


Just for You, Beloved

Poems to Avitar Meher Baba

Maxwell Reif

To Dear Meheramai
and the Meherabad-zad
Mandalis, residents, and Pilgrims.
In Beloved Baba's love,
Mehermas season,
Meher's birthday, 1985
 Max Reif

Just For You, Beloved

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Introduction

This book contains poems written to Beloved Avatar Meher Baba over a number of years.

The author asks forgiveness for humiliating Him, and prays that the reader will find some pleasure in the book.

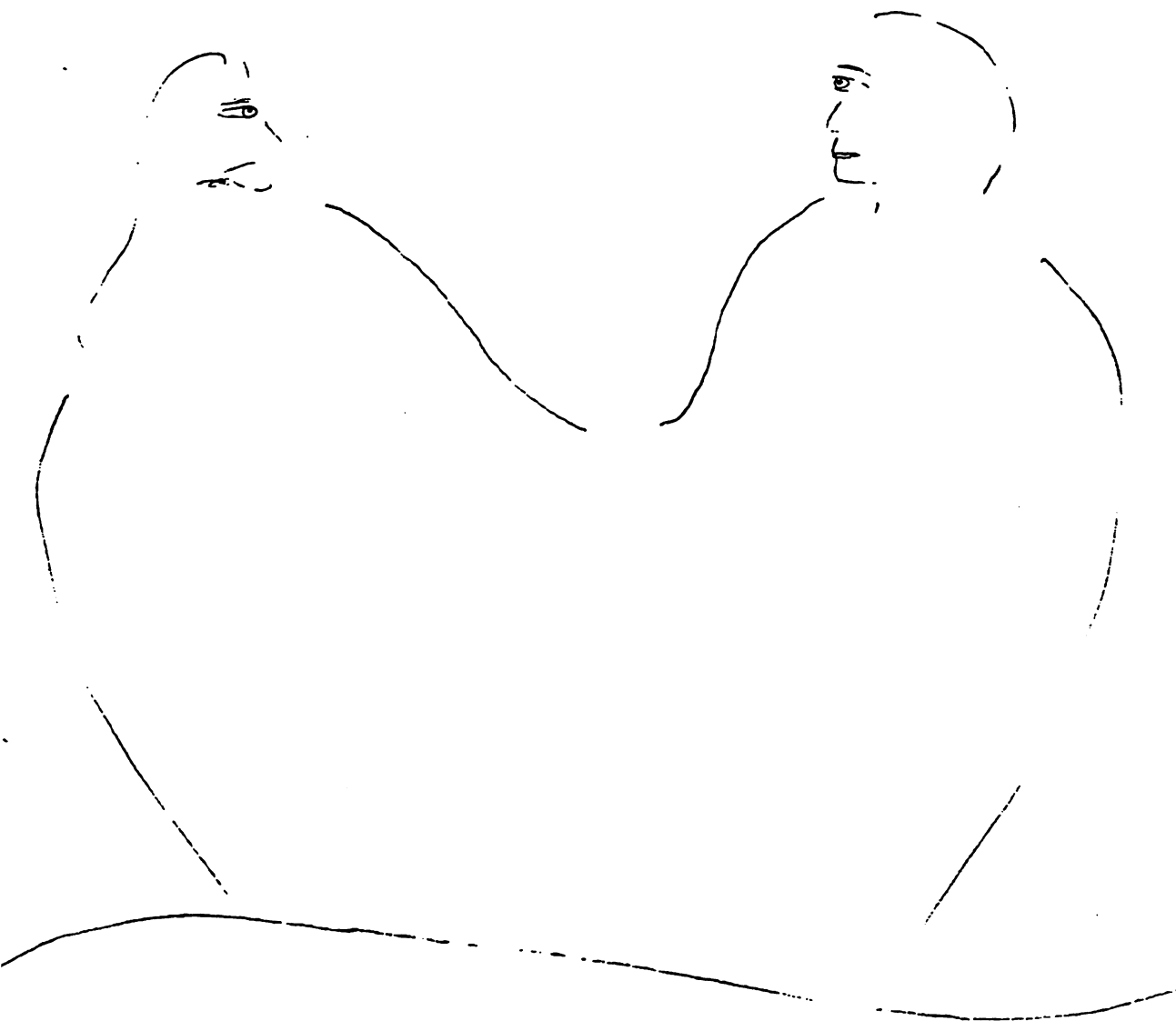
Maxwell Reif

Richmond, California

December 17, 1985

I am the veil over You.
Reduce me, so You can show
Yourself through me.

Amen



Lines Written in Meher Baba's Samadhi, 1983

Lo, I have discovered the Touchstone:
That Place all comes from
And to which all will come.

Lo, there is a slab of marble
 six feet long
Which renews all life.
This closely guarded secret
Is open to all.

Pilgrims, come and lay down the dust
Of all your lives' wanderings
 before the SILENT ONE:

From beneath His Sepulchre,
MEHER BABA sends out rays of life
 to illumine all!

The Ballad of the Penniless Kings
(1981)

Many have spoken the Truth,
And it marched them to their crosses and graves;
Many have marched into the fires
And become a glowing coal.
Many have wordlessly borne
The stings of scorpions and the fangs of snakes,
And the love was shining in their eyes.

Many have driven lonely, forgotten pathways
Without a drop of rain
And neither sun nor moon as guides;
Many have crucified their flesh
And fasted from human company
In timeless, trackless deserts. Many have known
The torture of desire attacking the flesh,
Yet have withstood:
And the love was shining in their eyes.

Many have fasted, many have prayed,
Cycle after cycle after cycle
For a glimpse of their Beloved;
Many have tumbled over cliffs, breaking every bone,
And gotten up and marched on again,
And the love was shining in their eyes.

Many have heeded the call of truth
And followed where it led
Though the world thought them mad.
Many have left all they had.

Many have heard the Call
And known it not,
Yet the Call sought them
And plotted their ruin
So that poor, they might be rich.

Many have died for love,
And many have died into love,
Age after age after age,
And the love was shining in their eyes.

Many now the new Christ stirs
Like sleeping snakes
Uncoiling slowly as they hear His Call.

Yes, many
Are they whose earthly ruin
AVATAR MEHER BABA has plotted:
The fortunate unfortunate, by whose ruin
He takes them from the Wheel of Sorrow
And bids them go be free.

And ruined, they stand in the roadside dust
Singing hymns of His praise;
And the love is shining in their eyes.

Manhood
(1983)

I am a foundling.
My Beloved has raised me
From a child to a man.

Now the mysteries of manhood
Life before me.

He has crafted the Light
In which my days run,
Sunrise and sunset,
Until my end,

Magnificent the web of meaning
He has spun to tell our story.

He has crafted our lives
As gifts to Him,
Rushing in rivers of significance
Down to the ocean of His love,

Sweet our journeying dreams
Down days of measured moons and suns
And poetry of gilded light
Cut in thickness like cake,

Sculpted into Creation
By His loving, sensitive hand.

I am glad my Master has called me
To His castle sublime,
His round table,

And I may live
What most know only in legends.

And I am glad I responded,
For He once planted a resilient seed
In the soil of my heart,
Which will not be satisfied till it has blossomed
And earned a place in Love's Garden.

So though I return time and again
To the cities of vacant dreaming,
My heart knows a sadness there it cannot quench.

"You Have Shown Me"— a Rhyme

Some form of "Everything"
You've shown to me—
A mind so still,
A soul completely free

To walk upon the carpet of earth
Somehow like a god among men
Never repelled or attracted
By anything in your ken

No thoughts thrashing wildly
In the ocean of the mind—
Mind like a stallion broken;
Harnessed, unable to bind

And oh, the great fertile Silence
That rolls out across the hills
From one who's not deluded
By imagined "goods" or "ills"

The doctor among the sick
To cure most every trouble
With simple love and compassion
That alone pop misery's bubble.

And those now act as His Body
From whom He has taken
Compulsions like impacted teeth
And their trees of impressions shaken;

May it be at the Master's behest
Our incomparable destiny
To walk earth as His dear ones
In the legion of the ever-free.

"...and the following day..."

...and the following day..."

...and the following day..."

...and the following day..."

...and the following day..."

The Stars
(1983)

I

The stars that were over my head this morning
Were there from the first day—
Those stars I hid crooknecked from in cities
While travelling my wayward way.

Slowly, then faster, I began to see,
Eyes blinded by neon and streetlamps
And the stars' night's closeness only speaking
In a few forays into the midnights between cities,
Bedazzling my eyes to see the jewels
Darkness was strung with.

And always I wanted to stop and enjoy,
and stare, and pray,
But a motor inside me was going too fast,
And in vans or cars I sped back to cities
To undo the tightly wound spring
Of my tensions and fears.

Then in a dozen years I came out under the stars,
And behold! The canopy of Heaven was still there,
And I murmured and prayed in valleys like green cups for my Love,
And it said,
"You were too busy before, but we have always been here,
And we always shall be."
That which I was too busy to love
Patiently waited for me.

Now I have finished my business and am free to love,
And the Morning Star's Song came to me
With a joy that has always been concealed inside my breast,
And the heavens have exploded into singing,
And the weeping of the morning dew.

II

One Star my Love fixed on
To dominate my skies
And eclipse all others in its glory..
I asked my Star if I might love it
Until I merged into its Beauty,
And it seemed to shine brighter
In answer to my request.

This one Star's bidding I now do,
Its knight I have become,
And I shall sing its glory with minstrel mouth
And gather deeds for its perusal
Until it gathers me into its arms.

To adore my Beloved
Nothing is sufficiently fair:
Neither fanning with peacock feathers,
Nor praises written on air.

Such Majesty stands aloof
From all we do and say,
But deigns to accept our gifts,
For Mercy is His way.

So far do most of us live
From the abode of His purity
That the gift of His presence among us
Is the deepest mystery—

Creation's greatest Miracle,
That, lost in the mirror of seeming,
We find the Fragrance among us
Of the Love that's doing the Dreaming.

1870

1871

1872

1873

A Thousand Forms

A thousand forms, a thousand false promises with my eyes I see.
I'm a camel trudging in the desert: they are mirages.

How often I thought I saw water in another soul:
When I got close enough to drink, it always disappeared.

To trudge, resigned, to the end of this desert of Appearance
You've given me fuel.

A thousand bangles gleam
On the wrist of the goddess Maya:
Each one conceals a dagger that accounts for the gleam.

Oh, Meher, I am thirst and Your Name is water.
Did I believe I could ever feel the real Thirst?

Once I took refuge in the desert itself"
From the rocks of the desert I tried to draw living water.
No wonder I always went thirsty.

Then books were my caravan: but they at best were only a map.
The Saviour Himself is the camel's only ocean of Drink!

...with my eyes I saw
the same things

the same things
the same things

the same things

the same things

the same things

the same things

the same things

The World Comes To Meher Baba

Humanity comes to Him from all walks of life.

Politician

I tried adjusting knobs and dials on society to make it work. Now I know it is all up to God, and I ask for simple love of You.

Yogi

I tried to flee the world's problems by sitting as a holy man. Many came to me, and even bowed before me. But now I lay myself at Your Feet and ask You to help me find You.

Priest

I rattled my beads for decades while my heart felt like a seething ruin and the place of worship a dungeon. I pray for release from these dead forms, or that You will rekindle their Light from the Everlasting Fire of Your Divine Love.

Lovers

We sought bliss in each other's arms, but it always faded. If You would give Yourself into our lives, Your Presence would establish a Love beyond the passing spring of our bodies' youthfulness. Locked in our small selves we feel only their poverty. In the EVERYTHING we seek to live, and You, Meher Baba, are the EVERYTHING.

Leper

Through taking this dread disease I have atoned for sins I know not of. People cross the streets to shun me. But one day the Lord Himself came and bowed His head on my feet. And since then the feeling in this heart has been sweeter than roses.

Businessman

The Market was my God. I took its temperature twenty times a day with my ticker tape thermometer.

But finally I tired of elation and despair born of a thin strand of tape. If my joy and sorrow could be tied to so paltry a thing as a piece of tape, I realized, how shallow must be all the things of the world.

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1886

Scientist

Before Beloved Baba found me, my mind kept working all night long. I could get no sleep. Even when I lay in bed it kept ticking off ideas, inventions, ad formulae. It knew something of the secrets of matter, it fancied.

But since I met the One who is the Secret behind matter, I have slept in peace.

Writer

Stories gave themselves to me from my youth. People, I felt, I could read. But what, I always wondered, is human character? Where does it reside?

Then I met the Beloved, and I know where it resides. In His breast. Now my stories have a reason for being, for all human stories lead to Him.

My mind kept working all
the time when I lay in bed
and thought of the future. It
was a strange feeling, but
it was a feeling of peace.

For the first time in my life
I felt that I was not alone.
I felt that I was part of
something big and beautiful.

Meher Baba's Mercy

To repair an errant nature
And guide it to the light,
Such is His Omniscience
And the power of His Sight.

He knows the inner secrets
Of all our goods and ills:
The way the twig was bent
And its healing through His Will.

In the rhythm of the Ocean,
In the rhythm of its waves,
Slowly comes the Balance
To the one He saves.

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Lines Based Upon Baba's "Umbrella" Simile*

"When I twirl my Umbrella,
Adhere to the Central Pin.
Do not seek for anything else
When everything starts to spin."

"Oh, my lovers, I love you all,
Have eyes for Me alone!
I issue you these warnings,
Like I'd give a dear dog a bone."

"When it all starts rocking and reeling
Be ye composed in Me,
And when all the drops start Dancing,
Your Ocean will set you free!"

*—

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There is a beauty which veils His Beauty.
If He says, "Don't look," you're crazy if you do.
But I also tell you this:
If He says it is all right to look,
Do not deny yourself,
For such is His Beauty when revealed through the world
That the stars themselves faint each morning.

January 1st 1881

Dear Mother

To Mehera

Music of your sojourn together,
The beauty of your face, reflecting His.
Playing your dress-up roles,
Laughing behind your costumes,
Yet glad to be in them
For the sake of seeing each other.
The years passed in a slow music,
So lasting, yet over in a second.

Getting Ready

How to serve You?
Better if I wash my hands eight times?
Spend two hours shaving?
Will I ever dress perfectly?
Oh, God, three hours shining shoes
And still a spot.

What to say

WHAT NOT TO SAY

Oh, Lord, a hole in my pocket—
If I mention You out loud they'll think I'm proselytizing.
If I don't, it's irresponsible.

Walking amid streetlights
parking lot and in the door

"Hi, Max, how are you?"

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Return To The Samadhi After 2 1/2 Years

Where have I come in a thousand days?
The mind as dense,
Venetian blinds closed in it
So light cannot flood through?
The cruelty of past lives
Written on the face?
Sensitivity straining
To overcome its past,
But straining against brutes.

I am most unknowing
When I am myself,
Revelation disappearing off the mirror
Into the darkness of my daily life.

To unravel the still-rolled-up poetry
Of the next years,
The stuff of the Venetian blinds
Into words
Wrought by the energy of the struggle for Truth,

To unsay myself by saying,
To unroll a carpet to You
Woven in Love by the laser of awareness
From the stuff of my tears
And past deeds.

1797

Beloved, relieve
This burdened heart.
Let its torture
Be shaped into forms,
On pages,
On canvas,
In music's sacred rites,
Let these colored phantoms
Come to life
In worlds outside these eyeballs,
Outside this tortured weariness.
Let them dance as living beings,
And as they dance
Let in Your Light.
Oh, Beloved, spin the tale
Of past, present, future
Dancing in eternal forms,
Mute praise of Your Divinity,
As all creatures given life
Unfold their praise of their Creator
In their way.
Let the figures in the mute dance
Gesture, curtsy, and begin to speak
As You spoke, with the mute eloquence
Of Existence. Oh, Beloved,
Let Silence roar music into meaning,
The ocean and its waves,
The utter poignancy
Of this life,
A gesture
Where the dancer
Holds it close,
Then flings it
To the wind.

Because I made a decision to go to Your Samadhi, You are sending everything possible toward me to make it look like I ought not to go.

But I am going. But You are sending everything possible toward me to make it look like I ought not to stay. I know that behind all these Tests is Your smiling face. But still they can appear formidable.

I have made the decision to go closer to You, and it is drawing my entire world down on me. You are posturing as though You are going to inspire people to start telling me what they think of me. Who can bear to see himself in the mirror, not of his own vanity, but of what others actually see. This is a burning to consume the self I have been. Who is brave enough to initiate it?

But what other way is there to come closer to You?

to go to your bedroom. You are
to go to bed. It looks like I

am sending everything possible
to you. I know you are busy, but still

the matter is for you. And it is
for you. You are busy. You are
busy. You are busy. You are busy.
You are busy. You are busy. You are
busy. You are busy. You are busy.

and I am glad to hear

When The Mandali Go

When the Mandali Go
When the Mandali Go,
When the Mandali Go,

Who do you think will be the ones
Who do you think will be the ones
Who do you think will be the ones

He'll do His work through?

When the Mandali Go
We will be like the Mandali
When He went,

Thinking, "Who me?"
When the suffering-stricken world
Starts looking for a way out of its mad grief
And finds those who have been prepared
(Let's face it, we've been prepared).

When the Mandali Go
The Torch will be passed,
As Kennedy took the Torch,
As the Torch is passed from Meherazad to Meherabad
Every Amartithi,
But the Torch will burn brightly
For a hundred years.

When the Mandali go
Our flames will burn,
Invisibly or brightly,
And the Fire,
the Fire
Will remain.

When The American Indians Come To Meherabad

When the American Indians come to Meherabad
They will dance their War Dance to Him
Wa--Ee--O-- Oo
They will sing and recognize
Their Prophet Come.

When the Hebrew Children come,
They will sing the Shehecheyonu,
The Sh'ma,
To the One of Whom it is said,
"The Lord our God,
The Lord is One."

When the Islamic brothers and sisters come,
La-Illah--
Will echo over the hills
And resound in Mecca.

When the Roman Church
Pays obeisance the time has really come, (and maybe gone),
But first the mystic Christians
Will come alone, in pairs,
Seeing Jesus Christ,
As they are doing now,
Singing Kyrie--Kyrie Liason--

When the African Dancers come,
And the Balinese,
And the Haitian Voodoo dancers,
And the Chinese,
ETERNAL NOW
Will be fun for awhile.

1971-1985

When it began they showed me a chart.
"We are facing Illusion
With our backs toward God,"
They said.
"On the Spiritual Path,
We gradually turn around."
I knew it was true.
It was more real a truth
Than the world that went on around me.
A Door Had Been Opened To The Other World.

And I went back to St. Louis,
And nearly fainted
To see the pigeons on the sidewalk on a Sunday morning
On a street near where I'd grown up.

Oh, the way the sidewalk sparkled!
The cool solidity of the cement!
The intoxicating sky!
The wonder of humans:
Vagrants, merchants, poor and rich
All one Family!

And the Beloved withdrew the Golden Carpet
With which He had given me a Glimpse
Of the Other World in this world!
And I became a vagrant, and a poor man,
And wandered the earth in darkness,
Losing everything which I touched,

And when I had lost all
The Sun came out again
And oh God! It was closer this time
And I nearly melted!

Oh, Beloved,
And You left it,
But then one of us went away again,
And again, and again!
Let's not go away from each other any more!

In spite of the goings-away—
Or perhaps because of them—
I saw— Oh Beloved, I saw —
That there is no World, but only You!

That Your Chart is describing
The withdrawl of consciousness
From Creation unto the Infinite,
That Path travelled by a few
Which You have now laid out for all!

And so what a Plight You have left us in, Beloved!
No World, only our helpless Road to You!
Helpless and glorious, Beloved,
No one has ever travelled a Path more glorious than each of us!

So when I see the pigeons on the sidewalk
And the people in the marketplace
I still nearly faint,
And once I heard You singing unto Your Creation:
"For I have loved you dearly:
More dearly than the Spoken Word can tell."

Beloved leave us not in Darkness!
Let not our tears be idle!
Shower Your Beauty upon all,
That they not think us mad,
But share the Bounty
The Drunkenness You have been drowning us in
For fifteen years.

Secrets spilling out onto the Street!

Oh, Beloved, Your poets, your artists, your musicians,
Your servants of the poor and troubled,
Send the poor and troubled to them in droves:
To be cleansed, to be healed,
To hear the Music and still the soul.
For Love is not love unless shared!

Heal our divisions, Beloved,
By sending us the masses,
For when we see the suffering of "Suffering Humanity"
Our hands will not have time to pause
From giving them the prasad
Of food, of music, of medicine,
Of Your Love and Understanding!

Beloved, I am blind and deaf in this ocean of the world.
The mind's impressions deceive unless You show what's really
there.

Slay this beguiling mind, which seduces me at every step!
Though there's none but You it says, "There's a good person,
there's a bad one." End this delusion!

If I saw You the Treasure of Your Love would shine forth
From within each being, and I'd see that, for all are You.

Oh, Beloved, that's all I ask, to see You
In Your children, and share the Miracle of Your Love!

I tried to leave the Ocean of this world's torment,
But You just kept throwing me back in like a fish.

Today, instead of feeling like a Jewel, I woke up feeling
filthy.

Even the words of Love are gone from my heart
And I'm drowning in filth I did not know was there.

I thought You had given me Purity,
Now You show me that my heart is mud.

Let the heart become a gushing ocean
Of Your Love to blast off all the mud.

Oh, Beloved, You cover us and cover us,
And the more You cover us the more powerfully
Your Love blast to free us.

Between the poet and his Beloved is only the thinnest curtain.
Yet at times that curtain becomes a sea of concrete.

Every day millions of people engage in important business.
The poet watches all these comings and goings as so many veils.

The lover of the Beloved does nothing, goes nowhere.
His eyes have become huge bankvaults where the Truth resides.

Oh, poet! Look back on the sea of flame you have already
crossed!
Yet you have to just go on as though you've crossed nothing.

Forget the past, the future, even the present!
In His Eyes there is no self-consciousness at all.

Poet, will you cross the narrow bridge
Your words are creating, over the next sea of flame?

The poet looks at the Beloved and cries, "Please, a rest!"
"After so much flame, please a rest! But do not leave me!"

I have been at the
same place since I was

born. I have been at the
same place since I was

born. I have been at the
same place since I was

born. I have been at the
same place since I was

born. I have been at the
same place since I was

born. I have been at the
same place since I was

Separation From The Baba Group

Oh, Beloved, let this suffering be a source of greater Love.
Let all be transformed into Love!

None knows how the lover suffers but the Beloved.
He arranges the suffering as a test, then receives its fruit
of longing.

The world of Love isn't shown on the map of the world.
Under the table-top the real Game is going on.

Since the wine is made from crushing the grapes,
He is most kind to crush the grapes of self.

Search your heart, poet, see the truth of this.
You are even now close, close to His Heart.

At night the Beloved reflects His true proximity,
A different thing than how the armies are arrayed on day's field.

Max says, Beloved, You know when to push and pull.
You are taking away my pride and leaving me with naught but You.

1911

Office of the Secretary

Washington, D.C.

January 1, 1911

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Signature]

Very truly,
[Signature]

We have no idea how You save us day after day:
How many troubles waiting 'round corners You keep us from?

Your manipulating the innumerable waves of Nothing's ocean
Is so inscrutable it can scarcely be spoken of, and must be
seen.

Moses, every minute You part the Red Sea before me!
I cross over and the next instant the waves close in behind.

This minute a thousand misfortunes may be seeking me out!
Your Grace is not only that they don't find me, but that I
never even know!

Blessed by fortunate misfortune, I found Your Damaan.
Now I am freed from both fortune and misfortune.

In this wilderness-world, how many times we've succumbed
to millions of lures.
Only our hold on Your shirt keeps us now high and dry.

Max says, a little happiness, a little rain is a good thing:
But Your Damaan alone keeps us from drowning in an ocean of
sorrow for millions of years.

at 11:15 AM, 1975, May 15
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The lazy man and the industrious man seek the same thing.
It's only their means to leisure that really differ.

Everyone in the world seeks the same Peace.
The lazy man doesn't find it in sloth, and the other's too
busy to enjoy.

If the world knew that what they seek is found at Your Feet!
We don't have to be lazy or industrious to enjoy Your Bliss.

Timeless Beauty rises from all things from the vantage point
of Your Feet.
This is the life that rich men sacrifice their lives for.

The key to leisure is not industriousness but Surrender:
Then one is either idle or busy at Your Pleasure.

Oh, Beloved, the changing fortunes of the world do not touch us.
The waves of its travail's floods come only up to our feet.

Max says, fortunate are we who are drowned instead in Your Love.
We exist to serve You, and the world may do as it pleases.

... was about the same thing.
... really differ.

The same thing.
... and the other's not
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... in terms of your time
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... the whole lot
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... their lives.

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... of the world.

Embarassment

Naked in public, your dirty laundry revealed.
Everyone looking sees what they themselves conceal.

The one taking the public rap is really Everyman.
Executioners cut off heads reminding them of their own shame.

Glowing in embarassment like a red hot coal
In separation makes one want to hurry to the Goal.

Having a self to be dirtied is the sin.
Since everybody has one, nobody can win.

Take your clothes off-- half will cheer, half boo.
And the sound of those "two hands clapping" is You and You.

The measure of my glowing is the measure of the Distance
That will make You reach down and recalibrate my pistons.

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My desperateness has won me a berth in Love's City.
Therefore my ideas have changed about who is to be envied.

The truly desperate are those so busy at gain
They cannot see the pain of those they walk over.

Their desperation is that they cannot sit still.
Their hearts are so covered they only feel they exist when
they're on the go.

Ruin is the first step on the Road of Love,
And every succeeding step: fortunate are the ruined!

Unless their power is tempered with compassion,
The powerful will someday become the ones they oppress.

Then they, too, will be most fortunate,
For they will then have a chance to enter Love's door.

Max says, one should willingly go through ten times
what he has endured
To win a place in view of MEHER's abode.

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Amartithi '85

The lover complains heavily of the Feather of Love;
In his heart it has become a lead weight.

Today You were released from Your burden;
How is it then You can weigh so on our hearts.

In us You are feeling this weight:
Yet in Yourself You are completely free.

In us You feel the weight of Love,
And Your Love for our love pulls us to Freedom.

Creation cries a tear;
Emptied, it will feel the fresh winds of Grace.

Celebrate the death of Mind,
The rebirth of Thou, Holy Word, Meher.

Max says, as a shaft of Light He cometh,
Bathing all in His Glory: How can He be dead?

Journal of Love
- 1891 -

Journal of Love
- 1891 -

Journal of Love

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My Path to You seems like a wobbling Path.
I'm now here, now there, but always You're by my side.

Sometimes You leave me helpless, sometimes You make me elated.
Sometimes You inspire restlessness, sometimes fear.

The rungs of this ladder to You number Infinity,
But every rung is Air, wholly unsubstantial.

No wonder my "progress" always seems so fragile.
Who can make progress if the entire ladder is nothing?

From "nothing to nothing" we seemingly make great strides.
But all we get to is more "nothings", seemingly beckoning us
till forever.

You alone can break an endless chain of false triumph
Which leaves one eternally setting out with enthusiasm
that never sets things right.

Oh, MEHER, this one is getting tired of waiting.
If You pop this balloon that just keeps getting bigger,
maybe there could be something Real!

When You Go Away

When You go away it is only so You can be discovered
in a more beautiful guise.
Yet that is no balm to assuage the crucifixion of
Your absence.

When You leave, one's own body becomes an alien tower.
Lost inside it till You return, one becomes an imprisoned
princess.

When You hide, all light becomes a parody of itself,
All activity insane, all beings paper-mache'.

When You disappear You leave no trace You were ever there.
The life that continues is not even worthy of the name "dream."

When You seem to become nonexistent, I am not even worthy
to bear the name "robot."
Life is not a joke but a killer wielding a knife, an empty
winebottle discarded by a drunk in a gutter.

When You appear to evaporate, one becomes scarcely even
a dim thought.
One becomes something in danger of going out altogether..

When You vacate I cannot finish this poem.
Please come back, make my glance like water flowing into
Your Eyes.

The Public

They ignore everyone but those overtly looking rich.
Their hostility bristles like cactusneedles
from their pores and fingertips.

They give an active snub to all who seek their approval
And chase with ardor all who ignore them
or seek their removal.

Seek your fortune from their kindness and they'll grind you
under their feet.
Snub them and they'll run after you like you've discovered
an invention that will replace the need to eat.

This way and that the mob scurries to power, appearance, and
pomp.
Yesterday's idols they've left trampled behind
as today they continue their romp.

Seek fortune from Him, and ignore the game's madness.
For these chess-pieces are lost, and are causing Him much
sadness.

Killing their heroes, electing their oppressors to rule them,
They seem to have less sense than if they were rooting in a
pigpen.

But the insane public is composed of individual souls
Who are so dear to God He takes bodies and plays human roles.

The people elected the wealthiest man among them to rule them,
And he gave a solemn speech to put them to sleep and fool them.

I don't see how it could have fooled them, for he made his money
from human slavery,
But because he always dressed well, they took his actions as
bravery.

He smiled with the best, and ordered half a million made into
fodder,
Then settled back for a nap after tea: it wasn't he who was
going to slaughter.

In his palace of eight hundred rooms, everything was cozy.
The people in the villages starved, but he told them
everything was rosy.

The surplus from the fields he used for parties with his friends
and cronies.
He slaughtered all the nation's pigs for a bash where he
served up a million and a half
balonies.

He went on TV to tell them things had never been better
After a factoryd exploded and a year'd passed without sunny
weather.

But one day they slipped in before dawn, having had more
than they could take,
And his blood became flowing water, and the palace became
a lake.

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3. The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed account of the history of the world from the first settlement to the present day. It is written in a more detailed and scholarly manner, and is intended to give the reader a more complete knowledge of the history of the world.

