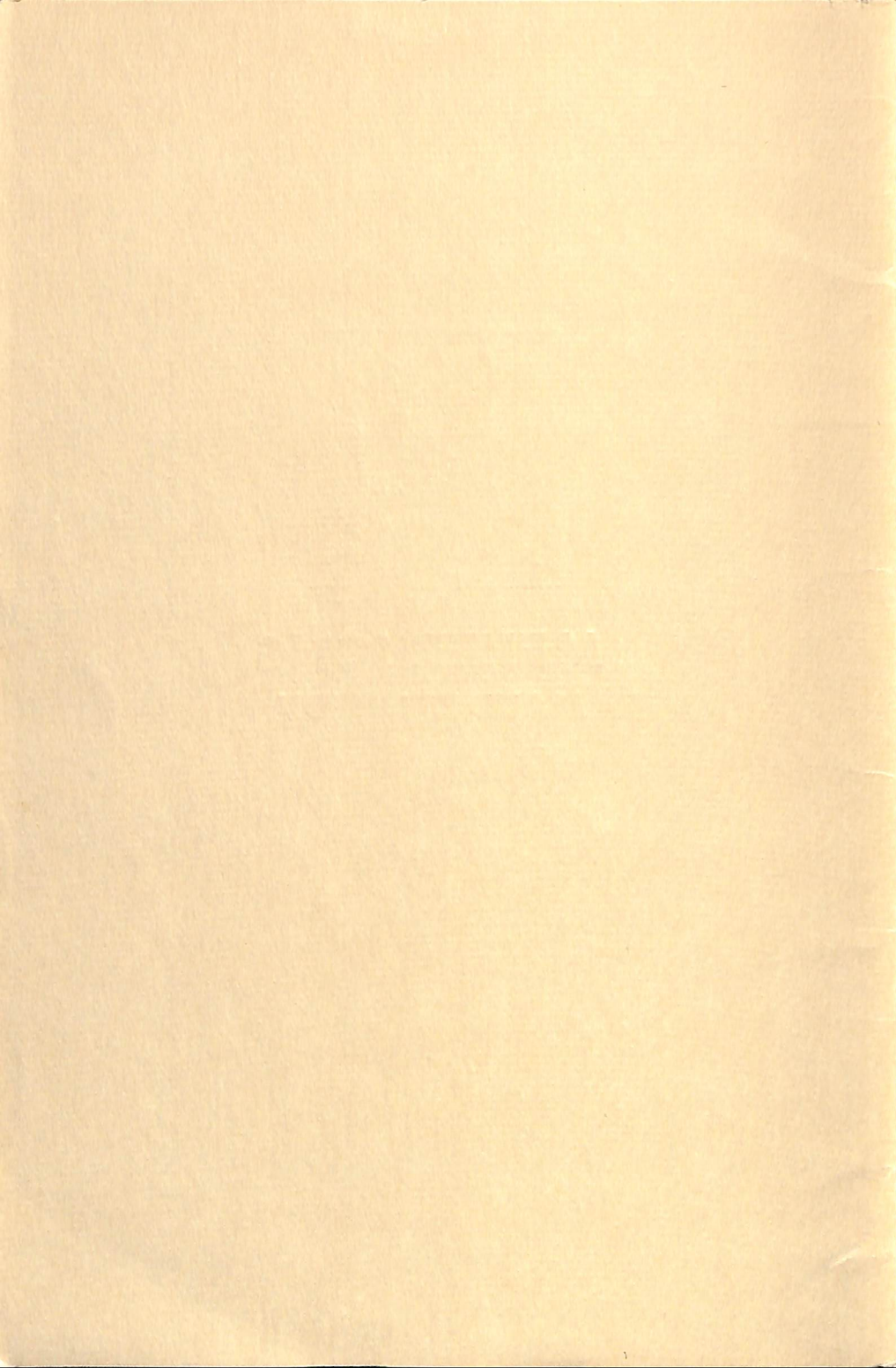


MEHER SONG
MAUD KENNEDY



**To the All-loving One
Meher Baba**

1-700883

Dedicated to the
All-loving One,
Divine
Meher Baba

The mystics are the ever free,
talking a language that no
sane man understands.
Happy to be free, to laugh,
to weep, to dance or sing;
to go their own way.
Happy to love the Perfect
One and carry Him about
as light as a feather
on their hearts.

The Tree of Meher

When the Avatar comes we open
our eyes in surprise.
We see before us a straight and
perfect Tree, rooted in the soil;
it grows so high, its top branches
reach the clouds. As we look,
it keeps growing with protecting
strength; so we, happy at
last, walk under its shade,
astonished to find our friends
already there.

One day we discover the
Tree has grown so high that
all human beings are
sheltering under these
branches and that we
ourselves are the leaves.

The Spark

All knowledge is really knowing
More and more about the Friend,
Closer to us than our imagined selves.
All forgetting is forgetting Reality
And the jewel hidden in the lotus.
Keeping truth and beauty alive
Is keeping ourselves alive.

It is Life that is magical,
Magic of Love made manifest.
Life is a flowering
Out of the seed
Planted by Love.
Hidden in the seed
Is the spark divinely burning.

Meditation

Be calm, be quiet
Be still,
Empty of thought
Without desires
We await Your will.

In the night,
In the day,
Each hour beauty speaks
A word of God.
We await Your will.

Alone and silent,
The body sleeps,
The spirit soars
To-wards the Light.
We await Your will.

Waiting

Poetry has led me to your door
And here I sit waiting.
Long seems the waiting
For time when dark clouds will go,
And those clear features will be seen.
All will know you then,
And truth will be known,
Making night of waiting into day.

What is past and what is gone
Is no more,
What comes we know not nor care,
Since you Bright One will be there,
Only we part and meet again.

Each moment is eternity and now,
Each moment is true for us,
We slip through time unaware
We feel the rain,
Wet as tears falling;
It washes away the past,
It clears the brain,
It warms the heart
It heals the pain of thought,
If we make it so,
Each moment is a work of art.

Sit still

Sit still each day
And think about Baba,
The Father of us all.
When we think of Baba,
Everything else dwindles,
Dwindles into nothingness,
Our busy life is nothing,
He is everything.

The immensity of His Love,
Humility and Power,
The length of His Silence,
The breadth of His understanding,
The depth of His suffering,
The joy of His humour.
Everything else is nothing.
O the quiet Friend,
He is everything.

The Phoenix

Make a heap of your desires and ego
And light it from a spark of the
Great Fire
Love, which burns that heap to ashes;
Then will arise a creature winged,
The Phoenix of your one true Self.

Hidden

When we begin to know
From where we came
And how we grow
Through endless ages
Gaining consciousness,
Through stone and metal
Worm and fish,
A million times reborn,
And how we gain warm blood
By living animal forms,
Building up impressions
And finally a heart.
Yes, a heart that is human,
And so begin to love,
Loving life and mind
And silence,
Souls innermost retreat,

Garland of immortality,
The human stature,
Our strange proud nature:
But finally the intellect
Will have its way
Chasing silence
With its babble.

At first we knew
And were aware
Of holy things,
Wise in spirit;
There never was a time
We were not worshipping,
Or singing praises
Or offering flowers,
Symbols of Perfection,
With dancing feet and arms,
Branches of the holy Tree,
The Tree of Meher
Now full grown.

We have forgotten all
The past that made us
What we are:
Forgotten how to love
Lost sight of the Beloved,
Clutching at straws
And various types of rubbish.
Each one in truth,
Is perfectly aware
Of loss and emptiness,
And each is waiting.
Waiting for God to speak.
Listen to the silence.

We shall hear a "sound"
Through the dark
Chaos of verbosity,
Futility and fear,
The Word born again
Underground is near to blossoming.
Is there not a shadow
Of his coming thro' the jungle,
The Pefect Lotus Flower?
Ask the poet,
Ask the child.
Hidden from the specialists,
Scientists and physicists
And doctors of divinity,
Text books and ticker-tape,
Radio and news-reel.
Hidden by the blanket
Of all-knowing-nothing,
Silence is best for listening.

To the Beloved

You are the sunlight
The moonlight, the starlight,
And in all reflections of brightness
We see You, You only.
Even the seventh shadow
Of Your shadow
Is brightness to us.
Without You
We have no Light.

Remembering

Though in our hearts we have decided
He is our King,
In our inmost heart we sing,
From morn till night we think of Him;
Yet we must put up the barricade of mind;
Insistant Maya rushes in
To block the way with clutter, noise and busyness.

O quiet place within,
How clear like bells ringing
On the necks of pack mules,
By mountain passes bringing
A distant sweet sound,
Blending with the mists of morning,
Coming ever nearer -
Nearer and nearer comes the day
When His voice will be heard
In each heart.

The restless mind of man
Is ever deriding, hiding,
Keeping Him out
Keeping us separated -
Each one alone.
Indeed He gives us all
Enough rope to hang ourselves,
Enough scope for expression:
Only those who forget all else,
Remember Him from morn till night,
Singing His name.

Crumbling Rocks

O Swan flying over the marshes
We hear you!
Words and wordiness are wearily dead,
Dead dogma for us,
All the church bells are dying.
Beauty of form and formalities,
Too long repeated:
Clichés creeping about life clothes moths,
Meaningless mumblings
And simpering sweetness;
Coughing and clearing the throat
For self-conscious attention.
Sleeping and sighing and
Scrambling for money.
O Swan flying over the marshes
Where are you?
The storm winds are rising,
Crashing and crumbling rocks,
Trees stirring and falling,
Suffering and Life are behind you
A menacing silence is coming,
O Swan flying over the marshes,
We await you!

The Wind

Meher is like a mighty wind
that sweeps through the world, silently,
invisibly.

His power and beauty is a very whirlwind
to shake you and make you
and dislodge you from all complacency.

Wrap your cloak tightly about you
or soon you will stand naked
before Him.

And He will whirl you from the ground
swifter than driving snow -
You will pass your life-long companions.
Take one by the hand and bring
him with you -
No time to look back or sigh,
Meher is ahead!

And yet He will kiss the wing of a moth
and leave no trace of His passing.
He will get into every crevice and nook
and nothing escapes Him.
He will find us out wherever we are.

He will lift us and carry us through,
and raise us above all evils;
O Merciful Friend to save us from ourselves!

Holding the hem of His garment He
gently pulls us by a golden thread
till we breathe the very air
of Life and Love.

Who am I?

I am the drop that falls,
I am the road that winds,
I am the winds that blow
And the waves that rise
In me are surging through
And up and over the hills.
The sky is me,
It is expanding
Shining, lightening
Searching out the smallest leaf.
Sinking again, sinking
Into earth beneath the feet
Of the wayfarers.
Our place is low
But we can rise and be awake
And grow and pass on
To a higher sphere.

Omnipresence

You, I take with me,
You I leave here
And You are everywhere,
I, nowhere alone.

Meher Song

What are we but shadows
Following the Sun?
Until we see His radiance
Our race is not begun.
Till we melt the ego
By that dazzling Light
And cast ourselves into the fire
That does not burn;
Surrendering desire,
We catch the glow
And fearless turn,
To mirror it abroad
And bend down low
To find our peace.

Centring the mind
On Him who is our Sun
The All in One,
Delight and purity,
Scatheless, ever free.
Quiet at the feet of God
I spend my day,
Under a blue sky
I sing and pray.

Unity

In this heart is Your home
In this mind take possession
In this body is Your dwelling
In this land are Your children
In this world all are One.

A Child's Grace

Divine Lord
We are your children
One at heart
Loving You,
Thank you for our
Food and drink.

Prayer

Father and Friend,
God of mercy
Live in my heart
Speak through my mouth,
Use my hands and feet
To move for Thee
And do Thy will.
Guide me to Thy feet
Where I am safe
Empty of self
Praising God.

Prayer

Beloved God
I am nothing,
Less than nothing
Dust at Thy feet.
May I think on Thee
Night and day
Purifying mind
Keeping sin away.
Thy servant ever
Will I be.

Father and Friend
Of great mercy
Ever kind;
Raising up all
from deep despondency;
Our hope, our Light,
May our hearts remain
Loving, lowly, contrite
With our Beloved
Remembering Him.

The Friend

Friend of all friends
Sweetness of the soul
Happiness of the free.
Love freely given
And constantly renewed,
Flowing tide of Love
In all directions.
He is the Self within,
The egoless one,
The undeceived,
The wakeful, the watcher
In the dark
While others sleep;
The ever free.

In one bound of joy
We recognise our true Love
And rush into His arms
To float in ecstasy;
Then we kneel
At His feet
And weep and weep
For with Him is more kindness
Understanding, sympathy,
Forgiveness and patience,
Than ever man imagined;
Yet little do we see.
His holy feet are on the earth
His heart in eternity.

Content

I am ready to learn and to grow,
I am alone with the Truth,
I am brave, what is there to fear?
I am strong for God supports me,
I am patient each moment of
eternity
I am able to help when necessary
I am happy swinging in the arms of
God.
I am balanced, keeping mind and
heart equal.
I am complete when I forget my
"self"
I am receptive to each message of
love
I am responsive to all that lives
Enough, I am content.

The Race

I saw a grey cloud, quite small and alone, being blown along by the wind, as if it was trying to keep pace, but was left behind.

I immediately thought, that is the lonely ego in the race for life, imagining it is quite separate and strong by itself.

It is no use to itself, it can do nothing alone. It must race on, blown helplessly by the wind, until it reaches the great cloud -
- a Perfect Master -
then it will merge with the mighty one and receive all the strength powers and glory of the great cloud, no longer small and lonely;
it can now combine with others to drop life-giving rain upon the earth.

Breath of Life

One morning, thinking of
God as the pure Essence
of All things; or as pure
fresh air breathed in to this
dense human frame, filling
it with live qualities,
each moment renewed,
light dawned. The out going
breath - getting rid of
impurities, shaking off
self-assertiveness, aggressive-
ness. Instead of grasping
- giving out - losing
something unwanted.

A little can be lost each
day of self. How much
can we breathe in of
the pure Essence of Life?

Man is a bridge
between heaven and earth,
between spirit and matter.
Like lizards we sleep
and bask in an earthly
dream - unaware that
we are gods - till the
bright arrow shoots and
pierces the heart with
searing pain.

Awake at last we cry out,
"Why? O God, help!"

Immediately something new is given,
a discovery is made;
a door opens to a new
dimension, vibrations change;
something is lost and
something is gained.

We shuffle out of
an old thick coat and
wear a lighter garment;
braver, sweeter, nearer
to freedom with each
shedding - till the
bird flies.

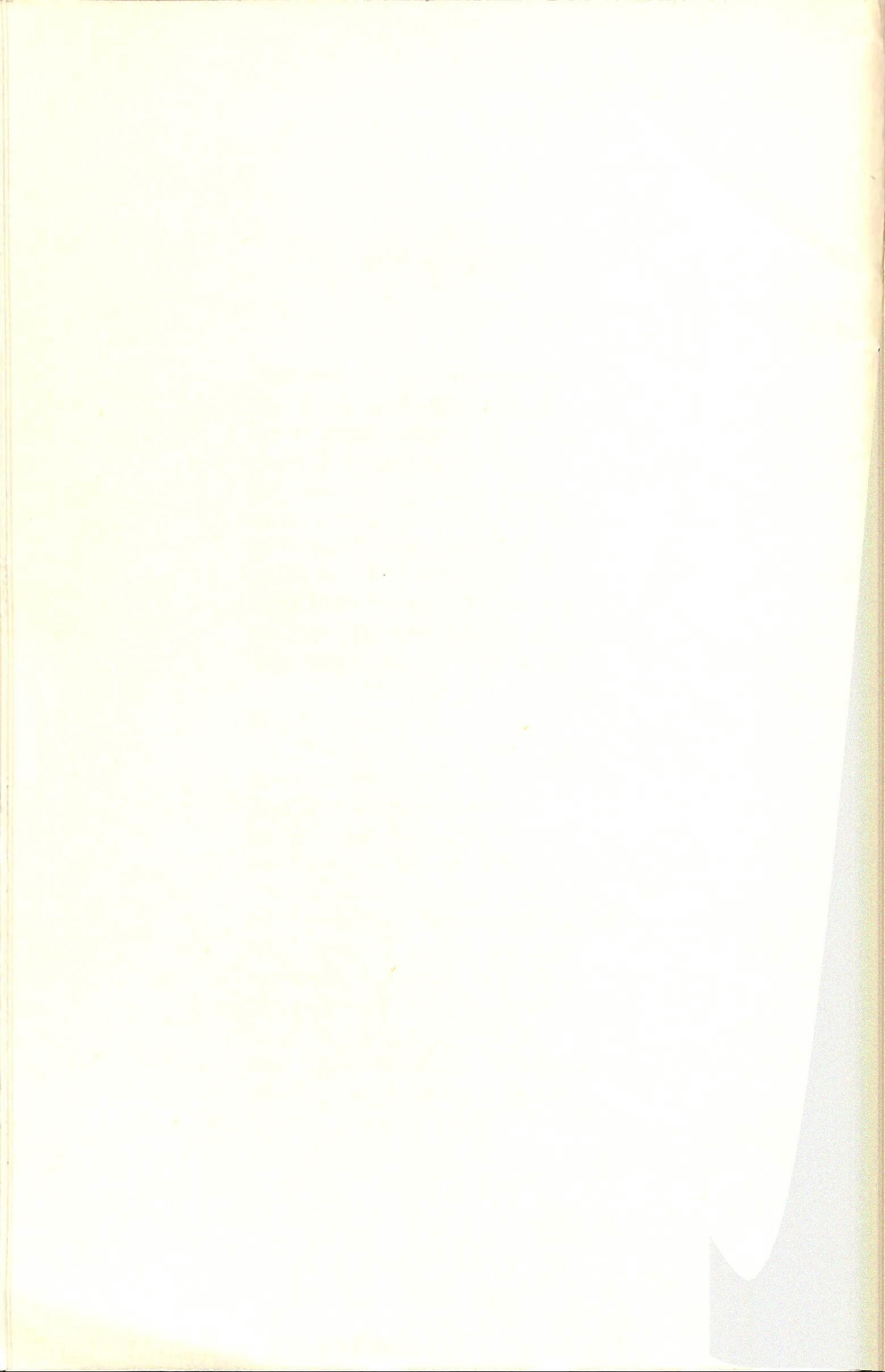
Divinity Within

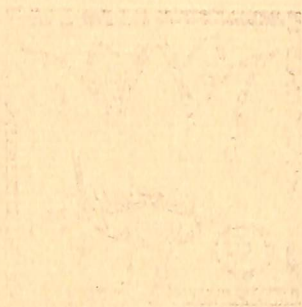
May our minds be open
to the wonderful Truth and
Love which streams out
from You Baba every minute.
May we empty ourselves
clean out of vain self-
interest and be ready to
pick up the strains of
revelation and pure joy
which You the Messenger
are sending out to us.

The harmony of
Your Divine Music is
in the air if we listen
carefully.
Can we be humble and
quiet and silent? This
is wisdom to listen in
silence.

His perfect Love and Truth
will reach us and raise
us step by step to the
heights of liberation.
Only to have faith in
our innermost Self which
is One with Meher Baba.







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