

Ways to Attain the Supreme Reality

by Meher Baba
with Interpretations in verse
by Malcolm Schloss

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Source:

Ways to Attain the Supreme Reality
By Meher Baba
Interpretations in Verse
by Malcolm Schloss

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WAYS TO ATTAIN
THE SUPREME REALITY

by

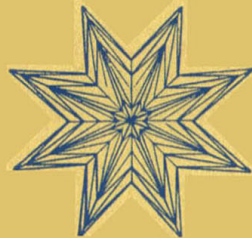
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WAYS TO ATTAIN
THE SUPREME REALITY

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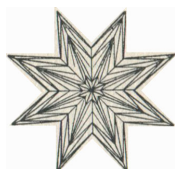
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FOREWORD

WAYS TO ATTAIN THE SUPREME REALITY represents, in its prose content, a distillation of the fundamental teachings of Shri Meher Baba on the realization of Truth and the attainment of complete, constant, conscious union with God. As such, it was distributed to those spiritual aspirants who gathered together from many parts of the world to sit at the feet of the Master at the Meher Center on the Lakes at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, in May 1952, and to those in California who expected later to receive the benefit of contact with him there.

On May 9th Baba asked Malcolm Schloss, who had flown from California to be his guest at Myrtle Beach, to translate into verse the ideas which Baba had expressed in prose. On May 10th *First and Foremost*, *The Company of Saints*, and *The Gates of the Mind* were written. On May 11th Mr. Schloss flew back to Hollywood to complete the arrangements for Baba's visit there in June. There it became clear that many of the poems previously written by Mr. Schloss and included in his published volumes, *Songs to Celebrate the Sun*, *The Infinite Glory*, and *Processional of Joy* had anticipated Baba's request—especially those which had been directly inspired by Baba and specifically dedicated to him. These, along with other new poems, were accordingly assembled under their appropriate headings, taken to Myrtle Beach by Mr. Schloss when he was called there in July, and read by him to Baba at the latter's request. Baba compared the poems with the works of Hafiz, his favorite poet, and of Shankaracharya; expressed his enthusiastic approval of the collection, and asked that it be published in this form.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The authors thank the Editors of The Meher Baba Journal, The Meher Gazette, Tomorrow, Unity, Unity Daily Word, and Horoscope for permission to reprint poems appearing in this volume.

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WAYS TO ATTAIN
THE SUPREME REALITY

COMPLETE SURRENDER TO THE GOD-MAN

First and foremost, our complete surrender to the God-man, in whom God reveals Himself in His Full Glory, His Infinite Power, His Unfathomable Knowledge, His Inexpressible Bliss, and His Eternal Existence.

FIRST AND FOREMOST

IF THE SUN did not shine,
To whom would the flower turn,
How would the mango grow?

If the sea were not spread,
To what would the rain descend,
Whither the river flow?

If the earth did not spin,
How would the light return,
Where would the darkness go?

If the air were not rare,
How would the breathing flow,
Where would the spirit go?

If God came not as man,
How could we really know
That we could love Him so?

"FOR NO MAN KNOWETH"

I HAVE been listening, Beloved—
Listening—all day long—
For the sound of Thy voice—O Beloved—
Fountain of all my song.

I have been looking, Beloved—
Looking—the livelong day—
For a glimpse of Thy smile—O Beloved—
Warm as the sun's own ray.

I have been waiting, Beloved—
Heart, mind and body—all
Held for the time of Thy coming—
Free to respond to Thy call.

And now I am weary, Beloved—
Body, and mind, and heart—
Oh! *wilt* Thou not come, my Beloved!
. . . Blessed One! Here Thou art!

UNLESS THOU LIVE IN ME

I CANNOT see
The beauty of a single tree,
For love of Thee!

Nor can I hear
The voices that I held most dear,
With Thine so clear!

Thou dost possess
Me utterly!

Know!
I am
Bodiless,
Except to serve Thee—

Mindless,
Except to praise Thee—

Heartless,
Except to worship Thee!

Beloved, I am dead,
Unless Thou live in me!

COMMUNION

I WAS aflame with Thy Glory!
I was caught up in Thy bliss!
I had called for Thy love, O Beloved—
But I had not visioned—*this!*

So *this* is the way to union—
Simple, and easy, and clear;
Love renders the holy communion
Possible *always, here!*

I shall keep it alive, O Beloved!
I shall remember how;
Neither time, nor space, nor illusion,
Shall ever divide us, now.

For *this* is the mystical body,
And *this* the blood divine;
And the heart, the cup of compassion,
Shall ever be brimming with wine!

THRICE-BLEST

I HAVE hearkened to the voice of the Beloved.
He hath led me through the gardens of delight.

I have gazed into the heart of the Beloved.
He hath stilled my mind with rapture.
He hath filled my soul with bliss.

I have rested in the arms of the Beloved.
He hath freed me from all yesterdays and all
tomorrows.

Only His eternal presence shines within me
and in all.

WHILE SILENCE REIGNS

BREATH by breath I breathe Thy Name
Whom the heart and soul proclaim
God and Master, faithful friend,
Guide and refuge to the end.

In with power, out with love,
Blessing all below, above,
Around, within, the breathing flows,
With the body in repose,

With the mind and heart serene,
While the soul is felt and seen.
And in the soul, while silence reigns,
God is found, and God remains.

Should this complete surrender not be possible, then one or some of the following, if faithfully carried out, can win the Grace of God.

WHOLEHEARTED LOVE FOR GOD

Thirst for seeing Him, longing to know Him and a burning desire for Union with Him, constitute this all-consuming Love, for which the lover forsakes everything, including himself.

RELEASE

MY LOVE, I surrender the body;
Accept it, and use it, to be.
It is Thine, not mine.
I abuse it, to use it,
Unless it revealeth Thee.

I surrender the mind to Thy keeping;
As a change from change, let it rest;
For change is apparent freedom,
But freedom from change is best.

Let me cease from unending becoming!
Let me *be*! Let me *be*! Let me *be*!
And, when *I am*, dissolve me
Into non-being with Thee!

RAPTURE

HERE, I find Thee;
Now, adore Thee;
The spell of my name,
The cloak of my form,
Dissolve alike before Thee.

No thing am I,
Nor will I be
While I can rest
At one with Thee.

GLORIFICATION

THERE is a region in the heart
Where oft I go to be apart,
For in that still and holy place
I meet the Lord God face to face.

In glory far beyond the telling
We merge, He now in me indwelling,
And love like a stream of cosmic power
Rises and flows from hour to hour,
While naught in the universe is heard
But the blissful sound of the sacred word.

I am and I am not—I am He—
For He has chosen to live in me.

THE GAME OF CREATIVE GIVING

I GIVE my life to God—
He gives me immortality.
I give my consciousness to God—
He gives me omniscience.
I give my energy to God—
He gives me omnipotence.
I give my form to God—
He gives me omnipresence.
I give my time to God—
He gives me eternity.
I give my possessions to God—
He gives me His limitless abundance.
I give my love to God—
He gives me perpetual communion.

KEEPING COMPANY WITH SAINTS

Keeping constant company with saints and lovers of God, and rendering them wholehearted service.

THE COMPANY OF SAINTS

ATTAR comes, Attar goes,
Leaving the fragrance of a rose.

Kabir comes, Kabir stays,
And poetry flows in undreamed-of ways.

Hafiz knocks at the tavern door,
And the keeper knows what he'd pondered o'er.

The saints are alive; they never die.
To the lover of God, the saints are nigh.

Attend to them as they pass by.
They tear the veil from the inner eye.

GUARDING THE MIND

Guarding the mind against temptations of lust, greed, anger, hatred, power, fame and fault-finding.

THE GATES OF THE MIND

THE GATES of the mind are easy to find.
They stand at the end of the roads that wind
From the outer world to the inner shrine,
And each is labeled, "This is mine!"

Sight claims the things that I can see.
I reach for those confronting me.
I long for those I cannot hold.
Thwarted, I rage and fume and scold.

Whoever passes in review
I bend to my will; tell what to do
And where to go. From each I claim
Fresh garlands for my mounting fame.

The shrine inside is hard to hold
Against these constant onslaughts bold,
Until, at last, I place a sign,
"Beloved, this, all this, is Thine."

"Thine are the things that I can see.
I consecrate each one to Thee.
Release or use for Thy delight,
And move serenely in Thy sight."

TREASURE THE PEACE

TREASURE the peace
That comes to the heart
Which is free from attachment,
Free from longing,
Free from swaying from like to dislike,
From swinging from love to hatred.

Treasure the peace
That shines in the heart
Which is free from the thirst
That comes from the clinging to form,
Free from the anger
That comes from thwarted desire.

Treasure the peace
That dwells in the heart
Which is free from the fear and the greed
Which arise from the sense of the Self as body—
From the thought of beginning, the thought of
ending—
From the limits of time, from the measure of space.

Treasure the peace
That abides in the heart
Which is free from the pride of possession,
The pride of knowledge, the pride of power.

Treasure the peace
Enthroned in the heart
Which knows the truth about the Self—
In the heart which sees the Supreme Spirit
Pervading the whole of life—
In the heart at one with the Source of Power,
The Source of Knowledge, the Source of Bliss.

Treasure the peace
That glows in the heart
Which is rapt in communion.

Treasure the peace
That illumines the heart
Which has found Itself
And sings!

EXTERNAL RENUNCIATION

Absolute and complete external renunciation, whereby one leaves everyone and everything, and in solitude devotes oneself to prayer, fasting and meditation.

HARVEST

SOWER of infinite ideas!
Reaper of infinite dreams!
Harvest the crop of illusion!
Take from me all that seems!

Not only cut with the sickle!
Not only glean with the knife!
Root out the roots of becoming!
Garner the seeds of life!

Then I, who was never the body,
I, who am not the mind,
May withdraw into absolute no-thing,
Leaving no-thing behind.

What freedom, to give up the body!
What peace, to relinquish the mind!
What bliss, to withdraw into no-thing,
Leaving no-thing behind!

INTERNAL RENUNCIATION

Living in the world, yet practicing complete internal renunciation. This means attending to all worldly duties without attachment, knowing all to be an illusion and only God to be real; carrying out one's worldly affairs with a pure heart and clean mind; and living the life of a recluse in the midst of intense activity.

OFFERING

I AM in spirit on my knees before Thee,
Though outwardly I tend to many things.
They are one way of proving I adore Thee—
I offer them to Thee as my heart sings.

Sings with a love that will not be forgotten—
Flames with a love that will not be denied—
While I perform the tasks which lie before me,
My spirit wings like incense to Thy side.

And, in the flames of this great conflagration,
I am consumed; there only doth remain
That which can serve Thee, praise Thee and
adore Thee—
Thy kingdom, now made worthy of Thy reign.

SELFLESS SERVICE

Selfless Service. One who practices this, thinks not of himself, but of the happiness of others; serves others with no thought of gain or reward; never allows the mind to be upset or disappointed; and, facing all odds and difficulties cheerfully, sacrifices his welfare for the good of others. This is the life of the selfless worker.

HUMILITY

HUMILITY is lowly, like the earth.
It lends itself completely to God's will.
It brings His vision momentarily to birth,
Yet of its labors rests completely still.

Humility is brilliant, like a star
That shines in unseen splendor all the day.
Invisible its ministrations are
Till darkness brings its power into play.

Humility is carefree and serene.
It sees and serves the One alike in all.
Cares not for what shall be, nor what has been,
But in each present moment finds its call.

Humility is lowly, like the earth;
Yet, like the earth, 'tis fruitful, fragrant, strong.
It leads the soul to freedom from rebirth
Through selfless service, rendered with a song.

SELFLESS SERVICE

FORBEARANCE wins the blessing of God's grace.
Forgiveness is the cleanser of the soul.
Of self remove the last remaining trace,
And serve in all humility the whole.

THREE APPROACHES TO GOD

HAMA UST—EVERYTHING IS GOD.
NOTHING ELSE EXISTS.

This Sufi conception, which culminates in *Analhak*, corresponds with the Vedantic *Aham-Brahamasmi*. It declares absoluteness of God in every being, and therefore has no need of a basis of love and longing to experience this oneness of God in self. The soul has to find God the harder way, through meditation. The soul has the intellectual conviction that it is God, but it does not experience that state. So, through intense concentration and constant meditation of 'I am God', 'I am not the body, I am not the mind; I am not this and I am not that; I am God' until there is nothing left but God, the soul reaches the 'I am God' state in actual experience. In short, the soul experiences, through meditation, what it has already assumed itself to be.

RECOLLECTION

FORGETTING what I seem to be today,
Perhaps I can remember what I am,
And was, and will be; and, when time is dead,
Will still be; and when space has fled, will stand
Revealed as, just as if a magic hand
Had called forth water out of sand,
Or flowers out of barren earth.

My birth shall be as wonderful as these;
As lovely as the blossoming of trees;
My birth from time into eternity
Waits but the dissolution of this dream in me,
That what is not, was not, shall no longer seem to be.

I AM THAT I AM

I AM That I Am.

I am not

That which I seem to be.

What appears is a cloak of illusion,
Veiling reality.

I Am That I Am.

No aspect

Of infinite change am I.

Mine the unchanging glory

Which colors the changing sky.

I Am That I Am.

I Am *That*.

That which I am thou art,

For the whole of My absolute glory

Dwells in each relative part.

I Am That I Am.

I Am *That*.

I Am That I Am.

I Am.

THE REAL SELF

I AM the essence of life—eternal—unchangeable—without beginning and without end—without name and without form.

Infinite in the possibilities of my expression, I manifest myself to myself in a myriad of forms, called by a myriad of names, continually beginning, continually changing, continually ending—knowing all, commanding all, pervading all.

At every moment of time, I am eternal. In every form, I am infinite. The whole of my knowledge, the whole of my power, is resident in each form, throughout all time, and flows into expression when used for new creation.

I am the source, the continuation and the end of all things, yet I am apart from all things. My infinite knowledge and power are manifest in each, yet they are not of any. Because I am, all things are. When I withdraw, all things cease to be.

GOD-INTOXICATED

WHEN one awakes in God
All that is not God
Goes to everlasting sleep.

[50]

HAMA AZ UST—EVERYTHING IS FROM GOD.

Sufism declares that every individual soul is in and with God eternally, and in order that it should experience this unity with God, it is forced to experience separateness and re-union. This way to God is based on love alone. When the individual soul realizes that it is separated from God, it begins to be drawn towards Him with intense love and longing. The goal of this love and longing is union with the Beloved, which it finally attains.

DROUGHT

I HAVE STRAYED from the path of devotion,
And love is as far from my heart
As the desert is far from the ocean,
And dry as the desert my heart!

I have strayed from the path of devotion,
And weary am I as I tread
The endless blind alleys of motion,
Outwardly living, yet inwardly dead.

I have strayed from the path of devotion,
And futile the knowledge I gain,
For knowledge leads only to motion,
And motion leads only to pain.

May the spirit of endless compassion
Which flows, ever flows, from above,
Stream through this dream of my being,
And flood me with infinite love!

May the peace which is absolute no-thing,
And the bliss which is absolute all,
Unite to delight me with wholeness
Eternal—wholeness beyond recall!

WHOLENESS

OH! UNKNOWN Self of me,
Disclaim invisibility!
Make manifest my wholeness!

Awake in me the certainty
Of infinite identity!
Awake in me my wholeness!

Flow forth through me in ecstasy
To fulfill all my destiny!
Fulfill me with my wholeness!

Through ordered change
Creation range,
Expressing all my wholeness!

Obliterate the lesser me
With radiant totality!
Irradiate my wholeness!

Withdraw from me
That I may be
Again indrawn into Thee—
Unmeasured in my wholeness!

Restore to me eternally
My own immutability!
Restore to me my wholeness!

INVOCATION

OH, THOU, beloved of all beloveds,
Thou, essence of all being—

Thou, speaker, hearer of all words—
Thou, seer of all seeing!

Know Thou Thyself in me! ·
In all Thy glory be Thou manifest
Within and unto me!
In all Thy centres
Be Thou radiant and free!

HEART OF MY HEART

HEART of my heart! Soul of my soul!
Life of the life of the cosmic whole!

Breath of my breath! Voice of my voice!
Lover in whom all our hearts rejoice!

Star of the evening! Sun of the day!
Song in the heart that is happy and gay!

Heart of my heart! Soul of my soul!
Know that I love Thee, whate'er Thy role!

WHIMSIGENESIS

A Fragment

I

AND ONE day, a Sunday,
The Father's business was to play;
And first He played that He was light,
And, from His Centre, radiant quite,
He issued, and was brighter far
Than any sun or any star
That any mortal eye has seen,
Or any, in His being, has been;
Out, out He sped, and farther out,
And of His glory left no doubt . . .
But, infinite, the Father's mind
No boundaries knew—was not confined—
An infinite expanse was traced
Before this problem could be faced.
Then, like a child, the Father said,
As infinitely out He sped,
"This is no fun! I'll play that I
Have confines here, and then I'll try
To break those confines—I am I—
Just let me see what I can do
If I should cut my will in two."
And straightway then He faced Himself,

As light, with darkness—in complete embrace
He held Himself—established space,
His field—and in this field, where light
And darkness crossed, strange forms arose,
And, ever changing, moved about
From central Self to Self without,
While infinitely out flowed light,
And infinitely in closed dark.

II

And each form, infinite, expressed
Some aspect of His being best;
He whom we call Michael, light,
He whom we call Gabriel, sound,
Raphael fragrance, Uriel warmth,
And Lucifer the outer round
Of darkness—that is, light and sound
Unseen, unheard, unsought, unfound,
Except by mystics in their quest
To penetrate the worst and best,
And find alike in star and clod
The omnipresence of a God;
To let the light of God shine through
And love Him in His darkness too . . .

IN AND BEYOND FORM

I LOVE the lovely forms of God—
His sweetness, and His light—
I love the stars He turns into
And shines from in the night.

I love the rose from which He sends
His perfumed breath to me; ·
I love the universal pulse
Beating within the sea.

Nowhere that I can turn to look
But that His presence there
Lifts me out of the dream of self
To know Him everywhere.

THE DIVINE LIFE

WHAT of the divine life, stirring in the sod—
Can you see the spirit through the body of God?
Spreading out in beauty, rising up in song,
Flowing forth in rhythms, reverberant and strong?
What of the divine life, stirring in the sod—
Can you sense the glory of the presence of God?

What of the divine life, moving through the sky—
Can you read the mind of God in the stars on high?
Benevolence and power, discipline and love—
Can you read the will of God in the stars above?

What of the divine life, pulsing in the heart—
Flowing swiftly in the blood, its power to impart?
What of the divine life, present everywhere?
Breathe it, sense it, joyfully—if you are aware!

HERE AND NOW IN YOU

I HAVE only one friend—
Many are His forms—
He glorifies the sunsets,
Rides upon the storms.

He and I are comrades,
Tried, and fast, and true—
Glad am I to find Him
Here and now in you!

HAMA DUST—EVERYTHING IS FOR THE
BELOVED GOD.

Sufism in this aspect declares that although every soul was and is within God, it has temporarily and apparently to assume separateness to develop love for God, and through this love regain union with God and experience both *fana* (annihilation of finite self) and *baqa* (abiding in God).

Although this aspect of Hama Dust does not differ from Hama Az Ust in its approach through love and intense longing, there is this difference: that whereas the soul in the state of Hama Az Ust longs for nothing but union with God, the soul in the state of Hama Dust is content with the will of the Beloved.

CONSECRATION

REMAIN with me,
In heart, and mind, and body,
Constantly.

Nor let me fare
One single moment anywhere
Unless I find Thy presence there.

Nor utter even one lone word
Until Thy bidding voice be heard.

Nor move in action lest I prove
Accordingly Thy will.

Else, let us rest,
United in our essence—still.

EQUANIMITY

IF ONLY I could be reborn of Thee,
And all my life could flame again with light,
And all my being thrill with energy
Released to do Thy will, and give delight;
If, thoughtless of the self, I could be free
To let Thy being flower, and not care
If any sipped Thy nectar like a bee,
Or came to breathe Thy fragrance of the air;
If I could be content to let Thy seeds
Die still-born, if Thou wouldst it, in my earth,
And care not for the wanderers whose needs
Might find a satisfaction in their birth;
Thy will could flow from birth to death through me
And only know the joy of being free.

AWAKENING

I AWAKE to the Presence of God—
No other presence exists for me.
As I arise, I commit my heart,
My mind, my soul, my body,
My affairs, to God—
He will direct the unfoldment of life.
Whatever I think, or say, or do,
He will inspire.
Whatever I touch, or taste, or smell,
Whatever I see or hear,
He will infuse
With His living Presence.
Together we will move in love
And light and peace and joy and power,
In grace and beauty.
Together, in constant communion,
We will attend to *His* affairs.
I am alive with the Presence of God—
No other presence exists for me.

ABOUT SILENCE

God has been everlastingly working in silence, unobserved, unheard, except by those who experience His infinite silence.

If my silence cannot speak, of what avail would be speeches made by the tongue?

The very moment when He knows my speaking will be heard universally, God will make me break my silence.

BEATITUDE

BLESSED are those who can rest from speech
To dwell in a holy silence!

Blessed are those who can rise from thought
To the fullness of pure knowing!

Blessed are those who, detached from deeds,
Can rest in their own true being!

CALLED

I AM CALLED, but I shall not answer,
Until I am called by Thee.
Above the tumult of voices,
Thy silence shall summon me.

And I shall ascend into Thee,
Bodiless, thoughtless, free—
Released from unending becoming,
To be, and not to be.

FIAT

SUDDENLY it came upon me: "Sing out like a bird!
Life awaits pronunciation of the sacred word!"
And, like fire, notes, ascending, mounted through
the sky,
Like a fountain, never ending—higher, still more
high.

And, like water, notes, descending, poured into the
earth,
And the spring-tide of creation brought new life
at once to birth.
Not alone the fragrant flowers, symbols of an
earthly spring,
But a myriad latent powers, freed from age-long
slumbering:
Founts of song, that ran like rivers; springs of verse
untouched before;
Inspiration's million quivers, loosed by love to end
man's war.

ABOUT REDEEMERS

Through yogic power, yogis can sustain health and length of life for as long as they wish. The God-intoxicated *majzoobs* are sustained by God Himself; heat, cold, rain, nothing affects them. The Perfect Ones who regain normal consciousness, in addition to their infinite state, go through the finite existence of pain, suffering, and disease, in the normal way of human existence, but for the sake of humanity as a whole. They are the Redeemers.

REDEMPTION

"WIELDER of infinite power!
Enjoyer of infinite bliss!
Master of infinite wisdom!
Why dost Thou come like this?

"Seemingly worn and haggard;
Seemingly wracked with pain;
Seemingly utterly puzzled;
Seemingly all in vain?"

* * *

*"The woes of the world are heavy;
The faults of the world are great;
I have assumed its burdens;
I will redeem its state.*

*"Then shall My infinite glory,
Which thou hast known in part,
Reign for unnumbered aeons,
Enthroned in every heart."*

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Register of Editorial Alterations

Page 60, stanza 1, line 1, "the the" changed to "the"