

**ETERNAL PERFECT BELOVED**

**eric solibakke**

1990



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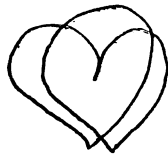
eric solibakke

1990





**ETERNAL PERFECT BELOVED**



FOR MANI,  
ON SILENCE DAY 1990!

JAI BABA!

PEACEFULLY TRUTHFULLY LOVEFULLY

**eric solibakke**

agora press

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avatar meher baba ki jay!

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

victory is baba's!

peacefully truthfully lovefully



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eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

meher baba, one and all, you who heal the divided mind,  
oh olive of exquisite taste, the feast of my life  
is to roll your name over my tongue  
and enter into the silence behind you,  
which is empty of divisions and full of wholeness.

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

mind, projecting analysis into manyness,  
puts it feet down everywhere like a millipede,  
whereas the heart, projecting synthesis into one,  
the single-word name of both the nameable  
and the unnameable, the uni-formless dual-form,  
reaches every seeming corner with its glue of love.

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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





eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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

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eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

eternal perfect beloved

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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





eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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





eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

they don't know why they're here  
or what spore draws them to the sea.

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

hear it sing, watch it dance!  
it's like a drop of water on a hot stove,  
but really it's a rare wine.

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

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

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





eternal perfect beloved

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

eternal perfect beloved

vishnu, the sustainer and protector,  
hides within every duality,  
holding them together while no one else notices  
in their enthusiasm for this part or that part,  
preferring the high, shunning the low,  
inclining toward pleasure, avoiding pain.

vishnu, like the sun, chooses all equally.

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future. The author points out that the study of history is not only a means of satisfying our curiosity about the past, but also a way of learning from the mistakes of our predecessors and of avoiding them in the future.

2. The second part of the paper deals with the question of the role of the individual in the history of the United States. It is argued that the actions of individuals, particularly those of the great men of the past, have played a significant role in shaping the course of the nation's history. The author points out that the study of the lives of these great men can help us to understand the forces that have shaped the nation and to learn from their experiences.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the question of the future of the United States. It is argued that the future of the nation depends upon the actions of the people of the present. The author points out that the study of the history of the United States can help us to understand the forces that have shaped the nation and to learn from their experiences. The author also points out that the study of the history of the United States can help us to understand the forces that are shaping the future of the nation and to learn from their experiences.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the question of the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is not only a means of satisfying our curiosity about the past, but also a way of learning from the mistakes of our predecessors and of avoiding them in the future. The author points out that the study of the history of the United States can help us to understand the forces that have shaped the nation and to learn from their experiences.

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

oh what a dry night,  
while my heart was ripped by fear.

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

this is my own real face.

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





eternal perfect beloved

the dog barks and snarls at me.  
unless eumeos cast his stones, i will be mauled  
and fall prey to the jaws of imagination  
that yank me out of the ever-present  
all-pervading ocean of oneness  
on to some false and painful shore.

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

who strikes it?

eternal perfect beloved

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

saying your name again  
and calling to the sea tide,

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

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

where lovers leave their marks  
for others coming near,

before they cast themselves in  
and disappear.



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

1. 關於「臺灣省教育廳」

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eternal perfect beloved

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

i feel like a monkey plays with my remote tuner.

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

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

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

the sleeper pulls the plug on dreams  
while still awake.

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

第 一 章 緒 論

一、研究之目的及意義

本研究之目的，在於探討我國企業之經營管理，其意義在於瞭解我國企業之現狀，並尋求改進之方法。

本研究之範圍，限於我國企業之經營管理，其對象為我國企業之經營管理，其方法為文獻分析法、調查法、比較法等。

本研究之資料來源，主要為文獻資料、調查資料、比較資料等，其資料之收集，係由圖書館、調查表、比較表等處取得。

本研究之結論，係根據上述資料，進行分析、綜合、歸納、抽象等過程，而得出之結論。

本研究之貢獻，在於提供我國企業經營管理之參考，並為我國企業經營管理之改進，提供理論依據。

本研究之限制，在於本研究之範圍，僅限於我國企業之經營管理，且本研究之方法，僅限於文獻分析法、調查法、比較法等。

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eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

avataric moon, wesak moon,  
that reaches fullness in may,  
when you show yourself to us  
in your unexpectedly humorous ways.

you play "hide and seek" games  
that baffle and delight us  
when we hear your name suddenly over the radio,  
and melt to the floor in joy,  
recognize with a flash your intelligence  
in events that were a puzzle and a drag,  
see your unmistakable face in an unthinkable place,  
and laugh to empty exhaustion.

you are always nearby,  
closer even than breath, blood or bone.  
during full moon in may you thin your veils  
and play with our hearts,  
mixing a liquor of tears and laughter,  
that makes us glad addicts and willing fools.

we hold out our glasses, hoping you'll serve us.  
even a drop of your humor will do  
what can be done with no other brew.

eternal perfect beloved

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

in the unity of both outer and inner oneness  
that is at once within all things and beings  
as well as beyond them,  
everywhere and nowhere are one,  
and i am there.





eternal perfect beloved

almighty, all truthful, all-loving one,  
you are a circle that is all centers,  
that has no periphery.

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

everything is you and not you --  
you because only you exist and not you because  
variety is only appearance and not reality.

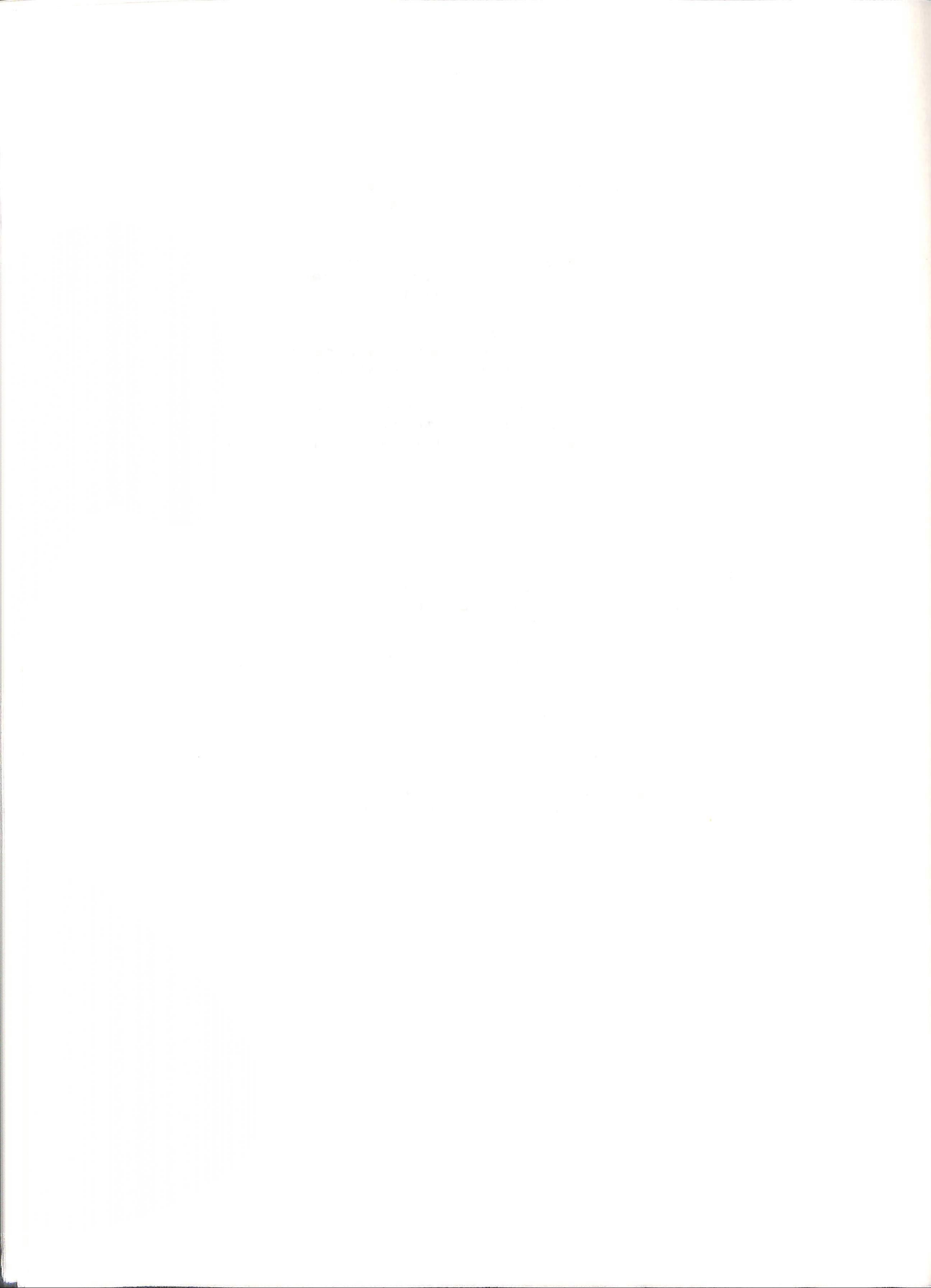
three bodies play games of apparent death and life  
upon what looks at times like some kind of shore.  
this is the dream reply to god's imagined question,  
"who am i?"

eternal perfect beloved

illusion is the dream,  
imagining points of view within the one,  
creating relativity in space and time.

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

mohammad krishna ram buddha  
yes baba christ zarathustra

eternal perfect beloved

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

to live a baba life means to love baba, realize baba,  
and do baba-centered activities in the world.  
to love baba is to remember him in all beings and things  
and thus to behave toward them as the beloved.  
to realize baba is actually to recognize him  
in all beings and things, including self,  
and thus to discover that one is him.



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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





eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

everything is within me and everything comes from me.  
everything is mirage,  
the play of light and sound within and without.  
only the all-pervading ocean of oneness is no mirage,  
no play of light or sound,  
unenterable because never exited,  
unexitable because nowhere else exists.

eternal perfect beloved

sleepy mind looks like a playground outside a school,  
with groups of children and activities everywhere.  
when you ring the bell of awakening, all the children  
stream into the building through one door.

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eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

god is.  
all other isn't.

indivisible reality is.  
divided illusion isn't.

infinite oneness is.  
infinite manyness isn't.

eternal perfect beloved

not exnihilo, but exunito.

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

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





eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future.

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eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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





eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

i become the imaginer also,  
totally merged in you.



eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

eternal perfect beloved

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

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

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

you are the ancient pond which basho splashed in.

eternal perfect beloved

all-pervading ocean of oneness,  
you are the ocean of love  
that brings together all partners  
and fulfills all longing with completion and rest.  
distance disappears. ranks level out.  
you are the loss of identity in the beloved.









