



Jor Mani

On her birthday, December 15, 1995

Many are the hours you have meant for me Courage and Hope. As God's sister to God-brother So have you been to me Big sister Jn my love for Him.

1-701258

BEJORE I KNEW YOUR NAME: The College Years

JMMENSE JOURNEY

A star gave forth a naked earth A planet made of timeless birth And set it trailing in her light And let it cool And firmly grow A solid dream A gentle foe

And up from the silence of her core A man first walked upon Earth's shore And in her land she nurtured him And in great awe And to endure Her secrets hid He Worshipped her

Then man changed the look of things And in time made men the kings Of Earth's knowledge, ceased to care Of nature's plea was unaware And reaching beyond Her cupping hand Blew up his land A star took back its naked Earth Returned by man her fated birth And kept forgotten deep within The memory of what had been The greatest dream Of dreams that are By time reclaimed To leave no scar

OBSCURE

Oh, so many people in the world Striving, gaining, failing Alone in millions 9 am obscure

In the mass, in the crowd Pushed, melded, unnoticed My word is muffled I am obscure

Born of two, raised in four Molded, shaped, taught I know one-hundred of three billion I am obscure

My world is hidden, important but to me Small, narrow, comfortable Allows me room My world obscure

But

Away from humanity, alone in nature High in the tree on the mountain Content I belong

Rivers below The thickets-the animal's home The sky above, hushed And waiting for my word The world radiates from me Me in the center

T am not obscure The world is

ΑΡΚΟΡΟς ΟΤ ΝΟΤΗΞΝΟ

Jsit

From my chair through the window, I see Green grass And children And sunlight Beyond - that huge vault of nothingness We call space

My mind escapes and tumbles toward the light St writhes and turns round glowing balls of white light Round silent spheres of mystery To find something This way, that way - there is no end No end No end

Are we God's only creatures? Jf there is no end, can we be unique? Jf there is one earth, will there not be two? Two among the trillions?

From our speck in space, we look at other specks We peer at Venus and remark of her cloud belt We point at Saturn and think of nine rings We watch the moon and see her craters We say, No life here No earth No light

But beyond, beyond, there must be other earths Like ours - grown from a sun Seeds strewn from the Creator's hand Left to take root on their own Some germinate Some don't Some die out Some are healthy Some are weak

But other earths

I admire my body The way it moves and stands proudly in the sun If it is a good body - and its existence proves it is There must be others like it Other minds that search for mine

In these moments my mind wanders, I will know In space we will meet Those others Who reach down Late among us from the stars



WIND SONG

Proud trees, Oh grasses 9 hear you You whisper of the caress of His hand You sigh of the warmth of His smile Your secrets grip my heart And stir in my blood Til running would 9 cross the meadow Not stopping Til from the loftiest pine 9 swayed against the sky. Then too, would 9 stretch forth my arms And gazing upward cry Oh let me share the secret, Oh Lord, Here too, am 9!

NJGHT OVER GALJLEE (A song in three verses)

I

The village is still and resting The flocks have returned But I shall be on my way And my eye is upon the hill Night is wraped around the hill Mists lie in the valley And the wind sings Wanderer, Come, Come after me

Chorus

Night over Galilee A light wind is blowing Night over Galilee Wind, wind, wind and night A cloud lies on the mountain By the road that leads to Dan And a mist lies in the valley By the road that leads to Zin

Night over Galilee A light wind is blowing Night over Galilee Wind, wind, wind and night And the Wind sings, Wanderer, Come, Come, after me

II

The wind sings to the night Who is this setting out for the hill? Shepherd and flocks are still It is I who calls an answer The song birds travel Even the song birds travel Ever the homeward go

Chorus

Oh pilgrim, you who wander Why don't you look within? The goal which you seek is inside The journey home is to Him. Unwrap the veils of night Shred the mists of illusion Hear the Heart's song Wayfarer, Come, Come, after me

Chorus

Night over Galilee A light wind is blowing Night over Galilee Wind, wind, wind and night A cloud lies on the mountain By the road that leads to Dan And a mist lies in the valley By the road that leads to Zin

Night over Galilee A light wind is blowing Night over Galilee Wind, wind, wind and night And the Lord sings Loved one, Come, Come, after me

JNJTJATJON / TRANSJORMATJON

BELOVED

Oh,

Э know You are He for whom 9 have waited Beloved How 9 long to call You so And if we are one Do You not know me too?

Baba, oh Baba Call me to You Reach down and hold me Gather me up and Know me for Your own

Stretch me with longing And bless me with tears But let me call You Beloved In this life, now The next life Jorever

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE

Oh Baba! Look what you've done to me This poor wreck Jonce near threw away I cast a shy smile For dare I admit I find myself pleased with Your Handiwork. Is it my boast How you have softened the edges Taken a dream and recast it In Your service Given me all that I asked for and more? No, I am not confused I know whose boast it is I see the results And for You Idance.

HOLY PARADOX

Oh Lord, what have You done to my world? You would have me weep with joy And laugh in my agony.

Oh Lord, You have made me strong That I might bear my weakness. You cause me to feel alone In the midst of many Yet comfort me in the Presence of Your silence.

Oh Lord of Holy Paradox J lay down my life for You That You might show me the One life in the midst of many.

SIMPLE GIJTS I Bringing You into everyday life

JAJ (Oh family cat!)

Sweet, wild scamp How appealing you look Blinking in your naughtiness Eyes tell You know you've earned your scolding. How fortunate you are Sn the ballast of your name!



COUNTRY DAY

J walked out on the hills And felt them gentle Like the caress of Your kiss So J passed my hand softly Over the landscape and kissed it Remembering You

SHOCK THERAPY

Working on the house I stuck my thumb in an electrical socket It gave me a jolt But I survived that energy To live another day. Then I laughed to myself. I've gone and stuck my thumb in the biggest socket of all You've shocked my very being with Your love, Baba. Now You must help me to survive THAT energy And die for all time!

THE DENTIST (Jor Dr. Mark)

Such good fortune from such bad teeth, Baba Did you plan to make a friend for me in this way? Sitting there in the dentist's chair With Your book in my lap. Asking me about meditation, Did You know what would come of the answer? "Walking meditation, I call it," I said And with that, it seems, we walked into each other's lives. See how it matters not by which path we approach You Following in the footprints of the Ox or hand-in-hand with God-man Together we explore the common language of the heart Filling in the cavities of our hungry souls Repairing the cracks of imperfection Creating crowns of selfless service Culminating in the radiance of Your smile. See how it matters not the devices You use To bring like hearts together Our daily lives Your playground These cracking teeth Your blessing A gift of love to me.

JACUZZI DARSHAN

Awhirl in the foam Bubbles slide down skin In seamless warmth. Who can imagine the caress of Your bliss? Immersed in this stuff of You, Baba I dream an ocean full of love. Alone with You under the trees I know that all the world cannot imagine This moment of my happiness Loving the forms You take I hear Your gurgle of delight And am washed clean In the tsunami of Your grace.

POET'S AJTERNOON

Behold the single sock of innocence Held in the baby's hand The independence of three red items Tossing majestically in daughter's new dryer The days of coin-op past Excitement reported by telephone Spelling out adventures to come. Now, my day half done Adventures with You on my mind Tucked under tree Here in my poet's nook I study the water moods of the day. Seas blue-gray, turquoise, I wonder, Were your eyes once blue, Baba As they appear to me now? Watching golden sunrays Tossed up by the waves, I wonder, Was your hair once golden, Baba As it appears to me now? And clad in shining sea robes Dappled with sprau You ride in with the tide To tickle my toes. Thus the day passes Scribbling on my pad Til clouds gathering overhead Weaving tapestries on the sand Remind me That even as You weave Yourself Into the fabric of my days There is work to be done in the world. (Thus, packing up my things, Respite over 0 Thead for home Knowing You wait for me there.

MOTHER

When T was a child, you would entreat me to tell you T loved you. And T hated this request because T felt you had caused me such pain,

T could not say this with meaning Fearing T would sound wooden to my ears And feel a hypocrite in my heart.

But in these last years together, after so long estrangement, I grew to love you truly, and I could tell you I loved you because I could feel it in my heart. This love grew out of forgiveness and you did not have to ask me for it. This love was His gift To us both.

MOLOKA'T THANKSGIVING

STRETCHING

Ι

You stretch me And I explode with love Congestion moving violently in my veins I walk ever faster in my pace In my effort to contain You. Would You have me expand until I burst? After all Annihilation is what I'm after.

Π

Get good at holding the energy, You said. It has become my mantra as I pound the pavement In this effort to outpace myself.

III

So, this annihilation is no joke And I would ask You to fill me to capacity Even when I do not know Jor what I really ask And though I find I can hardly contain myself, I weep Even as I smile in joy.

GHAZELS ON THE WONG

Ah, sweet Baba *You fill me with sweetness* Tam afloat in the wonder and delight of You Cradled in the caress of knowing brown eyes Bathed in Your smile Skin soft to the touch of Your breath **Istand** tiptoe Enmeshed in the Beauty of You Jspin Idance I lie down in the beauty of Your name I drown in the perfume of Your love Oh, Baba You know my entire being And J, so little of You But what matter When You love me so!

J float in the explosion of Your name At sea in Your love for me Jf You do not raise me up J will surely drown in these tears Awaiting Your rescue J am mad for a glimpse of Your face J clutch Your daaman in milkwhite hand Trailing in Your footsteps But even the beauty of Your lengthening stride Jires my love for You



The rush of His kiss Produces enough energy To fire 10,000 clay jugs In the oven of His bliss Oh, Baba Jill this poor jug With the melody of Your name That I may sing Even as I burn for You

J am aglow in the burst of Your bubble Dancing on the rim of the bubble pipe Respite from Your exorcism Waiting to implode

Oh, Baba How is it that You would consent To confine Your love In this poor self? Who can see how I glow? Who will know it is You? As for me, I have left my heart At Your feet

You called And I came Wrapped in rainbow Trailing stars of glory in windblown hair Attired only in my love for You DONKNEY TO SND94

Don't you see me dancing Everywhere I go? Don't you see the song in my heart? Don't you see His glow Hiding in my eyes? Can you not see how my skin tingles? Yet here I sit Going about my daily work Wrapped in camouflage

JOURNEY TO INDIA

I SAMADHI SONGS

SONG OF THE SAMADHT

Listen, the stones are singing They embrace Your very presence Happy in their task

Listen, the paint is singing Happy to take shape as Your lovers Ever in the presence of Your love

Listen, the flowers are singing Short and rich their moments with You Theirs is the sweetest song of all

Listen, the marble is singing Clothed in the dignity of Your name These words I was given to dust: "Beloved Baba, Come Awaken"

Oh happy stones Oh happy paint Oh happy flowers Oh happy marble Happy in your 700 years' task Listen, I enter J, the least of the least But it is still within And I am filled with the song Of Your silence

3

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They come to Your abode of love To clean and dust Every morning they come Your lovers With broom and rag and sponge in hand Etching prayers in every stroke Smiling shyly over the marble On bended knees women and men They come Blessed to give service Your lovers They come to Your abode of love To empty their hearts Old and new, young and old, of every tongue They come The ocean foretold, drawn to the sweet elixir Of Your call: "Love Me" You said And they would love You Leaning in love against stone Standing before Your windows Kneeling before Your door They enter Hearts aching, a tremble, triumphant To lie in the arms of Your presence

They come to Your abode of love To honor You Every generation they come Raising voices in song and prayer Together and alone Your lovers A little child pirouetting at Your door Tripping gaily in and out Bows his head in emulation Happiness in his father's eye Knowing he will come This little one They come to Your abode of love As J come also Standing in awe of these Your lovers J place buds at Your door To speak for me A beginner at the threshold of Your love Bowing my head at Your feet J entreat You Oh Baba, help me to love You more and more J too would be Your lover Oh Meher, humble this sometimes heart!

SAMADHJ LOVE JEAST

What a love feast, Oh my heart Your presence, nectar for my thirsty soul Your sweet name, the nourishment of my being. How can I thank You for the choice of one In need of such repair When greed and jealousy are companions to me And I have become such a beggar At Your table? What a love feast, Oh my heart Has been left here for the taking Of those brave ones who know the cost Of such a feast! But, Oh my Love, may the feast continue That I may eat until I burst So that one day, You may serve ME up An hors d'oeuvre Oh happy dust at Your feet

সে**NVOCA**ব্যেতেN (Composed solely of the words (actual and translations) on the Tomb

Come Come Beloved Eternal Beloved Meher Baba Come

Awaken Beloved, Baba Beloved Eternal Meher Come, Awaken

Meher Beloved, Meher Eternal Compassion unending, Love without end Come, Oh Come!

Avatar Eternal, Avatar Meher Baba Messiah, Rasool, Prophet and Christ Compassionate Jather, Jather of Mercy Awaken, oh Awaken

Meher belovED, BelovED Beloved Eternal Beloved Avatar Meher Baba Come!

AWAKEN BELOVED I HAVE COME.



J stand on the brow of the hill Alive to the caress of Your breath on my cheek Bathed in the warmth of Your glow My feet, an embrace upon the earth My veins aflood with the rhythm of Your name Birdsong everywhere Sun shines on white stone Proud to line Your walk And all the air is adance in Your presence. J turn and look toward Your samadhi And know that You are everywhere.

SENTINEL BY THE DOOR

Once again my fingers find you Secret sentinel locked in stone. Tracing curves of neck upstretched Muzzle pointing to the sky Are you goat, fox, lamb? Chosen to be through ages Guardian at His door.

>

"Ah, you come again", J feel you sigh. "Remember, He belongs to no one and All No kingdom, but All. Even we stones would claim Him. You alone have found me here Resting head against stone Hiding your tears. Wait here with me."

So again and again I come Across lands and seas Touching fingers to stone I wait with you. Waiting among the many Come to shed this gift of tears At His feet.

II MEHERABAD MOODS

MANDALT HALL

I sat in Your hall today, Baba And bitterness filled my heart. The women came to sweep And they swept all around me Sitting there in my heartbreak And T wished that my tears might fall, Sanskaras at Your feet And be swept away by them Your sweet relief filling my heart, But Twas stony-hearted And no tears came. Lovingly, they dusted your picture And wreathed the frame in garlands And I imagined that these fell about me As Your embrace around my neck, And they crowned Your head with flowers Fresh with this day's love And I pretended they lay Your caress upon my brow. But I was not moved, and I felt I had betrayed You So I arose silently and left your hall of love Whispering softly that I hoped you would follow me Even where I felt I could not go.



MIDNIGHT PRASAD

Awake in the dark Pen flying over paper Writing lovesongs I cannot help myself This headache, Your prasad Would keep me from sleep The call of Your love Too opulent for dreaming. Waiting for relief I would lay down self and pen But like the muse, whispering song You tug at my ear Knowing I cannot remember Voices in the dark. So slipping down the hours Gong by gong Two, two-thirty, four Once again T rise Caught in my net Chasing to capture Your gift to me Lines overlapping one another Waiting to be sorted in morning This antidote, Your blessing Endless remembrance Scribbles in the night.





GARDEN OJ WEEDS

Thave a garden full of weeds And a gardener who tends the roses. My weeds are colored red and green, and purple and black. The red ones are named Pride and Selfishness The green ones are Jealously The black ones are named Anger and Spite And the purple ones sprout with moods of bitterness. When I see them growing I ask the gardener to pluck them right away, But, more often than not, they escape my notice And overwhelm the roses. My gardener loves me very much And he works very hard in my garden. Sometimes, out of love, I think he weeds the garden when I am not looking And lets me catch the sweet scent of the roses He tends for my sake. Someday, he tells me, I too shall be a rose In the perfect garden of His heart.

LULLABYE

Dancing down the moonbeam of Your smile Evening comes Secure in the cradle of Your love I tuck Your daaman to my chin And fall asleep in Your dream of me. Would that I rest here forever, A poem in the heart of my God.

III 9N MEHERAZAD GARDEN

JUNNY LOVERS

You have such a bunch of funny lovers, Raba We love You in such imperfect ways Gossip behind Your lovers' backs Count one more worthy than the other Putting judgments on Your love. We tell You we would lay down our lives for You, Baba But it is in the little things that we stumble. <mark>Is it any wonder that You must take us by the hand</mark> And staunch the bleed of our faults With the surfeit of Your love? Oh Compassionate One, We would weep in our imperfect love for You But you dry our tears with a smile And put Your lips softly to our ears So that we might hear Your chuckle Ringing in our hearts.
BAL'S SONG (A song with <mark>two-part harmony)</mark>

Jaī Meher, joy in joining Join in joy, Meher Ki Jāi In You we live to join in glory In You we die to live in joy

THROUGH MEHERA'S EYES

Oh sweet Baba Mehera followed You everywhere With her eyes But You are gone from me And Thave only the eyes of my heart With which to envision Your lovely being: Strength of brow Gentling face Curling hair, twinkling eye Piercing glance of love Laughing cheek Compassionate smile Flowing sadhra, grace of step Gesture, slender fingers Shining lotus feet Radiant golden glow

Oh Baba You tell us that we cannot see You As You really are But in my ignorance, I long to see You Only through Mehera's eyes

Oh Lynne Do you know for what you ask? Mehera's were the eyes of complete devotion Do you think she did not see Him As He truly was? Such love comes only by His grace Long only for His grace

RJDDLE OJ THE SENSES

He doesn't need his physical body For his presence to be known

You needn't have seen his photo To see him in your dream

You needn't have heard him speak To hear his echo in your heart

You didn't need to have met him To feel the touch of his love

You don't need a perfume to know The fragrance of his beauty You don't even need to have know you were a seeker To find you have been sought.

He is the sense beyond all sense.

Who is He?



SIMPLE GIZTS II

THE JOLLOW SONG (A song for three parts)

I

T will follow wherever You go T will go wherever You take me T will take whatever You offer Let me offer myself to You

May You let me follow, Baba May You take me with You May You offer Yourself to me, Baba May T be worthy of Your love

II

J will follow wherever You go J will go wherever You take me J will take whatever You offer Let me offer myself to You

> Yes, you I've called to follow From you I'll take your all Love alone is what I offer Come and lose yourself in Me



9 will follow wherever You go May You let me follow, Baba 9 will go wherever You take me May You take me with You 9 will take whatever You offer May You offer Yourself to me, Baba Let me offer myself to You May 9 be worthy of Your love

J will follow wherever You go **Yes, you J've called to follow** J will go wherever You take me **Jrom you J'll take your all** J will take whatever You offer **Love alone is what J offer** Let me offer myself to You **Come and lose yourself in Me**

DREAMER

Oh how You carried me in the night When my soul was asleep And I knew You not But the designs of my own making Putting my needs before all others Until You whispered in my heart. Now I dream another dream Knowingly cradled in Your arms, sweet and full In Your love for this somnambulent creation I want only to serve You. Yet if You be not with me How shall I know when my eyes are open And I see not the dream But the Dreamer, Himself?



BLESSED NAKEDNESS

J stood before You You, in completeness of All Being J, in my incompleteness And You knew me better than myself And loved me for who J am Knowing every nook and cranny You found me acceptable None-the-less

Oh what blessed nakedness, my soul That I should give up All that I know of myself For the light of a greater Knowing Reflected in Your inner eye: What I think I hide from others What I thide even from myself. All for what is hidden from me In the curving smile of Your grace

And the love I feel for this gift Encircles us in joining And I know the promise You hold out to me That You and I are One

JOURNEY OF UNKNOWING

J went to school to learn to know And thought J learned some things. J went out into the world And tried to live what J knew. J thought J might grow wise as J aged But all J really learned Was that J knew nothing And that was the beginning of wisdom.

J met a master who helped me to Unlearn all that J had labored to know. J worked hard at my unknowing Learning that to love You was enough And J loved You with all my heart Until J forgot who J was And came and stood before You Jn all simplicity.

Only then did You open the door of knowledge And I beheld that all I had labored to know Was my very own self And that all You had sought to show me Was that my very own Self Was You.

J DJE DAJLY

Each day these little deaths Fearing that I have displeased you Jask You to give me hardwork And worry that I die not fast enough. How can I know if You smile When willfully, J let sanskaric patterns Slip from thought to act? Uou, Uourself, have given the Prayer of Repentance Uet I hide from Your aift Selfish in my unworthiness Setting myself the judge of its worth. Saint Teresa spoke of this saying, We love You the less in so doing, She who held herself the greatest of sinners. Somedays I come close to understanding this. Uet how can we praise you When hearts ache with the burden of imperfection? You, who are worthy of praise beyond praise For what You have given Is treasure beyond price. How impossible our efforts to love You As you should be loved. How shall we learn true humility Without Your grace? How shall we please you Lest it be Thy will?

EVERYWHERE

Jsee You everywhere In everything I do In the grumble of a co-worker In the blue of the sky In the far corner of a bad mood In the swinging rhythm of a slide from grace In the brow of a loved one's face In the struggle of everyman To do his best I find You everywhere When least expected You stick to me like a shadow Humming in my ear Like the songs of a child Calling me in the pattern of the rain The siren's wail, the sound of Your name Roaring through the voice of hate In the beat of angle's wings Thear You everywhere My inmost being you touch And I caress Your face in the bark of a tree Send glittering kisses out to sea Ache for You in the baby's cry Hold fast my ever swelling heart And feel You everywhere Crowding me with the questions of being How to realize a depth of seeing When all conceptions You outdistance Words and poems pale before You



SIMPLE GIJIS

A Pilgrim's Notebook 1960-1995

> Lynne Douglas Honolulu October 1995

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