

*salt
from
the
Be^{loved}'s
table*

eric solibakke

OM

to the one without a second

who through the force
of irresistible love
awakens every individual
to divine wholeness,

the only one worthy of worship

peacefully truthfully lovefully



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"Combine this with the Ocean of What We Were
Before Creation.

Roar the Lion-Knowledge.

Write this with gold Ocean-Ink,
so that whoever reads it
can grow in the Spirit."

-- Jelaludin Rumi, *MATHNAWI*

Trans. Coleman Barks © 1990

DELICIOUS LAUGHTER, p. 87

who are you?

eternal perfect beloved

you are the indivisible reality
behind all infinite dualities,
within all, beyond all, source of all.

unity of shadow and essence
unity of dream and dreamer
unity of illusion and reality
unity of prakriti and purusha
unity of samsara and nirvana
unity of the creation and the creator

you are the all-pervading ocean of oneness.
the noah's ark world of complementary opposites floats in you.

you are the world too.
you are present in everything
just as the past is present in the future.

everything i praise, i praise you.
everyone i embrace, i embrace you.
everywhere i turn, i turn toward you.

teacher and student in one
mechanic and machine
salesman and customer
performer and audience
sleeper and watchman
prophet and pilgrim
driver and police in one
fish and fisherman in one
judge and convict
father and family
pilot and plane in one
criminal and victim
doctor and patient in one

original oneness, continuous oneness, final oneness
mental oneness, emotional oneness, physical oneness
personal oneness, planetary oneness, cosmic oneness

unconscious oneness
conscious oneness
superconscious oneness

you are peace, oh beloved truth,
peace for individuals, peace for nations, planetary peace.

you are peace for animals and plants.
peace for fire and air, peace for water and stone.

you knit wounds and salve rashes.
you mend bones.

you awaken, you guide.
you are goodwill, you care.

you are the monarch fact
the divine fact
the annihilating fact
the liberating fact
the omnipotent fact
the blissful fact
the merciful fact
the only fact worthy of worship

oh za-ra-kri-bu-chri-muha-meher godself grace,
your daaman is absolute unity.
your daaman is "i am that."
you are power, knowledge, bliss
all-inclusive, all-pervading, indivisible.

eternal perfect beloved

the golden rain of gratitude falls
from the indivisible oneness of "i am that"
into the all-pervading ocean of oneness,
uniformly within all things and beings
as well as beyond and independent of all.

oh real agapic ocean pacific,
hold me ever in the peaceful truthful loving unity of "i am that,"
to live a life of humor, grace and gratitude.

protect me from such foolishness of lust
as my body considers without regard for consequences.
let me ever praise your imagination
for the beauty of the world.

oh awakener,
hold me ever in the awakeness of "i am that."
you whose anger is compassion,
you transform anger and convert fear.
you awaken love in place of fear and aversion.

i am that, tathagata, tathata.
i am that, god's slave and god's love.

eternal perfect beloved

love fits all and beautifies all.

love passes from person to person without contamination.

love sings, love dances.

love washes, love mends.

love feeds the hungry.

love sacrifices self.

love without sacrifice doesn't deserve the name.

some love the good, others love the bad,
but true love overlooks both good and bad,
like a mother who loves her child equally
when he misbehaves as when he behaves.

love frees one from being swept helplessly
into nightmares of isolation in the corners of duality.
love holds the hand of terror
and whispers comfort in the darkness.

eternal perfect beloved

all the dualities that trouble my brain --
what happened? was it good or bad?
what should happen next? -- all zip themselves
together into one single truth, that
actually i am the ever-present all-pervading oneness.

as i awaken from deep sleep
dreams become more intense and solid
until they deny being dreams
and attempt to establish themselves as reality.
they swim as helplessly as small fish
cruising together in the all-pervading ocean.

schools of outer oneness swim
in the ocean of inner oneness.
suddenly they dart off in a new direction,
changing speed and depth without visible leadership,
yet simultaneously and in unison.

i just appear to be a fish,
a porpoise swimming playfully in the ocean
so that i have a form to address and respond.

even the force with which illusion
tries to establish that it is reality
cannot overcome the almighty patience of reality
that is secure in the certainty of final awakening.

eternal perfect beloved

in order to know god, live with god

eat and sleep with god
walk and work and watch tv with god
clean house and take a shower with god
talk and cry and play with god
go to the toilet with god

read and sing and write letters with god
argue with your mate with god
make love and have babies with god
shop and cook and take out the garbage with god
dress and put on your makeup with god
go to the bank with god
throw a party and pose and take photos with god
dance and romance god

think and study and philosophize with god
talk on the telephone with god
learn a foreign language with god
go to funerals and celebrate birthdays with god
get married and get divorced with god
go to school with god

take vacations and get drunk with god
jump in the sea and swim with god
climb hills and dig holes with god
fix the car and drive it home with god
wash windows and mow the lawn with god
pay taxes and rent and insurance with god

correct your children with god
comb your hair and clip your nails with god
change your tampon with god
read the mail and toss the junk with god
be silly and laugh with god
get angry and scream and throw a punch with god

go to court with god
go to jail with god
go to the park and picnic with god
use the computer with god
roll up and shoot up and drop with god
listen to a cd and make a cassette with god
commit robbery with god

ride the bus and train and fly the plane with god
jog with god
feed the dog with god
massage your feet with god

plant a tree with god
work out and wrestle with god
murder, if you must, with god

water the plants with god
dream at night and get up in the morning with god
do the laundry and have a cigarette with god
light a fire in the fireplace with god
drink a cup of coffee and gossip with god
have a beer and nap with god
commit suicide, if it comes to that, with god

play tennis and chess and scrabble with god
go to the casino with god
go sailing and skiing and skating with god
go to the horse races with god
place your bets on god
feed your pets with god
go to church and pray with god
weed your garden with god

ask for a raise and get promoted with god
get fired with god
go to the doctor and have an operation with god
get healthy with god
go to the movies with god
decorate your house with god

let the divided serve the indivisible
by using manyness like a ladder to climb higher
and eventually reach wholeness
in the tower of unity with god.

eternal perfect beloved

oh wondrous oneness, parabrahmic reality,
you are self, and the three worlds are your bodies.
all praise belongs to you, all blame is yours.

you are nirvana in which there is no room for anything,
no size at all,
no difference between a dolphin and a dove.

in you the goad question of creation lies quiet,
unmoved by the restless timeflow of answers
to the searching question "who am i?"

when i let go of projections
and relax my clinging to opposites
i drown and merge in your indivisible wholeness.

pilgrimage

eternal perfect beloved

mind, consciousness and meaning,
are created by division into opposites.
without division there is no consciousness or meaning,
no identity or separation.

mind has certain characteristics and behaviors
which arise from its duality.
as long as one believes oneself to be mind
and identifies oneself with mind,
one is bound to have those characteristics and behaviors.

one who is identified with mind is therefore divided,
full of argument, viewpoints and meanings,
and has a separate identity.

however, one cannot in fact be divided.
all division is only apparent and temporary,
having no basis in reality.
identification with those apparent and temporary divisions
binds one in illusion, which is a creation of the mind.

god is not bound in illusion,
nor separated nor identified with viewpoints.

the journey to god requires
the dissolution of bindings to opposites in mind.

love dissolves bindings in mind.
divine love completely dissolves all bindings in mind
and frees one forever from false identity
with the separations of duality.

progress along the path to godhood
is created by the increasing overflow of love,
which is beyond the divisions of mind,
one and inseparable.

love is in fact god.
the reduction of bindings reveals love,
and love reveals god as the unlimited ocean of love,
as the ocean of only love.

eternal perfect beloved

how can i love you when the duality of "i" and "you"
creates a whole universe between us?
you love simply because you are love
and no duality creeps in the way.

if there is love to be found anywhere in me
it must be you who came in your grace and put it there.

i can't always see love in how you treat me, beloved.
you overpower me and force me against my desire.
my mind elaborates objections
like a grandmother's fingers crocheting a doily,
and it proves to be a net
that seines me out of the ocean of your love
like a helpless fish.

just a single desire produces this
unavoidable gigantic net of interconnected thoughts,
and the ocean is gone, you are gone.

i'm a worm trying to eat a mountain.
let the mountain crush that desire to dust
that can stick to your divine feet
and travel with you wherever you go.

eternal perfect beloved

let my life be the work of gratitude
that speaks in action my gratefulness
for the love you shower on me.

let my life be the work of prayer
that communicates in action my joy
for the truth you share with me.

let my life be the work of goodwill
that praises in action my peace
for the power you invest in me.

let my life be the work of oneness
that expresses in action my unity
with the indivisibility you show me.

let my life be the work of transcendence
that inscribes in action my bliss
in the freedom from automatic reactions of mind
that you give me.

eternal perfect beloved

mind dreams while heart yearns
for the original state of simplicity
before dream created the complication
of endless alternatives.

break the vessel of mind
and release the flow of heart.
mind is like clay, whereas heart like rain
falls from heaven and sinks deep in,
honeying the roots of life
with the greening grace of growth and flower.

the golden rain of gratitude
falls into the open heart
ready to receive whatever you send,
gratitude that you come to amplify love.

without your help, i couldn't thank you.
even with your help, i can't thank you properly.
the duality of mind interferes
with the pro-and-con maze of double binds.

oh merciless mind, you cover the beauty of god
with your arguments and opinions.

oh meher ocean, you say:
whatever you're sure is an expression of love, do that.
pay no attention to what mind thinks or says or does.

eternal perfect beloved

oh all-pervading beloved
you are that truth of oneness
that pulls the reality out of everything
and reduces the tiger attack of ego
to the giggling tickle
of your always available love.

you unweave the pattern of ego
like penelope at work on laertes' shroud.
a single thread makes the whole picture
which catches me up in grief and pain.
the moment i see that thread,
all-pervading beloved,
the knot falls off my heart
and releases me from ego's double bind.

eternal perfect beloved

by the waters of meherabad
the sacred river of love pours into the world
through the heart of god,
flood tide of divine love
from the infinite ocean of oneness.

after discovering oneness,
i continue searching until i discover the one.

oh meher in me,
i surrender to the all-pervading ocean of only love.
i relax and let grace niagara into the heart's cup.

as the heart is washed in your grace,
anger becomes compassion,
aggression becomes the urge to give comfort.

i wish a kiss could convey
the bliss my heart longs to say.

eternal perfect beloved

oh beloved all-pervading ocean of only love,
how am i going to merge with you
if i'm always praying to you to grant me special favors?
really, i'm only asking you to merge with me
and carry out my will!

let repentance go all the way through me,
that your forgiveness penetrate all the way through me,
even as it permeates the entire creation.

you are the sun that never sets,
the stillness in which trees grow
and the creak of the crow's wing overhead.

you are the niagara of love pouring in heart
from the indivisible ocean,
and the miracle mystery of how a drop of love
becomes that ocean.

you are the whirling tornado of love,
the full force of love that knocks the head right off.

ocean meher,
my religion is seeing you in every being and thing,
loving you in every being and thing,
and serving you in every being and thing.

salt from the beloved's table

eternal perfect beloved

like a black hole, you devour everything
in your ravenous wholeness.
unlike a black hole, you're totally omnipresent.

even though you devour everything
it remains as it was.
therefore you describe illusion and reality,
mind and beyond-mind.

in your oceanic beyond-mind like dreamless sleep
you hold the mind as a drop of dreamy consciousness
showing your universal colors in day and night.
midnight black penetrates noon.
like kalyan, i see darkness within golden daylight.

oh beloved master, only the illumination of your grace
shines eternally,
never setting like the sun nor waning like the moon.

eternal perfect beloved

although i'm happy to come to you
in the ocean of oneness and beyond the ocean
in pure and eternally spotless oneness,

i also desire that you come along with me
when i wander out on the narrow neck of communication
and address detailed issues dear to my companions.

i want to see you there, clarifying wholeness,
not letting us lose sight of our real identity
in the flickering light and shadow of words.

eternal perfect beloved

the light of god shining
through the film of mind
projects the movie of life
on the screen of the senses.

eternal perfect beloved

habit and conditioning give the mind a topography,
a solid-seeming landscape of hills and plains,
with lakes, streams and sometimes a desert or the sea.

when the rain of experience falls on this topography
it flows in familiar gullies and established waterways,
coming to rest in old lakes and wetlands.

if one will change the engraved patterns of thought,
one must renew the lay of the inner land
and create new waterways with access to the sea.

inner nature, like the outer, has life cycles over time.
even mountains eventually break down to sand and soil,
filling valleys and continuing on to layer the sea floor.

enormous energies are required to hasten this process
of moving earth and rock to fill deep-worn ways
and gouge paths of new meaning in old stone.

where can so much energy come from?
from love for truth and love for freedom
and most of all from love for love itself.

every form of love and caring impact the inner landscape,
eventually transforming even the most hostile terrain
into a peaceful truthful garden paradise of god's company.

eternal perfect beloved

the world appears and disappears in the ocean of oneness
like the opening and closing of an eye.

there's no ordinary water in this ocean.
its deeps are filled with love.
it waves, if it had waves, would be waves of love.
its tides, if it had them, would be tides of love.

the nearest love substance on earth
is the milk of mother's love, an unlimited vast
and shoreless sea of pure and tender mother's care.

eternal perfect beloved

when the question "who am i?" arises,
dark separates from light,
the lower separates from the higher.
universe is conceived.

name and number appear.
details define themselves in mutual contrast
and inside distinguishes itself from outside.
universe is born.

like aligns with like and unlike finds its places.
belonging and not belonging arise
in the motion of attraction to the familiar
and repulsion from the strange.
universe breathes, and its heart beats.

individuality discovers itself and others.
i am a separate entity going my own way.
i evaluate goods and bads according to my own law.
i inhabit the universe along with other inhabitants.

certain others attract and excite me.
i respond by wanting to establish connections.
i discover existing connections -- parents, grandparents,
siblings, aunts, uncles, cousins.
universe renews itself according to its own plan.

the past participates decisively in the present.
at this very moment i live my history
while at the same time i create my future.
the old universe influences the new.

eternal perfect beloved

one will, god's will to know himself,
projects the entire creation.
that same will drives the life force in every creature
and reaches a high point in mankind's conscious
seeking to know himself as he really is.

when man succeeds in truly knowing himself
he recognizes himself to be god,
and his will to be the one will.
then god knows himself to be almighty love.

eternal perfect beloved

happy birthday, ancient one!

98 years since the immortal one put on the meher baba
disguise among the illusory dualities of our world
in order to awaken our hearts to love for each other.

70th anniversary of mankind's avataric reorientation
in the masterly alchemy of transmutation.
the iron age becomes golden in the crucible
of his divine will.
good-bye lies, hatred, anger, lust and greed!
these doomed falsehoods die out of mankind's new life.

23rd celebration of the completed work.
now it winds out of eternity around the wheels of time.
everywhere wars and rumors of war,
the alarmclock rings and rings.
mankind fumbles for the snooze button saying,
"oh give me five, just five more years of sleep."

happy birthday, beloved one!
you are the seed which impregnates the world egg.
new jerusalem hatches, oh phoenix-huma,
all mankind seeks shelter under your mighty wings.

eternal perfect beloved

i've come to polish the noble jewel of truth,
the indestructible diamond of oneness
that sparkles like a rainbow on the lord's brow.

i witness the reality of god
and confirm in my own experience his advent
as meher baba as well as all previous avatars.

call you tao, call you god, call you nirvana,
call you one, you are the one and only same.

your unformed face shines with unspeakable splendor.
if you winked more than a bare hint of it in your smile,
we'd all fall unconscious in a great awakening.
few would choose to tell the tale.

eternal perfect beloved

mind seesaws like children at play in the park.
it swings, it climbs up and suddenly slides down.
it pretends to be a dog or a horse, a bird or a tree.
it hides and then looks everywhere for itself,
and shrieks with glee when it finds itself
under a hedge or behind a door.

children come and go as days and years pass
but you remain at every moment,
filling the empty park with your presence
and embracing the full park in your infinitely roomy heart.

eternal perfect beloved

red poppies flutter like butterflies
in the green hills of thailand.
tall cannabis leaves reach out
like hands of greeting on the slopes of kulu.

people eat, inject and smoke all kinds of substances
in order to get high for awhile, beloved,
but they never get really high
before they meet you in their hearts.

this intoxication endures eternally
beyond the reach of time.

eternal perfect beloved

baba highball:

mix equal amounts of truth and love.
add peace to individual taste
and top off with a dash of humor.

this drink can be served to advantage
at any time of the day or night.
it's very intoxicating
and its effects are more or less permanent.

eternal perfect beloved

oh omnipresent oneness spanning dualities,
standing with feet balanced on each pair of opposites,
the steps of your dance create the enormous variety
of limitation and possibility within the worlds.

your three rhythms each manifest a world:

the instantaneous rhythm of thought leaps through
knowledge and ignorance faster than the eye can see
as it creates the elusive delicacy of the mental world
which appears as if from nowhere, as if out of nothing.

like a steady shift of various weather
as winter thaws into spring
and summer retreats into autumn's root,
your medium fast rhythm generates
the subtle world of energies in motion.

the slow and lumbering rhythm of matter's dance
stamps out the solid forms of the physical world
where it takes millions of years for a mountain peak
to become the floor of a sea,
and a million more to rise again.

eternal perfect beloved

waking up in god is like falling asleep to the world.
ordinary falling asleep is like waking up to god
with the important exception that one is unconscious,
recognizing neither god nor oneself.

despite unconsciousness, one brings back the benefits
of god contact -- rest, renewal, healing --
when one returns to the world dream of ordinary life.

there comes a time when waking in dream becomes one
with falling asleep in god.
then one clearly sees the awakesness in sleep
and the sleep in awakesness,
and knows god equally in both.

eternal perfect beloved

fears in falsity
have no effect
on peace in reality.

eternal perfect beloved

you could liberate anyone or even everyone
in a single moment.
why don't you do it?

your perfect masters could do the same.
why don't they liberate
whole theaters full of people at a time,
or masses of people at a rock concert
or a sports stadium when an evangelist speaks?

because these people would miss the best
that life has to offer
which is a love relationship with you.
the whole purpose of the universe is to create lovers
and a place for them to keep company with you
and finally merge into you.

the best part of life lies ahead of us
in the longing and response of loving relationship
with god through his saints, masters and avatars,
and ultimately within our selves.

eternal perfect beloved

the greatest satisfaction,
which is the realization that self is god,
comes together with the greatest disappointment,
which is the forced retirement of all fanciful imaginings
of god as someone so much better than oneself.

god must be more intelligent, kinder, purer,
more reliable, more powerful, more interesting
and in every way more beautiful than i am.
i look up to him and down on myself.

what a disappointment,
what a loss to see him as just myself.
and what a tremendous, immeasurable satisfaction
to know myself as him.

eternal perfect beloved

even the seventh plane majzoob doesn't come
to his empty state of mind
by exhausting his thought processes.
he gets there by jumping out of a full mind
into nirvanic vacuum,
like a passenger on a cruise ship who jumps overboard
and finds himself unable to return as the ship
disappears over the horizon.

the salik jumps overboard with a lifejacket
attached to the ship.
he can pull himself aboard at will.

these images are mere metaphors.
actually the ship becomes the ocean
and the ocean becomes ship.

truly speaking the ship was always ocean
and the ocean was always ship.
this is not metaphor.
this is the avatar's everyday reality,
the state of mind of him, his masters and perfect ones.
only illusion makes it appear otherwise.
and only maya persuades us to believe the appearance.

eternal perfect beloved

nothing can be found anywhere in the world but oneness.
it hides within the trappings of variety
like the hub of the revolving wheel of seasons.
it yokes effects to causes, binds answers to questions,
and links the very far to the very near.

who could possibly separate valleys from mountains?

it draws the lover to the beloved
and makes eternal playmates of light and darkness.
it unites the creator with his creatures.
otherwise, how would one ever discover real identity?

eternal perfect beloved

every duality confirms your unity,
just as an ugly thing reminds us of beauty,
a hateful action calls attention to kindness,
a sick person brings up thoughts of health,
and you are those connections.

the past reminds us of the future,
the loser brings to mind the winner,
loneliness makes a point of companionship,
and you are those connections.

just as philosophy sets us thinking about action,
the temporary reminds us of the permanent,
and sadness calls to mind happiness,
you are the unbreakable bond between opposites.

the same oneness that binds effect to cause
binds solution to problem, falsehood to truth,
and binds man to god.

every duality casts its own unique light on oneness.
without those lights we'd never see it.
within every duality swings a door leading to unity.
the footsteps of the masters show the path
to the beloved's embrace.
without them we'd never find our way.

eternal perfect beloved

oh seamless one,
you are visible as husband and wife
and invisible as marriage that bonds them.

when a man and a woman embrace each other,
you are the place where their hearts touch.

every non-unified duality joins its mate in marriage.
the long awaited wedding day has arrived.

preparation and celebration are one.
join hands in joy!

eternal perfect beloved

on the other side of nothing lies the all-inclusive one.
it's like dying to go through nothing,
but there's life immortal in the one.

a gateway through a wall is made of nothing,
yet it binds inside and out as one.

deep longings find release in nothing
and fulfilment in the one.

terror's inner chill melts away in nothing
and turns to humor in the one.

the root of worldly manyness is nothing,
whereas the fruit of god is one.

mind abhors the vacuum of nothing,
heart delights in the unity of one.

all creation ultimately amounts to nothing
compared with the eternal truth of one.

eternal perfect beloved

we don't want to get rid of illusion,
especially not by taking refuge in nothing.
we want to realize truth and overcome maya
which makes us take illusion for truth.

we need illusion because it's through illusion
that we become conscious of godhood.
no illusion, no consciousness.

when we take refuge in nothing, we lose consciousness.
relative nothing is present when everything is absent.

the absolute vacuum of nirvana is always present,
even in the midst of everything.
clearly nirvana and samsara, which is everything, are one.

eternal perfect beloved

eternal ocean's
imagined wave
breaks on silence

eternal perfect beloved

one does not go beyond mind by exhausting it
or suppressing it or starving it.
mind is infinite and inexhaustible.
one goes beyond it by realizing its nature
and discovering its eternal source in indivisible oneness.

the creation both is and isn't,
never was and always will be.
this is a contradiction only for the mind
that doesn't know its own source.

whether one struggles with bad names
or snuggles with good ones makes no difference.
they go together like flour and water
to produce the staff of life.
bad is not bad and good is not good
but only seem so from the narrow angle of a viewpoint.

mind is composed of moveable and removable viewpoints.
the movement of viewpoints creates the worlds
with all their splendid cycles.
the removal of viewpoints awakens the mind
to its true nature and reveals its indivisible source.

eternal perfect beloved

behind every thought stands its opposite
hidden in the dark like a thief.

this shadowland world of opposites drags along
like night sneaking around the earth
on the opposite side from the sun.

reconcile every opposite with its mate,
oh indivisible one, and melt away all the shadows
that falsify and fool the eye of understanding.

world is a reflection of opposites on the surface
of the lake of mind.
the moment true knowledge dawns,
all ordinary knowledge reveals its ignorance.

eternal perfect beloved

the avatar comes to earth
in order to work on behalf of all beings.
he's paramatma in person,
the omnipresent soul in human form.
he is one with all beings,
and everyone's heart is his heart.
for him all are self, and in fact he works for himself.

oh omnipresent self, meher baba,
you are the beloved in everyone,
beautiful beyond expectation's wildest dream.

your name, like a needle threaded with love,
repairs worn out hearts
and mends the shabby garment of mind.

eternal perfect beloved

oh oneness of which everywhere forms only a small part,
you are the sky of my heart.

you are the big bang and the breath of brahma,
nirvana and a black hole.
the golden ganga of oneness flows from your toe.

your daaman reaches the hand of every person on earth.
you are the incognito guest at every gathering.

i'm studying how to be content
when you don't say anything, beloved,
as i sit impatiently in your silent presence.

eternal perfect beloved

listen to the silence of the ancient one
reaching further than the sun
before the world was begun.

what is the message from avatar,
sustainer, parvardigar,
source of the divine lahar?

let us hear your silence
that purifies the heart of anger, lust and greed.
let your silence take root in us, oh beloved.

eternal perfect beloved

spiritual masters and teachers abound
nearly as numerous as stars in the sky,
but when you dawn in conscious heart like a sun of love,
they disappear in the light of your day.

my gratitude that you love me is the same as yours
that i love you.
you are perfect in your love and gratitude
whereas i'm human in mine.
nevertheless the same gratitude serves us both.

every moment with you is eternal, outside of time,
and every moment without you drags along
in minutes and hours.

sitting with you brings stillness
that allows all murkiness to settle out
of the waters of clear consciousness.

my thoughts join the corps of your servants
in order to do your work of truth in mind.
you give me the gift of these words
for further delivery to mankind at large.

thank you, beloved, for the wealth of your grace.
may i always be worthy of union with you,
always realize you as my own true self,
and always serve you with mastery.

eternal perfect beloved

giving all to you, i receive all from you.
you give me the entire ocean within a single drop
that can be found literally everywhere one looks for it.

you decorate me with the indestructible jewel of oneness.
the sparkle of your laughter dawns brighter
than seven suns in this diamond beyond all desiring.

you deed me the original seed of divine will
that produces worlds as the fruit of its invisible limbs.
the tang of its blossom awakens
even the groggiest sleeper from his dream.

this world doesn't contain sufficient praise
to express the value of these gifts.
by comparison this world is only a token.

eternal perfect beloved

the avatar waltzes in the middle of life
despite the burden of misery he bears.
his divine dance plays its one two three rhythm
on the instruments of truth, power and love.

meher baba, godself source beyond the border
of mind's amusement with mirrors and murders,
you loved me before i knew you
and before i knew i love you.

light is knowing who you are.
darkness is ignorance of who you are.
oh paramatma, self of all,
all creatures love you in their own ways.
you continue to love me as yourself.

i long never to forget you even for a moment
and to have no identity apart from you,
even though i know that i must walk in the world
on the two feet of double identity
until i lay down this body in completion.

eternal perfect beloved

something will destroy this body
but nothing can touch this soul.
only projections die.

thoughts fade into nothing
as the tide of oneness rises to cover them.
reality endures effortlessly forever.

like an indestructible diamond of oneness
nothing can cut soul in two,
but even this radiant jewel of self disappears
completely in the absolute vacuum of nirvana.

eternal perfect beloved

so far to go, yet already arrived.
arrived, yet traveling, traveling.
the turtle never leaves home,
yet sets foot on many exotic shores.

eternal perfect beloved

the door of consciousness swings between
the fact of oneness and the appearance of manyness.

the all-illuminating light of indivisible oneness,
altogether beyond ordinary light and shadow,
is camouflaged by the relative projections of consciousness.

without oneness underlying the spread of twoness
mind could not think or mean anything
and consciousness could not dawn
in the indescribable night of deep sleep.

mind falls off balance and sinks or rises in thought.

it creates space by division, reflection and projection.
the edge of the galaxy is distant only in relation to the hand.
for the mind, it lies within.

the original uncaused cause of creation
stands outside the unbreakable chain of
why-because-why-because-why-because
that binds the mind in duality.

question and answer must perform
in the small indoor arena of duality
where the daylight of oneness never shines.

being in the mind and outside the mind
are identically one and the same,
yet when one talks one appears to be in the mind,
and what one talks about appears to be outside the mind.

divine consciousness is whole and indivisible,
human consciousness polarized and comparative.
more than a story to be told, truth is a life to be lived.

eternal perfect beloved

drop opposites,
hold wholeness.

exit false self,
enter the real.

eternal perfect beloved

the deadwood formulas of the priest
and his worn out ceremonies
fall inertly at the feet of the people's religion
in our time, scientific materialism.

stalins of heart live below the waist
in worlds of self-gratification and assertion
holding their glasses upside-down
while begging the waiter for more wine.

ostrich enlightenment,
escape by sticking the head in nothingness
and ignoring the fullness of everything,
this is just another duality.

scientists say the ancestors of man
crawled out of the primeval ocean.
mystics tell us the spiritual vanguard of mankind
merges into the ocean of all-pervading oneness.

real religions are mutually inclusive.
illusion plays with cracks and contrasts
but reality has no place for them.

eternal perfect beloved

one single will drives the world into light.
mind's many names hide its singleness.

every set of opposites is one,
a single will, a single love, a single truth.

activity and meditation are one.
awake and asleep define each other.

oh this prison of freedom
that is god's brilliant will to love.

the heart of perfect emptiness
finds place for every comer.

eternal perfect beloved

stripping away this body-sock of sanskaras
reveals you as the reality of who i am,
oh all-knowing, all-ignorant oneness of god and creation.

you are free, free of any quality, blemish or object whatsoever.
no difference between sitting, standing, lying down and walking.
you are without resistance, ricochet or echo.

i divide my real self into apparent self and apparent other,
but the primal condition of undivided oneness never disappears.

oh truth, you lift me out of the net of ignorance.
you free me to swim the entire ocean
without entanglement in false knowledge.

eternal perfect beloved

divisions of opposites fill the mind with illusion
while real oneness remains eternally unthinkable.

everything is one thing and that one thing is nothing.
the oneness of that everything-nothing is god,
the indivisible, indestructible, indefinable one.

no matter what appearance begs for attention
or tears at mind's tranquillity,
the untouchable, unstainable, unbreakable oneness
is always the only reality present.

oneness everywhere and beyond everywhere.
no slash ever rocked this ocean.
bring your diamond body of indestructible oneness,
throw that in and see what happens!

eternal perfect beloved

having never left the ocean,
i fell into it.
having no life separate from the ocean,
i drowned in it.
having never been anything other than ocean,
i dissolved in it.
having no self beyond the ocean,
i am its imperishable peace-truth-love.

eternal perfect beloved

being together with you, beloved meher baba,
my true self in the ocean of oneness
which cannot be said to be or not to be,
soul merges in oversoul.

indivisible reality baffles language.
words divide speech like a serpent's tongue.
your names heal that wound:
paramatma, allahu-akbar, patér hemón.
but who knows himself by name?

with you, beloved, one knows
the truth of "i am that i am,"
and sees the half-truth of all else.

eternal perfect beloved

if the hand of enlightenment could close,
the diamond body of indestructible self would shatter.

if the bliss of enlightenment could fade,
mountains would pop up in the all-pervading ocean.

if the name of enlightenment could be spoken,
the tower of babel would blast into orbit.

if you have any idea what i'm talking about,
we're siamese twins joined at the heart.

eternal perfect beloved

the world divides me according to its rights and wrongs,
sorts me according to its sizes and shapes,
and labels me according to its bigs and smalls.

if i were muhammad, i could go to the mountain,
and if i were mooses, i could climb it.

if i were polyphemos, i could throw a mountain a mile,
and if i were hanuman, i could deliver one anywhere.

i accept all things i like and all things i don't
as sanskaric illusions of no intrinsic meaning.

i create, sustain and destroy the world
through what i think, believe and discard.

in order to know that i am empty,
i must know fullness.
in order to know that i am god,
i must know bitter, helpless ignorance.

everything in creation is made of me.
i am the horizon's great circle.
north, south, east and west are made of me.

how can i merge again
with that which i never emerged from?
i've always been god, if only i had known.

eternal perfect beloved

be god's partner until such time comes
that one becomes god
by merging with him in his love beyond time.

god is one, but appears three: love, truth, peace.
love for god in any form leads to union.

the key of oneness opens any lock of opposites.

for the one who loves truth,
enlightenment comes of itself.

eternal perfect beloved

real self is one with all and one beyond all.
everything including every energy and thought
are modifications of it.
all is self pretending to be other.

the nirvanic stillness of self
participates in the samsaric hurly burly
of worlds in action.

every meaning but one
evaporates in the unity of self as source
beyond living and dying.

due to the enormous gravitational pull of unity
only the centrifugal force of the question "who am i?"
keeps the worlds from collapsing into oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

the perfection of nirvana includes also
the perfection of samsara.
both being essentially one, they're equally perfect.

samsara appears imperfect in the eye of the beholder.
the samsaric eye is unable to perceive wholeness.
only the divine eye perceives the whole.

imagination separates samsara from nirvana
and packs the empty mind with an appearance of fullness.
love dissolves imagination and exposes
the indivisible individual beyond appearances.

eternal perfect beloved

basho observation:

ancient pond.
frog jumps in.
splashless silence,
no splash sound.

eternal perfect beloved

the creation comes into being in the space
between opposites,
in the now between past and future
and the here in the middle of six directions.

once the first division has begun
there's little rest before the last has come.

oh truth, which is only love,
your peace quiets the restless mind
and opens the heart to boundless bliss.

standing on the adamant solidness of unity,
the entire creation accordions into one
fertile illusion of infinitely playful humor.

the all-satisfying taste of oneness
runs through every division of consciousness.
neither freedom nor bondage are real in this liberation.
neither happiness nor sadness are real in this bliss.

everything glows with the luminosity of
original love, original truth, original peace.

eternal perfect beloved

some days are made of scissors,
others are made of glue.

some days fall in pieces like old roses,
others come together in a cocktail or stew.

some days fly away as dreams in the morning,
others settle in to stay like pigeons in a park.

some days disappear as fast as birthday cake,
but that day the beloved shows his face,
that day never goes away.
it's as solid as diamond and fertile as seed.
it flavors the heart's tongue with divine taste.

that day rings with truth, that one clings to love.

eternal perfect beloved

rocking back and forth in the cradle of mind
like a boat adrift on the deep,
swinging with the wind and tide,
bouncing from side to side,
earth rocks from season to season.

like a mother anywhere,
she loves to play with her children.
she loves to be touched and stimulated,
appreciated and made more beautiful.

she loves to go through cycles and processes,
mountains slipping to the sea floor,
stones becoming soil for a season.
she adorns her children with gems.

eternal perfect beloved

the sun gives a glimpse of the power of self.
water reveals the incorruptible purity of self's love.
earth makes solidly visible
the reliability of self's truth.
air encourages the fire,
delivers the water,
stands aside for the earth,
and makes clear the omnipresence of self.

matter breathes a balance of four elements.
when matter drops away, breath drops away.

eternal perfect beloved

the head conceives the house of creation,
the heart builds it,
and the belly lives in it.

while the owner of the house sleeps,
the servants behave as if they own it.
they wreak havoc in their attempts
to wrest ownership away from each other.

eternal perfect beloved

what clever person can separate up from down?
what butcher can cleave yes from no?
what solemn government can legislate east and west
independent of each other?
what philosopher can disconnect right from wrong?
what artist can create beauty apart from ugliness?
what scientist can discover discontinuity between truth and falsehood?
what supreme court can divorce male and female from each other?
what entrepreneur can figure profits regardless of losses?
what designer can detach straight lines from curved?
what surgeon can make an incision between health and sickness?
who, then, divides life from death?
and who sets god and man apart?

eternal perfect beloved

the mighty ocean extends beyond the stars,
never exceeding the size of a drop.
the entire mind dissolves in that single drop,
taking all the worlds with it.

the ocean stretches from the intimacy of interior longing
to the distant strange twinkling of solar systems in far space.

a single drop of love holds it all.

eternal perfect beloved

the sun always shines day and night
and if there's no visible light
it's because something has come in the way
and blocked out the light of day.

darkness itself has no source.
it has no independent force.
darkness departs without a trace
as soon as light enters a place.

many things block out light
in the world of natural sight,
but truth's light permits no blocks.
it penetrates even the most solid rocks.

eternal perfect beloved

only the mind with its advertisements for twoness
stands in the way of discovering truth.
examine the source of mind's twoness
and see the mirror of bilateral symmetry.

the self is real oneness
temporarily divided into apparent manyness.
real oneness doesn't know itself.
apparent manyness, which is mind,
doesn't know its real oneness either.

when apparent manyness recognizes
the unreality of temporary divisions
and perceives that real oneness never divides,
then the self is realized, the mind is enlightened,
and the being is liberated.

eternal perfect beloved

illusion tries to divide me into goods and bads,
and maya tries to make me believe those divisions.

in the bank they treat me like a criminal
but they'll cash my check for an exorbitant fee.
"bad bank. helpless me," says illusion.
"yes, it's true," says maya,
"didn't you see the greed and feel the trap --
just pay and you'll be free."

eternal perfect beloved

god loves to play.
he plays the three worlds.
he plays the joy and sorrow of all creatures.
he plays the longing of the few who want to know him.
he plays the moment of reunion.

welcome home

eternal perfect beloved

oh adam, jewel of creation,
the beauty of seven avatars comes together
to round out your lovely profile.

zoroaster's pioneering forehead cradles your vision
of the identity of all and everything with godself
and your vision of the path of reunion with divinity
by means of good thoughts, good words and good deeds.
the radiance of your brow cuts a new trail through mankind's imagination
and inaugurates the age of unity.
the gates of longing open.

ram's powerful nose fills you with unlimited energy.
its capacity knows no bounds.
its resources never end.
here is abundance of noble art and skill
for the freeing of mankind from age-long binding.

krishna's playful eyes monitor the entire universe
in your single glance of all-seeing compassion.
light dawns in darkness that has never seen day
or dreamed of love.

your buddha ears take in mankind's prayer.
they distinguish between repetitious formulas
and earnest communication.
they know inarticulate meaning.
they hear the message behind words.

the lips of christ silently inspire mankind
in ways both humorous and serious.
at the last moment in time your jesus mouth
speaks the saving word of oneness
that awakens the soul of certainty in love.

muhammad's courageous chin scatters the forces of inertia.
it consolidates the ranks of movement toward awakening.
it leads the way to victory over cowardice and fear.

all the experience of the world gathers
in the auburn ringlets which halo your divine face.
oh godman, they crown your mastery.

the many faces of your human form
make your irresistible beauty visible, oh beloved,
even to us whose gross eyes are god-blind.

eternal perfect beloved

thank you for this absolute vacuum
full of light and shadow in motion,
this play of unity and duality in consciousness.

thank you for the oneness of unqualified love
that saves the world by opening the eye of soul.
you awaken us from our slumber in solid matter
and make us all over into co-saviors.

thank you for sunrise at your samadhi.
turquoise light ripples through closed eyes
like sunshine under the sea.

thank you for the five o'clock shadow
of rainy season grass green,
and this well full of pearly doves in flight,
this well so deep that its frogs speak american.

thank you for this silky light of the sun
as it slips like a yolk behind the western horizon.
thank you for this salt from the beloved's table.

thank you for the night full of circling stars.
village dogs howl away the periphery of silence.
temple drums beat on the heart of silence.
the burden of darkness rests lightly
on the world's shoulder.

oh monarch of creation, admiral of the infinite,
thank you for the will of the one in the many
which compels body, heart and mind to your feet
on meherabad beach, this shore of the infinite ocean.

no matter how many times i put my forehead in the dust,
it's not enough to thank you properly.
only by becoming one with you, by merging with you,
can i be established in the real gratitude
which permeates the creation and creator equally.

then may i participate in your work of love
and maintain your axis of truth
at the center of worldly cycles.

eternal perfect beloved

the storyteller told a story,
and while i searched for its meaning
a young man spoke it right out.
i felt dumb, slow, thick.
i squirmed with inadequacy.
i remembered my mother's insecurity.

if i do not welcome this humiliation,
how will i allow myself to greet the king properly
when i meet him on the highway?
how can i know hugeness if i deny smallness?

the world humiliates you.
even after your departure, i feel my tears saying,
"i'm sorry, i'm sorry!"

you humiliate me.
i struggle automatically with self-defense.
when i give up
and allow humiliation to be there in my heart,
it becomes sweet as a kiss.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the fat man's food,
the glamorous woman's make up,
and the child's favorite stuffed animal.

you are the cowboy's bronco,
the climber's mountain,
and the artist's inspiration.

you are the matron's honored guests,
the doctor's medicine,
and the teenager's first date.

eternal perfect beloved

falling into the ocean,
i became one with it.
ocean disappeared to the last drop.
that became i.

eternal perfect beloved

just at the moment when mankind
becomes powerful enough to do real damage
to the creation, you appear.
you extend the range of our suffering.

mind doesn't know the greatness of god.
the ocean of your love washes our sorrowful hearts.
all is your love, even suffering and destruction.

you wish to harvest a greater than usual crop
of souls from human form this time around.
greater than usual suffering and destruction
are necessary for that work.

the fire of your love purifies our corrupt hearts.
all that happens is your love.
even hatred is an expression of your love,
even abuse, mistreatment and exploitation
are ultimately expressions of your love.

this is the bliss of the high ones
and the joy of the saints.
losers win, the meek inherit
and the ugly become transformed on wings of light.

eternal perfect beloved

you carve the creation out of oneness
with the blade of duality.
you shape ignorance into form
the way a stonecutter shapes a block of stone
or a sculptor evokes communication in solid matter.

you are the one who gives value to zero.
you are the number one in one thousand.

you open the mind of dualities
like an oriental fan with the world painted on it.
your great ugliness awakens appreciation for beauty.

eternal perfect beloved

when the mind recognizes the pristine,
non-dual nature of liberation, it becomes free
and drags the human consciousness with it
into the realm of god's real oneness.

liberation has no opposite.
it contains both mastery and bondage.
the master is bound to the servant just as surely
as the servant is bound to the master.
the oneness of reality comprehends them both.

god's freedom allows him to enter into mastery
and bondage with equal ease.
the human mind confuses mastery with freedom
and struggles against bondage,
thereby forfeiting true freedom
for an appearance of competence.

eternal perfect beloved

the house of human life has shuttered widows
and bolted doors.
a lock of opposites binds the mind in duality.

you are the key, beloved,
that throws open all confinement
to the vista of windows and the freedom of doors.

eternal perfect beloved

the tree sends a letter of praise,
a banyan leaf settles silently at the door
of baba's jhopdi in meherabad.

eternal perfect beloved

experienced sailors report that the seven seas
add up to a single great ocean of oneness.

the one and same ocean of your true being
may be called by three names --
the ocean of love's infinite bliss,
the ocean of truth's infinite knowledge,
and the ocean of peace's infinite power.

when one sees this all-pervading ocean,
there's nothing to see,
no one to see it and no seeing.
yet more real could nothing ever be.

eternal perfect beloved

you, no matter who you are, you have always
been unconsciously one with everything,
one in everything and one beyond everything.

you've been more or less conscious of many things.
over the years these have awakened more consciousness.
all increase in consciousness moves toward
the ultimate awakening of the eye of oneness
that sees with awe its intricately simple loveliness.

in a grace of tears beyond measure
you set aside the voluminous lesson books of daily life
and take up the single page diploma of real living.

eternal perfect beloved

throughout all the worlds,
not a peep of separation,
not an instant of distance,
not a particle of conflict.

you carve the creation from golden oneness
and clothe it in watercolor downtowns
with the taste and touch
of a market's constant change.

eternal perfect beloved

all the world's daily extravaganza
amounts to no more than commentary
on the mindless vacuum of deep sleep.

the one who knows himself
wears this vacuum on his brow like a jewel.
it pumps through the aorta of his forgiveness.
it rides the palm of his every doing.

these are the awake.
they know a dream when they see one.

eternal perfect beloved

awake in the world is dream time,
and asleep in deep dreamlessness is reality.

i dream a portion of the night
and i dream the whole day long.
every waking and semi-awake hour passes as dream.

half asleep is dream and half awake is dream.
only fully asleep and fully awake
go beyond dream to indivisible truth.

eternal perfect beloved

when you're in deep sleep,
how far away are you
from your place of birth?

eternal perfect beloved

i spent eons of time to come this far,
stumbling over shadows on a road
that shifts underfoot like a flag in the wind.

now you ground me in oneness more solid than rock,
more ancient than the floor of the sea,
vaster than the galaxy,
oneness so intense and absolute
that the whole creation falls between parentheses
like a stone thrown against the sky.

where the eyes of mind sees halves and doubles,
the eye of heart sees wholes and singles.
fully conscious oneness knows everything and its opposite.
the sight of god fills and empties me at once.

i see your real oneness
and your appearance of manyness
at the same timeless time.
i see your real unlimitedness
and your apparent limitation simultaneously.
i see your beyond-beauty and your beauty at once.

eternal perfect beloved

i celebrate a death by drowning
of the mind of manyness in the ocean of oneness.
mind of manyness was only a half-mind,
half of this, half of that,
but the ocean of oneness is whole.
half-mind cuts and shapes worlds in creation
and pedals them around the playing field of destiny.

when the tide of love rises above the shore,
it floods half-mind with wholeness
and drowns manyness in the divine.
fragments merge with their opposites.
funeral becomes wedding party reception
and the dirge of loss picks up a joyful chord.
heart rejoices in reunion.

eternal perfect beloved

intelligence has its own kind of blindness
that the heart can easily see.

neither sword nor cannon
can stand the heat of your love.
they melt away.
rifle and missile disappear.

to steer a life toward the heart
yes and no are needed,
but love itself lies beyond division.
love rubs away separation, distance and contrast.

your lovers ride the vehicle of your love
in order to bring it back to you.
your love determines the terrain
and cuts the road through it.

you love me and i love you in eternal at-one-ment.
the whole creation is nothing other than
dualistic expressions of love's unity.

eternal perfect beloved

bowing down at baba's samadhi
bows one down to the whole creation
as well as the creator,

face down on these stones
which one day will be buddhas.

fortunate is the pilgrim
who rests his head on your marble form,

very fortunate the pilgrim
who carries you away in his heart.

most fortunate of all is the pilgrim
who recognizes you everywhere.
he bows down to the whole creation
as well as its creator.

eternal perfect beloved

mind is created by experience of the pairs of opposites.
those pairs of opposites are not reality,
but the oneness that binds them is.

because your oneness binds together opposites in duality,
consciousness projects the creation
and existence has meaning.

how would we see your oneness
if you didn't stretch it before our eyes
as worlds in creation from the heights of heaven?

only by separation can we recognize union,
and only by union can we know its absence.
mind plays with separation and union like toys.

everything which has an opposite is illusion.
that which has no opposite is god.
illusion is a form of god
but not your true reality.
without god no illusion could exist.

eternal perfect beloved

you are in everything as well as beyond everything,
in the three worlds as well as beyond them.
so you are in these thoughts also.
but who can see you here?

every thought precipitates within the ocean of oneness
as an expression of duality in response to desire.

when it's dark, mind says light.
when it's light, mind says dark.
when it's question, mind says answer.
when it's answer, mind says question.
when its effect, mind says cause.
when its cause, mind says effect.

consciousness cognizes these as separations.
superconsciousness cognizes them as connections.

then the entire creation curls up
in a drop of the all-pervading ocean
and evaporates without a trace into oneness
beyond mind's romance of opposites.

eternal perfect beloved

heart language offends the mind's measured speech,
yet the melting of heart sharpens the mind
and mind's light gives eyes to the heart.
who can understand this divine logic?

as soon as one shows vulnerability
the heart can't help but love.
such is the heart-melting power of children and women
and the weapon forbidden to men.

when the head flies in the sky of truth
the heart sinks roots of deep love in the earth.
let every cell of the body know
the whereabouts of this largesse of heart.
all crave and eventually receive it from the source.

eternal perfect beloved

when i forget who i am,
i am the friend of the true friend.
when i remember, i am the true friend himself.

when the true friend meets the real self
we merge in one,
just as the new moon disappears in the sun.

the true friend comes along wherever i go.
there's nothing about me he doesn't know.

eternal perfect beloved

confidence never comes from anyone
or anything other than the beloved.
try as one may with mind, certainty cannot be won.

only the heart of love for the true friend
secures confidence on its real foundation.

eternal perfect beloved

you do all, feel all and think all,
and still it seems the world rocks with work to do,
feelings to bear and thoughts to consider.

fears and irritations circle around
like gnats in front of the mind's eye.
all mind seems crazed by whirlwinds of separation.
even sane mind is conned by the flash and fast edit
of the western romance with material energy.

attention flits from duality to duality
like a butterfly in a garden
at play with the colors of consciousness.

oh architect, builder and enjoyer of everything,
every gun and bullet, every bomb and bomber
exposes mankind's hideous division.
every missile and mine, every warship
shrieks with the laughter of total separation.
all these are living monuments to duality.

illusion devours time like a fresh fruit
and feeds on the flesh of all creatures.
only eternity manages to escape unconsumed.
years circle, seasons wobble, night and day flicker
without a moment ever passing through time's eternity.

mind weaves illusion from questions
and the road out of illusion from answers,
but realization is beyond these dualities of meaning.
no matter what one lays hand on,
the reality of it is absolute vacuum.

oh invisible root of mind's efflorescence,
once the simple beauty of your game has been discovered,
i find and follow this path established by you
that leads to realization of my own oneness.

through this unity, i discover
the divine reality of universal oneness
where no separation is possible, no duality true.

eternal perfect beloved

you searched near and far.
you were lost upon a star.
you cried out in your heart.
i was with you from the start.
welcome home, welcome home.

welcome home from your wanderings
all across the earth.
welcome home, welcome home
beyond death and birth.
welcome to the universe.
welcome home, welcome home.

you were baffled by a thought.
you studied and you taught.
you focused on the light.
i purified your sight.
welcome home, welcome home.

welcome home from your exile
in the labyrinth of mind.
welcome home, welcome home
beyond thoughts that bind.
welcome to eternal time.
welcome home, welcome home.

you were hijacked by energy.
you knew excitement and lethargy.
you lived a state of emergency.
i set you free.
welcome home, welcome home.

welcome home from imprisonment
back double locked doors.
welcome home, welcome home
beyond the ocean shore.
welcome to divine accord.
welcome home, welcome home.

no separation is possible

eternal perfect beloved

this mind is your servant, oh indivisible one,
who stands in awe of his beloved master
and longs to serve to the limit of his capacity.

this mind is your hands and feet, oh undivided one,
that create a landscape wherever they step
while gathering and distributing your love's largesse.

this mind is your vehicle, oh nondual one,
powered by the charge that sparks between plus and minus.
moving slowly and quickly, it shuttles you near and far.

this mind is your appearance, oh one without another,
that fills the mirror with your lovely features
while also giving the impression of an ugly shadow.

this mind is your wealth, oh one and only one,
a treasure chamber overflowing with valuables and baubles
presented as gifts by all the kingdoms in creation.

this mind is your entertainment, oh incomparable one,
which amuses and disappoints you in quick succession
as it strives to be worthy of your attention.

this mind is your kingdom, oh eternal one,
where citizens and foreigners alike obey and disobey
as they curry favor and attempt to conceal selfish schemes.

this mind is your laboratory, oh immeasurable one,
where natural elements come under exacting scrutiny
and theories are formed and discarded like calendar pages.

eternal perfect beloved

the creation resembles ice afloat in the ocean.
it's solid, and can be molded by imagination
into any conceivable form -- landscapes, creatures.
they retain their form as long as the temperature
remains below freezing.
when the temperature rises above freezing,
the ice returns to the ocean.

the ocean is god,
and the creation is never other than god,
though it appears so as long as it's frozen.
the freezing point marks the division
between ignorance and knowledge
of the truly divine nature of the creation.

in fact only god exists.
all that appears other than god
has its source in the ability of ignorance
to shape innumerable forms from god's substance.
for ages the deeply frozen consciousness of humans
views itself and all others as separate.
as the love of god warms that consciousness,
it begins to notice the similar substance of every form.

when the temperature rises above freezing,
true knowledge dawns.
all forms melt and return
to their original formlessness in god.
human consciousness recognizes itself
to be none other than the original, ever-existing ocean,
which is god.

eternal perfect beloved

fell in the all-pervading ocean.
dissolved.
ocean disappeared to the last drop.
that became "i."
ocean reappeared in all fullness.
that became "am."

eternal perfect beloved

it doesn't matter how many thoughts i have,
nor how wild they are.
no separation is possible.

separation and union are themselves
false divisions of oneness.
no separation is possible.

no matter what mind thinks, heart feels or body does,
no separation is possible.
no separation between identity and divinity.
no separation between self and other.

not even everyday mind can separate from you,
not even gastrointestinal mind,
not even denial.
no separation is possible, no duality real.

eternal perfect beloved

mind is a division multiplier
that chisels all from undivided oneness.
imagination revels in these false divisions of manyness,
but it has no power to divide reality.

nothing, not even death, can separate true lovers.
no knife is sharp enough, no wedge strong enough
to divide reality in two.

the nature of the mind is such
and the nature of the truth is such
that every thought is both right and wrong.
no separation is possible, no duality real.

eternal perfect beloved

oneness is like a plank of seasoned wood.
desire is like a plane.
thoughts are shavings that curl off the blade's edge.
who's the carpenter?

eternal perfect beloved

christ renewed the world by the force of his love.
he sent the joy of victory into men's hearts.
saints and lovers ascended to him in large numbers.

his love built monumental buildings and institutions.
his joy inspired divine music in the ears of mankind.
his hand gave comfort to all who suffered grief.

but the world of christ became old and lost its vitality.
it fell and could not rise again.
nursed by anarchist, communist, fascist, it nearly died.

meher baba's divine love has again renewed the world.
its sores are healed, its vitality restored.
ordinary hearts fill with extraordinary love.

the tide turns and the ocean of oneness floods,
bringing the joy of victory again unto suffering mankind
in the original truth of man's eternal oneness with god.

eternal perfect beloved

i resist to say i am you
in order to avoid the possibility of offending you.
but truthfully i can be no other than you.

only you exist.
you are both god and man.

therefore am i both man and god.
man considers the possibility of offending you,
while god knows the truth beyond doubt.

in the form of man
god attends to the niceties of the creation
as if to his personal toilette.

in the form of god
man lives in the heart of eternity
with hands and feet in time.

eternal perfect beloved

no matter what the mind thinks or says or feels,
nor even what the body does,
no separation is possible.

oh meher baba, you are the foundation of oneness
that nothing can touch with the fingers of manyness
nor hold in the clasp of hand's duality.

the moment i attribute anything whatsoever to you
i've dropped my eyes from your face
and settled them on the appearance of your dress.

your absence is the source of your presence.
in response to our longing you appear.
your presence cannot be separated from your absence.

eternal perfect beloved

the entire creation rushes forward
with enormous momentum
just to be in the embrace of your arms.

when the interlocked thoughts of mind
let go like an opening zipper,
you show yourself as you really are.

everyday items in illusion are full of you
but appear empty to the ordinary eye.
only a rare person sees through your disguise.

eternal perfect beloved

when many becomes one
and one becomes none,
many becomes one with none
and only the beloved remains.

eternal perfect beloved

during an avataric age
the golden rain of grace continues falling
until the rivers of return overflow their banks
and all creation disappears in a golden flood.

the ocean of love comes to the lover
and drowns him in god's grace.

this advent amounts to the initiation of mankind
into the knowledge of avatar.
god does care. god is everywhere present.
he's in charge of the entire creation.
he knows and bears the burdens of human beings.

indeed, he comes to mankind as a man among men.
he is not only the truth of only love,
he is also that love in human form, the godman.

oh oneness at the center of mind's symmetry,
whoever meets you knows you to be god.
whoever loves you knows himself to be god.

the creation is your appearance
and the ocean of oneness your reality.
mind is your undergarment,
energy your suit of clothes,
matter your outer wrap.

oh undivided oneness who binds the world together,
you are distributed evenly throughout the creation
like water in the ocean.
your stillness quiets the mind and silences the tongue.

eternal perfect beloved

the light of the sun radiates
your realization of who you are.
its warmth is your invitation for us to join you
in recognizing the truth of who we are.

anyone who thinks he's a man or a woman
doesn't know himself, doesn't know self.
consciousness is fundamentally lost in darkness
until it recognizes the light of self.

the creation is an expression of ignorance
in search of knowledge.
level after level of ignorance dawn and depart
until the knowledge of self becomes visible.

then dawn and departure no longer apply.

mind like a wax labyrinth
melts in the heat of truth
and disappears in the flames of love.

eternal perfect beloved

dualities in mind are not dualities in reality.
mind is a division multiplier
producing appearance upon false appearance
in order to create consciousness,
set energy in motion and project the material world.

the entire creation appears here
in all its variety and detail,
while at the same time only the oneness
of absolute vacuum is really here.

the other appears to arise from the one,
yet the one remains entirely without other.
in reality no creation has ever been.

eternal perfect beloved

worldly wines and whiskeys bring on spells of darkness
but the intoxication of your love, oh awakener,
opens inner vision of the astonished creation unfolding
from a single omnipresent point of intense oneness
like an eagle from an egg or phoenix from ash.

what one experiences is one's own consciousness.
what determines the quality of one's experience
is the condition of one's consciousness.

heart helps the mind to see truth
and truth helps the heart to love,
but we understand only what we want to understand,
and don't understand what we don't want to.

those who believe that god doesn't exist
relate to matter as if it were god.

those who see god as energy
relate to power as if it were god.

those who sense the presence of god in consciousness
relate to truth as god.

these illusions are dualistic projections of opposites
unworthy of clinging.

nothing stands so firm as reality,
free and independent, whole and indivisible.
the entire creation sits on this pinpoint
which is the exterior manifestation of one's own true self.

only real love holds the universe in place.

eternal perfect beloved

the tree of love sets roots deep in the heart
and lifts its mighty trunk through the crown of the head
into the powerful light of supreme truth.

great limbs spread all directions
offering transformative fruit to hungry beings
throughout the entire creation.
this fruit tastes of life abundant
and fills the belly with the will to love.

the worlds rest like bird nests
in the branches of this wondrous tree,
which seekers long hunger and search for,
eventually to sample its rare fruit.

eternal perfect beloved

oh mind, cease backbiting and slander.
you're like a tiger cub attacking its own shadow.
you bite your own foot, chase your own tail.

oh mind, cease rolling from side to side.
you're like a ship in a seaway
at the mercy of waves, wind and current.
only good seamanship brings you to port.

oh mind, cease wandering.
you're like a stag grazing on new greens in the spring forest.
you taste this, hop over for a nibble of that
and grab a bite of the other on the way by.

oh mind, cease laboring.
you rush back and forth, filling yourself with every
thinkable kind of comic strip soap opera magazine.

oh mind, cease wheeling and dealing.
you're like a kid on the loose at a shopping mall
with a couple of dollars burning his pocket.

eternal perfect beloved

those who love the world
must pilgrimage from the periphery to the center
where your love feeds the starving soul.

those whom you've brought to the center
see the creation as the scaffolding of consciousness.
mind and world are identical.

all is one and one all.
you are all that exists and doesn't exist.
you are the height of any climb
and the bottom of any fall.

those who love you
make pilgrimage from this abundance of divine love
at the center of the universe
out to the suffering periphery
where the world strives against a famine of love.

you are the marriage of opposites,
an unlimited ocean of marriages.

with you the entire creation is sacred.
it reveals you to yourself through us
as impurity highlights purity.
you live in all as life itself,
and you are both its source and goal.

eternal perfect beloved

mind is the world.
heart is attitude toward the world.
body is action in the world.

the stars are the mental body.
the weather is the subtle body.
the ground underfoot is the physical body.

to be truth, comprehend opposites,
and find a drop of all-pervading ocean in the head.

to be love, appreciate,
and discover a pearl in the heart.

to be free, forgive,
and create a diamond in the belly.

eternal perfect beloved

oh untouchable one, nothing reaches you,
nothing touches you in the beyond state
where no separation exists.

no doubt you are present in your samadhi
for the initiation of mankind at the end
of this sad old cycle and beginning of the new.
one comes here to empty out and be filled.

oh divine pacific, empty me
so that you have room to fill me again
with love's colossal heart.
who i think i am must give way
to the realization of who i really am.

even if i am the dumbest of all disciples,
beloved, don't let go of me.
bind me in your absolute freedom.
i promise to make it up to you when i can.

eternal perfect beloved

the sun shines with the seven times diminished
force of truth.

among trees in the forest of opposites,
roots love the darkness of earth
where secret nerves suck nectar from the ground,
and leaves love the brilliant sky
where green tongues lick the solar ambrosia.

shadow streams as a dark wake behind knowing
where dying is part of the life of the body.

no dying ever touches soul.

eternal perfect beloved

drop becomes river.
river becomes ocean.
ocean becomes drop.
drop becomes bottomless well.

eternal perfect beloved

oh drop ocean of all-pervading oneness,
you are the truth and love of who i am.
you offer the will of oneness.

you tell me not to cling to any separation,
to hold fast to the daaman of oneness in and beyond all,
and no matter what happens,
make a statement about that oneness.

by killing mosquitoes, i kill myself.
when listening to dogs barking and frogs croaking,
i hear myself.
my mood is your mood, you feel what i feel.

you allow me to sing your praises this much.
then others must take over, add their voices and respond.
your ocean never reaches a limit of satiety
or tires of attention.

without your ocean of compassion,
mankind would fall into total darkness.

eternal perfect beloved

within the unchanging climate of oneness
the weather appears to blow wet and dry.

truth never suffers change.
worldly appearance never escapes it.

ask the three old graiai
with their one eye among them
and one tooth to share,
where they sit there beside the river of trivia.

no matter what the weather was yesterday
one dresses for today.

eternal perfect beloved

heart finds the beach,
head swims,
body drowns.

bliss is the mind's name
for what the heart calls love.

eternal perfect beloved

when even the most insignificant of us misses the mark,
we all lose.
we all pay for each other's mistakes.

love is like a parent who tolerates
the child's unconsciousness
while waiting for the right season and moment
to turn on the light of understanding.

you promise that when the hunger is there,
food will appear.
we gestate in your womb of oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

silence tells more than words.
it's a rare language, foreign to most.
who knows the grammar of silence?

the house of silence stands with open door,
an ever unmoved monument of love
without crack, joint, fissure or split.

eternal perfect beloved

so intimate,
how can one possibly express it?
relationship with god
is really relationship with self.
so intimate!
how can one possibly express it?

eternal perfect beloved

i fell in the ocean.
surprised, i gave up to death by drowning.
the ocean remains untouched.
now i am only baba is.

one another

eternal perfect beloved

you're a different kind of beloved.
i want to share you with my friends,
but not right now.

oh beloved, forgive me if i don't open the door
when someone knocks.
my forehead presses against the forehead
of your silent beauty.
i'm nearly paralyzed by the joy of union.

you're touching my heart with inexpressible silence.
i'm glowing in your beauty.
i'm absorbed in your radiance.

just this knocking itself rocks us
with waves of separation into duty and guilt.
i long to delay the inevitable shift of attention
from you to your spectacular creation.

yes, you permeate everything and everyone.
but just this moment i prefer the serene features
of your private face
rather than your rowdy public masks.

eternal perfect beloved

the thought of you drives the mind
out of the world's busy streets
into the fragrance of a quiet garden
where every flower advertises your beauty.

leaves and petals glow
with their own inner sunshine
that fills the sky with light.

the stillness says much more
than reason can explain.
if love doesn't thrive here
in this rare place,
how can we expect to cultivate it anywhere?

eternal perfect beloved

the beauty of bilateral symmetry
in the two sides of your face
can be seen everywhere in the face of creation.

longing for that beauty tugs our hearts
into love for the things of the world
with all their limitations and frustrations.

the beauty of your unilateral original face
before the creation was born
can be seen only by divine eyes.

longing for this beauty opens the heart
beyond all limitation
and justifies the world's deep frustration.

oh beloved, the beauty of your divine face
reduces the beauty of your face in creation
to a mere echo of the original.

eternal perfect beloved

the silent laughter of god's eternal humor
pushes his cosmic joke to the extreme edge
of what's bearable.

when you lose power, position, possessions,
even body and mind, who are you?
when the outer shell falls away, what remains?

oh supreme silence,
the day dreams and the night sleeps,
but reality rests forever in "i am god."

eternal perfect beloved

god has one son
and that son has many costumes.
if you're not careful
you may be looking right at him
and saying he is not the son of god
because he's not wearing
the costume of nazareth at this moment.

god has one prophet
and that prophet dresses in many costumes.
if you're careless
you may be standing right beside him
and thinking he isn't the prophet of god
because he's not garbed
in the costume of mecca right now.

god has one avatar
and that avatar wears a variety of costumes.
if you're not alert
you may be face to face with him
and swearing he's not the avatar
because he's not outfitted
in the dress of brindaban at this time.

eternal perfect beloved

what the creation ultimately creates
is not worlds full of varieties of living beings
but rather consciousness itself independent of any world.

god in his original self is unconscious.
the worlds in creation are his dreaming mate.
wide-awake consciousness is their only son.

as he said in his christ advent,
the only son of god is one with the father.
through his wife god has a son
and through his son god becomes himself conscious.

eternal perfect beloved

you are the one who returns again and again
to tend the fire of love in human hearts.
your wholeness allows nothing to stand unbalanced.
the ocean of your oneness extinguishes hell fire
and drowns satan in a bottomless pool.

you take masses of undeserved abuse
and transform it into its opposite
through the sheer power of your bilateral symmetry.
you carry it to the dump of oneness
where it melts like ice in the heat of truth.

oh silent peace, oh truth afoot, oh armed love,
guide us in those ways that best serve you.
strengthen us, beloved, to bear the consequences
of our mistakes and failures.
heal the divide in us that creates a conflict
between failure and success.

eternal perfect beloved

the bees of the world come
to the flower in your garden, beloved,
on account of the sweetness of your nectar
and the potency of your pollen.

just as bears in the forest
find their way to wild honeycombs
hidden high up in hollow trees,
the people of the world search
for the sweetness of your love.

eternal perfect beloved

if i hold on to your daaman
my suffering brings me closer to you.
if i let go, it pushes us apart.

eternal perfect beloved

"nothingness" is a concept of mind.

"oneness" is the reality of absolute vacuum beyond mind,
which manifests mind
as the "threeness" of power, truth and love
through the "twoness" of dualistic opposites.

one of the dualistic opposites is "everything/nothing."
the mind which declares reality to be "nothing"
has fallen into an error in thinking.
one could as well say that reality is "everything."
reality is in fact both extremes simultaneously.
"everything" and "nothing" are cognizable only
in reference to each other.
they arise together in the mind.

that which unites them in mind
so that one cannot exist without the other
nor be understood without the other,
that is reality divine, almighty love.

that unity exists in every thought and feeling of mind.
it exists before thought and feeling
as well as after thought and feeling.
it is independent of thought and feeling
and without qualification, limitation or modification.
it can only be seen by mind within the unity
of opposites in thought and feeling.
it can only be described in terms of thought and feeling.
the names of god refer to it but don't describe it.

the realization of it is "nirvana."
the mind when abiding in it is "nirvikalpa."
thought and feeling are "samsara."
the belief that thought and feeling are reality is "maya."

no matter how far apart the mind pushes opposites,
from the bottom of the sea to the top of everest,
the unity of their interdependent connection
can never snap in two.
sinner and saint, ugly and beautiful, war and peace
-- no distance exists between them,
but the appearance of distance between them
creates the space where their unity is in sharp focus
and clearly visible to the mind.

the created worlds spring into being
exactly in order to make unity visible
and focus consciousness in it.
the search for a vision of unity is the substance of life
in every kingdom in nature,

but only in the state of advanced human beings
is the quest recognized
as a search for truth, love or god.

when unity is realized, god is found.
the mind lets go its grip on opposites in duality
and comes to rest in the undisturbed reality of unity,
which is experienced as infinite love, truth and power.
these three dissolve all disputes
in the unity of the "i am god" state of perfect rest,
even in the midst of strenuous motion.

the discovery of god takes place
in the absence of personality's demand for power
to limit truth and rule love.
the final realization of god requires the intervention
of god himself in the form of one
who lives the "i am god" state of the perfect master,
qutub, satguru or the avatar himself.

eternal perfect beloved

loving you is sometimes
like a mountain i struggle to climb,
sometimes like a fire that tortures with grace,
sometimes like the breath of wind disappearing in space.

loving you is sometimes
like a river carrying me home,
sometimes like a mountain i have to lift up to the sky,
sometimes like the sea i have to enter and die.

eternal perfect beloved

i am the moon of your sun.
i have no light of my own.
your radiance illuminates me,
making me visible in other's sight.
your brilliance fills the heavens.
you create day and night.

eternal perfect beloved

for my birthday
i want more love for you,
more love for my companions in life's adventure
and more love for humanity at large.

for my birthday
i want to serve you better,
serve my companions more effectively
and serve mankind in a practical way
that leads to real awakening.

for my birthday
i want you to take over my writing
and create a new dimension in communication
that expresses the full range
of your profoundly loving personality,
your truth, humor and playfulness
your love, respect and encouragement
your power, good will and peace.

for my birthday
i want to merge ever more totally in you,
in the impossibility of separation,
and at the same time i want to be sharper in discriminating
states of duality in the worlds of illusion.
i want to see, hear, smell, taste, touch
and think more accurately
for the sake of more useful knowledge,
more appropriate decisions,
and more effective actions in your work in the world.
i want to be more creative and innovative
in discovering and inventing
ways to further your projects and complete your work.

for my birthday
i want to lose no more energy over concern
for the world's response and reaction
to who you are and who i am,
not only for mankind at large but also among
those who love you or would love you,
including your mandali, staff and residents at
meherabad, meherazad, meher nazar
and elsewhere in the world,
as well as those who are embodied and disembodied
in the various planes of consciousness.

for my birthday
i want to please you, and be you, and reflect you in the world.
i want gratitude to completely take over
and rain love in the heart of every creature

in the entire creation.

for my birthday
i want every moment to further your work,
every thought, word, gesture and deed to carry you
forward into the consciousness of mankind.

you don't need any of these things i ask for.
you can do your work without me.
whether you use me or not has no effect on your grace
which i recognize as totally undivided one hundred percent.

for my birthday
i want to fully enjoy whatever decisions you make,
whatever life comes to me, no matter what events ensue.
all is your thinking, feeling, saying and doing.

for my birthday
i want to hang on to your daaman ever tighter
and surrender to you and obey.

eternal perfect beloved

the avatar is our own soul
taken human form before our eyes
in order to woo our hearts
and awaken love for the divine.

he demonstrates soul's freedom
from habit, custom and tradition
which would bind it in the past.
we see our true nature in him.
he is our real self.

he manifests our own divine beauty
in a form capable of piercing imagination
with visions of reality.
the heat of this truth melts ignorance
and consumes it like wax in a firestorm.

eternal perfect beloved

how strange to wish happy birthday
to the birthless and deathless one outside of time.
something was born and died
and something was born that will never die.

you created a body with the help of shireen and sheriar.
you articulated the message of salvation through gestures
that used your whole body as if it were a tongue.
that message lives on in the new life of each of your lovers.

you lived a divine life of love and truth on earth,
training disciples, freeing masts
from thralldom in the planes,
giving darshan and showing your divine beauty to thousands,
guiding the inner awakening of mankind
and deciding the shape of history to come.

you played with the playful, worked with the enslaved,
enjoyed with hedonists, grieved with the sad,
celebrated with victors, retrenched with the fallen.

your life in us is what makes us alive.
if you were ever to actually die,
we would all perish instantly.
yet your birthday does signify
that something was born and therefore something did die.

no one can deny the beauty of your face
with its ever-shifting blends of suffering and bliss,
something human, something divine.

no one can forget the astonishing beauty of your hands
in motion like a pair of ecstatic butterflies,
or the greek perfection of your feet
where we could lay our sanskaric burdens
if we were swift enough to catch up with you
as you nearly flew on these winglike feet.

this beauty has left us.
for this we mourn and remember the date in 1894
when you were born.
happy birthday, beloved immortal ancient one,
on this day may you be born again in each of us.

eternal perfect beloved

ballroom dancers and figure skating champions
make the unity of opposites visibly alive
as they move with and against each other
like mirror images.

his conservative costume and gesture
showcases her outrageous exhibitionism.
he's strong, she's beautiful.
he lifts, she spins.

though they appear two in body, they move as one.
a single energy stretches between them like elastic,
and a single concept unfolds
through the play of opposites.

oh beloved, you dance in the oneness
of every pair of opposites.
with proper attention, anybody can see you there.

you are the ultimate champion
who dances all the world's dualities in a single
extravagant ball of coordinated couples,
like krishna spinning around the floor with thousands
of beautiful women at the same time.
within the apparent diversity he delights each one
in the way most pleasing to her.

meanwhile he choreographs the whole
as a unified expression of gratitude
for god's creative joy.
thank god this is your way, beloved.

eternal perfect beloved

at the moment of emptiness
the outgoing breath turns
to create the incoming breath
which turns at the moment of fullness
to create the outgoing breath.

tao says each thing turns into its opposite.

seeking asks why?
realization replies that opposites are really one.

much breathing but one breath.

eternal perfect beloved

the action-attraction of mind's dramatic dance
steals all available attention.
few notice the scenic stage of dualities.
no one sees the divine theater of undivided oneness
wrapped around the entire show.

at some point the six funny clowns
goofing off in the three rings
become six prisoners within three huge walls.

belief clings to the back of a behemoth
whose huge feet scarcely move --
christian, buddhist, moslem, hindu.

thought paces incessantly back and forth behind the bars
of its cage in a zoo of projections.
it meets a familiar wall and turns in frustration
only to meet another.
right and wrong, craving and hate, weak and strong,
every dimension squeezes mind into a corner.

ego holds on like a rider on a horse,
sometimes appearing to guide,
sometimes clinging for dear life as the horse runs wild.

eternal perfect beloved

in my confusion, i didn't know who i am.
i pretended all sorts of false identities --
man, woman, rich, poor, powerful, weak, kind, cruel,
possibilities ad infinitum.

now by your grace i know for certain who i am
and still i have to cultivate pretence
in order to keep in touch with fellow humans in the world.

the humor of this situation doesn't escape either of us, beloved, i only
wish the world could laugh as we do.

when i perform my false identities on the world stage
you wink at me without a whit of haughtiness or pride.
your silent laughter is full of tenderness.
i can't help but wink back at you
and laugh my way through the roles i play
in this absurd theater of false identities.

eternal perfect beloved

they all said, "i will come again!"
zoroaster said it.
rama, krishna and buddha said it.
christ and muhammad said it.
what are we to think?
are we to think that nobody returned?

they all returned.
each one has come again
to set the earth right.

when i tell you too soon,
before you're ready to hear it,
you ridicule me.
what preposterous crap!

when i tell you too late,
after you've given up longing to know,
you're angry with me.
why did you wait?

when i find exactly the right moment to tell you,
your heart bursts and overflows with love.
through joyful tears you glimpse the hidden beauty
of the ever-returning avatar.
you clearly see perfection in a good and bad world
that awakens love and reveals truth,
and finally you are empowered with true freedom.

eternal perfect beloved

since god runs the universe
what's the point of blaming this one or that one?

blame god!
and you will receive his tenderest blessing.

blame god!
and he will transform your poison into nectar.

blame god!
and he will free you from the need for blame.

blame god as the first step toward love
and he will take ten or a hundred or more steps toward you.

eternal perfect beloved

beyond reality and illusion
in the nonconceptual silence of pure oneness,
divine self awaits the arrival of his identical twin.

the twin's longing for return brings him home
through a voyage of discoveries
that reveal he never really left it.

at last they embrace in divine stillness,
long lost lovers
who flow together like water into water.

if speech had a place, it would say:
i went and i stayed. i experienced and i waited.
i returned and i welcomed the returner.

thus i seemed to lose my way in the world
and experience the joy of finding it back
but really i remain as i always am, i am myself.

eternal perfect beloved

mind without contradiction goes beyond mind
to the consciousness of its eternal source
in love's almighty truth of indivisible oneness.

consciousness moves around
in the arealess field of oneness,
doing everything according to its own inner dynamic.

it arises within self by apparently dividing into opposites,
abides in self by being in essence still self,
expresses self's infinite potential for variety,
and returns to self by letting go of false dualities.

intellect lives on the process of comparison.
divinity is beyond comparison.
intellect cannot know god.

once the mind picks up the first duality
then it must suffer every cause-and-effect thought
to the very end of the bittersweet thread.

eternal perfect beloved

you were the first to roll, the first to crawl,
the first to swim, the first to fly, the first to run

you were the first to break, the first to freeze,
the first to fall, the first to drown, the first to die

you were the first to ejaculate, the first to give birth,
the first to talk, the first to grow old, the first to cry

you were the first to sing, the first to drum,
the first titan, the first god, the first angel

you were the first rock, the first crystal,
the first diamond, the first iron, the first gold

you were the first moss, the first grass,
the first tulip, the first pine, the first oak

you were the first worm, the first ant,
the first bee, the first frog, the first snake

you were the first sardine, the first halibut,
the first shark, the first trout, the first marlin

you were the first duck, the first crow,
the first eagle, the first parrot, the first canary

you were the first kangaroo, the first mouse,
the first beaver, the first bear, the first horse

you were the first farmer, the first hunter,
the first husband, the first king, the first beggar

you were the first magician, the first shaman,
the first saint, the first mast, the first guru

you were the first liberated being,
the first realized man, the first perfect master

you were the first to take responsibility for the creation,
the first to take form for the benefit of all beings,
the first avatar.

you were the first, the very first, you remain the first,
you always will be the first.

eternal perfect beloved

one longs to die to all the controversy and conflict
of the world's petty personalities,
all the little hitlers and stalins with their tiresome programs
full of deaf ears and blind eyes.

one grows weary of the spectacle.

junior mooses spars with little pharaoh in the red sea shallows
attempting to part the waters
with promises of good times in the offing.

an army of alexanders harry the land,
ghengis khan dominates the street corner.

oh lord, no wonder you dressed in flesh
and blew us a new wind
to trim our sails upon and exercise our wings.

eternal perfect beloved

a child hears the earth is round and believes
despite the questions in it's undeveloped mind.
one sees the globe and photos from space
but knowledge is only second hand hearsay.

one day on a sea voyage or on the shore
one observes a ship heave up over the earth's curve.
once one realizes the roundness of earth
one never forgets, no matter what the local contour.

whether trudging up a mountain side or springing down,
one suffers no doubt or confusion.
earth's roundness remains the foundation fact.
the roundness of earth is the oneness of god.

eternal perfect beloved

real knowledge creates freedom.
false knowledge entraps.
real learning sees familiar things in a new way.
false learning sees new things in an old way.

eternal perfect beloved

my heart empowers me to speak as a white european
to the native american and the dark skinned african.

"forgive me, brothers and sisters,
for the pride of my thought,
the carelessness of my feeling,
and the cruelty of my hand.

in my greed i took what is yours and made it mine.
in my lust i violated your body, mind and soul.
in my anger i exterminated you like vermin.

i was insane with the madness of profit,
not knowing what truly profits me and what is real loss.
i suffered a fit that inflicted serious damage on you
and on myself and nearly wrecked our environment too.

my seizure is passing away and health returns.
i thank god that i failed to extinguish you,
fathers and mothers, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces.

oh precious family, oh single god in variety's dress.
we die together, we live together.
oh cousin, let's nurse our common wound.

eternal perfect beloved

the fundamentalist mind starves
with only the dry outer shell of the message.

it misses the rich and juicy inner meat
at the heart of the teaching,
which feeds the greater life of the savior's love
as it ripens in the hearts of his lovers.

it caretakes the sacred real estate
as if it were a stranger
and catalogs sacred books as if it were alphabetic.

but you care for it also as an expression of your self
in the all-inclusive wholeness of your love.

eternal perfect beloved

in the parliament of mankind's shared experience
the world's leading scientists, philosophers and artists
compare notes on the meaning and purpose of life.
politicians, military men, industrialists, lawyers,
farmers, merchants, laborers and criminals
make their voices heard in the factional wrangling.
common people tell poignant stories of everyday drama.

seven avatars anchor the immense discussion in the word of god.
in response to the participants' elaborate dissections and analyses,
the avatars synthesize diversity into unity.

reality cannot be seen by the eye because in reality
no eye is separate from the object of sight
and vision doesn't exist.
the apparent separation of eye and object,
that apparent distance, constitutes illusion.
in that space the universe unfurls its clockwork of endless cycles.
worlds spring into existence as star and planet in the heavens
and identity fastens upon one thing after another.

it experiences the full range of opposites in manyness
until it discovers the unreality of division.
now conscious of the nature of the unreal and the real,
identity frees itself from everything
by realizing the fully unified state of undivided oneness
in a moment of liberating union.

the full flood of love's all-powerful truth
overwhelms consciousness
with the mystery of its divine identity with god.
without beginning or end, everything falls within "i am."

eternal perfect beloved

illusion because of projection,
projection because of division,
division because of the original whim.

mend division and drop projection.
drop projection and dissolve illusion.

beyond illusion meet the original one.

eternal perfect beloved

the world uses every trick it can come up with
to grab our attention and milk us for applause
in the form of cash and cooperation --
get a load of this sensation, hear that music,
think this thought, buy that thrill.

hung up on the hook of duality,
bigger eats smaller, stronger enslaves weaker.
this is the way of the world but not the way of love.

technology has brought us to a situation
which resembles the fourth plane
where we have power and also the opportunity to use it,
but we must pay the consequences of our actions.

some portion of mankind gives god the finger
and screams negative slogans like,
"how dare you create such a fucked up world!"

meanwhile others glow with admiration
for his intelligence and attention to minutest detail.
still others melt in the bliss of his love.

eternal perfect beloved

if there were not practitioners
of every sort of gross behavior
we could not say that will is free.

if there were not saints
we wouldn't recognize criminals,
bestiality would be the norm
and hell would be at home in every house.

eternal perfect beloved

when the quarreling rowdies of mind
get around to enlisting in the army of peace,
they submit to basic training.

there they learn how to cooperate
in an effective unit.
victory must be close at hand.

eternal perfect beloved

i feel the discomfort of those who attack me.
what one person appreciates as my virtues
another person kicks in my face as filth.
what clears the way for one
makes an obstacle for the other.
one see something authentic another something fake.

in order to burn the sanskaras of those
who attack me and those who flatter me,
mind must find its balance in the equal
truth and falsity of what they all say.

my assailants disappear completely in equanimity.
sycophants go tumbling after.

at the point of equipoise ordinary mind falls away
in the unlimited reality of enlightenment.
only the bliss of divine love remains.

eternal perfect beloved

one never goes beyond the mind by stopping it
or deadening it.

mind is a labyrinth of polarities
which can be exited by owning the opposites.

neither sinner nor saint, neither free-will or fate,
neither wall nor gate.

dream thoughts blow through inner silence.
listen to the echo of opposites.

the gate of oneness stands always open
for the pilgrim's free passage.

eternal perfect beloved

oneness hides within the mask of two.
marriage is real, divorce an illusion.
one might as well chew a rock
or ride a whale to the summit of mt. conundrum

eternal perfect beloved

the creation unfolds the imagination of god
within the mind of the avatar,
the man of infinite power, knowledge and bliss,
who carries the responsibility on his shoulders.
he's the thinker and the thought.

through the infinite power
of the "big bang" question "who am i?"
his nuclear fission creates the expanding universe.

he demonstrates god's existence
throughout the created panorama
and proves his reality by creating
the impression of reality within the creation.

and he, the beloved one, eliminates the universe
through the infinite force of his nuclear fusion.

praise the lord who returns again and again.
praise the one who endures the limitations of human form.
praise the one who takes responsibility.

eternal perfect beloved

soul discovers the identity of all manifestation with self,
it realizes the reality of self and it unmask
the illusion of manifestation's convincing appearance
of separate components in uncountable profusion.

soul counts by two's,
matching each manifestation with its mate
until the last marriage gives the final tally: one.

only soul itself, with all the conditions
and characteristics of oneness
remains to enjoy the eternal honeymoon.

eternal perfect beloved

eye cannot see one nor can ear hear one,
hand cannot touch one nor can tongue taste one,
nose cannot smell one nor can mind think one.

nevertheless the sum of all the above is one.

eternal perfect beloved

real oneness supports a weave of opposites
that veil truth behind the curtain of creation.
love for truth chaffs holes in it,
eventually wearing it away completely.

neither those who take the curtain to be you
nor those who identify it as themselves
have the slightest intuition that when it's worn away
the mystery of undivided reality stands revealed.

lost in the pattern on the curtain of creation
i cry out your name, "baba, baba!"
thank god you are never far away.
you wear this veil like a suit of clothes.

the weight of maya lifts from my heart
and opens a way for the breath of love
to flood the dark depth of my abdomen.

oh beloved, nothing remains
but your ever blissful union of divine love.

eternal perfect beloved

through the intense medium of divine love
the little one-man world of each individual
eventually expands to become
the all-inclusive one-god world of reality.

the little one-man world dreams and trains
and struggles to dominate other little one-man worlds
until the force of love wins the final victory
with the higher power of a full heart.

eternal perfect beloved

the golden rain of grace rises as a mist
from the all-pervading ocean of oneness
and falls as love in the hearts of creatures.

a rainbow of joy shines in the eye of each.
oh lord, i remember your covenant promised to noah
as i discover gold at the end of the rainbow.

the pearl tree

eternal perfect beloved

mind resembles the enormous
plumbing system of a big city.

god resembles the water which comes,
let's say, from a huge lake in the mountains
and passes through pipes and tubes
of all different sizes, down to the most minute,
to serve the industrial, domestic, civic
and commercial life of the city's inhabitants.

it's frozen, dyed, polluted, flushed, boiled, drunk
and put to every imaginable use.

in spite of the great diversity of its applications
while passing through the maze of urban plumbing,
it never alters its water nature
nor ever loses its ability to flow together.

as one single water it enters the drainage system
of increasingly larger pipes leaving the city.
as one water it flows into the river
and onward on its way to the sea.

eternal perfect beloved

swimming in the sea of oneness
under the surface of mind's variety,

seeing the beauty of ugliness
and the ugliness of beauty as one,

knowing the truth of illusion
and the illusion of truth as one,

experiencing the freedom of bondage
and the bondage of freedom as one.

eternal perfect beloved

pulled between opposites like a trampoline,
the mind flies up and down
performing all sorts of rolls, flops and twists
and other astonishing tricks in the air.

it's full of zing and snap,
and to a certain extent it's exhilarating and fun.
but ordinary mind can't stop or rest
except in moments of deep sleep.

if you unhook a number of springs on one side,
you risk being thrown dangerously in that direction.
this is the condition of ordinary mind,
which clings to one pole of opposites,
ignoring the others,
without the balance of wholeness.

if you unhook springs exactly opposite each other,
the trampoline loses a measure
of its overall responsive force in a balanced way.

if you unhook every set of springs two by two
around the entire periphery,
the trampoline loses all its force.

the tension of every single set of opposites is released
and the mind lets its power go.
being is there with all its potential
but no tensions give life to the mind.
such is the condition of nirvana.

having realized the life-giving properties
of the tension between opposites,
one can connect them up again two by two
and fly confidently up and down.
all of mind's fancy tricks and trials
simply demonstrate the source of energy and rest.

eternal perfect beloved

just as a sweater with many different parts
like neck, sleeves, cuffs, back, front and so on,
is knitted with a single yarn,
so is the mind's variety of different parts
made up from the single truth of oneness.

just as needles knit the garment
so does the interplay of viewpoints knit the mind.

eternal perfect beloved

you know i don't like cars parked in my living room,
yet you leave a white renault here for days on end.

i squirm with aggression.
i want to squeeze drops of superglue in your locks,
ram a potato up your exhaust pipe
and paint a hand on the windshield giving you the finger.

most of all i want to wrap your whole car
in brown 3" mylar tape around and around like a tight mummy.
it'll resemble a piece of modern art, chic, unusual.
my living room'll be a kind of sculpture garden.
i should advertise in the newspaper and charge admission.

but you parked this car here to humiliate me
and bring me to my knees, didn't you, beloved?
you know i'm more interested in winning inner freedom
than outer battles.
you know i won't do anything with your damn renault
but eat my aggression like bitter plums
from the tree of thwarted desires.

when every last negative thought
has been tasted and swallowed,
i'll open up the space of my living room
for you to park any time you want.
then you'll probably disappear.
in any case, it won't make any difference to me.
i'll be free.

eternal perfect beloved

dressed in the garments of personal history,
all in their shyness look at themselves in the mirror
without removing their shabby costumes.

a few grow bolder.
they remove an article or two of clothing
and see a different person.

very few remove every shred of covering
and behold the reality of god in human form.

yet eventually all
reach that place of unadorned truth.

eternal perfect beloved

maya tries to divide us,
wants to separate you from me
by using your words to create doubt.
maybe i fail to please you with these poems.
surely silence is the highest praise.

my heart sinks.
your displeasure wounds worst of all.
sweet love turns nasty like cold slime.
maya's in her element, having a good time.

yes, it's true there are no words in love divine,
bliss is silent, truth can't be shaped in sound.
nothing there is real.
truth and love cast shadows and people write them down.
only shadows move across these pages,
shadow actors in a shadowland,
shadow marks in shadow sand.

no wonder you're not impressed.
no shadow-merchant you,
you make no deals for a pretty word
even if it sounds true.
you make a different offer, saying "*things
that are real are given and received in silence.*"

matter is far denser shadow than words could ever be.
body actions don't come close to love divine.
but just as i praise you with shadow sounds
i also act within the thickness of the matter plane.
thank you thoughts combine with thank you words
combine with thank you actions,
all shadows sure and maya play.

oh beloved, by your grace these thank you notes
overflow the heart as shadows of love divine.
am i old fashioned, hung up on things sophomoric?
for ages i whispered to you a promise
that i wouldn't hoard your gifts,
that whatever you gave me would pass on to all.

am i buying maya's game? is there more than one?
you yourself woke me up and trained my eye to see
that no separation is possible between sun and shadow.
where do shadows come from? what are they made of?
there's nothing here anyway other than you yourself
who are the peace of truth and love divine.

you are who i really am,
the very source of all i think and say and do.

these thank you notes
and these words of praise you send yourself
will always be,
as long as brahma breathes and there's light to see.

eternal perfect beloved

butterflies of every season
flap one wing in the light
and one in the dark.

to see their great beauty,
loop the dark around the light
and tie a graceful bow.

now there's a worthy christmas gift
no matter when your birthday comes.

eternal perfect beloved

though i am hardly a spark
compared to the avatar's blazing sun,
much comfort comes from knowing
that my spark, however feeble or unequal
to the task of driving away the night,
flickers with the same substance
as his immeasurable radiance.

eternal perfect beloved

mind is like a granary of seed thoughts.
when placed in fertile earth,
watered and sunned, they reach harvest
in the food chain of higher conscious life.

those who do not know god
have not yet explored the full range of consciousness
nor exercised the full capacity of intelligence
to distinguish between temporary manifestation
and the eternal source.

at one time or another
every man and woman on the street
will awaken in a flood of recognition
and say the same words that i speak.

the seed of unity
sprouts, flowers and fruits through the ages
to this day of harvest in our time.

eternal perfect beloved

every duality in consciousness divides within me
in order to build the worlds in creation,
and every one unites within me to liberate me
in the heart of god's divine love.

love sources all substance in the universe,
first as thought, then energy, then matter.

physical, emotional and mental unity
within an individual reflects
planetary, cosmic and universal unity in nature.

right out beyond the most distant galaxy,
this unity is soul and that unity is oversoul,
and nothing in existence but ignorance
can set those unities apart.

eternal perfect beloved

illusion stands on two feet
shifting from side to side.
reality stands on one
as solid as the sky.

eternal perfect beloved

i don't ask you to break your silence,
not even with the word of words.
i ask rather, oh beloved,
let me hear your silence truly.
let the message of your silence penetrate
throughout this noisy consciousness.

don't break your silence, oh silent one,
rather break my noise.

of what use are words
if i can't hear your silence?

true to your promise
let me hear your voice of omnipresent silence
that announces without beginning or end:
am i god, god am i, i am god, god i am.

eternal perfect beloved

without exception all originates in me,
restlessly expresses the enormous variety of me,
and without ever being anything other than me
finally leads all consciousness to me.

in this place where no difference can be found,
reality and illusion are one and the same.
no separation is possible.

once consciousness distinguishes true self from false,
there's no need to rip out the root of illusion
as if it were a weed or worse yet a foul poison plant.

will you take the toy away from infant god
and make him sit still in a desert?

true self enjoys the endless imagination of god's play
in the great garden of his creation.

eternal perfect beloved

mankind clings to the back of a four-legged behemoth
whose huge feet scarcely move:
buddhism and hinduism in front, islam and christianity in back.
the elephant of world religion marches on four slow feet.

eternal perfect beloved

never mind the dreams that flutter through
the night mind like refugees without credentials.
who knows where they come from or where they're going
and what's in the bundles on their backs?

never mind the thoughts that stand
like authorities in uniform,
directing traffic at the crossroads
and pronouncing law in court.
they command the media and control
the keys and codes of legitimacy.

never mind actual or perceived wrongs
all the way back to the beginning of time.
never mind nihilists posing as masters.
never mind the religion whose temple is the bank.
never mind that every face is a locked house
with a couple of tiny windows.
never mind the penis park
full of widows and bitter mothers.

never mind the history that writes itself
on the walls of consciousness.

despite the kicks of krishna, buddha and christ,
love continues to sleep in the heart of mankind
drugged by fear of helplessness and desire for power.

let every heart be freed from any taste of bitterness
and every solar plexus be released
from its protest against humiliation.

eternal perfect beloved

you are myself -- i cannot be separate from you,
but i can appear to be separated
by the façade of differences in duality.

every person i meet is god, meher baba, self
wrapped in thick garments of sanskaric material,
not merely aspects of myself -- self is indivisible --
but my whole self wrapped in skins of different appearance.

maya persuades me to accept appearance as real
while you point continuously
to the truth of indivisible oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

the golden rain of grace soothes a bothered heart
with the wholeness of only love.

i am neither adequate nor inadequate, you say.
adequacy and inadequacy are just another duality
bound together by indivisible oneness.

i live beyond opposites
in the place where adequacy and inadequacy
are one and the same.

when the wheel comes fully around,
my friends, who think themselves my enemies,
send praise disguised as criticism;
my enemies, who think themselves my friends,
send criticism disguised as praise.

obeying this law of oneness
powerlessness becomes mighty.
with the ultimate glue of this equanimity,
ugliest becomes most beautiful.

eternal perfect beloved

my treasure chest overflows with riches.
everywhere i look i see the wealth of your gifts.
at the same time i see that i'm totally empty.

this limitless emptiness proves to be
the most valuable gift of all.
its priceless worth makes treasure of everything,
just as a chest full of common objects made of gold
is worth a fortune on the market.

unlike the fortunes of the market place
boundless wealth must be shared with all.
with sharing it grows and increases in value.
all dust becomes gold dust, every stone a diamond.
ordinary grains of sand become pearls.

oh beloved, if only king midas will grant me a moment,
history will crown him with imperial ornaments
and we'll all be freed from greed.

eternal perfect beloved

like a sprinkler on top of your head,
watering the world with a rain of golden drops of grace,
you widen my oneness as a horizon,
you deepen my oneness to the height of a star.

distance disappears from hearts in love.
since you are the perfect beloved
i long to be the perfect lover.

you wouldn't harm me unless
it were proper that i be harmed
in which case harm would not be harm
but rather the grace of your constant
attention to my needs.

if you feed me only sweets and never bitter medicine
even when i'm ill, you would be a poor mother
and a lousy excuse for a friend.

my worst disasters become my greatest blessings
by holding on to the hem of the avatar's robe.

eternal perfect beloved

in the intense furnace of divine love
mind's many small thoughts
as numerous as grains of sand
fuse into a single transparent
globe of clear glass.

the rainbow appears from its hiding place
projecting the gorgeous colorwheel of divine oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

god shuns an empty mind
and finds no place in a full one.
god comes into a balanced mind
and settles down forever.

eternal perfect beloved

false self, which is the world,
arises from true self, which is god.

false self is within true self
and true self is within false self.

when false self exhausts its falsity
it returns to the true self,
which is without beginning or end
and incapable of exhaustion.

false self is composed of the elements in nature,
the energies in life expression
and thoughts in consciousness.
true self is composed of the oneness
within the elements, energies and thoughts,
and the same oneness which is beyond them
from which they arise.

false self veils but does not replace true self.
false self depends entirely on true self
whereas true self is entirely independent.

the true self praises itself.
the false self pretends to praise, but doesn't dare
for fear of strengthening its rival.

eternal perfect beloved

to embrace you is suicide for the false self,
the separate, isolated, lonesome, needy self.
it starves through inattention,
like pulling the plug on its life support system.

rather than embrace you, the false self waves
its insurance policy in your face
and threatens lawyers, courts and punishment.

eternal perfect beloved

the false self searches for the true self.

the false self depends on
the visible matter of the gross world,
the dynamic energy of the subtle world,
the conscious intelligence of the mental world.
whereas the total independence of real self
depends on nothing at all.

the false self appears in the contrasts of opposites,
whereas the true self never divides
or separates into opposites.

the false self begins, goes through changes
and comes to an end with the passage of time,
whereas the true self never begins or ends in time
but persists eternally both within and beyond time.

eternal perfect beloved

even while resting in no possible separation,
i'm tempted to play with imagination
desiring to let light divide from dark
and allow above to separate from below.

like the device in a planetarium
which projects the heavens on the inside of a dome,
imagination casts the world on the senses of the mind.
oneness must express itself through the medium of duality.

i draw conclusions about resulting contrasts,
feel the alignment of energies for and against
and isolate myself in that scenery.

caught on the hook of duality
i project my limitations on fellow human beings
like cookie cutters falling on raw dough.

eternal perfect beloved

there's a certain corner of your smile
which asks me how hungry i am.
you tease me with playful inquiries
about how i consume you.

do i push you around my plate
like a finicky child
just nibbling a little on this and that,
all the while hoping to find pizza,
spaghetti, ice cream and chips?

there's another corner of your smile
which very seriously tells me
if i want to feed my real hunger
i should swallow you like a starved dog,
let my belly extract every available
bit of nourishment,
and let natural digestion discard any unusables.

eternal perfect beloved

swallow the guru whole.
don't nibble like a minnow
or consume leftovers like a pilot fish.

even if you're only a cod
and the guru's a whale, swallow him.

the travail of swallowing
such an enormous being is the spiritual work.
how else will you reach his size?

eternal perfect beloved

the taste of oneness satisfies every hunger.
no craving or whim remains unslaked.
the tongue comes to rest at ease on the palate.
satisfaction loosens tension in consciousness
just as sleep floods fatigue with sweet release.

the spice of choice is oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

the only face that satisfies
the longing for eternal beauty,

the face that shines with the inner
light of absolute oneness that remains one
no matter what dualities arise on the horizon

demanding to be recognized and played with,
no matter how grim the game.

in the stillness of inner silence
your original face, oh beloved,
presses against my kiss.

eternal perfect beloved

you glide down from pure truth
as i clamber up from relative truth.
we meet right here in the middle and merge
together like world champion honeymooners.

the degree of interest you show me
equals the degree of longing i have for you.

even while all the worlds project their fantastic views
upon me as if i were a cinema screen in the round,
i want only to hang on to your daaman
which is the reality of who i am.

eternal perfect beloved

odd, fresh, striking, dangerous
every day i wait for words of love
in your silent mouth.

let me hear your silence.
let me see you with my ears.

arise in my heart, oh will to love,
and sweep away every obstruction
that blocks mind's total absorption in divine silence.

the golden rain of grace falls from a cloud of silence
and makes no sound as it penetrates the heart with love.

eternal perfect beloved

oh sustainer,
with your creative right eye and destructive left,
the entire world arises from the pure honey of your love.

your omnipresent, all-pervading body,
armlessly embraces the creation in every opposite.
your main quality is equality.

wearing a crown of magnificent silence
and a necklace of divine names,
you are the first i, the proto i, the arch i.

your indestructible, uncreated body of oneness
is muhammad's islam, christ's consciousness,
and buddha's enlightenment.

silence participates in the sound of your name.
emptiness participates in the structure of your thought.
stillness participates in the energy of your feeling.

your body of pure love forms the foundation
and support of all the worlds.

eternal perfect beloved

we want to love you
but since you dropped your body
we're frustrated by your seeming absence.

while men argue over your true name,
we come to you to learn what we already know
and experience what you've always known.

you tell us to love each other
and we're stuck with that.

now that your mortal hands and feet lie at rest
in your samadhi, let ours be yours.

eternal perfect beloved

the whole world waits for the moment
you break your silence
as the voice of god from heaven
via satellite, network and cable.

those who want to love you murmur
a secret prayer that you break your silence
in the intimacy of their hearts.

some say you communicate with them
through visions, dreams and miracles
which reveal who you are.

the world waits for you to break your silence
while you wait for the world
to hear your silence in its heart.

eternal perfect beloved

before one can appreciate silence
one must experience the excitement of full sound.

what would a musician do without silence?

only one who can hear silence
knows how big a sound can fill
the profound stillness of original oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

deeper than dreamless sleep
and brighter by far than the sun,
the pearl of unity's deep silence
shows every color but has no color of its own.

goodwill diamonds of inviolate peace thrive
in the immaculate soil of pearl dust and golden rain.
they shine with light that makes no shadow.

eternal perfect beloved

the path to you begins everywhere
and leads to the point of balance
at the center of the world.

it disappears in the point of oneness there,
pulling the traveler with it into your nirvanic heart.

he can't take anything with him
through the passageway at the center of duality
where opposites meet,
not even an idea, a worry or a dream.

no matter how minute or unimportant,
anything he brings obscures the way.

having found the way and passed through it,
he finds everything waiting for him there.

eternal perfect beloved

consciousness is a vehicle
that constantly changes shape
to meet the needs of the way it travels.

jeep, limo, train, bike

consciousness creates the road,
the terrain, the vehicle and the driver.

trawler, liner, yacht, dinghy

consciousness fuels the engine,
maintains the vehicle and trains the driver.

offroad, dragster, formula one, buggy

consciousness draws the map,
chooses the route
and enjoys the scenery or hates it.

glider, concord, stealth, cessna

eternal perfect beloved

no matter how far one wanders
in the pathways of personality,
the source always comes along with.

no matter how tightly
one packs the mind with illusions,
reality can never be squeezed out.

no matter how fast and abruptly
one sorts through thought,
truth can never be shaken off.

no matter what disguises one adopts
to play roles in the theater of consciousness,
self never loses its thread of recognition.

eternal perfect beloved

one pass key opens all locks
in the world of feelings.
where is that key hidden?

look behind smallness
in the place of helplessness,
right there where it feels like dying,
there's the key.

with that one on one's belt,
one easily opens a way to heart's content.

eternal perfect beloved

that single drop of rain
which covers the whole world with gold
is by far the world's largest ocean
and by far its smallest too.

eternal perfect beloved

an enlightened mind resembles a golfer
who hits a hole in one every time he tees off.

eternal perfect beloved

no matter what goes on in illusion
with all its irritations and temptations,
the constant ringing of the doorbell and telephone,
every thought begins in you and returns to you
after circling around the wheel of duality.
you are always with us no matter where we go.

you are one hundred percent present
in all these thoughts,
but you're hard to recognize
in your dress of halfnesses.

no matter if a grid of dualities catches my ego
and holds it fast like an insect in a web.
no matter if i feel like a cheap battery,
held hostage by the body's outrageous demands,
never do you leave me, no matter what i do.
you are always there, always in my heart.

eternal perfect beloved

i see only my mind and its consequences
arranged around me as the world
saying, "this is who you are, this is what you are!"

all that is is only i am.
all dualities arise in oneness
including that of self and other.

no time, no space, no sound,
no movement, no form, no name,
the entire creation is a manifestation of imagination.

eternal perfect beloved

the infinite ocean swims around in itself
in the form of a fish wondering "who am i?"

sea rose

eternal perfect beloved

the voyage of self discovery
begins in pure unconsciousness
and goes through every known condition
of nature and consciousness.

ultimately the traveler arrives
at pure consciousness which has no object
and no subject, no division whatsoever,
no dualistic opposites, no conflict,
no space, no time.

the voyage ends in this wholeness
of the indivisible one
where the traveler experiences
the bliss of unlimited truth, love and peace.

he settles permanently in this bliss,
knowing himself with certainty as the all-self
at the source of creation
and within every being in creation.

eternal perfect beloved

the hand cannot touch you,
the voice cannot describe you
and the mind cannot fathom you.

yet all the hand touches is you,
all the tongue describes is you.

all grasping of mind, every thought
both true and false is you,
and all comprehension of mind
is none other than you.

eternal perfect beloved

though silence is your highest teaching
and silence is our highest praise,
the original question formulated in me
fills the screen of consciousness with endless answers.

eternal perfect beloved

oh beloved, you squeeze me, you press me,
you pinch me between the jaws of the only
unforgivable sin -- hypocrisy.

you squash me down from above
with sharp warnings that i must not
claim to be something greater than i am.

at the same time you drive me up from below
with stern warnings that i must not
commit the crime of false modesty
by pretending to be less than i actually am.

i thought to avoid hypocrisy by deference,
mystification and saying nothing,
but you're not pleased by that false modesty.
in your "call" you say it shows weakness
which eventually sours into ego.
there lies no escape from the bite of these jaws.

the truth plain and simple sounds outrageous
even when you say it in ways sublimely beautiful.
even when you live it in daily life
many turn away from you,
thinking you're deluded by false ideas of greatness
-- god in human form, indeed,
the poor man suffers from inflation!

what then for the ant, sparrow or man
who realizes you as his own true self?
how ridiculous he appears,
like a boy wearing his father's suit.
yet he must confirm the truth of his father's word
that he is the self of all,
and he must witness to all that only he is real.

oh beloved, this is the servitude
that i have vowed to master
and it is my joy to do so.

eternal perfect beloved

struggle as one may, swim like a champion,
nobody ever reached the end of the ocean of love.
all perish in love; even death itself must drown.

eternal perfect beloved

i am the center of each and every thing
and the self of every being.
i meet myself coming and going.

the worlds with all their inhabitants
embody the many forms of self
in countless variations of self revelation.

i flourish and fall, i sustain, persist and remain.
all express me, all confirm my omnipresence
and all return to me
according to the laws of manifestation.

this stream of impermanent forms flowing through time
continually arises from and flows again
into the immeasurable ocean
of vast stillness which is my real self.

eternal perfect beloved

in the mind and out of the mind at the same time,
conscious and not conscious at the same time,
full and empty at the same time,
the incredible sun of reality
shines with the light of truth and the warmth of love.

one who bathes in this sunshine knows peace.
one who dwells in it recognizes god as the self
of the universe and all its inhabitants.
he lives in one with everyone
in his abode as one beyond everyone.

eternal perfect beloved

when freedom binds itself
the avatar appears.

when binding achieves freedom
the perfect master appears.

eternal perfect beloved

mind tethered to oneness roams freely
in every quarter of consciousness.
the untethered traveler moves through the terrain
following familiar roads and occasionally opening
new ones leading toward and away from the destination.

tethered mind sits exactly still
on the point of destination
while the landscape of consciousness
moves fluidly around it.

oneness is self,
the goal of all seeking
and the destination of all travel.

the mind of oneness recognizes itself
in every diversity of consciousness,
in every variation of harmony and disharmony
and in every flavor of conflict and resolution.

the entire landscape showcases self.
the greater the contrast, the wider the gap,
the brighter shines the light of self's singleness.

search as one will,
one can find no other image than self
and no other purpose than its revelation.

eternal perfect beloved

what you see and hear of me is illusion
but the silent, invisible part of me is real as diamond,
vaster than ocean and sky together.

this is the seed self from which the universe grows.

just as the universe is called by the name of every
tom, dick and harry on the street,
the self doesn't know its own name.

sink an empty bottle in the sea.
what's the difference between the water in it
and the water outside it?

that's the difference between your self and seed self.
the bottle is made of misunderstandings that melt
under the touch of love.

eternal perfect beloved

i created the world.
i did it in order to know who i am.
now i know that all is self.

you are my self.
not knowing the oneness of self,
i believed myself to be other than you.
false self clings to that belief
until the realization of real self dawns
and the indivisible oneness of real self shines
with the original light of real truth.

in that light our oneness is abundantly clear
and the shadows of the illusion of separation
experienced by false self
are exposed in all their charming detail.

you created the world.
you did that in order to know yourself.
by close examination of your experience of false self
with its false knowing
you discover real self with real knowing.

by love for truth and the people of truth
you triumph over the false and the people of shadow.
everything in the world points to wholeness
and everybody in the world points to real self.

enter reality through the love door of oneness
and establish permanent residence
in the brilliant truth of self.

eternal perfect beloved

everything i meet,
i meet myself in yet another form.
i am the essence, they are the forms.
essence is one, forms many.

usually form meets form
and essence remains unmet.

whoever meets me,
meets himself in essence in my form.

eternal perfect beloved

i've always been unconsciously one with everything.
now i'm conscious of this inescapable oneness,
being one in everything and one beyond everything.

all the life of the universe takes place within me
and i participate in every detail of it,
yet i'm totally still and at peace.

what is going on everywhere?
the sun would fall out of the sky
before the story could be completely told.

the bride comes to the groom, birth,
the struggle to achieve and fulfil desires,
the loss of it all at death.

the same story is repeated in every individual
as different as each one's face.
like faces, they're both different and the same.

isn't this a mystery worthy of silence?

two faces, two stories in which
their interconnected roles constitute
one single face in search of union.

her syllables give form to his words.
his lines give meaning to hers.
with one silence they affirm "this is who i am."

no force in the universe can shatter their union.
this is my stillness and total peace.
this is my participation
and this is the life of the universe within me.

eternal perfect beloved

what's the use in cultivating opinions
about events in my life?
that was good and that was bad.
this gives me pleasure and that pain.
how do i know what's good or bad?
why waste time arguing for and against
with the limited scope of human understanding?
both good and bad are endless parades of ignorance.

all i know is that truth permits no division.
you're not divided into good and bad.
you're all good, or if you like, you're all bad.
whatever happens has to happen.
the whole history of the world
in every detail from the beginning of time
conspires to make it happen.

but you, truth, are beyond happening.

what do i know of this person's need
and that person's service,
or this city's need and that country's service?
am i a parent forced to decide
in ignorance and out of habit,
hoping for the best, knowing nothing?
who can say this is important and that not?
that this youth scores a point in football
cannot be separated from that ancient emperor's
defense of his northern frontier.

arguments for and against have no value
beyond entertainment -- a perpetual dance
of nymphs on the floor of consciousness.
when apollo keeps the rhythm
and picks the melody on his cithara,
this entertainment reaches its zenith
of subtlety and intricacy.
if you don't believe me
then you fail to see the minotaur devouring maidens
in the middle of the dance hall.

who's willing to find amusement in an empty dance floor?
better yet, to appreciate the virgin lot it stands on?
best of all, to contemplate the immaculate space
before land was there to build on?

eternal perfect beloved

every bit of creation is me.
every being in it is me.
what was real is no longer real.
what was unreal is now real.

the world is my false self
which like a mirror
reflects my real self.
what image appears there?

the form of supreme oneness appears,
visible only to the eye of indivisibility.
this form has no form in itself
yet it gives form to all which does have form.

the forms which most nearly approach this image
are three: love, truth and power.
whoever sees the nature of any of these three
also perceives the form of real self.

eternal perfect beloved

this world of harmless shadows struts its drama
on the dream stage of six shifting senses.

i kiss the light like a moth
and burn up in its purity.
i die like a moth in its radiance.

life and death characterize the labyrinth.
both alive and dead, i am neither.

to exit the shadow labyrinth of yes and no
is my destiny, and i choose it.
neither alive nor dead, i am both.

eternal perfect beloved

like the moon i am not very bright
but through my illumination
you can tell for sure
that a very great light exists
somewhere not far distant.

eternal perfect beloved

the real ocean has no surface, no waves.

as soon as karmic winds arise
the ocean manifests an illusory surface
which is disturbed by waves in proportion
to the force of wind.

desires stir the mind with a storm of thoughts
for and against, success and excuse, failure and defense.

no matter how wildly the surface
rolls and pitches under the duress of karmic wind,
the depth remains unmoved.

why struggle in vain to force the sea to silence?
when the wind stops blowing
the sea drops to stillness of its own accord.

go deep enough and you find stillness
even under the roughest of seas.

eternal perfect beloved

after one wave comes another.
the fall of one gives rise to the next.

mind must read the palimpsest of experience
in order to create consciousness,
and there must be consciousness
in order to realize the true self.

there is no falsity in the real self
but there is reality in the false self.
false eyes can't see it, but real eyes can.
false eyes see the false self as real.

real eyes see the real self.
divine eyes see both as one.

eternal perfect beloved

real ocean
false motion

eternal perfect beloved

i harvest imperishable fruit
which was ripe and ready to pick
before the beginning of time.

it takes forever to find but at last
i discover its whereabouts everywhere
more abundant than grapes on a vine.

the very substance of the labyrinth
itself is made of it.
bite anything, bite the nearest thing
and enjoy its marvelous flavor.

sink your teeth into any idea or feeling.
smell the powerful fragrance of freedom
and explore its texture.

an exclamation will escape your lips.
you'll say, "oh love!"
a thought will fill your mind totally
from zenith to nadir, a single thought,
still and perfect, the thought, "ah truth!"

eternal perfect beloved

the unity of god can only be seen
by its reflection on the walls of duality.

like the reality hidden within appearance
light is not visible until it falls on something.

the door and window man punches holes in the walls
which surrounds ego with protective ignorance.
even a small window changes the quality of light
falling on furnishings in the room.

the more light that comes in
the darker and crisper become the shadows.
light drives shadows into visibility.

eternal perfect beloved

until realization,
consciousness is always separate and dualistic.
after realization it is also unified and single.
mind must divide in order to mark its presence.

eternal perfect beloved

the whole of life is preparation
for a great work -- death.

one prepares by intense living,
with total attention wide open in every dimension,
committed to every ounce of consciousness
available in each event.
one savors feelings like a connoisseur, a gourmet.
one makes all the connections
like a scientist or a philosopher.

with age the thoroughly living person
becomes ripe for setting attention aside,
just as a tired man after a day of accomplishment
lays his head on a pillow
and breaths away the day's activity.
what could be more satisfying than sleep?

half-lived events and half-seen situations,
whether good or bad, will not slip away
on the breath of sleep.
they stick in the forehead and drip into the throat
like a bitter juice that simply refuses
to ferment into wine.

the great work lies in letting go,
in the recognition, "i have done this,
i have seen that, i have been there."
no struggle remains, no clinging to the surface
in order to avoid the depth, no half-death,
no fitful sleep haunted by dreams of pain or pleasure.
troubled mornings follow such semi-sleep
just as troubled lives follow such partial death.

live the depth and width and height of every day,
my friend, that you be prepared eventually
for the great work -- to die.

eternal perfect beloved

not even the most outrageous behavior
changes the nature of truth.

once the true foundation dawns in consciousness,
the world's quakes no longer disturb its tranquillity.

oh rare ocean, pure love and truth in one,
i rest unmoved in your immeasurable light.

eternal perfect beloved

this woman howling with terror in a storm of tears
like an abandoned child in the chamber of horrors,
she's screaming for parents who really care.

take her hand, beloved, you who are the father of all,
sweep her up in the safety of your divine arms.
the light from your eyes drives away shadows
as when theater lights come on after a movie.

you know words of comfort that heal the heart's panic
and you are the vocalist whose song awakens love
in even the most unlikely places,
like the grass which sprouts in the rubble of hiroshima.

children love to play hide and seek, beloved,
but this is enough.
help this lost soul find you as her own true father.
dissolve her troubles in the ocean of your love.

eternal perfect beloved

we all thought you had left us
all alone and helpless.
we thought you made the world
and went away.

but no, it isn't so!
you are present everywhere,
you are living in our hearts.
we are sleeping in your arms.

there's no real escape,
nowhere to hide
beyond the world in love divine.

eternal perfect beloved

when you see the beauty of his face
when you look into his eyes
don't you see yourself?
don't you recognize?

when you hear his words of wisdom
when you contemplate the truth
don't you see yourself?
don't you recognize?

when you feel the impact of his love
when your heart flies in the sky
don't you see yourself?
don't you recognize?

when his peace wraps around you
like a blanket in the cold
don't you see yourself?
don't you recognize?

when you hear his inner voice
talking in your heart
don't you see yourself?
don't you recognize?

when you wake up to the ocean
seeing only love forever more
don't you see yourself?
don't you recognize?

eternal perfect beloved

the creations of artists inspire the soul
to new heights of appreciation and awe.
those of engineers and scientists
prove both useful and dangerous.

anyone who knows the ultimate artist
becomes himself the origin of the cosmic masterpiece
and the divine engineer who maintains it
from the center of mind.

eternal perfect beloved

the gods and even god himself has been kind to me.
my suffering has become joy.

through the irresistible power of divine love
he cleared the way for me to discover
my true identity as love.

i was a mole burrowing through darkness.
i knew myself only in terms of a passing show
of changing fragments: desires, cultures, beliefs.

oh you who put the apollonian twins to bed
and invited me to visit with their father,
you anchor me in an ocean more solid than land.

oh you who rescued me from the jaws of my own mind
as i was being torn to shreds,
i went to sleep in my old bed
but you woke me up in a brand new one.

i dry my tears on the beloved's daaman.

eternal perfect beloved

you turn the sinner into a winner
and the loser into a lover.

you turn the tyrant into a servant
and hate into hope.

you turn the fool into a divine tool
and trials into triumphs.

you turn the ass into an ace
and silliness into silence.

eternal perfect beloved

the soul warmth of love human and divine
radiates from your silence and from your words;
it warms us in your pictures and your actions.
your biography like a furnace heats mankind's icy soul.
the creation demonstrates your reality.

not to replace the world's religions
did you come, beloved, but to fulfil them.
humanity is being initiated into knowledge of the avatar.
you brought us this far, each and every one,
and you will bring us every one to the final destination.

everyone loves you according to the texture of his own heart.
because you are love, we are dead men, just let us die.
the moment we want you to be pleased,
you move away and your heart turns chilly.
what's the use of knowing your words without living them?

keep your face before our eyes, our flag of freedom,
and tattoo your name on our hearts.
seeing who you are shows us who we are.
your oneness takes over the head,
the heart, the hand, the feet, the phallos.

seeing your beauty and knowing
the very same beauty can be found within ourselves
lifts our spirits up to bliss.

rather than thank you, beloved,
let us wish to become living gratitude.

eternal perfect beloved

oh heart of oneness, to play the game
that begins "you are" and ends "i am,"
turn down the volume of the talking mind
and listen to the silence of oneness.

thoughts melt away in the ocean of oneness.
no matter how foul or loathsome they may be,
no matter how clever or charming,
they can never pollute the ocean's eternal purity.

eternal perfect beloved

from eternal oneness arise all contrast and conflict.
though covered by duality oneness persists unchanged.
oh one, how do you divide and become two?
oh two, what multiplies you?

the pristine oneness of undivided reality works
together with the force that drives dualities apart
to produce a shadow show on the walls of consciousness.

dialectic's covert oneness requires
for each thing its opposite;
it demands the projection
of an apparently real exterior universe
to balance the imagination
of an apparently unreal interior one.

the outer is world, the inner is consciousness.
realization of these two occurs simultaneously
with the realization of one.

just as mind cognizes everything
by comparison with its opposite,
it cognizes oneness by comparison with duality.

if it weren't for two, one could never be seen.
if it weren't for one, two could never be.

eternal perfect beloved

in this world full of
extremely intelligent ways
to express ignorance,
who knows the difference
between fusion and confusion?

meaning and nonsense are one.
god is one is i am.
world is many is i appear to be.
the nirvanic oneness of absolute vacuum
makes these kisses come true.

eternal perfect beloved

why all the fuss? why not bliss?
projection creates dualistic divisions.
sustenance services them.
absorbtion re-unites them in original wholeness.

equanimity is neither elated by success
nor depressed by failure,
while at the same time
it suppresses none of those feelings.

head clears a space for heart
to build the real temple of divine love.
first one blamed others,
then one discovered oneself.

mind thinks that source lies in the past,
but past and future are unreal concepts.
what follows defines what came before;
effect defines cause.

one who gives up concern about size and strength
enters the church of the heart
where the master of love separates
the many false beloveds from the genuine one.

eternal perfect beloved

in an ocean of perfect stillness
make-believe waves stir mind into action.

a two-headed fish swims
in the waters of paradise.

its body is made of pearl,
its eyes of diamond.

it moves two directions at once
without departing its original location.

the drowned sailor tells its story
and sings the song of its beauty.

eternal perfect beloved

help me see the truth of oneness,
and express the love of oneness
and live the power of oneness in daily life.

let my desire be to be desire-free.

let me hold on to the sense of who i am
and whom i serve in the storm of impulses
toward this or that identity and this or that master.

i don't have to pretend i'm a genius if i'm not,
or a winner if i'm not, or a master if i'm not.

all i have to do is show you
that the word of the avatar is real,
that his promises are law in the universe.

eternal perfect beloved

write not only poems directed to
the eternal perfect beloved self
but also poems to humanity at all stages
of sleep, dream and awakening.

a mix of the two is possible also.
speak to the eternal perfect beloved
within each of them.

communicate about enlightenment
in such a way that it attracts others to the path
and gives them a sense of a way
out of their predicaments.

there is a place of rest in realization
and a place of accomplishment in mastery.

eternal perfect beloved

if you wish to write some words or lines,
beloved, tools stand ready
as well as this willing hand

i lay pen and paper at your feet,
at the feet of oneness,
a sacrifice to do with as you will.

eternal perfect beloved

a trapped mind seeks constantly for release.
the inner prisoner strikes against walls
while the inner manager commits to making
a liveable place out of prison.

there are no words for what i'm saying
and no questions for the answers i give.
such is the art of talking to a man who doesn't listen.

eternal perfect beloved

no matter who you think you are,
no matter who you want to be,
secret identity lurks behind appearance.
true identity waits to be discovered.

god is real self, the world false.
false self awakens realization of true self.

heart bridge in a landscape of marriages,
the climate of conjugal bliss:
this is where the self lives.

eternal perfect beloved

sitting on the bank of the river
noticing the seeds of ocean
float by like a stream,
the lidless eye of singleness
watches different forms of god
make three worlds.

contradictions of energy and meaning
and all the clashes of form
merely decorate the surface of silence
with the sound of maya's laughter.

eternal perfect beloved

oh single-drop ocean without shore
oh dance, dancer and dancefloor

eternal perfect beloved

truth inheres in every human consciousness
but fascination with the fulfilment of desires
prevents realization.

real love loosens attachment to desire.
false love is just a disguise for desire.

false love makes the world go round
and real love stops it.

the boredom of perpetual desire fulfilment
gives birth to love for freedom from slavery
and teaches one how to die to desire.

eternal perfect beloved

from certain points of view
everything looks like catastrophe;
from other points of view all is well.

therefore events are less important
than the viewpoints they're seen from.

the overall result of suffering
is to cast light on its source
and reveal the key to freedom.

once the door opens
the lock ceases to be of interest.

eternal perfect beloved

in the center of balance in consciousness
the wing of goodness equals the wing of evil,
the grace of compassion equals the curse of hatred,
and the left side of the planet extends
exactly as far as its right.

the arduous human path enters exactly this center
and exits in the trackless paradise of divine oneness.

eternal perfect beloved

i dreamed that jewels were stolen
from a showcase at the university.
the padlock lay in pieces on the shelf
with a pair of bolt cutters
and small devices for displaying jewelry.

don't touch the cabinet; i'll call the police.
maybe we can identify the thieves through fingerprints.

when i wake up i remember
the bodhisattva's golden begging bowl.
when thieves came prowling around his hut
he threw the bowl out the window.

eternal perfect beloved

aristotle's eyes were fixed on the world
rather than soul.
his star pupils went out to conquer the world
rather than themselves.

the western church followed suit.
the whole western civilization fell asleep
with the rhythm of rome's marching legions.

oh that alexander had knit west and east
as beautifully as gandhara sculptures of maitreya.
the call of the true victor, "conquer yourself,"
disappeared in cries of terror.

no blame -- all is a mixture of good and bad,
and no one diverts the divine plan
from its destined course.

eternal perfect beloved

in the capitalist world, gold was the unit of value.
in communism, it was labor.
in the apocalyptic world, the unit of value
is self-knowledge, which is a measure of awakesness.

we are the cleaning generations.
we work to remove pollution
from the elements in nature, from the senses,
from the words, thoughts and actions of mankind.

eternal perfect beloved

time itself traveling at the speed of light
creates the impression of an expanding universe
as it moves outward into the past
from the eternal present at the center.

a spacecraft could never reach the edge of the universe
even if it traveled at the speed of light
like a surfer on a wave of photons.

a person who knows the nature of imagination, however,
can travel to the edge of time in a moment
and go beyond time into eternity faster than a photon.

eternal perfect beloved

monkey on a rope
no hope

bear on a chain
atrophied brain

fish in a bowl
small soul

tiger in a zoo
nothing to do

bird on a string
sad thing

eternal perfect beloved

a single drop contains the rain.
the earth fits neatly into a single diamond
that sparkles the stars as points of light.
a single breath fills the four directions with wind.
a single step spans the labyrinth from beginning to end.

eternal perfect beloved

a flock of opinions and judgments
all search for nesting sites
like seabirds on the bluffs of shetland,
all want to set up housekeeping and bear young.

eternal perfect beloved

divine love gives words their sense
while divine truth gives them their meaning.

even these words are burned
in the fire of your real mercy
which consumes every vestige of illusion.

illusion itself provides the fuel
for a perpetual fire of sacrifice,
a cauldron of zoroastrian flame
in which opposites burn each other,
in an inextinguishable dhuni.

eternal perfect beloved

does a boat get tired of bouncing on the waves?
does it give up and say, "now i'm exhausted!
i will sink and find rest on the bottom."

day and night it rises and falls,
lurches and pitches, rolling
effortlessly with the waves.

eternal perfect beloved

i leave these tracks of sound behind me
like footprints on the surface of mind.

they mark the route i passed
on my way to the oceanic depths
of divine self where no trace remains.

you who pick up my trail and follow it
to the nearest crossing will see a signpost.
this lovely highway with its ancient landmarks
goes by the name "avatar's avenue."

Om

