

The Infinite Glory

By Malcolm Schloss

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The Infinite Glory

By Malcolm Scholl

MALCOLM SCHOSS

SEVEN-TWENTY EQUITABLE BUILDING

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

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BLESSED • GE • GOD
IN HIS INFINITE GLORY

BLESSED • GE • THOSE
IN THEIR INFINITE GLORY
THROUGH WHOM
WE MAY KNOW
THE GLORY • OF • GOD

BLESSED • GE • WE
IN OUR INFINITE GLORY
THAT WE
MAY EXPRESS
THE GLORY • OF • GOD

AMEN

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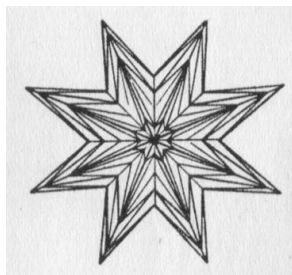
AMEN

◆ THE INFINITE GLORY ◆

BY

MALCOLM SCHLOSS

Author of
Songs to Celebrate the Sun



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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES

To
The Unknown Author
of
All Known Things

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THE INFINITE GLORY

THE GLORY OF GOD
IN NATURE

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!

BROADCASTING

VOICES on the wind,
Voices on the air—
Hurrying, scurrying,
Flying everywhere!

Voices on the mountain,
Voices on the plain;
Voices in the sunshine,
Voices in the rain!

Ill-considered riders
Of elemental steeds,
Death rides in your saddles,
Storms follow all your leads—
Tornadoes and hurricanes,
Water-spouts and quakes—
Death rides in your stirrups,
Destruction in your wakes.

See ye out the silences—
There, unbodied, rest—
And, when words of power call,
Answer, and be blessed.

THE COSMIC BREATH

I STOOD on a high hill
As if I were growing.
I swayed in the wind
While the wind was blowing.

I rose from the earth
Like a slender flower.
I drew in strength;
I breathed in power.

Oh! I was at one with the wind and the sun,
And I was at one with the earth!
And my outflowing breath was a cosmic death,
And my inflowing breath was birth!

A FLOWER, THE LORD OF THE SUN, AND I

ONLY I and Michael know
Where the lovely flowers grow.
Only I and Michael see
How they open eagerly
When they feel the warmth of love
Flowing gently from above.
Michael's light and their reflection
Mingling to create perfection.
My awareness to record
The splendor of the Blessèd Lord
My recollection to retain
A glory otherwise in vain
Produced. My expression to extend
What would else too quickly end . . .

The Lord, the Lord of the Sun, and I,
And a simple flower against the sky
How richly blessed are we—we three—
To be blended into this mystery!

TRANSFORMATION

A CRUEL, cruel, cruel thing—
Breaking stone, breaking stone!
Why can't we leave the poor, dumb thing
As we would be—alone?

And yet, perhaps lament is vain—
Perhaps, if left alone,
Man would remain forever man,
And stone forever stone.

SPIRIT OF NIGHT

I AM the Spirit of Night—
Silent, resourceful and strong.
I marshal the legions of light,
And peacefully lead them along.

What is hid, I reveal to the wise;
What is pure, I reserve for the strong;
Close open, and open closed eyes;
And hold, in my silence, a song.

TO THE SNOW

LET me plunge with your utter abandon,
Let me dance with your ecstatic joy,
Dissolve in the bliss of your union,
Release what I seem to destroy.

Let my touch with the earth be as tender,
As even, as penetrant, too.
Let me equal your utter surrender,
To rise, in Spring beauty, like you.

VOICES

I TURNED to the West
As the flame of the day descended
And the hush of the evening grew.
It whispered to me of the peace
That dwells in the heart
Which is free from desire.

I looked to the East
As the rising sun
Illumined the drowsy earth.
It spoke to me of the love
Which awakens the God in man.

THE GLORY OF GOD
IN
HUMAN RELATIONSHIP

*Adventures in the Unfolding Awareness
of the Unity of Being*

MANY FORMS

BELOVED, I love Thee,
And Thou hast taken many forms
That I might love Thee differently in each
And overmuch in all!

[27]

NEVER THE SAME

I SAW you, I saw you
Like a light on the sea of faces!
The same sweet smile was on your lips,
And O, the old-time graces
In your eyes, above those faces!

I saw you, I saw you—
Then utter blankness came—
For my heart was weary with need of you,
And it never could be the same—
Never, never the same!

DREAM AND AWAKENING

THERE would be gladness in my heart today,
If you were here—
Warmth in the air and glory in the sun,
If you were near.

The wind would softly whisper
Invitation through the trees,
And heap, in some neglected spot,
A couch of autumn leaves.

There would be music in the woods today
Such as Pan never knew—
As the poets sing to beauty,
So the birds would sing to you.

There would be—but there won't be—
For you are far away—
The air is chill and grey clouds fill
Both mind and sky today.

TRANSMUTATION

AH, YOU were cruel as the gods are cruel—
Wounding me carelessly.
Chill as the wind is chill;
Distant and cold as the stars that rule
Our earthly destiny.

Then suddenly the gods in you were kind
The air was soft and warm,
And all the stars in you were turned to suns.

ASCENT

I LED you up on a mountain,
And you said, "It is beautiful here,
And I would that I could stay;
But I have work to do down in the valley,
And I must descend." And I replied,
"There is work to be done on the mountain,
And, if you must go down again into the valley,
Descend only to mount anew;
Bring those, to whom you go, back here
with you."

COMPANIONSHIP

BELOVED, I have come to thee
All bright with stars
And fresh with flowers
Gathered in gardens
Where our thoughts are seeds,
And hopes are suns
And showers.

So do thou come to me!
So, from the mountain-top
Down to the river-shore;
So shall we wander
Far abroad
And spread our flowers
On the floor;
So give our stars
To those whose eyes
Are turned with love
Upon the skies;
Then we shall rise
And gather more.

UNION

MY LOVELY one! My lovely one!
Sing thou to me till time is done!
And make the sky thy music-book,
The stars thy notes, and never look
To earth to see if I am there—
I shall be with you in the air.

My lovely one! My lovely one!
Sing thou to me till time is done!
Till time is done and space is fled,
And thoughts of separateness are dead—
Until the flame of pure white fire
Welds us, enfolds us, lifts us higher—
Until we know that we are one
With all things, and that time is done.

HELIOTROPIA

LITTLE sister like a flower
With its face turned to the sun,
Stand erect, your arms extended,
With the glory be at one.
Do not turn, and do not waver,
Do not bend, and do not sway,
But, with head upturned forever,
Follow on the only way.

STAR WAYS

PEACE be unto thee,
Oh, beloved of my heart—
Our ways are star ways,
Shining apart.

Yet, at the centre
Of infinite light,
One heart beats ever,
Twin souls to unite.

RECOGNITION

THOU art my belovèd,
And thou hast made me free,
And in the heart that is our heart
There pulses all thy glee.

DEFINITION

YOU are the crown of the tree of life.

You are the glory which blazes forth
from the centre.

You are the foundation of all creation.

You are the kingdom of the spirit
which inhabits the flesh.

CAPITULATION

AT YOUR feet I lay my heart.
Love is but your counterpart.
Life is but a golden dream
Wherein our one life two doth seem;
Not until the two are blended
Shall the dream of life be ended.

Round your feet there shall arise,
To make your life a Paradise,
Flowers which your love hath sown
As the dream of life hath grown.
Bless them as you gather them.
Wear them as a diadem.

GIFT OF GOD

GIFT of God,
Who came to me
Bearing concentratedly
All of God's devotion;
Like a drop of primal rain
Which might very well contain
The essence of an ocean;
Like a breath of purest air,
Penetrating everywhere;
Like a flash of cleansing fire
Which obliterates desire;
Like a wave of holy bliss
Which floods the soul with tenderness!
Gift of God,
In terms of thee
Have I known eternity!

REAWAKENING

YOU are the resurrection and the life;
My life was resurrected by your love,
When, from the leaden wheel of earthly strife,
You lifted me into your heaven above.

Your heaven, filled and living with your bliss,
Your joy, which flows unceasingly to me;
With every moment filled with tenderness
And sealed with our divine identity.

TWO ROSES

WE ARE like two roses
Growing on one stem;
The Spirit of Love embodied
In a brilliant, living gem.

Love is the stem which joins us;
Love, the sustaining earth;
And love the living sunshine
Which brought us into birth.

COMRADESHIP

WE DREAMED together. If our dream were one
Embodying the glory of the sun,
Or if the substance were a baser one,
What does it matter? For a time
We held a common vision,
And to us it was sublime.
What if we parted then, and wandered far,
And I a whim pursued, and you a star?
Another day a vision still more sure
Will grip us, and a comradeship more pure
Will burn away the dross of "mine" and "thine,"
Leaving us one Spirit, eternal and divine.

EVENSONG

HERE, high above the broad expanse of sea,
Gaunt, giant cliffs of clay arise, and I,
Alone with God and memories of thee,
Rest quietly.

The pageant of the day has brought the sun
Again to the horizon. Work is done,
And heart to yearning heart turns eagerly,
As I to thee.

The light of evening blends with light of day.
The dim horizon joins the sky and sea.
And those who love find union now in God,
As I with thee.

INVOCATION

OH, THOU, belovèd of all belovèds,
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!

THE GLORY OF GOD
IN ESSENCE

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!

CONTENTMENT

HOW shall I know the moment
When time and eternity blend,
If I ask, in continual torment,
Whither the way shall wend?

For *this* may be the moment,
And *this* may be the place,
And never another footstep
May furrow the sands of space.

For the moment eternity enters
Time and space are nil,
And the heart, which has endlessly wandered,
Is utterly, blissfully still.

How shall I know the moment
When time and eternity blend,
If I ask, in continual torment,
Whither the way shall wend?

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

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 stillborn, 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.

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!

SCULPTURED GODDESS—ANGKOR

FOREVER you will rest in ecstasy—
God-centered, God-revealing—
Though now alone in halls where crowds
Once thronged to you for healing.

A light—untended, yet forever luminous—
A song—unsounded, yet forever heard—
A soul—embodied, yet completely free—
An incarnation of God's ecstasy!

Time cannot modify, nor space contain you,
Nor darkness dim your radiance,
Nor sorrow drown your song of joy.

Your bliss proceeds from you in waves
That die upon no shore,
That penetrate all substance,
That intensify all life—
Rhythmic, undeviating, irresistible.

You are absorbed in that which is,
Yet never was, nor ever will be,
While around you lie the symbols
Of beginning and of ending,
Of growth and of decay.

You are as magical as love,
As mysterious as life,
As free as death—
For you have lived,
And lost yourself in love,
And found your Greater Self
In your surrender.

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!

BROTHERHOOD

WE DWELT together in the Presence,
Moved apart in time and space,
While the same transcendent vision
Glorified each radiant face.

For our minds were turning inward
To contemplate the One
Whose love flows outward through us
Like the shining of the sun.

THE DREAMER

I WHO am I, unseen—
I, who am I, unheard—
Beheld, in my dream, a vision—
Heard, in my dream, a word.

I was drawn on by the vision—
I was held, by the word, unchanged
And changeless I stood,
As I changed as I would—
I, neither changeless nor changed!

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.

COMPLETION

ONLY the heart that love has freed
Can ride upon the wind like seed.

Only the mind controlled and still
Can range the universe at will.

Only the body purified
Can move like light personified.

And, when the soul inhabits these,
It knows completion and release.

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.

THE GLORY OF GOD
IN
HUMAN PERFECTION

TO SHRI SADGURU MEHER BABA

Here are twelve leaves of laurel for your crown,
Whose glory cannot fully be revealed;
Else would the very Pleiades come down,
And mortal eyes with deathlessness be sealed.

BEATITUDE

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

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

Blessèd 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.

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.

THRICE-BLEST

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

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

I have rested in the arms of the Belovèd.
He hath freed me from all yesterdays and all
tomorrows.
Only His eternal presence shines
within me and in all.

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.

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!

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!

HALLOWED

AS MANY colors are contained in light—
As tone is woven into melody—
As fragrance is a part of tropic night—
As flavor may conceal a potency—
As touch is filled with power to unite—
As time is blended with eternity—
I am dissolved and held, to my delight,
In constant, conscious unity with Thee.

RESURRECTION

ONLY Thy smile to remember!
Only Thy voice to recall!
Thy touch, inexpressibly tender,
Conveying Thy love to all!

Yet these are enough, O Belovèd—
The gates of the soul swing wide
In Thine, the Eternal Presence,
At this new Eastertide!

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."*

"FOR NO MAN KNOWETH"

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

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

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

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

THE CREATIVE TEMPTATION

SOME day
I shall come
To Thee
In shame.
In my hands
There will be
Many poems.
I shall say
To Thee,
Contritely:
"Love,
Forgive me
This,
And this,
And this!
I toyed with them
Those nights
Whilst Thou wert waiting!"

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!

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

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.

REMEMBER

REMEMBER—

That the love of God is with you always—

That the grace of God is infinite beyond your
understanding—

That the peace of God is established within you—

That the power of God flows through you every
moment of the day and night for the perfect
accomplishment of His Divine Will—

That the substance of God is yours in all its infinite
abundance to use in His service and for His
glorification.

Amen

SONGS TO CELEBRATE THE SUN

by MALCOLM SCHLOSS

These poems are so rooted in the eternal verities, so rich, so clear, so varied in expression, that they bear a message of beauty to those who love beauty, of truth to those who love truth, of peace, and joy, and faith, and courage, to those who love and seek these things.

Paul Case says of them:

Nothing that I have read in a long time has given me so much delight as your poems. They are lovely in their clear, simple, crystalline embodiment of the very essence of the mystical approach to the Central Essence.

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You have reached the achievement of singing of tremendous themes with simplicity and beauty, because your poetical inspiration is the answer to your living aspiration.

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These Songs to Celebrate the Sun, through their simplicity of form and phrase, will be apt to deceive the reader into regarding them as the register of dreamlike experience and a somewhat abstract philosophy. In reality, such thought as underlies these poems and such unlabored art belong only to a consciousness which identifies itself, with unusual intensity, with the actuality of life upon earth. The mysticism of such poetry is not that of the cults, but roots in that deeper sense of identity between the inner and the outer worlds, that power of transmutation of matter into spirit, and that vision of the atom as a "rehearsal" of the universe, which in all times have been the well-spring of religion and together form the thread of continuity which constitutes the great spiritual tradition.

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