

words

AVATAR MEHER BABA  
P. P. C. TRUST  
COPYRIGHTED BOOKS  
COMPLIMENTARY RECORD COPY

# words

**A collection of poetry written by Baba lovers  
with a foreword by Don Stevens**

**IF MY SILENCE  
CANNOT BE HEARD  
OF WHAT AVAIL  
WORDS**

**Meher Baba**

**Edited by Michael Milburn & Rosemary Harris**

Published by Michael Milburn  
Lanreath  
Cornwall

First impression 500 copies

© the authors

Spring 1974

Printed by Kitty Turner  
Totnes

1-701618

### **Foreword**

Since the beginning of time the adoration of the lover for the beloved has poured forth in special sound and act. Instinctively the lover has recognised the unique ability of the beloved to lead him deeper towards discovery and unity with his own inner self. So, in fact, the outpourings of enchantment are the bewitched cry of anticipation of finding again the lost unity of being for which all of creation yearns.

Unchallenged as the object of love is the Perfect One who willingly takes upon himself the unique crucifixion of setting aside his knowledge of his unity to become a catalyst in search of others for their own identity. The love for this special being who sacrifices his bliss for a while is the content of this collection of poetry. In this instance the name of the Perfect One is Meher Baba. Having once been in his presence, one could do no less than adore him.

**Don Stevens**

# CONTENTS

## Page

|    |                      |  |
|----|----------------------|--|
| 5  | Ruthi Blackmore      | DEAR BABA  |
| 6  | Bob Barton           | TO THE GODMAN ON MEHERABAD HILL                                  |
| 7  | Mike da Costa        | WHO IS MEHER BABA?   |
| 9  |                      | FOR A DYING FISH   |
| 10 | Bill Cunningham      | PLEA TO RETURN : MEHER BABA'S<br>SMILE                           |
| 11 | Govinda              | O! BELOVED   |
| 12 | Rosemary Harris      | BLACK JINGLE FOR BABA  |
| 14 | Robert Hartford      | MEHER NAZAR  |
| 15 | John Horder          | THE INDIAMYSTIC AND THE JAZZ<br>MUSICIAN                         |
| 16 |                      | BABA   |
| 17 |                      | BATHTIME<br>MEHER BABA (1894 - 1969)                             |
| 18 | Maud Kennedy         | HIS NAME   |
| 19 |                      | SILENT CENTRE  |
| 21 |                      | THE TREE OF MEHER  |
| 22 | Kenneth Lux          | OF ALL YOUR QUALITIES, BELOVED,<br>THE ONE THAT AMAZES ME MOST   |
| 24 | Donagh Macguire      | NEW AVATAR   |
| 25 | Francis Martin       | MEHER PHYSIC   |
| 27 | M. Milburn           | THE GARDEN   |
| 28 |                      | GREETINGS  |
| 29 |                      | SILENCE  |
| 30 | Geoffrey Salter      | JAI BABA   |
| 31 | Elsbeth Spottiswood  | TRANSFORMATION   |
| 32 | Craig San Roque      | I AM A GARDEN WHERE TRUE LOVE SLEEPS<br>THE MEASURE OF YOUR SONG |
| 33 |                      | JANUARY 31   |
| 35 |                      | DARSHAN  |
| 39 | Olive Pitt           | EXTRACTS   |
|    | David Alan Roberts   |  |
|    | Hilda Thorpe         |  |
|    | Pat Bowles           |  |
| 40 | Michael J. Lackey    |  |
|    | David the Australian |  |

DEAR BABA

It was the beginning to heaven  
When the sea was washed up  
On our bodies by the sun  
And there seems no end  
to the world when seagulls  
White marble statues  
you shaped from the rocks  
Flow Into Us  
In  
the arms of the waves  
you lie wet and still as sleep.  
I tread lightly in your footprints  
Led by surging light silenced  
By your silence. And we still endure  
The stones beneath our feet remembering  
The Narrow Way.  
And we can hear voices from other shores.  
It is a blessing all this  
O in the name of your name  
And the sun's beating  
And the sea's cry  
It is a blessing  
I am amazed  
And

Ruthi Blackmore

## TO THE GODMAN ON MEHERABAD HILL

In such sand and sea of ochre  
would I be taken and tossed  
as if by some miracle illumined  
would stretch on to greyness  
unknown worlds and universes  
take shape and break form.  
Then with newness that is day  
on distant line a little ship  
with white sail and yellow light  
as if the whole creation was finite  
focus on that ship.  
And there am I in clouds that are  
neither grey nor blue nor anymore  
but ship, O Ship that takes all.

Bob Barton



## WHO IS MEHER BABA?

He's the winking eye in the pyramid on a green one dollar bill  
He's the moment of deep silence when the evening stands quite still  
He's the groove in the centre of a silly little white pill  
He's the gust of warm laughter on the top of a hill

He's the everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

He's the right on in the ghetto and the latest military coup  
He's the baby's piercing cry and its crooked smile too  
He's a zoroastrian hindu muslem buddhist christian jew  
He's the oldest of the old and the newest of the new

He's the everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

He's the order beyond the chaos and the truth behind the lie  
He's the one who paves the way through the jungle to die  
He's the crust on the edge of a steak and kidney pie  
He's the lowest of the low and the highest of the high

He's the everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

7

He's the desperate graffiti on an old crumbling wall  
He's those who've got 'most everything and them with nothing at all  
He's infinitely large and infinitesimally small  
He's the goal the ref the players and even the ball

He's the everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

He's marching with the workers and He's waiting with the chiefs  
He's soaring up with happiness and plunging down with grief  
He's on and in and round the side above and underneath  
He's springs first budding bud and autumn's first red falling leaf

He's the everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

He's the city lights and starlit skies, a light beyond our ken  
He's weaker than the sharpest sword and mightier than the pen  
He'll fill you up with so much love you'll forget to say when  
He's more than a zillion zillion zillion to the power of ten

He's everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

He's a pile of rotting garbage and a leper's festering sore  
He's virtue's maiden aunt and he loves that downtown whore  
He's a miau a quack a moo a hiss a chirp a howl a roar  
if you love Him as He should be loved He'll open up His door

He's the everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

He's the everything you've ever known He's all you'll ever know  
He's the place where everybody will eventually have to go  
He's the head the arm the fingers and the kneecap and the toe  
He's the question and the answer He's the yes and the no

He's the everything  
He's the nothing  
and He loves us  
yes He does

Mike da Costa

#### FOR A DYING FISH

when the tide comes in  
swim both ways at once  
and be born again

Mike da Costa

PLEA TO RETURN  
MEHER BABA'S SMILE REMEMBERED

Your smile was night-colored  
the shape of almonds  
painted on paper lanterns

It sang from the bottom  
of a sleeping lake  
danced on a double rainbow  
caught in the mountains  
like a wagon wheel  
with colored ribbons

Without your smile  
I have only my hands and the sky  
Dawn turns pale  
at the corner of every hour

Come back  
for I am no longer eager  
to catch the folded wings of birds  
Come back

We will mix old Persian songs  
with the skylark's dawn  
drink purple wine  
from the hollow crescent  
of the moon

Bill Cunningham

O! BELOVED

O! Beloved

I want to explain thy love  
to the world.

How can one explain a full heart  
where nothing exists?

Where to look for a smile?

I hide in the summer night

I hang on a holy tree.

I am not here

My Lord!

I am no-where.

Where can one see you

Beloved

in the absence of myself?

Right there,

Beloved!

Govinda

## BLACK JINGLE FOR BABA

Though you have no other lover  
Love a Baba as your mother  
Flying sorrows You should rather  
Fly to Baba as a father  
Baba, Abba I love you  
There's someone dead on the  
Bottom of my bathtub  
That's Baba too

Baba smiles  
Baba smirks  
Baba has a whim  
It even works  
Baba howls, Baba cries  
Look out, lovey  
He has three eyes!  
Baba wounds Baba heals  
Baba's pretty good  
At the eightsome reels  
Baba, Abba, Baba, me  
You say we're one?  
Why, it feels like three ....

When your darlings Liebchens, caras  
Tautly tangle your sanskaras  
Baba's juggling in his whimsy  
Breaking egos strong or flimsy  
Listen, lover Turn me on  
There's something dark at the  
Bottom of my staircase  
Where's Baba gone?

Baba plays  
Baba sings  
Baba has a tail  
And big white wings  
Baba's best, Baba's fun  
Dodge him, ducky  
He's got a gun!  
Baba sows Baba reaps  
Baba's in the crows  
and the little cheeps  
Baba, Abba, Baba, me  
I hope we're one  
But it seems like three

Insufficient?  
You should suckle  
At a sufic breast, not buckle  
At the knees when incarnating  
Or just join me in creating  
Songs of Baba Jingle-mad  
But Baba knows this is  
Bolstering my ego  
And Baba's sad

So I love Baba  
I really do  
and I know we're one  
Though it feels like two

Rosemary Harris



MEHER NAZAR

Your peace is in the noise of cicadas  
the songs of India outside the gates  
in the eyes of your drowned lovers  
heavy on the flagstones of your path.

The children at your gate  
dark faces of devotion  
have nothing but you  
O meher God who gaze  
with compassionate life  
from the infinite pools  
of their souls

Robert Hartford



## THE INDIAN MYSTIC AND THE JAZZ MUSICIAN

This is the season for dying in.  
It is February.  
The ice-cold jostles  
Against the window blade.  
It is high time I got up from my bed.

Two have died so far, this week.  
The one, Meher Baba, was already a part of infinite consciousness.  
He may indeed have been infinite consciousness itself  
So for him there really are no problems.  
He dropped his body, but his smile remains.

For the other, a young jazz musician, there were no problems  
And there are problems still that remain to be sorted out.  
He had no future, someone said  
So the news of his death is curiously irrelevant.  
What happened to his spirit while he was alive is altogether another  
matter,

Somewhere in his life  
May be at birth  
He had been literally struck down in his tracks.  
It was as if they had cut off his legs  
As a child, before he'd been ready to walk.  
I'm speaking metaphorically, of course.  
The effect of what they did to him was far, far worse  
Than if they had actually cut off his legs from beneath him.

15

You could see it all in his eyes.  
They were doomed. Numb. Struck dumb.

And we who saw him while he was alive  
Would pause for a moment when he entered the room  
And started, rather restlessly, playing at the piano.  
But we did not fully grasp what had happened to him  
Until after he'd died. Doomed, numb, struck dumb.

The words still don't convey the multitude of confusion  
That was going on deep down in his soul.  
As for the other, Meher Baba, light flowed from beneath him.  
The lives of the two strangely contrasted. Poles apart.  
Infinite consciousness contrasting as it does with a state of  
permanent disease.

John Horder.

#### BABA

Baba's a sheep. He is my mother

He is also my Indian brother

Sister, father, friend and lover

His wool keeps me warm. I need cling to no other.

John Horder

#### BATHTIME

Baba is having a bath with me

Inside and outside of me.

Shishh!!! Don't let the secret out.

He and I are one

And have been for all along.

Baba is having a bath with me  
Inside the deepest depths.  
And right here, he is beside me  
Inside of the bath itself.  
Hey, didn't you know?

Steaming, outside the bath now, naked  
Shimmering in the depths of his loving embrace  
You can see Baba's here by his inner glow.  
He and I are one  
And have been for all along.

Hey, you over there. Didn't you know?  
You can always tell he's around by his inner glow.  
Great heavens! You are slow.  
You and he are one also.  
We're all one in him. Now you do know.

John Horder

MEHER BABA (1894 - 1969)  
(In memoriam E.P.H. 1910 - 1972)

Meher Baba

Rips open

Your baby.

Whether you're eight hours

Eight days

Or merely eighty.

There is no escape

Other than to-re-awake.

John Horder

## HIS NAME

When He who was expected came,  
so quietly, mysteriously born,  
not knowing who He was amongst us  
until the sign was given;  
the flowering God with lotus brow, —  
Merwan was His name.  
In every sphere, on every plane  
His forerunners went before him to prepare,  
Babajan, Sai Baba, Tajuddin, Narayan  
and great Upasni Maharaj  
waited at Sakori —  
then the moment came!

The God-flower opened in His heart,  
the pain of knowing who He was,  
and the bliss — a man apart:  
the Christ, the Buddha in one flame;  
impersonal, divine, beloved.  
The prayers of men were answered  
when He who was expected came.

The moon had risen, the SUN itself,  
the Light shone all around.  
Then step by step His work began  
with clear intent and certain tread  
His suffering bliss, the TRUTH found,  
and clear as day His life unwound.

Now dear disciples came —  
the heroes who could live with Him;  
quick to obey, quick to feel;  
ready to lose the world and self  
and listen to the WORD of God.

He laid His finger on their hearts  
with just one glance,  
one gesture or command  
they recognised their Master --  
Meher BABA is His name

Maud Kennedy

### SILENT CENTRE

You have made us into devotees of yourself, Beloved!  
You have made yourself the Father  
and Mother of unruly children,  
children who are longing to grow,  
who never rest or relax or go slow,  
nor lie in the dust or gaze at the stars,  
or contemplate the moon stealthily,  
but race on, blinded by noise,  
along windswept roads -  
chased by grinding wheels relentlessly.

Then you came  
you laid a calming hand on our brow  
and taught us an effortless quiet.  
You taught us how to switch off the engine,  
and live in the NOW.  
We have learnt to look and to listen.  
To remain steadfast - withdrawn  
and round the room flows a silent love.  
You have made us into devotees of yourself  
Beloved!

In this place the water is calm  
is level – the blood flows back to the heart,  
down, down, we float below the surface,  
and cease the swaying motion  
of this and that – of right and wrong.  
Empty opinions bleach the air,  
here is rest at last;  
we are content to be  
your devotees Beloved!

You have brought us here where we belong,  
where we can be one – yours is the song.  
Where no-one is striving to excel.  
There is no sound.  
Here you have come to bless us,  
Take off your shoes, for this is holy ground.  
You have made us into devotees of yourself  
Beloved!

Maud Kennedy

## 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 topmost 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

Maud Kennedy

OF ALL YOUR QUALITIES BELOVED, THE ONE THAT AMAZES  
ME MOST

Of all your qualities Beloved, the one that amazes me most  
is your patience.

Living under the threat of cataclysm from the first day  
of your coming, you have still waited.

Calmly, you have waited.

Others come and rouse the multitudes and you are content  
with only a few.

Others fill halls and stadia, and your little meeting room  
is half empty.

Is it your power to shield power?

It must really be that time  
means nothing to you.

Kenneth Lux



## NEW AVATAR

I am the God of Light,  
Of the morning star  
Which gleams in the eyes  
Of those who know.

I have come again from  
the water of the grave,  
with my bones refreshed  
and a young body.

I have come with the water of life  
in my palm .

Drink and fill each  
bottomless void with soul,  
So each man and woman  
shall be fulfilled.

I am of the Earth  
of the trees, of the iron,  
of the gold, of the fire,  
of the air, of the water,  
of the innermost yearnings of man.

The God of the bone  
on the cross and the weeping mother  
Have returned to the waters  
of life, to sleep the great sleep  
of no dreams .

I have been sent by the Nameless ONE,  
who watches from the darkness of the sun,  
to ease the thirst  
of your half created souls.

I am He who always was,  
I am remembered by you,  
I am the God of the childhood  
in man and woman.

I am within you.  
Seek me and you shall find yourself.

I was here before;  
You trusted Me,  
then you feared Me,  
So I dried up and turned to bone.

For with fear Love dies,  
But I am Now.

I am the morning and the evening star,

The Lord of Day and Night  
The Lord of Two ways.

And those who are of me  
are of the Earth,  
the Living Earth.

And my flower of the Earth  
is the Jasmine  
which coils like the snake  
of the cosmos.

I am the God of man  
and of woman.

I have come  
I AM NOW

Donagh Macquire, 1961

## MEHER PHYSIC

Impressions are insidious  
therefore take strong medicine  
to escape Maya.  
Drink it day and night  
beware its potent action  
tolerance will not develop  
The smile of Love descends  
like a web on the face  
ultrafine a garb of many colours.  
Let lust depart by any door  
it is not rewarded in final analysis  
but confines the Self in all.  
Energy is needed to withstand  
the onslaught of crafty ego  
thus anger (such a waste)  
must go.  
Reveal thy Self.  
And needs, desires too  
the greed begotten of ages  
only foster unhappiness.  
If not wanting suffices  
turn back from other ways,  
criticism takes on burdens

tolerance sets free the heart.  
The path and progress are slow  
patience to persevere,  
unfinished business presses.  
But without excesses  
Some One knows the precise balance  
Baba, whose Love  
is All Medicine given or taken.

Francis Martin.

Wherever beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a  
heart entangled in their coils. Jami c. 1490

### THE GARDEN

The rose has departed  
what shall we do  
with the thorns?  
Lay them on a fire  
so the ashes  
rising through flames  
may find their flower  
consumed in the hair  
of a young girl  
walking with her Lover  
and laughing softly  
in the garden

M. Milburn

## GREETINGS

Did you ever  
send Baba  
an Easter card?  
Birth  
is joyful  
but Death  
is fearful  
until we realise  
we were all  
conceived  
in the dark  
to which  
we must return  
to be  
re-born.

M. Milburn.

## SILENCE

The heliotrope follows the curve of the sun  
the selentrope moves in perfect union with the moon  
each in their own way  
hymning their prayer  
even as the lilies of the field  
sing their praises quite perfectly  
and the butterfly for a day  
is a constant witness to everlasting iridescence

If for a moment  
not least the life of a flower  
or the day of a butterfly  
I could entertain their experience  
if for a moment  
I could hear the universal hymn  
manifested in their hymn  
of light and movement

If for a moment  
I could fly on the plane  
of silent prayer  
Meher Baba, Baba Meher  
if for a moment  
the world was my garden  
I might begin to apprehend  
the dignity of your silence.

## JAI BABA

The area that surrounds is flat  
with lonely bushes on colourless ground  
just a few give one the view of life in a desert  
stumbling over rocks across railway tracks  
if there is a path it starts here  
and is guarded by trees.

There was a water hole up some way  
where dragon flies were eating smaller flies  
and darting in angles all day.  
A green canopy outside the tomb gives shade  
allowing me to sit beneath .

The dome is like the earth - in the clouds  
there are smiling and crying lovers  
and bodies holding hands  
making a ring round the Baba.

The blue marble floor is cool to lie on  
and has a place ready to rest my head.



## TRANSFORMATION

If I could be contained in the Sun's light  
Even for a moment  
Able to focus on the inner heart of the rose  
Where the petals meet folded together  
In such perfection of form,  
If I could finally transform the pain of death  
Through the education of the heart  
Then I can dare to look beyond the cracked mirror  
That has held my reflection for so long.

Elspeth Spottiswood

## I AM A GARDEN WHERE TRUE LOVE SLEEPS

I am a garden where True Love sleeps.  
I have wound him around with iron wires.

The Beloved is a hidden treasure ,  
He has invested himself in my form.

I am his homing ship.  
I've kept him so long from the harbour.

True Love, Shatter these chains  
and take over the ship.  
Unwind these wires and take possession!

I am the torture chamber of God himself.

Oh Beloved, how can you bear this pain  
I am giving you  
Keeping you so long from yourself?

Craig San Roque

## THE MEASURE OF YOUR SONG

the measure of your song  
is how far the arrow of it  
flies toward his heart.

his feet and the way to them  
are littered  
with half-hearted attempts.

in his mercy he may reach down  
to catch your wavering shaft  
and carry it, for you, to his breast.

this art of getting the measure of Baba's heart  
is a long business.  
Practice makes perfect.

But sometimes love will surprise you  
and carry you headlong  
quivering to the target.

keep your bowstring taut  
and your focus one  
ready to fire from the soul at a moment's notice.

Craig San Roque

JANUARY 31

I  
Your body has borne the game for how long now?  
You've opened the door of the universe  
and stepped out. It's time.

You've taken the doll out of our hands,  
a great wrench to our hearts,  
and you have unlocked the torrent.

Borne unawares out to sea in a paper ship  
it is now the ocean we face.

Lured by sweets and promise of a kiss,  
your arms around us finally to secure us, perhaps,  
in your own home city.

33

Lured by the sweet music in your hands,  
lured by the smile, we have come to love.

All ways you cheat so perfectly.  
All ways you change the rules,  
All ways you all ways win.

A cobra has passed through the room swiftly and silent.

II

Your work as God man has broken your body  
Your life has been one long crucifixion;

The first nail was Babajan's kiss  
and the second Upasni's stone.

Into your side have sunk the thorns of how many lovers?  
You have consumed our bitter vinegar  
every day of your life.

Your unspeakable love hammering your head,  
smashing your thigh to keep you down  
night after night.

Grinding your bones so thin  
until nothing could contain you.

Who can say bye bye Baba  
Who does not feel your perfume springing within  
us now, dissolving our own.

Your silence breaking in our hearts.

Every lover longing to love  
all ways without beginning without end.

III

Oh but your seduction has been so perfect  
your love play so complete.

We proclaim you the all time star of the silent screen.

The slightest shadow of your lips,  
the glance of your fingers;

You had only to lift a foot  
and our whole heart comes tumbling down.

It is very cruel of you to be so beautiful,  
We shall miss your body, Beloved.

We, who didn't see you,  
we hoped to see you,  
we, making ready, hoped for your touch.

Things are different now  
We shall have to face you as you really are.

Hello Baba  
hello.

Heyford, Oxford, February '69  
Craig San Roque.

DARSHAN 1969

I  
Coming to your house, how far we have come;  
how far to go to be here.

Carrying the burden of our hearts  
to the real place of our heart.

The heart was heavy and calm  
for it knew where it was going.

The heart was hushed and shaking  
for it feared where it was going.

Our heart was dragging us  
like the lifesaver drags the struggling swimmer  
from the ocean.  
To the ocean.

Our shy bodies dissolving around you, in us,  
carrying you to yourself.

Coming home and a foretaste of coming home.

A foretaste because although we are home  
all the time, it is still a long way to be here.  
Here where the heart is.

You called us home  
to send us home to ourself.

Where ever we are, you are,  
where ever we are.

II

We have wept we have laughed  
We have sung we have listened.

Now we are approaching silence,  
no more weeping for a while.

So many strange emotions and strangers  
have entered and left.

And now, just the full emptied heart  
waiting to be filled by you.

Waiting to find you at home  
in our own country.

### III

Our heads are laid at your feet  
may they never rise again.

Consumed are our minds  
in the flame of your name.

Allow us to bow the head so perfectly  
that it may contain the whole heart.

### IV

You have been waiting at the gate  
so patiently.  
We the prodigal children.

Your arms so strong about us now.  
Never shall we forget the sweet smell of your house.

You have set the finest ring on our finger,  
What a feast we have had.

What a gift,  
Giving the gift of ourselves to you.

We are leaving the marriage bed  
dazed at the power of your love.

Beloved invisible  
You have shown just a glimpse of yourself  
and already we stumble about the garden  
bleating your name.



What shy lovers we have been,  
What wooly love.

You have opened the floodgate ever such a little  
and already we are overwhelmed.

Contain us  
do not let us burst.

Feed us Baba wean us  
Use us Baba use us in whatever way you use us.

Without doubt we are leaving your house,  
knowing we are home.  
Meher, we are on our way home.

All together now. One ...  
Baba is good for you. Baba works.

Achha

Guruprasad. Poona  
Darshan 30 May '69  
Craig San Roque.



## EXTRACTS

'My Beloved, my Treasure and my God'  
'Cherish Meher the Beloved of Beloveds, for  
He is the One who will hand the Pearl to the  
one who adores.'

Olive Pitt

"From a dark doorway a man shines forth"

David Alan Roberts

'The dust cries out for the print of his feet  
and the trees reach down to cover his head'  
'and the turtles wander over dry land  
to seek his touch'

Hilda Thorpe

The only real joy  
the only real freedom  
the only realy purpose  
which now is beautiful  
is necessary  
is destiny  
is His  
is mine  
is yours  
is ours  
is Life itself

Pat Bowles

EXTRACTS

'It seemed I was getting nowhere fast  
why, the next book contradicted the last  
the authors I could plainly see  
were groping in the dark  
like me.'

Olive Pitt

Michael J. Lackey

'O my lovers  
here in this holy valley  
why do you seek further  
for your grails,  
Am I not here also?'

David the Australian

Hilda Thorpe



