved

oh oneness at work everywhere in stillness,  
you comb the wild fibers of impressions  
into a woolly mass of memories,  
and spin them into threads of sense.

you twist strands of meaning from the threads,  
and lay up yarns of truth from the strands.

with the shuttle of your name  
you weave these long yarns  
on the nirvanic loom of absolute oneness.

you stretch them and lay them together in patterns  
that reveal wholeness,  
like laertes' shroud woven by penelope  
as she waits for odysseus to return from war.

each night she unravels her threads  
of patient sorrowful suffering  
to begin anew next morning.

thus unity appears within duality,  
unraveling illusion's pattern of cause and effect,  
which weaves the three worlds  
and binds attention in them.

eternal perfect beloved

men and women consistently fail  
to hear the song of your praise.  
some hear it as quaint and poetic,  
suited only for flights of doubtful fancy.

a few catch the thread of truth  
and follow it like ariadne's guidance  
to the exit from mind's labyrinth.

an occasional individual hears  
the eternal song of silent praise  
that hymns you so faithfully  
it cannot be distinguished from you yourself.

eternal perfect beloved

oh constant and continual renewal of the ancient one,  
although we are fish in the all-pervading ocean  
we behave like lizards  
in the dune sand of dry deserts.

let's bathe in this water that washes away  
both the terrifying and satisfying aspects  
of a real ocean with imaginary waves  
and a total fantasy world of islands and mainlands.

manifest yourself, oh beloved, to a dreaming world  
as the truth of oneness that awakens light in shadows,  
the all-pervading ocean of only love.  
you are the ocean, the ship and the captain too.

eternal perfect beloved

the main work is to bring back into the heart  
all those who have wronged one,  
all those whom one cannot love.

when the heart is clear  
mind soars free over defenses and desires  
to the nirvanic sky of divine oneness.

the pure light of love shines without shadow,  
beyond the reach of imagination or thought  
in the total silence of breathless oneness.

all the concerns of mind  
with their ongoing restlessness  
move like shape-shifting clouds in the immaculate heaven  
of reality's indisputable oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

this flower of love, this creation  
pulls apart into opposites longing for each other  
behind the appearance of fear and aggression.

this multi-petaled rose of creation  
catches the eye in a net of color  
and casts a spell over the nose,  
while it tears at the fingers that grip it.

oh love, you are the indivisible union  
in which opposites gladly obliterate each other.

oh lover, let every shred of flesh be stripped away.

oh beloved, more! more! more!  
until your enchantment wipes out everything  
except your beauty bursting the limits of my heart.

eternal perfect beloved

everything in creation makes a show  
of turning its back on its mate,  
while they secretly embrace each other  
and whisper your name almost inaudibly.

only real lovers can hear it  
over the shouts and threats of normal intercourse.

eternal perfect beloved

of course real love looks shockingly different  
from media portrayals of love.

i'm stunned that the world exactly as it is,  
suspended in the ocean of only love, is real love.

the media hint about disappointment and struggle in love,  
but they didn't prepare me to accept suffering as love.

nobody ever mentioned that the bitterest pain  
one day becomes the sweetest drop in love's cup.

just as it is, this six flags luna park tivoli world  
is nothing other than only love.

eternal perfect beloved

whenever we think a thought consciously,  
we unconsciously create the opposite of that thought.

whenever we speak a word,  
we silently speak its opposite in unconsciousness,  
thus creating simultaneously  
both in light and in darkness.

mind becomes choked with thoughts  
like an untended garden overrun with weeds.  
false ego is infinitely unconscious.

thoughts move through your brilliance like shadows,  
beloved.  
real ego is infinitely conscious.

you feed the heart  
through the infinite consciousness of real ego.  
you water the heart's thirst with overflowing abundance  
that melts the ice of ignorance.

eternal perfect beloved

every thought hides half its truth  
like a reversible tapestry  
with opposite designs on each side.  
we may believe this to be front and that back  
or vice versa, this one right, that one wrong.

but you, beloved, permit no hidden truth.  
in the indivisibility of your omniscience.  
you pull the single yarn of my thinking  
which unravels the interlocked stitches  
of mind's colorful dream work.

the joy of indivisible union in oneness  
cascades into my heart  
fulfilling its longing for wholeness in love.

oh single being, thick with all doublenesses,  
like a beehive full of honey guarded by menacing stingers,  
you are forever as busy as a great queen bee  
laying ever more eggs of days full of honey and poison.



eternal perfect beloved

i can't say light. i can't say dark.  
you are the one who holds light and darkness together  
by the opening and closing of your mind's eye.

you are the adamant oneness of reality  
covered over by the projection of soft manyness  
in the divine rem sleep of the sun and moon.

the brilliance of oneness permits no shadow show  
of dark and light forms in stillness or in motion.

the sight of you atomizes the entire creation,  
into droplets of imagination that instantly evaporate  
in the heat of your unspeakable oneness.

source and goal, you are the points of perspective  
behind where the road arises,  
and in front where it disappears in apparent distance.

eternal perfect beloved

enlightenment is the final clear seeing  
of what one has been looking at forever  
with differing degrees of miscomprehension.  
fascination with variety causes one to miss  
the indivisible oneness within and beyond it.

enlightenment means the undeniable realization  
that reality is absolutely indivisibly one,  
and therefore all that which is divisible  
-- matter, energy, feeling and thought -- are illusion.

enlightenment is the unquestionably clear  
perception of the real and the false,  
the direct intuition of the self and its dream.



eternal perfect beloved

without you i'm lonely in a forest of thoughts  
full of black and white machine gun magpies,  
and the naked x's, y's and z's of winter trees.

when you're with me,  
light outshines a million suns.  
no shadow falls on the wildflower moods of maya.  
love niagaras in heart,  
washing it free of suppressed aggression.

no matter how people treat me,  
or how they behave toward each other,  
all in fact express only the many faces and tones  
of love for the great variety of beloveds  
who fill the wide world with allurements  
and the pleasures of union.

eternal perfect beloved

the golden rain of gratefulness  
becomes the river of grace watering the entire creation  
as it returns to the all-pervading ocean of oneness  
through night and day dream landscapes  
of phantoms and fantasy.

in reality you have no time or place for dream.  
you walk without legs, fly without wings  
and think without mind.  
oh supreme oneness, whatever you do, i do.

i find the ocean of oneness  
and give up the duality of asleep and awake.  
can one have a dream about not dreaming?  
i float in the ocean like a wooden alarm clock.

eternal perfect beloved

you say that we have had enough of words,  
enough explanations and instructions,  
and now we must live them.

but you, have you had enough of words,  
enough praise and prayers and thanks  
to fill your fathomless heart?

writing these words is a great gift for me  
that keeps my attention focussed in you,  
a device for constant remembrance.

so what if they don't please men,  
and so what if they fall short in my eyes too!  
oh beloved, pray listen to the real message  
that lies behind words.

eternal perfect beloved

your words nourish the conscious heart  
like breads of palatable love seed,  
as tough and perennial as grass.

oh all-pervading ocean of shadowfree love,  
what shall i say to the world  
and how shall i say it in order most to please you?

each day must have its poem  
and every age its classics.  
to whom can a thanksgiving heart sing truth  
and be heard?



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