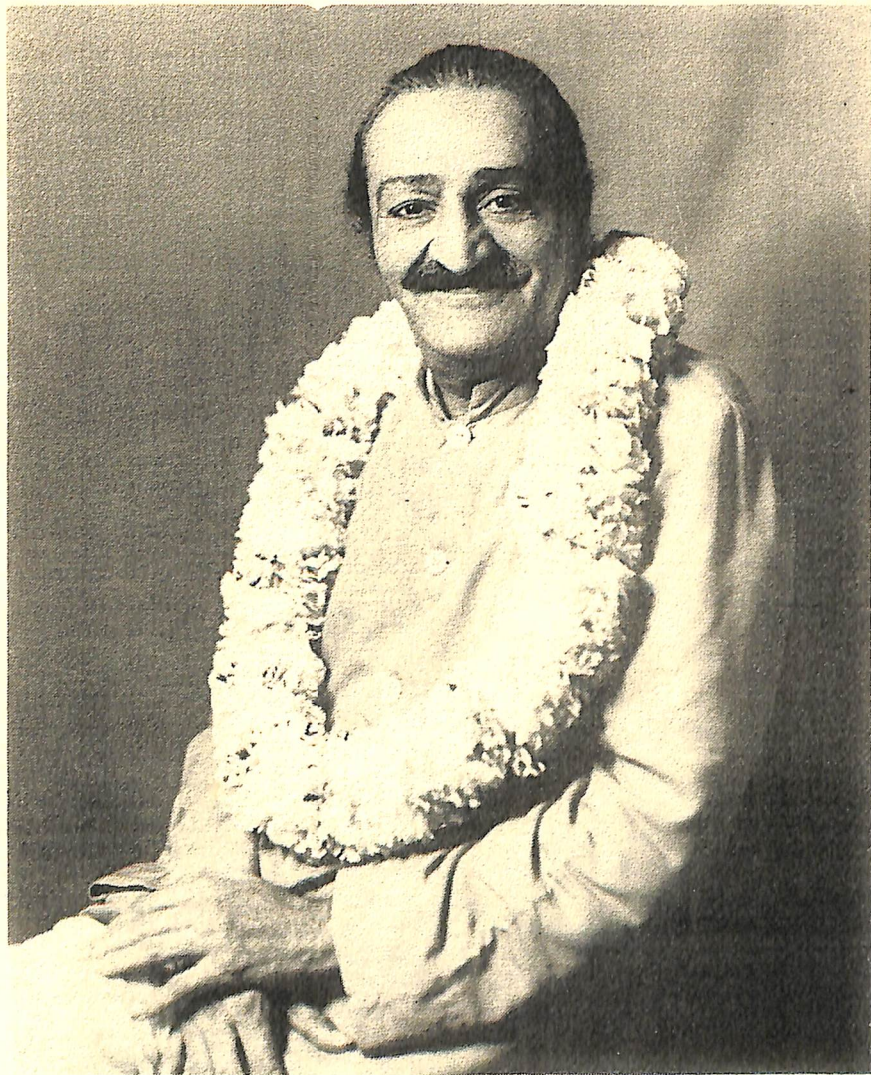


Garland of Egos



Michael Da Costa

Introduction

The original 'Ego' piece was completed in 1979 and had its first reading at Meherazad, India. It was based on Meher Baba's Discourses on 'The Nature of the Ego and its Termination', so it was no wonder that many people identify with it. Eruch Jessawala was convinced it was about *him*, and he used to frequently play the tape of it in Mandali Hall to unsuspecting pilgrims.

'Ego II - the Sequel' demonstrates a clear lack of spiritual progress. It was written as a bit of a joke, playing on the tendency of Hollywood to make follow-up movies like 'Jaws II' and 'Rocky II'. Now I think there are more 'Ego's' than 'Police Academies'!

When I completed 'Ego III - the Song', I thought that this would be the end of my Ego, so to speak! But no. After performing all three of them in Mandali Hall, Eruch said 'you must now write 'Ego IV'', and he gave me some pointers for it. This turned out to be no easy task, but after three years and a long spell in the spiritual desert, it was finally finished. It is called 'Ego IV - the Art of Yoga' and wrestles with the problem of how to release the 'He' that is imprisoned in 'me'.

'Ego V - My Qualifications for God Realisation' picks up on one of the themes in the original, and turns its gaze on some of the absurdities of trying to be a Baba lover.

The stuff of 'Ego VI - on Global Rampage' comes from two sources. One is Baba's discourse on 'the Avatar' in which he describes perfectly the desperate predicament of our time. The other source is the daily bombardment of the sight and sound of Man's inhumanity to man which Baba insisted I watch in spite of my squeals of protest. This piece gets at the ego base of these horrors.

Finally 'Ego VII - the Epilogue' wraps it up with a pledge and a prayer.

'Ego III - the Song' is placed at the end, because it fits better there.

Michael Da Costa

1-702 508

**'To get nearer and nearer to God,
you have to get further and further
away from 'I, my, me and mine.'
It is as simple as that,
though found to be almost impossible.'**
Meher Baba

Ego

Hello there,
here I am, here, this is me over here;
I'd like you to meet me, I'd like you to get to know me;
I want you to see me, and I want you to hear me,
I would like you to understand me, to respect me,
because I am me.
So here I am, this is me.

(I my me and mine)

And this is what I want:
I want what I want;
I want what I want, want it, *want* it,
why shouldn't I have it, I want it,
I like it,
why should I be without it?
don't want to be, why should I be?
I'll do as I like, do as I want;
don't like what I don't want;
don't want what I don't like;
because I am me, (me, me,)
I'll do as I like . . .
or what I can get away with!

(I my me and mine)

And this is what I've got, see what I've got;
look at me, look at me and I'll show you what I've got;
let me show you what's mine, what's mine,
I'll show you round, show you what belongs to me, (me, me)

First let me show you my things, all my things;
have you seen all my things, my things, things?
things over here and things over there,
oh what a lot of lovely things, my things;
I've got so much more than you, yeah!
but not so much as you, yah!
want more, more, more things, more.

And then there is the power of my influence,
that's *mine*, *my* power, *my* sphere of influence;
here I can control, here manipulate,
over there persuade, create an impression,
have impact, call the tune, force my will,
have my way, any way I can.

And have you noticed how clever I am?
surely you must have remarked on my skills;
and how could you fail to admire my work?
my attainments? my accomplishments?
They're mine, all mine, all mine.

And so I become known, it feels good to be known;
I'm quite well known; you know;
all sorts of people know me (me, me);
don't *you* know me? I'm sure you'd like to;
I'm well worth knowing, I am.

(*I my me and mine*)

You see, I am me, I am *me*;
not you, not her, not him, but me;
different, unique, separate, alone;
different from you, and you, and you;
separate from you, and you, and you;
different and separate, oh so separate;
separate me, different me (me, me).

Whatever I am, I am unique, exclusive, excluding,
so keep out, keep off!
this is me, not you, this is me;
keep out, keep off, keep away;
don't get any nearer, not so close, no nearer;
I don't trust you, don't come any closer;
(*fear, fear, fear, fear*);
keep away, this is me, keep out, this is me,
I don't trust you so close, I don't like you so near;
I don't trust you, I don't want you,
I don't like you, I *hate* you!

hate!
hate you!
hate! hate!
get out! keep off! I hate you!
hate! leave me alone! hate!

LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

No! don't leave me alone, don't leave me,
I need you, I want you, desperately want you;
leave me alone . . .; no, don't leave me, don't go,
please don't go, I want you, you're mine, mine,
I won't let you go, won't let go,

why won't you be mine? I want you, **want you!**
I want you to want **me**, want me exclusively;
be **mine**, for **me**, for myself alone, . . .
I want you for myself alone . . .

alone!
my self alone!!

where is my beloved?

(I my me and mine)

It's not so easy being me, I'll tell you,
damned difficult sometimes;
so lonely being separate, so excluding being exclusive;
so energy consuming defending what's mine;
but I'm me, and that's all I've got . . . haven't I?
look after number one, that's what I say,
no-one else will . . . will they?

anyway, why not me? *why not?*
why? why not? why? why oh why?
can I? can't I? should I? shouldn't I?
I want to, I don't want to, I don't know *what* I want!
what should I want? what should I do? how can I choose?
which way? which way should I go?
what's important? really important?
what the hell does it matter anyway!!
I don't understand, what does it all mean?
which way? which way? I can't find the way

(I my me and mine)

The Master says that the way is through good,
so good I shall be, I'll be good . . . good!
Yes, here I am folks, see how good I am . . .
Oh yes, I can feel it, I am good, so good;
my goodness, my ego is wearing down with goodness;
good thoughts, good words, good deeds;
I might even say that I (I, I,) am well on the way
to egolessness . . .
aren't I good? aren't you impressed by how good I am?

And so humble too;
humility dims the light of the ego,
or so the Master says;
well, let me say, in all humility, how humble I am;
I mean, I'm nothing much really, not me, (me, me);
my humility is really genuine,
not like *your* false modesty;
if you want to be ego-free, be humble like me.

And now, instead of serving me,
I serve humanity selflessly;
smiling selfless service . . . how selflessly I serve;
and so loving, too, have you noticed how loving I have become?
so loving and so selfless, *my* love is selfless,
not like *your* love, grasping and possessive;
mine is so giving, because I am so pure.

See, too, how happy I am, not garlic-faced like you;
you won't catch *me* worrying, no not me, me, not me;
don't worry, be happy, that's my motto,
like the Master says . . .
and as for Masters, *mine* is the highest of the high!!
Who did you say *your* Master is . . . ?

(I my me and mine)

Oh my God, what a mess what madness!
'What a sight, what a plight, what a delight!'
What a struggle, such a strangling tangle,
what an ego, such an ego,
elusive, evasive, won't let go,
here it is, there it is, over there, over here,
anything it grows on, anything it feeds on . . .

feeding on want, feeding on desire, feeding on craving,
feeding on possessions, feeding on power, (and on lack of power),
feeding on fame, (and on ignominy),
feeding on achievement, on attainment, on accomplishment,
(and on failure, and even on worthlessness),
feeding on difference, on separateness, on exclusiveness,
feeding on lust, feeding on greed, feeding on anger,
feeding on hatred, feeding on fear, feeding on jealousy,
feeding on conflict, feeding on aloneness,
feeding all alone . . .

feeding on goodness, feeding on humility, feeding on service,
feeding on selflessness, feeding on cheerfulness,
feeding on *anything* , anything at all!

(I my me and mine)

feed on ego, feed on ego,
binding, blinding, conflict-ridden ego,
feed on if you will;
I don't know how to stop you, how can I get rid of you?
Ego, ego, will you ever go? how can I break free?
Ego, ego, hydra-headed destroyer of joy,
who can destroy **you**?

God? I can't do it on my own;
God? can it really be true?

Baba? **BABA!!**

It's over to **YOU!!!**



'What is your secret?' asked a journalist.
'The elimination of the ego,' replied Meher Baba.

Ego II - the sequel - a lack of progress report

Hello there! Hi! Here I am again,
it's me here, over here, yes it's me,
the one who caused a stir, (might I say in all humility),
with *my* ego, many years ago.

Now time has passed and I'd like to tell you
that my ego has mellowed and is wearing thin,
worn down by time's passage, and the powerful lessons
dealt out by the Master to me . . . *me*.

That's what I'd *like* to tell you . . . but I can't!
the truth is that nothing much has changed at all;
my ego and I are as strong and as healthy
as one would expect a hydra-headed monster,
involved in guerilla warfare, to be.

But all the same, the struggle goes on,
striving and failing in the labyrinth of mind.
Part of me wishes to live as He wills,
to love Him and serve Him, and dance to His tune;
but then I ignore Him and go my own way, saying,
'can't I just *be*? What's wrong with playing the music of *me*?'
I *know* the answers of course, but resist,
and refuse to listen, while claiming my innocence,

What a fool! What a hypocrite! Sometimes I feel
that I'm just like a parrot, mouthing stories of old,
and my own boring cliches, told and retold;
perhaps I'm boring you? well I'm certainly bored by *me*!
But you see, it's not me, it's not *really me*,
but *Him*, it's *Baba*! it's He who makes me move,
it's *Him*, not me, it's *HIM*!
I don't exist! or so he tells me;
in fact nothing exists but *Him* . . . *HIM!!*

That means that it's *He* who is boring, and *He* who is bored,
He who's the hypocrite, *He*, who's the parrot,
He who's in conflict and striving and failing;
not *me*, it's *Him*,
this ego is *His*, not *mine*,
I'm merely it's custodian for *His* pleasure,
and all I can do is to try my best to remember and love Him,
and leave all the rest to *Him* . . . *HIM*.

So, ego, shmego! Why should I worry?
Ego, shmego! What do I care?
I, my, me and mine, blowing in the air!
What am I really? a pawn in the plan?
a speck of mere dust? . . . catch me if you can!
ego, shmego! manonash pie . . .
I, my, me, and mine, we're all going to die!



'You must strive to see Me as I really am'
said Meher Baba;
'By Your grace, Baba,' said the aspirant;
'No, you strive,' said Baba quickly,
'and I will help you'

Ego IV - The Art of Yoga

Now let me see if I've got this straight - nothing is real but God, and You are God, so only You are real and I am illusory; I do not exist, because only You exist; You are everything so I must be nothing.

But then You tell me that 'You and I are not we but one', which means that it's only the me that I think I am that isn't real, right?

But there is a real me that *is* really real because the real me is really You!

However, the real me that is really You is locked up inside the me that is really unreal and doesn't *know* that he's really You because he thinks he is the unreal me;

whereas the real me that is really You is real because You are the only reality even though I may never *experience* that reality, because the unreal me goes on thinking that the real me, which is really You and therefore really real, is really unreal.

Furthermore You tell me that if I *were* to experience that reality, I would experience, as You experience, in Your reality, infinite knowledge, power and bliss, instead of experiencing the ignorance, limitation and misery of my illusory existence.

Now to be honest, I would quite like to experience the infinite knowledge, power and bliss of my real existence; and so the *big* question is this:

How can the real me, which is really You locked up inside the unreal me thinking that it *is* the unreal me, come to know its reality and experience its infinite knowledge, power and bliss, while the unreal me perpetually insists that *it* is real, and so perpetrates its experience of ignorance, limitation and misery?

The answer, You tell me, is really quite straight forward; it's simply a matter of yoga.

Yoga? Yes, Yoga!

But not the unreal yoga taught by unreal yogis to help make life in illusion more comfortable;

Oh No. You mean the only *real* yoga, which means 'YOU GO' and that means, '**ME GO**'

Which means, all I've got to do is to get rid of this illusory me, and the real me which is really You will shine forth in all its glory,

and I'll *then* experience the infinite knowledge, power and bliss of my real existence.

Well, that sounds easy enough, so here I go, so to speak, with my *real* yoga . . .

you go . . . yooooooooou go..... **GO!**

me go . . . me me me me me **go** . . .

I MY ME AND MINE . . . GO . . .

GO, GO ON, GO, GET OUT OF HERE, GO, SHOO . . .

go? . . .

(Sigh) . . . Would that it were that simple,

I know I'm still here because all I can feel is my ignorance, limitation and misery, and not a *squireon* of knowledge, power and bliss . . . ah well!

I suppose it's not surprising really when you think it's taken eons and eons for the real me which is really You to get enmeshed in the unreal me;

and anyway, to be honest with you, this unreal me is stupid enough to rather like being the unreal me really, in spite of its ignorance, limitation and misery,

and so it fights with all its solidified might my puny efforts to make it go, even though it cannot go anywhere because it isn't anywhere to begin with;

it's unreal; it doesn't exist.

So what am I going to do about it? What *can* I do about it?

I suppose I could say, as I said once before,
'Baba, Baba, it's over to You';

But wait a minute - what do I mean by Baba, by Meher Baba? Who is it that I am talking to here?

Now, I know I'm rather slow, but, 'I am not this body' is what You said, a long time ago,

and the astonishing truth of it is only just beginning to hit me;
You, too, do not exist!

Yes! That's right! Now I see it;

You, as Meher Baba, do not exist!!

For if it is true that nothing is real but God, then You, Meher Baba, are as unreal as me, Michael;

And I don't mean that You are unreal because You are no longer in the body,

for Your body, when You were in it, was just as much a part of the illusory world as anything else and therefore did not exist;

It's only the *real* You, which is really God and also the real me, that really exists,

and the unreal You, Meher Baba, is really unreal.

So now I am faced with *another* dilemma;

Since I never met the unreal You, Meher Baba, who was it that I met? and who was the 'I' who did the meeting?

I can only suppose that when illusion led me to that point where awakenings begin, and something stirred deep within, it wasn't me, Michael, meeting You, Meher Baba, for the unreal You was not there to greet the unreal me;

So it could only have been the *real* me, which is God, encountering the *real* You, which is God,

and what must have stirred on that momentous occasion was the misty recognition of my own true self *by* my own true self; as if in a dark and dusty mirror.

However, the fact remains that You did grace illusion by appearing as the unreal You, Meher Baba, with all the limitations and sufferings which that incarnation involves, but without ever losing consciousness of the real You.

And what a beautiful and alluring illusion You were!

a beacon, glowing in the darkness, an Icon of light, a window into reality, into the real You which is really the real me;

By becoming the unreal Meher Baba, You become visible to all the little unreal 'me's' like me who are running around thinking we are real, and You let us know that we are not really real and You gradually draw our attention away from illusion;

Once we get that glimmer of light we can never again be content being locked into the illusion of unreality;

it is time to break free; time to take seriously the real meaning of yoga, you-go-yoga, me-go-yoga, I-my-me-and-mine-go-yoga, real-work-yoga

not a lone, but a joint effort;

yes, you and me, working together, to break free, to be free, together, to free You in me, to fly free, to be me, the real me, working together, to *be* not we, but one.

a joint effort!

Having been stirred into awakening by the awesome reality of Your presence, I now have the exciting and frightening responsibility of doing something about it;

To work together so that you may be free in me; a joint responsibility.

You, of course play Your part to perfection, constantly confronting me with the absurdities of my ego-bound existence, thrusting me into the fires which burn through the knots that bind;

but I, too, have my part to play in this drama of my life, which is but one aspect of Your leela;

unfortunately You do not provide a script, but You do offer cues and clues, which challenge me to bring my intelligence and creativity and humour to bear, and improvise to the best of my ability;

For example, You have made it clear that the more I bring *You* into the action - by focusing on You, by thinking of You, by constantly remembering You, by consulting You, by bringing to mind Your beautiful image and Your exemplary life on earth - the more You are enabled to lure me away from my self-absorption, and to tempt me to see You as You really are, and therefore to see myself as I really am;

The more I give up the unsatisfactory satisfactions promised by the demands of I, my, me and mine, and turn my attention instead to the needs of the You in others.

then the more energy is released to realise the reality of You which is locked up in me, so that in time the You-and-I-who-are-not-we-but-one may become free together;

The less I heed the babbling chatter of my binding mind and listen instead to the sublime whispers of Your divine voice, *and follow faithfully their promptings*,

the more easily You can guide me through the minefields and vicissitudes of my unreal life, and the safer becomes my journey to the Centre of all things, the Enchanted Space, where the real You resides;

You help me to understand that the heart is the doorway which opens onto the highway to Your heart, which is my own true heart, and that the key to that door is love;

and so You sow the seeds of love;

and the more I can learn to love, then the larger my heart can grow, and the wider the door can open, and so the more freely can love flow, and the more the You in me can be unveiled;

The more I can take the risk of loving - loving the real You which is the reality of every other unreal 'me' - and continue to take the risk of loving, *and continue to take the risk of loving* -

and continue to take the risk of loving,

the more the transforming power of love can perform its miraculous alchemy of transforming unreal 'me's' into the real You which is really all and everything.

These are just some of the clues that You strew along the path, then challenge me to find ways of putting them into action.

It's not enough, I realise now, to leave it all to You;

So come on Michael, you have work to do;

Michael? *Michael*, it's over to you!



**"Though God-realisation is the ultimate
destiny of all persons, there are very
few who have the necessary preparation
for the early fulfilment of that
glorious destiny."**

Meher Baba

Ego V - My Credentials for God-Realisation

Well, first of all I know about Meher Baba, which is a pretty good start I would think;

I'm a member of a group and go frequently to meetings;

I smile a lot and hug people, and show how spiritual I am
by being selfless and humble and invariably cheerful;

I never grumble, except, that is, when things don't go my way,
then I tend to squirm about and squeal and say:
'Why is He doing this to me? Why have I got such a rotten deal?'

But I soon realise it must be my karma, or maya, or something like that,
and so I say to myself:
'Don't worry, be happy, just leave it all to Baba'.

I can say 'Jai Baba' with the best of them,
and 'Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jai'

I've watched all the movies and videos, and listened to Bob and
Jane, and Buzz and Cindy and Jaimie and Jim,

I know all the prayers by heart, and when I remember say them to Him;
(but I must confess I've never learned the Gujarati Arti);

I've read all about the whim and the journey of the drop-soul
through evolution and reincarnation and involution;

I know about sanskaras and the devious tricks of a slippery ego;

I understand the dangers of the 4th plane and how to avoid returning to stone;

I even tried my mind at meditation once - but was smartly outwitted
by an itchy nose! - Ah well!

I often make the pilgrimage to India, laden down
with medical supplies, whisky, and even once a vacuum cleaner!
(that should earn me a life-time or two's remission, don't you think?)

And whilst there, I weep all over His Tomb-cloth and bow down to a bed and a chair;

I've sat in Mandali Hall for hours listening to Eruch and Mani
tell their tales of love and devotion;

I've struggled to unravel Bhauji's words as they echo (echo, echo) around the Pilgrim Centre;

And I've heard how Bal, after all these years, talks to Baba as if He were still here;

Well let me tell you that I too talk to Baba . . . out loud of course, because that's the way Don Stevens says it should be done.

Yes, I chatter and chatter to Him, (Baba, that is, not Don) although I sometimes wonder how He can bear to hear the incessant babble that must fill the air,

But then I am reassured that He is all ears; an ear here, an ear there, ears everywhere, an ear for each one of us,

Listening out for the faintest sign of an honest soul crying out to Him in sincere love and longing -

Well, here I am, Baba, here I am, I'm longing, I'm longing, can't you hear how much I'm longing and how sincere I am?

and you must have noticed how I have been working on the divine qualities which you say are essential for spiritual growth;

For instance, I've been polishing up my patience and persistence;

And I have also been practising moral courage, forbearance, cheerfulness, enthusiasm and equipoise
- I like that word, so I'm especially working on my equipoise, so that one day I may have the peace of a frozen lake;

I'm seriously thinking of devoting some time to renunciation;

Perhaps if I constantly repeat, 'neti neti, neti neti', all those negative sanskaras will dissolve and disappear . . .

Neti neti . . .

But I must confess that what I'm having most difficulty with is love, obedience and surrender, and I'd be grateful for any assistance I can receive in that department . . .

Love Obedience Surrender

Oh yes, if I could master those, then I'm sure that God-realisation would not be far off;

Let's see, if each life is but one day at school, and if I work hard, then it shouldn't take much longer than a few thousand more lifetimes to graduate;

In fact, it shouldn't be long before I begin my ascent through the planes; so watch out, here I go **zooming on mind-rocket - zing!**

Oh Michael, who are you trying to kid?

Not Meher Baba that's for sure, He's unkiddable;

I know that this is all a bit of foolish nonsense, but at least
I'd like to think that I *am* serious about trying to live a life
of love, obedience and surrender;

I know really that I'm in no way a genuine spiritual aspirant,
and I'm an abysmal Baba lover, that's for sure,

but for some unimaginable reason He has graced me with the knowledge
that He is in the world,

so all I can do is to try my best to be true to the trust He has
bestowed in me, to be a trustworthy custodian of that knowledge,

and to trust that He may at least give a chuckle now and then
at my feeble efforts to entertain Him.

So here, Baba, for what it's worth, is my ragged, bedraggled
garland;

It's an ugly little bundle compared to the glorious love-gifts
I see around Your neck, but it's all I have to give for now,

and if I place it at Your feet, perhaps, who knows . . . one day . . .
who knows . . . ?



The Avatar appears in different forms, under different names, at different times, in different parts of the world. As His appearance always coincides with the spiritual birth of humanity, so the period immediately preceding His manifestation is always one in which humanity experiences the pangs of the approaching birth. Man seems more than ever to be enslaved by desire, more than ever driven by greed, held by fear, swept by anger. The strong dominate the weak; the rich oppress the poor; large masses of people are exploited for the benefit of the few who are in power. The individual, who finds no peace or rest, seeks to forget himself in excitement. Immorality increases, crime flourishes, religion is ridiculed. Corruption spreads throughout the social order. Class and national hatreds are aroused and fostered. Wars break out. Humanity grows desperate. There seems to be no possibility of stemming the tide of destruction.

At this moment the Avatar appears.'

Meher Baba

Ego VI - On Global Rampage

Part One

My ego is a necessary outcome of evolution's quest for consciousness;

it imagines itself to be at the centre of all things,
integrating diverse experience,
facilitating an organised life.

However . . .

My ego, in reality, is not real, it is merely an illusion,
a mere shadow of its true self.

Being illusory,
being a false centre of consciousness,
my ego is fundamentally unstable,
essentially insecure.

Being unstable and insecure,
my ego perpetually fights to establish
that which is 'me' as opposed to that which is 'not me',
and to draw all that it can unto itself as 'mine'.

In such a struggle it inevitably experiences
severe limitation and incompleteness;

Being limited and incomplete, it dances a dance of slavery
to the tune of its worries, cravings and fears;

Being so enslaved, it suffers the pangs of frustrated rage
as it strives for a freedom which it can only glimpse,
but, try as it might, never attain;

being thus frustrated, it is constantly entwined
in the strangling entanglements of inner conflicts;

being in conflict with itself, it comes into conflict with the world;

being in conflict with the world, it suffers the aloneness
and alienation of living in its closely defended space;

being so defensive, it lives in perpetual fear of discovery
and judgement;

fearing judgement, it engages the genius of the mind to defend
and justify its every action;

when, even thus defended, my ego continues to feel threatened
by the reverberations of its insecurities, then it is driven
to establish control and supremacy in every corner of life . . .
except, that is, over itself;

when my ego is thus engaged, with all the power of its
solidified might, then . . .

the world had better beware!

All bets are off!

* * * * *

Part Two

Hello there! Yes, it's me again, back again. You might have thought you had seen the last of me, but no, here I am again, and I am sure you would like to hear all about the exploits of my ego and I since we last met.

(I, my, me, and mine)

Let me say immediately that we are having a wonderful time, all around the world, running riot, reeking havoc wherever we go, doing anything we like, doing whatever we want. Because we *can* get away with it, we *are* getting away with it. It's so *easy*.

(I, my, me and mine)

You are probably sitting there thinking that what we are doing is selfish and aggressive, but the way I look at it is that we are merely being strong and assertive in a feeble wishy-washy world. Anyway, whatever it is called, it has a great 'feel-good factor', and that's all that matters, isn't it?

(I, my, me and mine)

For example one of the things that really make me feel good, (as well as rich!), is knowing how to manipulate the markets of the world. Success is all, greed rules, so it's easy for those of us who do not have to bother with things like scruples . . . whatever they are! So what do I care if it involves a bit of what some people call fraud and corruption and exploitation. And so what if one or two weaklings go to the wall? The kitchen is hot! and everyone has to make their own gravy, right?

(I, my, me and mine)

I mean, look at the drug market for example. My ego and I have got it all sewn up, from production to distribution to self-destructive misery; it's just good business, that's all. I'm a businessman for godsake, not a social worker, and business has costs. Yes, yes, I know this one costs a few lives here and there, but what the hell, the world is far too overcrowded anyway.

(I, my, me and mine)

And what does it really matter if a few stupid animals get hunted to extinction, as long as I get my pleasures. And what's all this fuss about rain-forests - wet miserable places if you ask me. And I must say that I have been getting a fantastic sun-tan since we made this hole on the O-zone layer which people are whining about.

(I, my, me and mine)

Anyway, I'm much too busy to bother about this trivia. We've got a lot of important things to get on with, my ego and I, and let me tell you, it can get pretty exhausting at times. Just look at all the conflicts and wars we've got going on all over the world, extending our territory and our power, 'cleansing' things to keep the world pure . . . know what I mean? Well, someone's got to do it.

(I, my, me and mine)

Mind you, I'm not complaining. There are plenty of other egos out there only too willing to lend a hand, especially for the prospect of a plentiful supply of women to rape and property to plunder, or, just for the sheer hell of it. Killing and torture can be a real turn-on! And terror is a great life-style when you consider the alternatives. You wouldn't deprive us of that, now would you?

(I, my, me and mine)

Mind you, I wouldn't always put it so bluntly. We get enormous satisfaction, my ego and I, out of facing the cameras and microphones of the world, pulling wool over eyes and ears with our straight faces, modulated voices, our denials and distortions and rationalisations. We have a damned good laugh about it once we are alone. There is nothing we cannot twist around our tongues so that we are left appearing squeaky-clean. So don't think you can get at me just because there are a few million refugees out there sitting around in their own excrement; it's their own stupid fault for getting in the way while we are fighting for . . . er . . . hey, what is it we are fighting for?

(I, my, me and mine)

Ah, what the hell! What does it matter? The important thing is that my ego and I can get away with just about anything; especially when we are young; and we run in gangs; and especially when we have guns. The measure of my power is the length of my gun-barrel . . . know what I mean? And there is nothing I will not do to get what I want. **NOTHING!** There used to be a time when lesser egos were hemmed in by unwritten codes; but no longer; no rules; anything goes; old ladies, kids, anyone, anything. **Might is right, right?** so get out of my way. I'm on my way. In fact I'm here. The future lies in my hands.

(I, my, me and mine)

How easy life is without the crippling confines of conscience;
with nothing to bother about but I, my, me, and mine.

And so we grow fat, my ego and I

feeding on pain and degradation, feeding on fears and desperation,
feeding on grievings and lostnesses - feeding on corruptions and exploitations,
feeding on dominations, intimidations, feeding on abominations,
feeding on screams and wails of anguish, drinking in the heady juices of power.

(I, my, me and mine)

All the world's my stage;
All the world is in the grip of my power;
I am invulnerable, indestructible;
nothing can stop me,
I am here to stay;
I am all-powerful;
I rule the world.

MY NAME IS MAYA

But hold on . . . wait a minute . . .
something is happening here . . .
something . . .
something happening inside . . .
inside me . . .
a feeling . . .
a strange feeling . . .
what is it? . . .
what the hell is it?
what the hell is going on here?
a feeling . . . moving . . . within . . .

And I can *see* something . . .
moving . . .
no, it's *someone* . . .
a man . . .
I don't understand . . .
I can see a man . . .
coming this way . . .
coming towards me . . .
what? . . .
who the hell is he . . .?
what the hell does he want . . .?
he's coming nearer . . .
and nearer . . .
with a big stupid smile on his face . . .
and his arms outstretched ?



'How long will the present chaotic state of affairs continue in the world?', asked a journalist.

'As long as selfishness exists,' replied Meher Baba. 'because it is the root cause. In all this chaos and confusion my work is done. It is a cleansing process.'

'If I want the world to be a better place, I must learn to be a better man' Fred Marks

Ego VII - The Epilogue

Chaos and confusion, raging, in the world, in me.
No peace as long as selfishness reigns,
raining chaos and confusion, on the world, on me.

Selfishness;
not his selfishness, or hers, but mine;
not their selfishness, but mine;
It is not your ego I must tend to, but mine.

It is the divine Beloved's task to turn the world up-side-down.
or rather, the right way up!
It is my responsibility to change the world . . . by changing me,
by turning on its head that bit of the world which is
I, my, me and mine.
An impossible task I know, but then,
'Only the impossible has divine meaning'.

So all I can do is try,
and my Beloved is there with me, helping,
challenging, up-holding, confronting, loving,
shaking me loose from my gross graspings,
spinning me round in His spiritual laundromat,
piercing me with His sword of compassion,
fixing His nazaar on my unworthy head,
beaming out the sun-rays of His radiant smile
to melt the hydra-headed iceberg
of my self-absorbed existence.

And even as chaos and confusion storm
around the world and within my mind,
so too, drop by drop, is my resistance melting,
and little by little He is cleansing my heart
with the joy and pain of laughter and tears.

The weight of my ego, and all the egos of the world
lie heavy on my Lord,
the empty promises of selfishness
make the bars of a cage which imprison
the lion of divine Love.

and so to you Beloved I make this pledge:

I shall strive with all my heart and mind
to do what I can and must to release You
from the clutches of my all-pervading ignorance.

And this is my prayer:

Beloved Baba, may the day come soon,
when by your grace, the bubble of my ego will burst,
and I shall vanish into the ocean of Your love,
forever.



Ego III - The Song

Please Baba set me free;
please Baba set me free;
from I, my, me and mine,
please Baba set me free.

from selfish me, from angry me, from lustful me, from greedy me
from hating me, from craving me, please Baba set me free;

from worrying me, from fearful me, from needy me, from jealous me,
self-pitying me and faint-hearted me, please Baba set me free.

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

from phoney me, dishonest me, hypercritical me, goody-goody me,
false modesty, and even humble me, please Baba set me free;

from forgetful me, neglectful me, from arrogant me, from ignorant me,
from thinking me, and from crazy me, please Baba set me free.

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

from exclusive me, excluding me, from critical me and back-biting me,
from cowardly me, and hydra-headed me, please Baba set me free;

from doubting me, from struggling me, from striving me and failing me,
from desperate me, and even spiritual me, please Baba set me free.

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

So that I may always love You, so that I may always remember You,
so that I may always obey you, please Baba set me free;

so that I may always think of You, so that I may always please You,
so that I may always make You smile, please Baba set me free.

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

So that I may always see Your face, so that I may always hear Your voice,
so that I may always feel Your touch, please Baba set me free;

So that I may never betray You, so that I may never stray from You,
so that I may never let You down, please Baba set me free.

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

so that I may be Your instrument, so that I may always sing Your song,
so that I may always dance to Your tune, Baba set me free;

so that I may always be Your slave, so that I may always be Your clown,
so that I may always be Your lover, Baba set me free.

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

so that I may give myself to You, so that I may live and die for You,
so that I may one day even be You, please Baba set me free;

so that I may always love You, so that I may always love You,
so that I may love You as You should be loved.
please Baba, set me free.

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

Please Baba set me free
please Baba set me free
from I, my, me and mine
please Baba set me free

forever
and ever
amen.





**'To get nearer and nearer to God,
you have to get further and further
away from 'I, my, me and mine.'
It is as simple as that,
though found to be almost impossible.'**

Meher Baba