

# 7 Stars to Morning

By Francis Brabazon

An Avatar Meher Baba Trust eBook

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## Source:

7 Stars to Morning  
By Francis Brabazon  
Designed and Produced by Edwards & Shaw  
for Morgan's Bookshop  
8 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

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Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney for transmission through  
the post as a book*

1956

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7  
STARS  
TO MORNING

FRANCIS BRABAZON

7 Stars to Morning

Also By Francis Brabazon :

EARLY POEMS (*Beacon Hill Publishing Company*)

# 7 STARS TO MORNING

FRANCIS BRABAZON

DESIGNED AND PRODUCED BY EDWARDS & SHAW  
FOR MORGAN'S BOOKSHOP  
8 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY

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NINETEEN FIFTY SIX

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## *Dedicatory*

In the boundless Azure the Swan of Self-knowledge dis-  
ports Himself.

In the nest of heart He sings His sweet songs for the dis-  
traction and consolation of His devotees.

The boundless sky is His natural habitation,  
But He draws a line in the shape of a heart around space,  
And suffers the limitation of form in order that the  
devotees may know Him.

He Who is beyond bondage permits Himself to be bound;  
He to Whom all sacrifice is due sacrifices Himself for the  
liberation of the faithful.

His eternal song, "I am!" becomes reflected in His  
disciples as "Thou art."

His compassion becomes converted into their means  
of deliverance;

And His Crucifixion becomes transmuted into their  
Resurrection.



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7 STARS TO MORNING



## 7 Stars to Morning

Having listened to the Bird,  
That excellent Councillor who lives in the heart,  
I looked out in a night  
Wondering towards the land  
    Or the Promised land,  
    Or the Buddha lands intaken ingazing in kneeling  
        by Bhikshu Dharmakara,  
    Or the heroes returning land of Valhalla or Hawaiki;  
    Or Abraham's Bosom,  
    Or No-place transcending Triloka  
Which the Messenger so calmly announced.

It was night. And seven stars,  
Seven jewels of a sky lit the night.  
And I left my house quietly, quietly and secretly,  
And followed them through to a dawn.  
And the sun rising in the East-sky  
Blotted them out, and me.

Thereafter, returning in the ways; returning from one  
    small place to another.  
Coming down the mountain, coming down  
From Meru, Himavat, or Gaurisankar:  
Corning out on to the plains,  
All men appeared to me to be lit with that sun,  
Burning; burning; their pure flesh  
Feeding the flame of self-sacrifice; each soul  
Was that Bird reflecting upon the waters of the lake.

This song began when my Master gave me to drink of his  
    holy cup.  
This is the morning drink of Masnawi:  
The same cup that was handed round, one to the other at  
    the table of Jesus.  
The light is with us now; the divine Singer

Has condescended to tread again this vale of earth  
And sing His song:  
But when the light goes; when that heavenly Musician  
Returns to the abode which is pure song;  
This will be a broken reed, this violin  
Will break its strings and so be one in silence with the  
song.

While there is time, let this song be sung;  
Let us return from the divergent dissonance of mind,  
And sing the song of unity of heart,  
Tuning our note to the heart which is all song:  
For music is not interested in the kettledrums and  
trumpets of wayward children,  
The singer is one with the singing, and the song and  
himself are one.

They said to me: come and sing with us, come and drink  
our drink:  
But their songs were words put together in brain patterns,  
And their music sorted out in the tempo of sense;  
Their wine tasted with the bitterness of separate nights of  
diminishing flesh;  
With the bitterness of wind coming up over the plains,  
And the belly empty, and no fire to warm the limbs.

I asked them concerning the Word and the song divine,  
Which is the beginning and essence of the soul  
And for which the soul longs for return:  
Some said, "Being." But I thought, how can a shadow be?  
Koran says "Be!" but that was in reference to Allah  
And the working of His universe.  
Some said, "Mind." But how can that which is not  
substantial,  
Which changes from moment to moment, have verity?  
Buddha said, "Mind"; and the Patriarch said, "Mind";  
And illustrated it by the figure of the pennant and the  
wind:  
But that referred to that which is non-arising,  
Nor ceases ever to be.

Some said, "Love." But can the love of falseness  
Bring one to the truth of love,  
Or the light which shines because it knows none else but  
love?

Jesus said, "Love": but by love the Sufi means  
Attendance in the throne-room of the mighty King;  
The wine of friendship in the tavern of the Friend;  
The union in the marriage bed of the Beloved.

Some said, "Beauty." But when the last notes  
Of the violin had died away into silence, it said,  
"One."— But none heard, except a child,  
Who when he was going to bed that night, dreamily said  
"One"—

And his mother said, "Hush darling": but She said,  
"He will speak!"

So he slept awhile—  
Through a night and a cradle and a schoolroom and a job,  
Because he had recently come up from Galilee;  
And stopped off at Vrindavan and Bodhigaya;  
And established kirtan where the north south east west  
roads meet.

Bereshith bara Elohim ...  
But did God create faces to look at faces,  
Or to reflect His light?  
Did He create ears to listen to speech,  
Or that He might hear His devotee's supplication?  
The Word was in the beginning,  
And the Word and the Light is now:  
And this song which I am singing  
Is merely gratitude to Him-Who-is the Light and Word,  
Because He dropped a note of His singing into my ear—  
This is one drop; but His is the Ocean of truth.  
The Word becomes flesh again and again for the benefit  
of man:

Rassoul comes and goes: Avatara appears whenever  
materiality becomes rampant:  
But men absorbed in own-face-mirror-wise, and  
own-voice-self-song  
Know not the divine form and the voice of truth.



So I came away from the pleasure-halls. I said,  
"I will not be satisfied with the day that has been  
blossomed by a night."

The man and the woman I met, said,  
"We toil, but for Whom do we toil?"  
And he said, "my loins spoke to me,"  
And she said, "my womb called out,"  
"And we obeyed the speaking and call,  
And together we built a house,  
And trouble came and our happiness fled,  
And we go down to old age,—to Whom?"

And the cattle and the sheep said:  
"Man was made our Master—should not  
The Lord care for those in his keeping?  
We also would know God,  
And God intended that we should climb up to Him."

And a flower looked at me and said:  
"I shine, and in shining I am happy;  
But tell me for Whom do I shine?"  
And the trees said: "We constantly move our arms—  
towards Whom?"  
And the rock said, "I dream—oh, release me."  
And the wind fled up the alley saying, "Who?"  
And the wind out on the plains asked, "Who?"

And I observed harlotry, and how a young woman  
In a few years became old,  
And I went to public fights, and saw two boxers,  
Young men perfectly trained, muscles  
Like small seas in a gentle wind,  
In the beginning; and at the end,  
Shapeless and half crazy with punishment.  
I wandered empty streets;  
I marched in the processions in which each one  
Carried a banner inscribed in his own blood with the  
words  
"Long live me!"

I joined queues of unsatisfied desire—  
Which are the saddest of all queues,  
Far more so than those of soup or bread,  
Or the line-up of military conscripts;  
Sadder than the inmates of asylums going to bed.

And the skin recoiled,  
And the ear refused further communication,  
And the eye turned in on itself in a frozen stare.  
Like an animal I had a longing for earth:  
I gazed helplessly along the roads,  
Along the tracks that led back over the scrubby hills of  
childhood;  
Through the swamps of adolescence;  
Up the short rugged passes of early manhood;  
And into the wind that was now sweeping up the plains  
Like a huge broom.

But I bit my way through the edge of the storm,  
And passed the Dog who fawned at my feet  
But tried to bite my hand; and the Bull  
Who stood with distraught eyes lowing over the plains  
Toward the sunset.  
And I came out under trees.  
And the kookaburras were laughing their last laugh  
Into the sunset; and the magpies were warbling their last  
sweet guttural notes  
Before night came on again. And I lay down to rest.  
And as forest-murmurs to Siegfried was directions to the  
Beloved;  
And as no doubt the cuckoo forwarded Beethoven's  
march;  
So these songsters give me the hint.  
And I looked out in the night,  
Wondering towards the land,  
Or the Promised Land,  
Or the Buddha Lands intaken ingazing in  
kneeling by Bhikshu Dharmakara,  
Or the heroes-returning land of Valhalla or  
Hawaiki;  
Or Abraham's Bosom,  
Or No-place transcending Triloka.

And, as I said, it was night, not Day-of-my-heart yet.  
So I got up and headed for the distant line of hills,  
Where, they said, the lyre-bird, that bird  
Without limitation, who knows all notes, all songs,  
Has his home, keeping my direction by the light  
Of the seven stars which adorn our southern sky  
(And which later, I strung as seven jewels  
For a necklace for my beloved's throat)—  
And I found him,  
I surprised him in his nest, sheltering the she-bird  
With his gorgeous wings. And he directed me  
To climb the highest mountain and greet the morning  
sun.

So I hurried on still, following the stars,  
Up Kosciusko's slopes, and found the cave  
That faces to the east. And I sat down  
In the prescribed sitting-way, and He-the-Teacher,  
Who is the Lord of all hearts, and Whom I found within  
my own heart,  
Began to teach me. He said,  
"The Prophetic word awakens the soul from sleep;  
The Divine form enables the soul to shake off its illusion  
of limitation;  
And in the music of the heart the soul enjoys its original  
harmony."

He said: "In the cattle He is cattle, and in the sheep,  
sheep;  
In the shining of the flower is His knowledge of  
flower-shining;  
In the rock's dream He dreams;  
But in the trees He is half way out of the earth.  
In man and women, in the perfected vehicle,  
He is able to through-look-clearly, and is Hu-man—  
But they turn themselves outward to seeing-in-self,  
And He is separated in Him."

So He spoke,  
Teaching.

So I clasped my hands before Him,  
And crept into His hand:

And through the rest of the night  
He swung me on the swing of His love and regarding;  
And sang His song in my heart,  
And His song sounded against the very fibres of my soul.  
And the sun rose,  
And the stars lost their significance, as I did also;  
In fact, I and the stars were completely blotted out.

And I came down from the mountain,  
Which the people in different ages have named different  
names;  
Came down from the presence of my Master,  
With the sun in my eyes  
And my heart polished like a mirror,  
Clear as the waters of the lake.  
And everyone that I met was burnt with that sun;  
Each heart was mirroring His countenance and Image.

So I do not ask any more questions.  
Because I myself was the question  
And He-the-Light was the answer;  
And when the answer fills the question,  
There is no more question, but only reality.

So I sing this song, while I may, of the empty heart,  
For hearts can only be united in emptiness:  
As only an empty house may be inhabited;  
Or the clean page receive the written word.  
I sing that it may not be too late,  
That the Light of the day  
May not pass and leave the "seers" peering at shadows  
across gloom;  
That the "singers" may not be caught on a half-close  
wondering for the next bar;  
And the drinkers may not have to travel the long road of  
satiation and return.

I am singing this song beyond time while there is time:  
Because when this Light goes  
I do not intend leaving this reed-flute desolate for the  
beloved's lips—

Rather will I return it to its native stream  
From whence it was plucked and fashioned for Love's  
    breathing.  
I do not intend to leave this violin for any fiddler to  
    meddle with—  
I will break its strings so it will be united in the Silence  
    with the song.

## ONE SPEAKING

*Dedicated to the friend, M. v F.  
who was the inspirer  
of these pieces*

One bird He has entered into this together-entering  
expanse; He well-contemplates all, this born being;  
Him have I seen nigh at hand with matured prayer; Him  
the Word nourishes, He also nourishes the Word."

Rig Veda X 114.4



The "Morning Drink"  
*Jelalu'ddin*

And that ambrosial Cup  
from which your lips drank  
and mine—that wine  
rising up in delicate

praising, did it  
not light the true eyes  
and make the morning  
resplendent with Suns—

and promise? And the Cup  
was it not designed  
in love, and

carefully wrought  
as any human heart?  
And imperishably.

Frescoes

Hymns. Or the army's shout  
on fields of progressive labour  
drawn, or thrust up by impulse  
of returning, to hold

that imperishable Flower  
—to which the eyes turn, and  
the knee bends—in such  
delicate grandeur.

And a hero stepping forth, and his shield  
reflecting even seven stars or the seven  
jewels of his heart—on his head

would be descending  
magic and fragrance and glory  
from that unique Blossom.



## Husamu'ddin

Of that excellent  
Swordsman Husamu'ddin,  
who with cut and thrust  
deftly annihilates

and establishes  
Truth! See  
how in circles of light  
that swordpoint

is weaving patterns  
of unity within  
that encircling.

As his Eye,  
deftly impartial  
and compassionate.

## Sunrise

Sun in becoming  
and the horizon  
borrowing mightily  
of his resplendence.

To which the earth forms and the faces  
of all living creatures  
turn, as the cups in rejoicing  
toward a celestial wine-bringer.

As if one took a sword  
in his right hand and cut  
a tremendous dawning

within his own heart  
and leaned all him forward  
Oh! in that Sunrise.

## Morning

Or a morning by the Sun  
newly risen. And his right hand  
is the hand of an expert player  
plucking a lyre; and the morning

in harmonics responding  
of goldness and delicate green.  
This then is love's  
tuning. And the house—

or a field of rejoicing  
and the mower or plowman's  
worshipping hand

above her. Heart's story is brief—  
playing's attunement of  
Beloved and lover in Oneness.

## Annihilation

In that gum tree  
standing there on the plain  
are ascensions of tree-ness  
to the Sun, whose descending

is heart becoming in tree.  
And the cow's sweetness  
or a bird note  
arc the grace of its green-ness—

indifferent. And as the melody  
mounts to a noon  
tree is discerning no tree

only lover. As Majnun  
to Leila in that embracing  
said only, "Leila."

## Shakti Genetrix

As in Œdipus  
when he looked him beside,  
you who have elevated  
some woman to the throne

of your most heart,  
will discover one evening  
in its mysterious Quiet  
a maternal glory upholding

a new elevation.  
Then foregoing all rights  
but of Sonship

you will discard all previous loving,  
and arise with beams of morning  
in pure adoring.

## All the Days

All the days open and  
close before the Mother's  
feet: the sailor's voyaging,  
the adventurous daily round

of you and I; Her smile  
includes your wife,  
your friend and brother—  
reckons you cleanly.

All the journeys are from  
and to Her feet:  
Oh, offer to Her alone

your hundred courtesies, your manhood!  
maybe then she'll tell you  
Who was your Father.

## Seed Forms

If in its seed-form  
a rose should unfold  
to your Heart, saying  
"express me"! Would you

in infinite joy and  
tremendous calmness  
accept the task, or obey  
your excusing? Yet

all of life's forms  
from a simple earth  
past the flower

to the child in your loins  
making clamour  
thrusts this upon you.

## The Child

And hazards extolling  
Man in defiant returning  
and plunges. Hero he's called  
by his fancy, or by the breathless

watchers who mark his journey.  
Hero surmounting or saint  
quietly forbearing have moulded our years  
and watched us our own applauding.

But in the Child of innocent contours  
*is seeing*; even the wild dog  
will gambol and trust him

and feed from his hand.  
Expand *that* to world embracing  
and look you! in morning.

## Two Flower

Any flower  
or bird-throat at morning  
is infinitely tuned;  
and a grass-note is just as surely

as any poet's.  
Singing's becoming—  
as morning from Sun  
or a woman by That lover.

But in the Unvarying Way  
the breath backward  
remembers Becomer

and in nude adoration assembles  
chord clusters  
at each end of the stem.

## Modesty

Those tales of innocent  
grandeur by which we reckoned  
the Beloved, ineffably:  
heart-singing is not confined

to any place, nor does it obey  
any rules of æsthetic  
dictation: that  
Negro singer's delicate

assumptions, the Chinese  
spatial allocation,  
or Noh's agreed-on

retirement, arc one with;  
and Mozart's  
exactly placed hinting.

## Present

That note, which  
quietly uprises  
when heart  
and will have united

glorifies silence:  
as a morning or  
flower expanding  
expresses anew

Sun. In that present  
what past and all  
dream and illusion

is annihilated  
and a pure if future  
arises. And healing.

## Heart

Heart is lover to a  
Beloved, or violin  
pouring ascensions  
affirming All-player.

Response is a jewel  
placed on the throat  
of the Adored one, on which  
heart's gazing enkindles

anew the light of its shining.  
As this flower's blooming  
or any bird-note that reclines

on a morning, adores  
That lover or Sun  
which enbloomed it.

## Union

The heart of this violin  
as she alertly reposes  
in the hand of the  
player, trusts;

the player's soul  
remembers the whiteness  
of singing, all former song  
and of surely becoming.

And the first note  
expresses the silence  
like that Swan emerging

in the Sun's disc—  
miraculously, and  
illumines the embracing.

## Fiddle and Girl

This girl at the window  
being toward light  
from the dark warmth  
of a room where ancestral

shadows reclined her,  
and out There—  
of the light imagined  
with breast up-rising.

Or this violin  
for a moment laid on a table  
of ebony lustre

and its heart  
of no memory, leaning  
up to the hand of the player.

## One Speaking Two

In the most intimate  
dialogues one is speaking  
and one is responding, re-  
sounding, according.

Heart is in fullness  
as a forest morning  
to Sun, and Will  
is that sun remounting.

And the advancing music  
*saying* heart, becomes  
winged, and bears heart

indifferently all  
and with love to the  
most exact places.

## Two River

Where two rivers meet  
there is joy, and with  
exclamatory "You!" "You!"  
they join in us eddies

of mutual praise  
and delighting; and surrendered  
in one stream, they flow  
to their Ocean.

And two friends—perhaps  
brother-disciples, or a  
relationship nearly as

intimate. Think their joy,  
Sink! Nor wish to  
recover that drowning.



## Reflection

Leaning. Leaning. And the ear  
stretched purely along the waters  
for the note of that entering  
Bird. Solitary. Oh, if

a harp-string should clang  
on that tenderness, or a  
violent horn shatter the petals  
of its gardening.—Give it

unfolding, and in noon  
it will be music  
supporting the singer

who sang-it. Leaning,  
leaning. In the lake quietly  
the Image is *breathing*.

## Admit the Inspirer's Inspiring

When that woman's eyes  
because of one-gazing  
are bedecked with stars,  
and within her heart

the resolve of a vigil  
till morning—think not  
that you are the lover  
nor allow the possible

claims of a moment  
to usurp the direction.  
Witness alone the uprising

of that melody, stand aside  
of its flight, and allow  
its return purely to Music.

## Spring

Suddenly its spring in your heart.  
The Voice whom you were expecting  
calls, and you, poised  
eagerly in directions,

and then—the beloved face  
enwreathed in suns  
but oh more tenderly  
as of coolest mornings

when (one could imagine)  
he still remembered the comfort of the moon.  
Suddenly it's spring,

and your heart is unfolding, Beholding!  
as a rose from night  
up, and a Risen day.

## Not in the Distance but in the near Heart of this Moment

What questions you can  
expecting the heart's warmth  
to answer entirely?  
In all star-going's

returning. There  
in a friend you're regretting  
is all the answer  
is all the measure abounding

that you were seeking. Say  
him the speeches you've treasured  
sing him ovations

speak to him your most delicate rosaries.  
Never in time  
will you know such abundant rejoicing.

## The Instruction of St. Francis

Francis is vigils bearing  
what his most holy Master  
granted. Of his soul's fasting  
was garnered riches and abundance

even to the birds. And from  
his immaculate prayer  
arose the divine  
designation and order

of journeying. He  
even to me, not in words  
but in love's glancing

and the ineffable tones  
of a singer, told  
all love's secrets.

## Present Cancelling Line

When in one's heart  
the Image of adoration  
is established, and its pure contours  
bejewel the lake of the mind,

and from the sense-shores  
a wind of refusal  
and doubting springs up  
to ruffle the waters,

utter it not to the loved-one;  
kill that self-seeming falsehood;  
keep the mirror steadily reflecting

the Image, that the Image  
may not for a moment  
have lost to its sight the imaging.

## Psyche's Beholding

Who was the hero  
if not that friend who bespoke you  
against your judgments?  
Who was the hero

if not your valiant self  
who accepted the trials?  
He was the Sun which enbloomed you;  
you were the earth

Radiantly with flowers in blooming.  
He was the lover, you  
the beloved shining reflection

of love which is Eros, or Teacher.  
He gave you the lamp—  
you did not need to illicitly take it for gazing.

## Centaur

Imagine a horse-man  
of such strength and daring  
that he could surprise  
the valleys and mountaintops.

With the gladness of wind  
he would know flowers, and  
be the song in birds' throats;  
or like Day encompassing plains.

Who? But a man  
can accomplish all thing  
when mind becomes heart—

Messenger. Dive before *saying*.  
And die in that man who  
transcended himself in now Hu-man.

## If Pillows Reclined You

If pillows reclined you  
so that your lover's announcing;  
or sun sharpening  
the pattern of your quilt

and diamonding the morning  
just outside your window,  
did not uncover the languorous  
folds retaining your bosom:

it would not matter  
if the gown and pillowslip  
were of linen and silk

or calico threadbare  
and rayon resurgent—  
if pillows reclined you.

## The Answer

This is the rose  
that cried in its  
seed-form, "Oh bloom me!"  
Not in self-blooming

of bloom is it waking  
the garden to envy;  
nor rousing the Nightingale's song  
with, "for me he's desiring."

Each petal's a spade-stroke  
*returned* to the immaculate  
Gardener; each perfume

that's wafted on breeze,  
a conversation of his sigh  
for its blooming.

## That Bird

That Bird, that Swan, that  
Singer of your day-tunes,  
acknowledge. Gratitude  
is the most worth-while of our virtues.

How will you know that friend  
whom you were keeping in  
heart-cherishment; or match  
with your light the light

you've enkindled in that breast  
of responding, without it?  
the beauty of violin's tone expresses

that word. And the nest to the bird.  
And the field to the plowman's endearing.  
And man to his God in keeping.



## CHILD SONGS

Can you when concentrating your breath make it  
soft like that of a little child?

Tao Te Ching - Ch. 10





## Child's Love Song

I heard  
A bird  
Upon a tree  
Singing so bright and merrily,  
He sang of me  
He sang of you  
He sang of everything that's true—  
He sang of One  
Since time began  
Who grew from babe to be a man  
The same  
Who came from Bethany  
To be with you and be with me.

## My Tree

Tree growing in my Garden.—  
First it was a seedling small,  
Then a little Tree—  
Now so tall,—  
Taller than the chimney.

Oh, how did it grow so fast,  
How escape the winter blast,  
Who its Warden?  
Love its Keeper, Shield, because  
Without Love, Life never was.

## Swing Song

I have a Swing hung on a tree,  
And my Father made the Swing for me.

As I swing,  
I sing:

I swing high,  
I swing low,  
And the sky  
Is above,  
And the earth  
Is below.—  
And Love  
It gives all things birth,  
And brings together.

I have a Swing hung on a tree,  
And my Father made the Swing for me.

As I swing,  
I sing:

I swing low,  
I swing high,  
And the sky  
Is aglow  
With its love for the earth,  
And the earth loves the sky,  
And Love  
It gives all things mirth,  
And makes them green forever.

## Going to Bed

When I go to bed  
I pull  
A fleece of wool  
Which the Lamb gave to me  
About my head,  
And think about the shepherd and the  
sheep,  
And His sweet love and charity,  
And then I go to sleep.

## THREE PORTRAITS



## Portrait of a Young Man taking some Flowers to his Teacher

He has eyes clear in seeing through in devotion:  
they are twin lights surrounded by dark waters.  
The eyelashes arc long, heightening  
a femininity perfected by attitude.  
The features have been drawn  
by his developed masculinity of direction.  
He has a smiling forehead.  
He has perfected his body through action, so he walks  
with the lovely gait of all natural creatures.  
And now he is walking carefully, eagerly,  
without haste, taking some flowers to his teacher.

It took God a long time to make an earth,  
and flowers out of the earth;  
and a young man humble enough  
worthy enough  
to pluck some of these flowers  
and arrange them in a heart-pattern according to the  
quality of his devotion.

He has been selected to do this  
because he has learned to enshrine his teacher in his heart,  
because he has learned to embody his teacher in his  
thought,  
because he understands that there is one existence,  
and he calls the existent, teacher.

Of course, everyone has not this faith:  
some cannot discriminate at all  
and some do so with the greatest difficulty:  
but this young man has a keen edged discrimination,  
and he used it as a sword to annihilate discrimination.  
Then he set to work, and of faith  
built a mountain in the midst of the surrounding desert.  
And rains fell making small streams  
which formed into a river of love and benefit towards the  
ocean,  
which is another name for teacher.

Naturally he has risen above the temptation of theft,  
and has no covetousness in his nature:  
he returns his benefits to the Giver of benefit.  
Neither does he kill—respect for life engenders harmlessness.

He may not even kill himself, because  
self-knowledge is his aspiration, and consciousness  
is the precious gift given by the teacher,  
who is his mother and father; and he honours them.

It was not difficult for him to rise above the seventh  
temptation,  
because he knew all along  
that the swan will not drink adulterated milk—  
that swan will, in fact, drink only the milk,  
leaving the adulteration behind.—  
So why mix it up in the first place?  
Love has engraved its own image  
in his heart—so he does not need to sculpt,  
or carve, or paint any outward images  
for his imagination. Indeed he is himself  
his teacher's work of art. Each day,  
each hour, each moment contains a Sabbath  
which he keeps: and within this Stillness,  
witnesses anew the glory of creation.

Because of all this,  
because of all these things,  
he is now walking towards his teacher's house  
with an offering of careful flowers in his hand.

We will leave him here,  
because any further inquiry would offend his modesty;  
and modesty is that delicately tinted garment  
with which Truth covers herself from the eyes  
of those who have not yet arrived at understanding.

## Portrait of a Girl

Some people descend from the angelic spheres  
and take on this earth,  
enjoy its offering,  
and drop a spark of a song  
into occasional other hearts  
( asking no fee) and eventually  
depart on the flight of a note,  
which is woven inextricably into the One-song pattern,  
and by its implement  
ride, return to former hours uncounted,  
which is dimension in the House of Song.

Such is this girl. She has been around,  
worked at this and that for sustenance,  
for interest sake, because where there is work, is folk;  
and where folk, heart,  
which is the only accommodation for her kind of music.

Her song is pure and does not depend on harmonic  
development, and resolution.  
She naturally escapes formal involvement.  
She embraces the forms for heart's sake,  
not heart because of form—  
because the heart took on a form  
so that the Unlimited could experience Itself in  
limitation,  
as the Adored of the lover,  
as the Ocean-of-wave-of-its-Beingness.

A duck or a goose (or swan)  
can swim in muddy water and remain uncontaminated.  
A duckling or gosling can even grow up in a bottle  
(*vide* Ko'an) and not become trapped, providing  
it knows the technique of elusiveness;  
providing it does not confuse  
"now as I am" with "I in my natural condition."

It then lays golden eggs,  
or, as this girl, sings golden notes,



to which sunsets and waterfalls add accompaniment,  
or if you like, cluster,  
or shower embellishment.

*A glance; a toss of the head,  
shaking and down-falling-glory;  
a turn of the hand,  
plane-levelling to a plainsman athirst  
seeking tree-shade,  
is embellishment,  
which, truly wrought  
is the flower, the perfume,  
the fruit of the bough which hangs to the ground  
of the One-tree in which is symbolled life and  
its living.*

She sings.—And if, sometimes  
there is a hint of sadness in her song,  
it is only remembrance  
and a graceful down-tuning in pitch  
to catch a listener's heart and take it home.

If I had other art, if I had a music  
wherein each note was expressive of note,  
and at the same time reflected clearly  
an attribute, a mood, as facets a diamond,  
I could describe this girl; I could  
in another medium than she  
set forth that music which descended from other spheres  
and took on an earth,  
so that Song might in formal arrangements  
know Its intrinsic songness,  
and singing in voluntary compass know, "I am Song."

As it is, I balance a line  
and turn a phrase in contradiction,  
to convey my meaning—  
because she is by turn, and at the same time,  
the music and singing, and the Song descended; returning.

I met her half-ways to heart ways.  
I did not need to ask her the eternal question

I had been asking myself for years:  
Can one know oneself? Can one  
blossom oneself in a daily round of usefulness?  
*Can one* (I trembled with prescience) honestly strike off  
a morning from oneself,  
as a blacksmith strikes off sparks  
and sends them to illumine a dark corner of his shop.

I did not need to ask. She moved easily,  
as a small stream habituated to quiet flow,  
as a spring-sky rising a morning,  
or a waterfall expanding the sunlight;  
and I found that my heart was lit,  
and the questions resolving to answer  
like bird-flocks in homing at the close of a long day.

To ask a question would be to risk an interruption of her  
song.  
And no one except a Prophet dare ask the sun to stand  
still;  
or except a saint,  
pause a stem-flow to blossom some other flower.  
Truth answers no questions, but resolves all questions to  
answer;  
and the doubter learns that the only doubtfulness was his  
own doubt,  
and doubting this, he arrives at conviction and love.

Do not weep for possession of her.  
Rather become a mirror to her brightness—  
and proclaim resolution to journeying.

*Her glance,  
is not sharpening to combat;  
her down-falling-hair-shaken-out,  
is not indication of challenge  
and assumption of victory,  
but merely adornment, as petals outspread to a flower,  
urging the lover to find the flower's heart.*

On a Portrait of a Chinese Sage  
holding a Mushroom in his Hand

He sat down by the pure rivers;  
by the waters of the pure rivers he sat down:  
and the rivers continued their way filling many harvests,  
and blossoming several Springs.  
And by this time he found  
that the water-music had purged his soul of its dross,  
and that his soul was one with the music,  
and the river's intention.

In his heart was left no resistance to evil:  
it was like an open door to the winds of chance  
that blew across the world.  
They had nothing to complain of,  
any more than the winds of the earth  
have excuse with the modest mushroom.

Rivers of harvest, and the quiet song of a girl-child  
sitting with legs outstretched on the floor  
examining manifestation: that is what this portrait  
of a quiet man with very bright eyes  
who is holding a mushroom in his hand  
conveys to me.

He has come down from the mountains,  
(he has probably wandered over the frontier  
even as far as the Western Desert)  
and he has taken up residence in a township  
where he can help the poorer people  
without being noticed.

Since he has accepted as his symbol, the sign of peace,  
he does not care to take the stage openly;  
he does not wish  
in a spectacular manner to control events:  
he leaves the battlefield to the warrior,  
he leaves to the swordsman the open spaces,  
where there is plenty of room for footwork.

He influences his environment.  
He rules, but people do not know from whence comes the  
ruling;  
he orders, but people are only aware of the direction of  
the love-flow in their own hearts.  
He supports a whole district with nothing more tangible  
than a glance;  
he protects the people with nothing more adequate than a  
net which he weaves with his devotional breath.  
The people in their turn,  
because of the strange longings in their hearts,  
considered it their duty to take it upon themselves to look  
after him,  
but they found that their burden was exceedingly Light!  
because his need he had focused towards the bounty of  
God.  
He recognized one Source, one Love, one Goal  
of which he was a child;  
and to which, in its ramifications, and Beholding,  
he was father and brother and friend.

A child sitting under a roof  
is not much different from a man sitting under Heaven,  
and a man sitting under Heaven  
is represented by placing a simple mushroom in his hand.



# MUSIC IN THE EARTH



## Fiesta

The procession of Horrible Masks moves up the street.  
There is a band playing. It plays with sharp rhythmic  
accents.

The maskers begin to dance as they move up the street.  
They sway backwards and forwards.  
It is a swaying column of humanity.  
There is no mirth in their dance.

Take me home, Mother! Take me home.  
I cannot bear these people who look at me  
With eyes behind masks.

The procession moves in lines, six people to each line.  
They sway backwards and forwards in torment.  
The lines, each one, form circles and circle round in the  
street.  
The circles break up into couples  
Who whirl madly.  
Then they all rejoin and continue their swaying move-  
ments up the street.

Take me home. Mother! Take me home.  
I will have nothing to do with the woman  
Who has made a net of her hair in which to trap me.

The band continues with its abrupt rhythms.  
The street is lined with people watching the procession.  
They watch as if out of the corner of a dream.  
The dancers stamp their feet as they dance.  
They call out to one another in jest and greeting.  
But there is no mirth in the dance.

Take me home, Mother! Take me home and wash  
this mask off my face.  
I cannot bear this false impression  
That clings un-naturally to me.

The procession ends.  
The dancers break up their lines and stand about.  
The music has stopped.



The bull that was brought along in a cart is taken out.  
His temper has left him. He has no more strength.  
He bows his head, knowing that death is at hand at the  
next moment.

Take me home. Mother! Take me home.  
I am so tired. My feet are tired.  
I am tired of my false self.  
I want to go home and sleep. I want no dreams.  
Take me home, Mother! Take me home.  
My brother has long been expecting me.

### A Dream

Who is this girl who calls my heart, whom  
my heart called—and who now within my arms, dances  
with me  
this golden timeless dance?

I take her to bed. We lay side by side—  
yet 'I' touch her not. We sleep, we dream—  
yet I have never closed my eyes.  
She is precious and tender in her solicitations;  
I am eager in my thought of her well-being.  
And the night is heavy with bodies wrapped in sleep;  
with souls rocked in dream.

I leave my bed swiftly,  
with the speed of a disembodied spirit  
I leave my bed for the day's work,  
while the others still sleep.  
With the cunning of an animal  
I trap my adversary  
who would steal my place in my bed.  
I trap him between the in-closed doors of night  
and the doors opening out onto the morning—  
and I go on my way, laughing.

"Pick it up! Pick it up! "  
A horse-team, drawing a rotary-plow  
crashes through the landscape where the sleepers are  
sleeping.

"Hey! there. boy! shift yourself  
or we will deprive you of your chances of manhood.  
Hey! old woman, lift up your clothes,  
we must plow there too—we need BREAD!  
WE MUST SOW MORE CORN."

The teamster is a fat ugly woman.  
I am enraged. I seize the team from her hands.  
I guide the team away, out  
into the fields where is the place for corn and bread.  
I return. and kick the fat woman out.  
I heap abuse upon her.  
She has the expression upon her face  
of the fullness and sorrow of earth—  
but I am disgusted with her.

But the girl, my partner of the dance,  
has arisen, and comforts the woman,  
calling her, "Mother."  
I gaze after the woman.—  
Suddenly I know the whole meaning of the dance.  
I bow myself before the woman's feet.  
"Mother! Mother!" I say to her.

## The Dance

I have brought my woman to the dance.  
We came over the long miles,  
Over the hot roads that lead to the city.  
All our neighbours and friends are here.

Everyone is talking and laughing.  
The musicians laugh as they run their hands over the  
strings,  
As they caress their instruments.  
The men lead their women out for the dance.

There is a hush,  
And in the silence of the blood  
The music suddenly calls with an abrupt chord,  
And the melody winds like a slow river in the night across  
the plains.

The dance begins. The dancers move forward with short  
rhythmic steps,  
Keeping the direction of the circle of the dance.  
I am proud of my woman. There is no man here  
Whose woman carries herself with more pride.

She turns towards me, she looks at me over her fan;  
She turns away from me, coquetting openly with the  
bystanders.

The movement of her skirts,  
The movement of her fan, intoxicates me.

Abruptly, I turn her towards me—  
I search her eyes for her secret;  
That woman's secret which the women have kept among  
themselves,  
Knowing, yet not knowing.

I sink into the depths of stationary rhythm.  
She circles gracefully round me.  
I am a tree with my roots in my matured soil;  
She is a bird seeking a place to rest.

O, the weariness of the plains, the weariness of the plains,  
where the cattle come down to water in the evening;  
Where the solitary bull lows in answer to the challenge  
of his own conflict;  
Where the men squat on their heels, chewing a stalk of  
grass, talking;  
And the women are gay with a laughter born of the  
labour of waiting.

Rhythm: rhythm. Insistent within the barriers of time.  
The strength rises up in my heart.  
Within the hollow of my heart a pain begins to grow—  
The pain of a man and a woman caught in the rhythm of  
the dance.

The music changes. It is no longer a slow river capturing  
our dream.  
It is rain on a mountain side, seeping, seeping through  
the earth,  
Forming into runnels, trickling in small streams around  
rocks,  
Wearing away their emplacements, and washing away the  
defilements of ages.

My partner interprets the pain in my heart as the virility  
of my manhood,  
And she is proud.  
She is mine at this moment if I but say the word—  
But I would not then learn her secret.

I break the rhythm. I break open my own heart,  
Letting out the pain. as the great river unlooses its waters  
when it breaks its banks in the flood.  
I am like the earth after the flood has passed,  
I am like the air after the rains are gone.

*And I find the secret.*  
I understand why God made a man; and why he made a  
woman:  
That the man and the woman are made in truth in God;  
But a man and a woman are a lie without God's truth.

And my woman understands what I understand:  
She understands what the women know, and yet do not know.  
She turns towards me, towards that understanding which  
is between us;  
She turns away, reflecting that understanding in her  
countenance.

Her eyes are cool now with a new passion.  
They are enclosed from other men's stare.  
We are alone. We dance the dance which is without  
beginning and without end.  
And the music flows, like a slow river in the night across  
the plains, beneath our feet.

## Messages

Messages. In order to prolong our days  
to shorten our journey;  
In order to sustain our lives,  
and ripen our friendship;  
In order that the wheels of the Little Ox-cart  
may turn with some smoothness  
over the country roads;  
Messages. In order that the Woman by the Well may not  
*need* any more husbands.

## Little Song

The shepherds breathe quietly upon the hills.  
They rejoice in the flocks: they are no more in themselves.  
The shepherds breathe quietly upon the hills.

The woman with russet eyes  
Goes to the market and buys a green water-melon  
For her bonny child.  
The shepherds breathe quietly upon the hills.

The grey-eyed girl goes to school  
With a new bangle on her arm;  
The brown-haired boy sails a boat  
On the waterhole behind the school-house.  
The shepherds breathe quietly upon the hills.  
The shepherds breathe quietly.

The shepherds breathe quietly upon the hills.  
When the people sleep, no voice is heard along the streets;  
When the morning comes, the street is voices and  
    laughter.  
The shepherds breathe quietly upon the hills.

## The Dancer

The young man goes among the dancers;  
He mingles on friendly terms with the musicians.  
He has cast off his shyness;  
He has rid himself of the idea of separation;  
He has thrown away his mind-veils;  
And cut the knots that enclosed his heart.

The young man joins in the dance;  
He abandons himself to the music.  
He offers himself and his dance to the God of the dance;  
He no longer knows the dance.  
He is conscious only that the God of the dance is  
    dancing.

He admires the God's graceful movements.  
His eyes are half closed as though veiled.  
Behind half-closed eyelids he hides the light of his soul.

## A Ditty

Little heart dance, little heart dance!  
Or the handsome young man will not love me.

The old men have looked at me.  
The young boys took my hand on the way to school,  
The little girls giggled in the morning,  
And the old women crack gossip as they hang out the  
washing.

Little heart dance, little heart dance!  
Or the handsome young man will not love me.

## Night Song

*For Samuel*

Ouyanguren, darling of ranches and nights,  
on his little six-stringed guitar  
sings:

O beautiful blue dove  
fly high,  
do not fly near the earth—  
the moon consoles the singer  
when his woman has left him.

Samuel, who befriended the Andes,  
on his little five-note flute  
sings :

O beloved the flowers have closed their petals,  
the moon has sunk to rest.—  
but open to me your window  
and the flowers will open their petals  
and the moon will rise again.

And Tim, the little man no bigger than a thumb  
(who lives in the heart)  
sings:

The dewy dawn, the dewy dawn,  
awoke in me a girl's rejoicing.  
I waited till the moon had left the sky,  
then I became the moon—  
then I became the moon.

## Shireen

### *Lament for the Death of a Young Air-woman*

I did not know anything about it.  
How was I to know?  
The sky was perfectly clear—  
there was not a cloud of sorrow on the face of the sky:  
there was no wind of betrayal stirring the leaves of the  
trees.

So I did not know that Death  
was marking out a track for Shireen  
through that sky.

I do not believe for a moment that the laughter left her  
eyes;  
that her face did not continue to reflect the colour of the  
sun;  
and so Death fooled no-one but himself.

But I did not know.  
I did not hear the shriek of the wind  
as the plane passed it;  
I did not feel the earth tremble with the impact;  
nor note the slight shadow that raced across the sun.  
But my heart knew it,  
and the telegraph-wires picked it up and conveyed it to my  
brain.  
My heart knew it because it was already empty  
when my mind said, "Shireen is gone."

And as I said the words, a leaf dropped from a tree;  
a bird suddenly left its nest to look for food for its young;  
the thought came to a young mother to look at her child;  
there was a slight shiver in the blue curtain of the  
atmosphere,  
as though one of its rings had noiselessly slipped off its rod;  
and an old man looked up,  
and it was as though a screen slid back from across his eyes  
leaving them open, and giving him for one moment a  
clear view.

My brain said, "Shireen is gone,"  
but my heart rejected the empty word,—  
A sea had risen up over its natural boundary,  
a wavelet of salt water had over-flowed into the crystal  
lake;  
a glassful of wine in being passed had slipped,  
and its contents was spreading over the marble floor;  
the guest was saying, Goodbye,  
but the host did not hear him—  
he was remembering the music of a certain fountain  
in a place where he had spent some of his boyhood.

Nothing had really occurred. The atmosphere was serene.  
A bird had soared into the blue  
and a feather had dropped from its wing,  
and a dog sniffing along the highway  
stopped in its tracks and chased it for a moment as it  
passed him.  
A ray of sun had filtered into the prison-yard,  
and the prisoners had looked up for a moment  
and remembered beaches where an ocean raced over  
white sand.  
A rain-cloud had passed over the plains,  
a few drops fell,  
and the earth had opened its parched mouth for the  
deluge;  
and the cattle who had left off pawing the ground  
stood gazing vacantly at the horizon.

Nothing had really happened.  
But to the children marching up out of the earth,  
to the lovers seeking to focus their ardour,  
a light is denied them. To the women in labour,  
to the men fretfully at evening, a comfort is withheld.  
To the bird-flocks and the grasses,  
and the companionate lands, an impulse is lost.

Shireen was the best of young women.  
She was a young moon full of possibility.  
Hers was the potential gift of laying pathways along the  
earth.  
But who of us cared about the moon,



excepting mirror-wise of his own desires?  
Who cared to put aside weaving the net of his own  
foolishness.  
to pick up the thread of her calamity?

The death of Shireen was the triumph  
of us, the mean little men who befriended her;  
the triumph of the telegraph-wires  
which fretted the event to our nerves,  
and startled them to attunement with empty sorrow.

Song for the Women  
who occupy the front-row benches at the festival

A lot of words cannot do it,  
but a little love can.

I came up through the morning listening to notes of music  
ignited by sorrow, which burned  
an accommodation in my breast for burdens;  
which hollowed out my bones for an influx of new power.  
And I passed by the retaining walls of the banks of your  
virtues;  
and swallows darted about over the river;  
and a swan glided over the face of the serene waters.

White with age arc the stone walls along the river,  
and steep into the night arc the shafts of dream  
precipitated towards the cold moon:  
A child plucks the skin of the Ancient Mother,  
whose fortitude is the thread that runs through the earth's  
vertebræ:  
the youth tumbles his sister in the sand,  
strangely annoyed by the length of her hair;  
the husband in whose loins was the quest of the  
child-Christ,  
goes to work in the morning with his pick over his  
shoulder,  
limbering his hands with the banter of his fellow-workers  
on the bus,  
and spacing his teeth to the intervals of a type-writer  
keyboard.

They built retaining walls of stone along the river banks  
in order that the waters might appear more circumspect,  
that the course of the swan might be definitely prescribed.  
But your husbands did not tend the lilies  
that grew by the water's edge: they were too busy  
when the violets needed attention.  
They did not know that even wheat is not ripened in  
sweat,  
but by the coolness of the ardently restrained sun.

And the river winds on out into the plains  
where there are no stone walls, and the trees  
dream all day in the sun by the river's lips.  
And the river quietly flowing  
carries the images of the trees effortlessly toward the  
ocean.

And out there, at a cross-roads, I saw a dancer  
who wove into a single strand of song  
the threads of lives, who marked out patterns  
of pathways for future ages; and accompanying him  
was a flute-player who balanced  
a thrush on the end of his pipe, and a drummer  
with the earth for a drum which answered,  
"I WITNESS!"  
Down in the earth new springs were beginning to  
murmur,  
fresh acreages of wheat were dreaming;  
and multitudes of children awaiting the word to march  
back again into creation.

## Love Poem

Those principles everywhere alive;  
those thoughts from which we derive our comfort;  
that love from which we obtain our nourishment;  
those *lovers*, whose occasional eyes (because they do not  
insist)  
shower mornings with celestial flowers,  
whose hands, whose general occupation is weaving the  
rainbow,  
but who find time to soothe a sufferer of his pain;  
and those incredible footprints (they are never obliterated)

bear witness, and approve this trivial love of mine  
for your fabulous purity.

Consider the lilies. Consider any other strong word.  
Consider those star clusters such as the lily-of-the-valley  
and small mosses, which seem to be your especial care.  
The true lover seeks the beloved's foot  
equally as her lips—one of her smiles  
is more recompense for life's thorns  
than the accumulated bed of the world's most honoured  
beauty.

This is the hierarchical way, in which is embodied  
that whole religion which is the Love-wisdom,  
which was the root of Solomon's glory  
and the axe of Majnun's downfall;  
which makes wise men fools, and fools wise men.

A grass-leaf is praises  
both in the sun or the cow's mouth.  
Even under her hoof it does not complain,  
though it may whisper, "Oh, gently, sweetheart,  
just a little more gently." So is the lover.  
Or as a tree which blesses the axe-man, giving him shade  
in his labour. Since I have become foolish  
it may be that in the end I will acquire wisdom.  
In the meantime I join the leaf-grass  
and the nightingale on the branch in praises.  
Do not wonder then if your foot should crush my  
aspiration,  
that I may rise and reverently clasp your knees;  
do not be surprised if your heart opens not to my song  
that I shed a tear upon your lovely forehead.

I rose at dawn enquiring about you.  
All the scriptures quoted you:  
the grass-leaf said, "I am a leaf of the grass which is He,  
but She embodies our Father's house and Peace."  
The cow said, "I am a cow of the Cow-herd,  
Who requires our milk for the sublimation of humanity,  
but She is the love and the attendant-Divine on its woe."  
And the sun said, the sun on arising and tirelessly—  
startling-anew, said

"I am the sun, but She is the accommodation which is  
the Father's heart  
wherein I rest." Nothing can be said.  
The true lover sharpens his face to the mellow contours  
of flowers,  
raises the pitch of the garden so that its song may be more  
fruitful,  
then takes his beloved by the hand, and walking in its  
coolness,  
says, "all this is yours—born from one of the glances of  
your eyes."

I hold within my hand a flower,  
tossed up from the infinite depth of your being.  
It is that blossom destined to surmount your garden,  
to be its crown and shed its exemplary glory  
upon your every other flower. I have not plucked it  
for my own delight, or wayward pleasure,  
(and it was shown me by its immortal nature  
it would not die for being so plucked awhile)  
but to serve me as a fitting object  
of meditation upon your loveliness.  
It is my hope to mould my nature in its fragrance,  
so that this nature be subdued and mild  
and not offend you. Sec! to the central holiness of your  
garden  
I enshrine it, and touch my lips upon its petals' rim.

Chivalry was a method of transmutation of the life-force.  
The lady (Shakti personified, the Divine Woman  
in flesh walking; the earth) blessed the knight,  
kissing his sword and bidding him victory.  
He for his part, pledged his manhood to that ideal Cause  
which causes all, and which is caused by none.  
He knowing this Cause to be his strength,  
offered his strength unto that Cause, and roamed  
at its dictate. The spoils of every victory  
he kept not, but offered it anew as sacrifice.  
Thus would I too, if you but condescend  
your heart and bless this pilgrim with a knight's fair hope.  
This song can plead my cause. I meditate  
upon that flower, your heart, and breathe its fragrance  
sweet.

## Fish for Breakfast

1. The life is according to the objects cherished in the heart.
2. Work within your life-capacity, worshipping God as its source. No action done without thought of God is of any use. In fact, the only evil is that action which is done without thought of God. This is the meaning of "sowing and reaping."
3. In the understanding of this is the solution of the "problem of labor." And marriage. And art.
4. When this is put into practise, the divine meaning of life as "Dance" will be realized. Everything then will be "Art."
5. Every action done in the thought of the Beloved is the only gain; and every action not done in the thought of the Beloved is the only loss.
- 6.. The service of the friend,  
The love of the mother,  
The help of the teacher,  
are examples of "Dance."
7. The Sage in contemplation is the reality behind manifestation.
8. Kaku-A, the first Japanese Zen Master, demonstrated Manifestation by blowing one note on a flute. No more was ever heard from him or of him. He was the perfect artist.
9. Symbols. A snake is lying on the ground. It rears itself up (even as in the Wilderness it did). When by discrimination understanding has developed, it is seen to be not a snake, but a rope:  
A mountaineer's life line?  
A silken thread?  
Guru's holy breath.  
Symbols! Cymbals! Cymbals!
10. Greet your Demons. Hey, tools of my Master!" See whether they smile or frown. They will only frown if you don't want to part with them.
11. If you want something for someone else you are depriving them of their chance of obtaining it. You have to be it, and then give it to them.

12. All roads lead to Rome, but the Murshid has been there before.
13. Stop working and get your work done. Stop thinking and accomplish your thought.
14. The mind is an accommodation—let it accommodate the True.
15. The object. The Beauty of the object. The Perfume.
16. Man lives by more than breath; he lives by the help of another who makes it come and go. (Upanishad.)
17. Penetrate into the dark places if you will, but take a Sun of religion with you; don't try to find your own way by your own candle-power.
18. Make the rough places smooth if you like, but do not start road-making unless you have the spirit-level of the True Teacher and the measure to Truth. Otherwise you will only be filling up one hole by digging another.
19. Quiz:
 

Who is the Teacher?	The principle of the pupil.
What is the principle?	Uprightness.
Who is the pupil?	The field of action of the principle.

What is the unity between the principle and the field? Friendship.

Who is the Friend? He whom some call God.
20. The Authority: "This body is called a field and the soul, knower of the field." Gita. 13.1.  
All right. Keep in step. The time is 4/4.
21. The Freedoms. No one can be free until I am free. (Hackneyed, but it cannot be repeated too often.)
22. Silence is the only way by which one's words can become true.
23. When the heart is still, life begins to live.
24. Pain is the challenge to life.
25. It is called "diving for pearls." In reality it is no such thing. "Sitting quietly by the lake of the heart," is more the idea.
26. That which you call "peace" is the slayer of peace.
27. There is no love where there is labour.
28. Duty. A bondsman's word to bind others.  
(What a translation of the concept of Dharma!)

29. Time is the banks of the river of life.
30. Love overflows limitation.
31. The light in the Mother's eyes is the reflection of the love in the Father's heart. Thus is the Christ-child born again and again.
32. Verse:  
     In the stillness of night is the beloved's and lover's greeting.  
     When heart is united to heart.  
     In the dawn-whisper is the warning to part,  
     And in sun-rise the promise of meeting.
33. The birds will not sing until you leave off making that noise.
34. The Sage stays only so long as it takes him to do what he has to do.
35. No one with any intelligence would stay another moment.
36. The Swing! The Swing! The earth goes up and the heavens come down, but He who is the God stays just where He is.
37. The World's Sweetest Love Story: Sen-gai rapping the disciple Tan-gen over the head when Tan-gen came to thank him for permission to travel. "I had to hit him on the head—it was my last chance," he explained to someone later. "When he gets back he will be fully enlightened."
38. An hour's fishing—and yet people wonder how Jesus with a few fishes could feed the multitude!
39. FISH FOR BRFAKFAST.  
     Fish, a, with a coin in its mouth—render unto Cæsar.  
     Fish, another, with a golden needle in its mouth.  
     Stitch! Stitch! the Dervish patches his patched gown;  
     the bride embroiders her wedding garments.  
     The scoffer stopped scoffing when he saw the miracle of the Dervish obtaining the golden needle.  
     The bridegroom stopped smacking his lips when he saw the miracle of the bride looking at him.
40. Because wine washes away even the taste of fish,  
     And the Sufi's cup is always held out—EMPTY.

## QUATRAINS OF REFRESHMENT





## Quatrains of Refreshment

*"Hosh bar dum  
Nazar bar kadum  
Kilwat dar Anjuman:"*  
(A Persian saying)

1

Across the plains the Poor Folk wend with loving glance,  
And by each water-hole a camp, and song and dance;  
Until they sec the full moon through the branches of the trees:  
Then a Fool stands up, "Ki jai! Ki jai!" he chants.

2

Then one who is lovely, lovelier even than all the rest,  
With unshaved beard, and in rags and squalor dressed,  
Joins palm to palm with upturned face, and from his palms  
Trickles the juice of grapes as they are pressed.

3

Then all the others in the circle round, cry  
With one heart and breath, "Ki jai! Ki jai!"  
And reel and dance, or sigh, or shout,  
Or tenderly regard the moon with tear-dimmed eye.

4

Here many a soul has bartered all for wine;  
Has traded his wealth for poverty—and wine.  
Shirtless and bootless, dressed in yellow leaves of vine,  
And in his hand naught but a cup—for wine.

5

I heard, one night, a Fool singing: "Wine or death"—  
And lo: as I watched, I saw his articulate breath  
Wind through the streets like a light to a garden-bower,  
And light the eyes of two lovers seated there beneath.

6

Then this Wind went laughing on its way.  
And all the leaves of trees tinkled like empty glasses in  
dismay;  
Then the Sun rose, throwing all in confusion,  
And pouring his golden liquor for a Day.

7

The loveliness that is of the beloved's cheek was borrowed  
from the rose.  
Her throat was fashioned by the nightingale's song for the  
rose.  
Two worlds were moulded that her lips might speak of  
the rose.  
Her curls, a twist of thought in reference to the perfume of the  
rose.

8

Within a triple cage the soul has entered, and turned the  
key;  
And hops from perch to grain, and pipes a song of "me,  
me, me."  
Until it learns the ruse of death, and is taken from its  
cage—  
And soars into the blue with exultant song of "Thee,  
Thee, Thee."

9

It is said the purpose of every soul dwells in that soul.  
But weariness of the earth causes sleep and forgetfulness  
to come to that soul;  
And sleep it does until the Day is come  
Bringing the Sun and horizons and yearning, and joy to  
that soul.

10

Our former days of revelry—to what purpose?  
Our drinking and discussions, the grandly illusive  
moments of whispered passion—to what purpose?  
Simply that the sleeper becoming tired of sleep and  
dreaming  
Should awake! and take the Road—to some purpose.

11

Go to your Wise—though in truth I wish you no harm.  
Sit at their feet and gape and say "Salaam,"  
And I'll engage in my own peculiar game  
Of 'empty cups' and murmuring "Jesus;" "Ram."

12

For though you harvest cheques and golden grain;  
And make a balance-sheet of joy and pain;  
This yellow rose ablowing in the wind  
Shall stop your clamour and make you blush again.

13

Though you strive hard to make more gain than loss;  
And burn much incense to your Mammon-boss;  
On a Dark Night your soul shall feel alone—  
And cry in bitter tears. "Oh loss! loss! loss!"

14

The glory of the fields, the grandeur of the flower-carpet  
plain;  
The innocence of this single Bud that born of pain  
Shall turn all gain to loss, and losing all,  
Naked again as a Babe, you'll find all loss is gain.

15

Naked you come. and stay awhile. alone—One;  
And strive and seek and scheme and plot to own—One.  
Gather a little hoard and bury it, like a dog a bone—One.  
And then you leave it all, and naked go, alone—One.

16

No doctrine, creed or belief has the naked one:  
Nor fear of hell, nor hope of heaven has the naked one;  
Nor theories and practice; nor pupil nor teacher is he,  
the naked one:  
A cup of wine (his Guru's glance) is all he asks—this  
naked one.

17

Call him "Brother!" and he answers you your terms,  
"Brother!"  
Call him wastrel, fool, but he knows your heart—  
"Brother!"  
Call him wise: he laughs; call him a child: he smiles;  
Sitting there with his naked song and his empty cup, and  
all the world, Brother.

[73]

18

So gently, brother! gently as you pass  
This hyacinth. or leaf of singing grass,  
For they are ears tuned to the softest breeze:  
And there's a rose-bud mouth murmuring, "Alas!"

19

Now is the lovely Rose my thought beguiling,  
And there's that winsome Boy with wine jar on his  
    shoulder, smiling.  
Here Ragman! take this tattered vest and give me price  
    for wine—  
Too long it has been my skinny neck defiling.

20

No more remorse, and *shame* upon disgrace;  
Let him who likes run in this senseless race:  
I sit within the garden-close of budding roses,  
And ruffled by the morning breeze, the beloved's curls  
    blow in my face.

21

For Babaraj will one day pass this way  
In rainy weather, hear this mournful lay,  
And to this heart will wing a loving glance  
And this poor singing fool will wholly pass away.

SHAH NAMA

# ART AS PRACTICE OF DEVOTION



## Art as Practice of Devotion

Art is a method of practising devotion to the True Teacher, who is the Supreme Artist; the whole universe being His creation, and man His most finished work.

To this Artist every true artist has ever bowed, knowing that without His help he is helpless, without His inspiration he is void of any creativeness.

When the pupil has served his teacher and humanity, and learned the method of meditation, he is ready to begin the actual practice of art, which should have only one purpose: the faithful representation of the creative purpose of God, and his own self-effacement.

Representation does not mean in the likeness of an object, but in the likeness of the *creativity* of the Creator. In other words, as the student attunes himself to the Supreme Artist, he begins to work in His manner.

Just as the Creator created man in His likeness (in His creativeness), so the mature, humble artist again creates his work in His likeness (in His creativeness).

Discipleship (attitude) uncovers the meaning of form.

Meditation on the True Teacher's form reveals the meaning of the objective world, as all objects are found to be contained in His person.

When the movement of objects is seen as His activity, then the law of rhythm is realized.

Composition, then, assumes meaning. Previously it was based on preference. Preference is because of attachment.

Seer and seen are now known as not different.

Then is love born—which gives impartiality of vision and same-love to all things.

The resultant activity (production of art work) is creativeness in likeness—perfect and complete representation.

This representation, independent of similitude, is also the truth of the object. If another person, looking at the object and its representation, should think "They are not the same," it would be on account of his delusion as to the significance of form. Creativeness cannot be two, as it is the one Creativeness which made both the object and its representation.



Since love is the reason and cause of the objective world, only by love may it be understood,

The awakening of love is usually only achieved after years of devotion: but it is by Grace alone that it comes when it does come.

The manifestation of this love (in the art-work) is a means of revealing that love to others; it becomes a vehicle for their emancipation.

Because it clings to nothing, it creates no impression of attachment upon others, but is in itself pure in its creativeness.

Thus life is revealed as no mystery: and the artist's purpose is accomplished.

## DEATH BY DROWNING



## Death by Drowning

*It was a drowning in a kindly wave that bore me to the  
shore;  
it was a drowning in the bliss of the Adored One who  
killeth  
to make alive.*

What are those little lights sprinkling the grasses?  
What is this wine that is being poured from the dewdrops?  
In the distance is the sound of drums measuring armies  
bearing down like an eagle with outstretched wings  
on a one day lamb: continuous  
like the unending plains under a January sun.  
The crest of the wave breaks madly,  
like horses with the stockwhips thundering behind them.  
The lights are the love-glances of my beloved's eyes;  
the wine is his ecstasy causing in me forgetfulness.

Your lips, my love, are the cool shade of apple-trees  
in November.  
The tip of your tongue is pale sunlight on young  
gum-leaves.  
There is a sound of bees in your hair.  
Your eyes are cool with the warmth of passionless-  
ness:  
they are a grey lake in the early morning  
crossed by the flight of wild ducks.

The dew lets down curtains, and the rising sun  
ignites the edges with fire.  
When the folds are consumed  
nothing remains between the play and the audience.  
The action of this play is  
the flight of  
a solitary swan.

No man has seen God and lived;  
but the Sufi dies in order to live again.  
He has become fed up with the round of life.  
The merry-go-round is not so merry  
when one realizes that it keeps going round.

We became men so that we might surpass the angels;  
We abandoned Eden in order to inherit the wilderness  
    wherein is the peace for which the soul longs.  
Ever since the reed of my heart was separated from the  
    river bed.

and my heart was pierced with holes  
to make a flute for His lips,  
has my song been of separation:  
and my soul has complained, moaning  
against the prison bars of a golden cage.

Many a time I planned to emulate the Parrot  
in Rumi's talc, and drop dead,  
so that the King would, with his own hands,  
open the cage-door, and throw me out  
on the wing of freedom.

But my nerve failed me.

I had to await death by being drowned at sea.

Mohammed said. Come in under  
the shade of this palm tree. Even lions  
arc not safe on this path,  
how much less an ass? The slightest  
hint of greenness beguiles him—  
how will he ever cross a desert?  
When there is a journey proposed,  
any errand intervening is an excuse.  
The lover becomes entranced by two winks of encourage-  
ment;  
the statesman becomes spellbound by his own speech—  
(his mouth becomes the circumference of his freedom);  
the hero becomes intoxicated with battle,  
and the glint of steel (eye) of his competitor.  
Round is world's-end round;  
the ass stares straight for an eye  
up the dusty road. and nibbles a bit more herbage.  
But the Wheel of the Good Law ends the round of rounds.

There is sea-green: but the foam is white.  
It dashes against the rocks,  
falling down like a bridal veil.

Solomon had a messenger named Hoopoe.  
Hoopoe assembled all the birds  
and told them about their heavenly Father  
who is called Simurgh.  
All were enthusiastic to visit God,  
until they heard about the hardships of the Way.  
Then it was that the nightingale remembered  
his unfinished song to the rose: the duck  
remembered the ducklings and the pond;  
the hen her chickens and the fox;  
the kookaburra said people needed a good laugh,  
and the sparrow said "Hip-hop" from tree to tree.  
The flight of  
the solitary swan Mashghul-i-Allah.  
O Hamsa! may my head never be raised from your  
worship.  
Teach me to adore you. When One is all,  
two should not be mentioned. Two  
is my error and fault. When one does not see straight,  
there are two. The squint-eyed-one  
saw two bottles; the Master said,  
Smash the "other"; fool, there is only One.

She walks gracefully,  
in her words is all music,  
her wrists are jewels,  
and her hands are cooling clouds.  
Her mouth is pure honey.

Mighty in battle is my beloved.  
With one glance and a plateful of cakes  
he routed three armies.  
He is tender in love—my thought wings to him.  
To say he is Mount Meru would be wrong—  
his feet rest on the earth,  
the sun is his ruddy countenance.  
To say he is the ocean would be inadequate—  
the salt ocean is one teardrop from his eye.

I will go down into my garden,  
to the coolness of springs,  
where there is abundance of grapes,  
and the apple-trees cast a soft shade

on the newly turned earth:  
where my love is waiting for me—  
her hands reach fulfilment.  
In her curls is hid wisdom;  
sandals cover her white feet.  
Her belly is an expanse of wheat-fields in  
December;  
her neck is a eucalypt tree in August  
that clusters its glory at the top of a tall stem.

Solomon had built for him many palaces,  
and he had numberless virgins and concubines,  
in order to demonstrate the poverty of the world.  
His raiment was not as beautiful  
as that of a simple flower.  
With the sinews of my loins I build me a house;  
and with my hands I will make a home.  
I have bought a new coat.  
"Every night is for the married woman,  
but I have no husband."  
I gather sticks in the scrub  
and make a little fire, blowing it  
with my devotional breath, until the sticks  
start to crackle and a bright flame leaps up.  
Then I sit by it, waiting, listening,  
for a footstep on the flagged path,  
and a knock on the door. Outside is the wind,  
which blows wherever it will.  
Maybe one evening He will pass this way.

Abraham looked out of the tent-door,  
and espied the News. O sisters,  
have you any news of my Beloved?  
The watchmen of the city take away the veils.  
I have given myself to the Murshid.  
Only in His cup can one be drowned  
and live;  
only by His mercy can one escape death by drowning.

It was because of this that the Sakyan sage  
taught the parable of the well-constructed raft.

It is the terrible ocean of life which the great devotees  
    have prayed to cross over;  
it is in the Ocean of Divine Bliss that the lovers seek  
    drowning.  
It is better to die before death,  
    than to await death and accept his judgment.  
It is better to seek the feet of one who is merciful,  
    than to expect mercy from the hand of the enemy.  
It is better to watch into Guru's face  
picking up the strong beams of His love-glance,  
    than to follow the vanishing light of self-desires.

Abraham came up from the south, bringing the Light.  
I turn my eyes towards the north,  
    where the Sun rose.

Lovely were the sons of God  
in the first morning:  
their banners were bright.  
And beautiful are the brides  
of the second day:  
their wedding-gowns are like sea-spray  
bursting around rocks in a summer-sun.

Ask of our sisters,  
and they will tell you;  
and of our brothers:  
they will be shields of defence.

The morning light is being gathered for a New Day;  
Avatar prepares the Word for the New Humanity.





DAWN THROUGH TO SUNRISE



## Dawn through to Sunrise

When the dawn occurred, it was a certain young woman  
with blonde hair  
Which hung down in curls upon her courageous  
shoulders,  
And which, as she bent down from the accommodating  
sky  
Reddened my checks, (O Mansur!  
You reddened your checks because of loss of blood:  
God reddened mine because He had caused me to lose  
some selfncss,  
And did not wish me to be dismayed)  
And inspired my brow with breezes.

When the sun rose, it was a certain Man  
By whom the earth was formed, from which  
The moon eventually became in lustre.  
The idea, God created the heavens and the earth,  
Is inadequate. The truth of the matter is  
That when the Light showed His face,  
The universe came into being.  
That is why it is said,  
"Everything is passing except His face."  
Heaven and earth will certainly pass away:  
When the Beloved has satisfied Himself in the field of  
love;  
When that Dancer has perfected his routines and  
repertoire;  
When that Vain One has realized Himself with mirrors;  
When He would retire to mountain tops of Peace.  
When HE WOULD SLEEP.

O land of sleeping heart arise in song!  
Turn hack the rivers that waste themselves into the sea.  
For if the heart is dry, can the limbs  
Stretch themselves in copulative joy?  
Can they obey the music and interpret it in pure dance?  
Let not the woman longer dream of cradle songs,  
But with her joy upon her breast  
Nourish him with fountains of inspiration.

And this will come to pass when that Friend  
Persuaded by tears and obedience,  
Sets His white feet upon these shores,  
And lightens her brow,  
Making her body heavy in pregnancy.

For woman is extension, and a flow  
Of broad waters oft the narrow stream of man  
For harvests. And *this* woman,  
With bliss constricted to the measurement of a narrow  
bed?—  
And so I call His Name, and watch and wait.

And waited.

And when the dawn occurred, golden haired,  
I was a man again—a man contained  
Within a single tear, glowing and bright.  
A lit fire before the horizons of thought,  
A solitary flame within the edges of the plain  
To help the sun to rise. And when he rose  
I again became a woman, because of weakness  
Able to command.  
For first He lights the eyes in welcoming beams,  
And then these lights call and plead  
Within the confines of the latter night,  
And their distress creates the golden dawn,  
Clearing the sky of darkness:  
And He rises in His glory, "Here I am!  
What works for today? Sow me an encouragement,  
For my lovely Dawn needs flowers  
To deck her straight-combed hair!  
Reap Me a chord of satisfaction,  
Because this Disc is the form of My soul  
Blazing with music."

Who can say what God is?  
But Sadguru is the Essence, and at the same time  
The phenomenal universe: Zat and Sifat;  
The Supreme Paramatman who weaves His own net  
To catch Himself in.—Fisherman and fish—  
And what sport in the angling!  
The sigh of the lover enchants the beloved,

But his breath being full of earth,  
He makes of her a clay image which he worships, and  
cries,  
"O stone-hearted one, does not my love melt you to pity?"  
But fire hardens clay: but water washes away,  
And service can turn even an idolater into a lover.

How many breaths did I burn in midnight prayer?  
How many moths did I consume  
Before His candle spilled a single tear of pity?  
But when I drowned,  
Caught by a wave of that monstrous sea,  
Sadguru caught me up and took me to the shore.  
And naked I wept, a little child again.  
So I say with the Sufi, "Guru is greater than God,  
Because He threw me into the ocean,  
And Guru fished me out."

This business has no sense. But sense is self-explained.  
I became tired of eating flesh and desired a milk diet.  
My vanity became thwarted  
Trying to see my face in a dirty mirror.  
I remembered a mountain lake that I had seen once,  
Clear in stillness; and a folk-tale of a fabulous Bird  
Which encircled it.  
So I longed for mountains, but the Mountain came to me.  
I had heard the story of a certain pipe-player  
Who slept on his pipes because of weariness,  
And the spite of men who had stolen his breath.  
And I wanted to mend that wrong so that I could hear  
music:  
(Food my body had, and my mind; and heart a crumb,  
but my soul's belly protruded with hunger)  
But I could not play any instrument.  
And Music came to me,  
Entering as a thief my house one afternoon,  
As a river into desert-land, surprising the earth  
With its own fertility.

What a song this was that entangled me in a dawn  
That looked like the blonde hair of a girl,

That enclosed me within the glittering confines  
Of a single tear, which melted  
When the sun rose, nowhere.

What is the sky but an accommodation for His shining.  
What is the dawn but the colour-scale of His music  
Which is in plant-growth and lives,  
And evenings by a river where reeds grow.  
Suns are hammered light,  
And dawns are torn curtains.—  
And since my eyes got entangled in a girl's hair,  
And her voice made a rent in my consciousness  
I will not mind if my bones are pounded into  
malleability,  
And drops of pure milk are strained out of my blood.

For what is the difference really between a John  
Announcing a Jesus-Sun,  
And a Sariputta maintaining the jewel of the Good Law  
In silence in the forest, so that the trees and animals  
Thanked him for his wondrous discourse?  
"Discourse?" said he: "Cross-legged and silent."  
"That is it!" said they, rejoicing  
As did rainbows at Milarepa's "Glory."

It is better to be simple and take the Name of God,  
Than to be profound, and ignorant of that Name.  
Because that Name will bring you to the realization  
That Sadguru is all names, and suns and dawns.

In New Orleans, where "Girls" are advertised  
In streets named after saints—  
O petalled dawns! O women of midday earth!  
Sadguru's female forms completing creation.—  
You'd love the street-cars that run for miles on well-kept  
lawns.

In New Orleans I came across mention of my Tibetan  
Glory.

In New Orleans I came upon a man on a side-walk  
    kneeling down praying.  
Then he got up. and accompanying himself on a  
    tambourine  
Sang, "I gotta new name over in Zion."  
Certainly a dime's worth even of empty pockets.

In New Orleans distance became annihilated.  
I felt no surprise when I thought someone coming down  
    the street  
Was a friend in Sydney.  
In New Orleans I stood on a street corner,  
And time and people flowed by;  
And I felt the way a woman wears a skirt,  
And knew why men who have overcome desire may marry.

In New Orleans standing upon the bridge  
Above Mississippi's flood,  
I struck sparks from the steel of my heart  
With the flint of His Name,  
And sent messages to my lovely Dawn.  
Then returned, and took ship to my country,  
Where my Father has ordered a rose-garden to be planted.

And we went on between the dawn and the sun  
Across the blue Caribbean, mingling our tears with the  
    sea:  
At evening a crescent moon, and at night  
The glint of stars, pale gold, in our eyes.  
Arriving at Cristobal early in the morning in still waters  
Across which, in the distance, a solitary fishing-boat;  
And where we took on oil, and an elderly couple  
Who sat at our table and said,  
"It is pretty hot in Cristobal at night!"  
Knowing their meaning, I said, "The weather?"  
"Oh, no! The night-life."  
The girl I was with was offended,  
So I felt like answering them in strictly four letter  
    vocabulary.  
Then her eyes became bright and she got up  
And went to our cabin, where I found her weeping.



So I comforted her by singing to her songs  
About a previous lover she had long ago.

People who have lived by the Ocean  
Under the Sun even for a short while  
Are easily moved to tears:  
An expanse of level water, a wind in their faces,  
An elderly adolescent couple moving away from fulfil-  
ment,  
Awakens in them longing—but not separation.

When one has once met Sadguru  
There is no such thing again as separation:  
To do His work is to be constantly in His presence,  
Since His work is not different from Himself.  
Sadguru is not limited by time or space;  
He is in one's heart, and one is in His heart forever.  
Powers, even illumination, are the dreams of children:  
To become non-existent in Him is the hope and vision  
of the real devotees.  
The real servants of God can never have sufficient lives  
to offer Him;  
Every moment to them is a fresh opportunity to offer  
themselves in His service.  
His will functions in time, but has nothing to do with  
time:  
Therefore His servants are always with Him.  
To look upon Sadguru is to see God and His universe:  
There is none beside Him. Appearance of "other"  
Is due solely to the illusion of His creation.  
When one has once met Sadguru such relative terms  
As bondage and freedom become meaningless:  
Even He is bound, yet He remains eternally free.  
To follow Him, means freedom in bondage;  
To serve Him, means to be bound in freedom.

And we came out into the Pacific, with my Sweetheart  
Trailing the hem of her petticoat along the edges of the  
sky: 4 a.m.  
And the sun was slow to rise, because materiality  
Was rampant over the face of the deep.

Beloved.—We knew stone-nights once, sleeping side by  
side  
Embedded in Matlock's breast. Your hair  
Was serpents that coiled through the undergrowth of my  
chest.  
I could not see you then, my eyes being fixed  
Straight in a stare ahead,  
But the line of the next ridge  
Prepared me for the lovely curve of your brows.

Then we moved on, after a million years,  
To the eastern slope of Erica, where your tallness began.  
And we stood side by side for an age.  
And God's winds brought your sweetness to me,  
And occasionally our arms interlaced  
And our hands sheltered birds and their young,  
But we had no children—  
Seed, yes, we had between us, but no pain of birth  
Or delighting. The birds taught us the beginnings of song,  
And I began to sense the present curve of your throat.

Then God released us from our dream,  
And we leapt on mountain-sides, and across plains  
In the first joy of limbs.  
And I knew anxiety for you; and also fierceness  
Amongst our own kind and the wilder beasts.

And we moved on to wide rivers  
Which empty themselves into the sea,  
And waged war;  
And crept into each other's arms against the night's fears.  
There was sand in our teeth, and our throats  
Were cracked earth issuing the first syllabics of speech;  
And sweat broke from our foreheads  
As we built the scales for singing.  
Sadguru was already on His way up to His appointed  
duties:  
Already we had begun to worship Him in the sun,  
Even then calling Him, Father;  
And you held your first child up to Him for His blessing.

God is to be made a relationship. If you abstract Him  
You deny the fact of creation.  
Fine, if you can do it—  
But you still have a mind and a body,  
So start where you are  
And do not deny His messages,  
(In the form of a curl blown by a breeze at night  
From the region of the moon)—  
But if you are seized beyond yourself,  
If you are destined by past endeavour and service,  
You will meet a friend who knows the way to Him.

Since you are already a lover of self,  
Use that same love to over-pass your self,  
And find that self which is none but Himself.  
And God showers His blessings upon you every moment;  
With every breath you draw,  
If you were not stubborn and would know it.

Wei Lang was also a barbarian from the south,  
But he proved that Buddha-nature resided in him too.  
One day Sadguru will come here,  
And we will all be civilized.  
At present the interior is a desert,  
But when the rivers are turned back  
There will be abundance; and pilgrimages.  
The Blue Mountains and the McDonalds and Nandawar  
Will shelter hermits;  
God will sit at street corners,  
And a new race of swagmen will kiss my Darling's lip.—  
In the meantime is my song permissible,  
Even though my throat is cracked earth,  
And my mouth, sand mixed with blood.

Since the arrow of Fortune's wheel turned my way,  
And dawn entered my heart  
Making an accommodation for the sun,  
I have become a gambler in the markets of this world;  
Reckless in the festivals of music,  
And shameless in regards affairs of love.  
There is fire in my skull,  
And music in the blood of my temples;

My heart is a meeting place of pain,  
And my eyes, wet mirrors of gratitude.  
O God, you have taught me fear—  
Fear that I might offend Sadguru and be driven out  
From His face and pleasant labour.  
I have endured enough sorrow,—guide me  
That I may not be tempted to sleep with her again.  
What is love? A crowding and releasing.  
Crowding, because the impure heart  
Leaves small room for spirit to delight in;  
Releasing, because spirit is so grateful  
For small accommodations. He says,  
"This is my home. Why did you close your door,  
And cover your legs with an immodest skirt?"

O brothers, do not get mixed up  
With golden-haired girls, or with Sadgurus  
If you are afraid of love.  
Do not open your eyes to the dawn,  
And take no heed of the sun,  
Unless you are prepared for ruin.  
For dawn is an accommodation, and sky is emptiness,  
And the sun is nothing but destruction.  
But perhaps you have no more wisdom than I,  
And one night a wind may arise  
And carry one stray curl across your face,  
And sleep will leave you.  
And you will have no means of evading the rising sun.

Your hair is midnight, O woman of vineyards,  
From which issued canaries  
Singing, and making the dawn.  
It is black grapes from which the best wine is pressed.  
Your checks are dusky, O girl of the South,  
With the dust of roses.  
Heresy *is* for the heretic, and the reward of the orthodox  
Is his orthodoxy. But, sweet Bird of the sky,  
Will *this* ever become a perfume-seller  
At street corners? This is your clay:  
Fashion these hands for guidance,  
And these lips for the utterance of your Name.  
For Sadguru *is* Name; but without mouths to proclaim it  
How will He ever hear it with His ears?

I have blackened my face in the sun  
So that the whiteness of the dawn might surround me,  
So that my soul might be reflected in her smile.—  
Forgive me. The vision of a flower with dove's eyes  
Has robbed me of my senses.  
Rather have I been made black  
So that her fairness may dominate my vision:  
A speck of dust within her sky  
In which He breathes His Name, and because He  
breathes,  
I imagine that I sing!

Your eyes are sea-green,  
And when you glance sideways  
White foam spills over from them.  
Your lashes are sands of invitation,  
Like the golden beaches of Bulli.

How amazingly has Sadguru mingled Reality with  
illusion!  
But His Name is the stone which sharpens the mind  
To a sword of discrimination. So it was  
That the Paramhansa said, Illusion is real,  
And named his young Fortune, "Joy in discrimination."  
But woe to the fool who thinks this world is real,  
Who imagines the surface play of lights in Light!  
They are merely the shifting shadows of that Light.  
Long was I in thrall to its deceit,  
Until a yellow curl taught me subtlety,  
And a soft voice opened a dawn in my breast,  
So that His sun was encouraged to rise:  
And I SAT AT SADGURU'S FEET,  
Drinking that wine that sharpens the mind  
Sharper than razor's edge.

It is better to worship Light than hanker after lights;  
To worship Guru's form, than practise self-idolatry.  
It is better to be a heathen in the dawn  
Lighting one's little fire on the plain's level emptiness (so  
green!)  
Dancing before the torn curtains of the sky,  
Pleading for the sun to rise,

Than be a believer in self-sufficiency.  
For to love the dawn and the sun is to court swift death,  
But to love oneself is to invite the interminable condition  
of the suicide.

One must make a relationship of God,  
And Sadguru is the best relationship.  
Ones father, mother, sweetheart, wife, or friend  
Is nothing but Sadguru.  
Just as the Dawn is nothing but the Sun:  
Her curls, His glance, reaching down from abodes of  
silence  
Upon the courageous shoulders of my fair one;  
Putting hope and colour into my cheeks,  
Sharpening my eyes to reflecting points of light;  
Levelling my mind of its edges,  
Thickening my speech to incoherency.

If the sun had not kissed me,  
The dawn would have become my pilgrimage.  
But since that morning and the bestowal of blessing,  
She has become my companion and accommodation.  
Therefore is her activity with mine: we walk hand in  
hand.  
And the sun and the rain make our path green,  
And our bed is fresh with sea breezes.

Caraiman has mended his bagpipes  
And resumed his playing,  
And the children have forgotten their animosity.  
With her golden hair my sweetheart has dried my tears,  
And the day is His glory.

This is enough. Go Song! and seek my accommodating  
Dawn,  
And ask her to offer you upon her breath as incense to  
our Sun.



# THE STONEMASONS





## The Stone Masons

Then the sea met me: and I became entangled  
In a thousand strands of foam. A fresh entanglement?  
Yes, which binds to freedom.

So we built an altar on the edge of the white sands  
Four square to the winds, and laid thereon  
Burnt offerings of our flesh, and the smoke  
Of our sighs rose as a song of praise  
In the sharp greyness of the morning.

And divided ourselves back in remembrance  
Of the long way: and sang of the night,  
And Moses' conquering sword as he came down  
From the mountain with beams darting from the skin of  
his face,  
And divided the night of his people;  
And the vanquished leaned up  
Applauding with shining eyes that sword-play.

And we said, with Job: Our head is ashes,  
And our mouths, sawdust from the sawn off limbs  
Of time. Our eyes are full of sand  
From the heart's desert of rejection and separation.  
Boasting that we were one, since one is written one,  
Was our fault, and so in arrogance  
Counted two ones: and One has said, "I am jealous  
Of imagined images: count no one but one."  
All one's calculations rise from one—  
And a universe or two dotted about  
Are but notes in His song; and man  
A throat, and a sounding-board  
For the cry; a flower  
To unfold another morning in the sun.

And with the Prodigal Son we said:  
Too long have we inhabited this dust-bowl;  
Too long have we satisfied our hunger  
With crumbs dropped from the tables  
Of the abundant angels. Too long

Has our song been that of crows and cockatoos  
That inhabit dead gum-trees, echoing back  
From empty gullies, since the heart of the husbandman  
Began to love an axe more than a tree.  
The unremembered plains return no song;  
And the cities which should have been fairly built on hills  
Straggle along bullock tracks,  
Or obey the ordering of a geometrician's dream.  
We will leave the ways to which we had nearly  
Become accustomed, and return to our Father.

And prayed with Peter: When the day comes  
When we have perfectly remembered your Name,  
Which embraces all creatures,  
And is their sustenance, as you so clearly  
Demonstrated when you broke the bread and poured  
The wine: when that day comes  
And the accuser rises before us  
And says, "Know ye Him?" Let us not fail  
In your Name, but clearly assert,  
"We are in Him even to the time of glory."  
Which will be announced by the thrice crowing  
Of the cock before that dawn.

And finally remembered Lot's clear song and chant of  
praise:  
Though it is to you Abraham, that this journey was due  
(Because it was you who looked out of the tent door  
And espied the News, and granted the welcome,  
And made available hospitality),  
I praise that First Cause that was before that light  
Which came to you in Chaldee and ordered your going.  
But though it is that First Cause  
Which I praise, Whose Name I endlessly repeat  
Since that day in the cave  
When Ecstasy opened by breast because of the daughters  
Vijnana and Ananda,  
Fruit of she whom my soul loved,  
But who must look back toward the sons  
And the cities that would delay our passage  
And deny your authority; it is you, holy Murshid

That I clasp my hands before  
And acknowledge adoratively with bent knee.

You would have delivered the cities—your light  
Discovered them. and your mercy was toward,  
And you pleaded 50, 40, 30, 20, 10,  
But the bodies made of the earth must return to the earth,  
And the reared cities to dust.  
Even she who had espoused a reflection of that light, my  
soul,  
And whom my soul loved, and who bore daughters,  
Could not obey your ordering, but tarried along the  
plains.

When in the cave, intoxicated by that wine  
I knew naught, nor joy, nor knowledge (cupbearers to my  
ecstasy)  
But streams—Messenger, that gushed  
From the mountain-top. In these  
I offered even memory; nor hoped,  
But whispered secretly to you the pain of ravishment.  
But how shall one speak of his Murshid?  
These rivers,  
Which is Son delivered again unto the World,  
Are by your Grace. His journey  
Has begun—and He-Who-Alone  
Dwells on the mountain-top, withdraws in Peace.

And remembered other heroes,  
O Sanjaya,  
Of the sacred battlefield or Kurukshetra.

And having acknowledged all these,  
I turned toward the companion of my soul,  
She, my lovely Dawn, and secretly exclaimed:  
O Awakener of my soul to singing  
And swift flight, frail and immense!  
From whom December wheat fields take on the weight  
Of harvest; for whom the yellow-box trees in March  
Display their blossoms, seeking to match the lustre  
Of your hair, envious of the bees  
Which swarm within its curls seeking

Harvests of Sadguru's pure word.  
O, the immense swell of God in your breasts!  
The least movement of your hand  
Orders the migration of bird flocks!  
The pure light of your eyes, fans  
To tremendous delight the blaze of my soul!  
And the light moved towards itself,  
And penetrated and enveloped itself,  
And we arrived at another morning:

And leaving the margin of the white sands,  
We climbed a hill overlooking the ocean  
Above all possible reach of tides and storms,  
And began quarrying stone to build a house  
(Hammer and wedges and a bitch with a brace of pups  
with sharp teeth):  
She the heart, and I the hands in the matter.

For journeying is not in rites but in labour—  
The perfume of love is not an opiate of forgetfulness,  
But a wine of encouragement; not a curtain of sleep,  
But a woven-cloth against the inclemencies of weather.

And with the first blows of the hammer  
The silence of the stone's dream was shattered.  
And the silence looked up, and met my sweetheart's eyes,  
And the bitterness in our blood awoke,  
And cried sweetly against the annihilative process.

Stone does not know greed.  
Stone does not know anger.  
Stone is patient and long-suffering,  
But runs quickly to lust.  
Lust is the sadness of stone which morning finds weeping.

Lust is a mean-ribbed fellow who cannot stand laughter:  
Spring him a good round tale  
Where there are no corners for him to hide under,  
And he is easily disconcerted.  
Lust is a stone blotting sweat from the face of the sun  
Which should by right of the earth belong to the grasses.

It is a heap of white bones under a frosty sky  
Promising comfort. A violent shadow  
Which as night draws on, disappears  
Into the nothingness of night.  
A broken pledge of union:  
A friend who says: Next time it will be all right.  
A pedlar of lamps which burn black;  
A beggar who offers to make you your fortune;  
A card-sharper who entertains you in the evening  
And leaves you without your breakfast in the morning.  
A spinner whose coins always fall heads;  
A man who steals your insurance policy  
And burns down your house over your head;  
An acquaintance who invites you to a mountain-top to  
    admire the view,  
And trips you over a precipice.  
A traveller on a wide circuit, with a long tale, who does  
    not stay.

Lust is an old man  
Tottering on the brink of the grave, crying,  
"Victory! Victory!"  
A company of old men, once jocund at banquets,  
Teetering like rain on a sharply pitched gable.

No doubt we are in the image of God—but with long ears:  
Titania's ass—unless one is fortunate enough  
To find a Hermes with curative herbs.  
A Tobias' bridal night?  
Hell! A drink and a wink,  
"Lucky dog! Here, one for the road—and mind you  
    don't slip!"

I am speaking to my own generation:  
Those whom the round of time  
Has brought time round in accessibility. The old  
Will not like this song. To them I say, "Peace."  
But to my own, I say, "Awake!"  
He whom you secretly know in your dreams and aspira-  
    tions,  
Roams free like a lion over the plains of this earth,  
Awakening the bud of a new Day  
To a tremendous blooming."

He is the man of laughter and silence and work,  
Whose deeds you have read about in the various epics  
And scriptures, incredulously, yet believing.  
Because the note He sings, finds a place  
In your own heart-chords of music; in fact,  
He is the contemporary artist, whom our clay and paint  
And verses sought for articulation,  
As our mind whirled a world to emerge a sentence,  
Instead of being able clearly  
To reflect the image of occasion.

When we have stood back from our easels,  
Or attacked a white sheet of paper afresh  
With the fine pen-points of our eyes,  
Or turned with deft thumb  
Another impression upon the armature of our imagination,  
Seeking the next call: finding, without seeking,  
The glazed eyes of a skewered bull  
Blinking back from the immaculate table,  
A soft laugh, from the ante-room of our thoughts  
Enticed and engulfed us.—A quieter, remoter  
(Because the stone of our veins has narrowed our hearts)  
"That was I, Tilopa!" assailed us,  
Breaking upon our vision fresh vistas of journeying.  
But let one affirmation break through out strangled lips,  
And behold! that silly bull  
Gets off the table, and offers to carry us  
Almost to God's very feet.

Without lust, we never would have become men and  
women;  
But without chastity we will never win to manhood.  
What is manhood? That I cannot tell you,  
For I am not a man. But I can tell you its beginnings:  
To burn up one's pride upon the altar of love:  
To feed that flame with one's own flesh, until that flesh  
Itself becomes all flame.

Who thinks it easy,  
Will never run this race. So the Greeks  
Had three stages: men, heroes, and gods,  
And each had its initiations and practises.

This is the "greater war" which Mohammed spoke of;  
And Jesus divinely enacted it upon the Cross.  
He also taught, without Guru no man wins to grace.  
Therefore, the first step in this direction  
Is to find one who is accomplished in warfare,  
Who is an expert on equipment  
And a master of strategy. Only under his direction  
Will one ever be able to demolish the enemy's forts;  
Only under the sting of his comradeship  
Will one ever generate sufficient courage  
To embark on the venture.  
"Come in under the shade of this palm tree"  
Is a saying of sense and compassion.

There is dry land  
In the heart of this continent, flint and stone—  
So one would be likely to lose one's life anyway  
If one attempted the journey alone.  
And to expect God (un-manifest)  
To concern Himself with one's small affairs  
Is as foolish as to wish to go alone.

This is a physical plane, and here,  
The means are also physical. Sadguru  
Is none else but God wearing a human form.  
One can wait for someone else;  
One can wait at the gate for a thousand years or so—  
But the Sufi is one who says, "If you have courage and  
sense,  
Get up and take a step. Then God will take the next."

Before the heart's spring has arisen,  
A man of sense should be sceptical.  
Although the waters of life are imprisoned  
Beneath the breast-desert in everyone,  
One should not believe without proof.  
How is proof obtained? By digging.  
And not being discouraged when the top soil is removed  
At coming upon mud instead of clear water:  
Dig on, until you strike the pure stream.



Bayazid was one of the friends of God.  
In his ecstasy he could not distinguish  
Himself from his Friend, and said he was God.  
When he had brought his soul down again from its azure  
flight,  
When Hamsa had returned to its nest above Manasarower,  
His disciples took one of Loki's mistletoe arrows of accusation,  
And fitting it to the bow of deluded opinion,  
Aimed it at Bayazid's heart. Bayazid said,  
"All right, I accept your point—  
To claim one is God, of course is blasphemy.  
Next time I am indiscreet, slay me outright."  
That same night  
Bayazid was wrapped beyond the sensibility of this world  
And the next, and in God's breast murmured,  
"He and I are One."  
The disciples cried, "'Tis done!  
His own words have whetted our daggers  
And confirmed our purpose. Kill him!"

Behold these poor fools braying like asses  
Before a mountain lion, rushed to slay God,  
And each dagger-point  
Found its true mark in each assassin's throat.  
Before the light of morning had closed the Master's lips,  
The night had congealed the disciples' blood  
Into pools of discreet silence.

Mostly we never know love  
Because we are afraid of pain.  
We want love to be a candy-bar.  
We ask woman to pawn her intellect  
In the pawn-shop of our masculinity  
(the only difference in the symbol being one of number).  
We cry for a bed, instead of a white road;  
We prefer the cold fever of darkness  
To the cool aspiration of the morning light.  
We say, "Shut your eyes, darling,  
So that my guilt may not be observed."  
Instead of, "Look straight into my eyes, my soul,  
So that God may be with us."

The king said to the beggar, "Ask a boon."  
The beggar answered, "Step a little higher, O king!  
I have two slaves who are your masters: lust and  
arrogance."

Love says to us: I will send you pain  
In order to mature you, as I matured you  
Even from a rock, through all the varied forms,  
To human shape. First you were nothing.  
Then I gave you the partial understanding of stone;  
Broke your clinging to that  
By feeding your breast with craving for movement,  
And with pain you grew, sweating your nerve-joints  
For easier communication. Then I infected  
A little more love-juice in your sap  
So that you broke your roots from the ground  
And began your wandering.

And I fed you;  
And mated you in distress, so that your eyes  
Rolled in rut and in bringing forth your young.  
And I fed you: fed you some more,  
Till you burst your bondage to pure instinct and sense  
And became a man with every divine potentiality.  
Now I will reduce you again to nothing:  
Nothing, with an ear, and a mouth which murmurs  
"Thou!"

Really it is I who suffer, not you.  
Your limitation is My bondage; your wilfulness  
Is My separation. I framed your lips for "Thou,"  
And you use them for "I." I gave you  
The sweet speech of a Majnun, and you bray like an ass;  
I made you free to roam as a lion,  
And you prefer to graze with sheep;  
I made you a boundary-rider with the best of horses,  
And you waste your life in a tin hut by a billabong.  
So I will withdraw My bounty, until desolation  
Makes you unbearable to yourself;  
So that a girl's foot or a Saint's hand,  
Will be bliss instead of pain; and an axe,  
Leila's caress.

—Since I have mentioned my lovely Dawn,  
I ask her pardon for disturbing the grass in Central Park,

I ask her pardon for disturbing the ants  
Where I am building a road into my house.  
I build a road that Shri Sadguru  
May one day visit me—will God's feet  
Walk over the graves of the least of His creatures?  
I became heated with activity,  
I forgot the lessons my Dawn has taught me;  
I forgot her delicacy and coolness:  
I ask her to forgive my blindness  
In the light of her eyes;  
I ask her to hide my clumsiness  
In the shadow of one of her curls.  
I ask her to teach me the dance of her feet.  
I ask her to teach me the communication of her hands.  
I ask her to teach me the flight of her brow.—

We want love to be a candy-bar! If  
We had been told that it would be like this,  
Who amongst us would have been mad enough  
To embark on this sea? Only the most irresponsible  
amongst us.

This is a path which everything in creation  
Is striving towards.—Yet it is a path of "no reward,"  
In which the lover gains only knowledge of his  
insufficiency.

We have laboured for ages to build a citadel,  
Now we are told to pull it down, stone by stone,  
Open a fresh quarry and build another house.

Now what does Guru do? He brings about  
A tumult in the breast which generates  
The power to open the gates for tears.  
Then to dry the flood, he lights afresh  
The fire of passion; sets a cooling fountain  
Of chaste vision to check the downward flow  
Of consciousness, and direct it to that place  
Called heart, where One awaits the homeward feet,  
And knock.

He says: "See I have made you of earth,  
And sent you floods and fire to make it purely

Fruitful. With fire you can destroy yourself  
Entirely to ashes if you wish;  
But this fountain, showering its diamond drops,  
Can quench a pathway for your feet."

But who wishes to take this path?  
We are faithful unto the image of our imagining,  
Until the bolt of life strikes hard,  
And pain is a surgeon's knife  
To the umbilical cord of our attachment.  
But Guru's glance can do the job instead.

The ignorant man says, "I will not bow my head."  
Lei him look straight at the sun, and his neck will bend  
quickly.  
"I am master of my fate," he cries. Aye,  
Even to the axeman's block or hangman's noose.  
But the wise man voluntarily  
Sticks his neck out and avoids death's blow.

The lubras at Elsie Station were tickled pink  
When the white woman did not recognize the tracks by  
the waterhole  
As belonging to her husband. Their dark faces  
Shone like sunset clouds  
In merriment over the dark-sightedness of eyes  
Set in a white face. Their ochre and charcoal eyes  
Became amber in the light of amazement.  
They said among themselves, "How can these women  
know happiness  
When they never know where their husbands are?  
Not to know what one's man is doing, is indeed an  
anxiety,  
But not to be able to pick up the track of his direction  
Is the most pitiable thing we have ever heard of!"

If one cannot recognize a footprint,  
How will one detect the track of a bird  
Which flies high? The Bird of the sky has blue wings,  
And it requires the crystal eyes of the heart  
To separate blue from blue. It requires

The heart's purely stretched ear  
To distinguish her song from the silence.

It's murder, getting up  
To go into the stone-quarry after six hours sleep.  
The body says, "My God,  
                                what have I done  
That you so treat me?"  
                                Stifle its complaint  
In an upturned bucket of water,  
                                and stretch each muscle gradually  
In the still cool rising sun.  
Then breakfast of porridge and toast  
                                and a good swill of tea,  
Pick up the hammer  
                                and into the quarry.  
The first blow stings the arms and back  
                                like a smart cut with a whip  
On the surprised flanks of a plodding horse.  
But Sunday will come: a supine Sunday.  
No visitors, thank you.

Then a friend died, leaving us an enormous frigidaire  
And a Steinway piano. The fact  
That there was nothing to put in the one,  
Or get out of the other, didn't matter.  
The humour of it was delightful, and all our friends  
Were immensely pleased.

So I was saying,  
   "My body complains,  
 But because of a stray curl, my forehead smiles:  
 My brow is a dreaming stone,  
 But because of a girl's laughter  
 My eyes have become the birth-bed of flowers:  
 My eyes arc dimmed with weeping,  
 But because of two red lips  
 My own mouth has become most sweet."

The light streams across the pure contours of her face,  
Brightening the day and illumining the path of our  
union.

This song is nothing else but God speaking  
To my sweetheart in the most intimate terms  
He can accumulate from the stone-dust of this quarry.  
This alone is my proof of His existence;  
And that, in her amazing ear,  
He encourages the gradual articulation of a tongue.  
    God has made me black, but He can whiten me if He  
        will,  
    And white on white, to lose myself in my Dawn.

After a bush-fire, with the winter rains  
The trees put on leaves all the way up their trunks.  
The trees are so modest. What is modesty?  
Naked truth covering itself with beauty.  
God is most modest. He covers Himself from all  
But those intimate with Him. The rest  
Can serve; or wait the path of service.

What is the anguish and ecstasy of the saints?  
The same as mortal lovers, whose beloved,  
According to the laws of her own nature  
Discloses a part of her charms, or wholly  
Reveals the line and volume of her form  
Against the back-drop of a white sheet, or whiter beach  
Arched by a towering blue Pacific wave:  
Then covers herself again.

                                    Do not wonder  
That the lovers of God are drunken men.  
One glimpse of their vision would deprive us of our  
    reason.—  
Reason, you beautiful goddess since the Greeks;  
Reason, you dear ox plowing soil  
Which will not grow wheat or flowers.

For what use is reason unless it is inspired  
By a curl? What is law  
If it is not cast in the rhythm of a brown body on golden  
    sands?  
If our thought cannot match her vision  
Curving with flight of sea-gulls,

The only remedy is salt-water. which has healing  
properties  
Not mentioned in books of medicine.

(Since my day of fortune, when the dawn  
Opened a night in my breast and the sun shone,  
My eyes, their lashes screening and distorting truth,  
Opened wide,  
And my sight became keen and my speech lucid  
With the articulation of stone—stone  
Of my hammered blood, stone of Anurudhapura.)

But that man goes to bed with fortune herself,  
Whose beloved has made her nakedness her modesty:  
Whose form is as a perfect work of art,  
Itself a cover on eternal Truth.  
That man becomes a real lover, and God quickly says:  
"Come home to Me, O you who have not been distracted  
By My most possible creation."

Woman is the most beautiful portion of creation,  
And stands midway between the lover and his Goal,  
To turn his feet aside,  
                                or take his hand  
And lead him on, passing the oafs, Lust and Despair,  
And plant his feet upon the shining stair.  
And man to woman? He also to her stands,  
An upright symbol midway across the plains  
Of her desire, to betray her ear  
And drown her trustfulness in the bitter waters  
Of unfulfilment, or with cleft hand  
Swing her frail barque on the course  
Set by the compass of her unerring heart.

For what is a man before beauty has burned  
Him clean? Before the hammers have broken his heart  
And shaped that stone for building? A dead thing  
Simulating activity;  
A clot of blood frozen in its own stare;  
A trophy to adorn Medusa's tresses.

Piety is easy behind the closed doors  
Of hatred of the flesh: or behind the window-pane  
Of imagined sufficiency: and to imagine  
Lust and anger do not reside in that white breast.  
Said Hafiz:

If it were spring  
And there was a garden, and  
One so fair offering you wine  
In a crystal cup of inviting,  
And at that moment  
You refused her,—then  
O pious one would I believe you!

O friend, piety needs to be tested  
In a fire called love; tempered in a water  
Called life, before it can become spirituality.  
Demolish your illusory shelter—  
And if the wind that blows upon you  
Should have in passing caressed a form  
Straight as a mountain-ash, or a head  
Golden as wattle, and your delicate skin  
Is disturbed by tendrils of passion,  
Then see if *your* God can transmute that burning to glory.

There is a justice, even to the last farthing.  
And how does one pay one's debts? Not by calculation,  
(Job fell into that trap and counted two ones  
And naturally God would not put up  
With such infant reckoning as that)  
But by recognition that each one one meets  
Is Sadguru's form itself.—  
Respect for life in all its forms,  
Even to one's neighbour: to the least,  
The easiest overlooked. Respect and gratitude.  
Gratitude is the most worth-while of all our virtues:  
Gratitude to one's parents who gave one life,  
For if one doesn't want life  
One should be honest and immediately cut one's throat;  
Gratitude for the friend's help, and betrayal,  
For without his help we might have perished,  
And without his betrayal  
We would have incurred fresh debts of attachment;



Gratitude to one's lover for the secret awakening  
And pain. for without the one  
We would still have slept,  
And without the other, become idolaters,  
Baking the fragile vision of her form  
To solid contour and impermanent volume.  
For tears are the only means of melting earth,  
And pain is a hammer to break a heart  
Into building blocks for a house  
That will contain the beloved's voice.

O brothers, break your own prisons,  
Instead of crying for the comfort of companionship in  
your cell.  
Open your hand so that the Bird may take flight and  
freedom;  
Then invite your heart's love to trust her hand in yours,  
And follow that Bird's amazing trackless flight.

So long as we want, we need:  
And the needy should sue, or fight for better conditions.  
The best plan is to enlist in Guru's service:  
"We return from the lesser war to the greater war";  
The war against the ossifying bone,  
The stone deposit in the blood.

Go buy a walling-hammer and a bitch-pick.  
Drive your line of wedges across the centre of the block,  
So the resistance of the mass breaks itself;  
Board it, and divide again; dress and pitch each stone—  
Making your hammer at each blow spell Guru's name.

Know that resistance is ignorance  
(And indecision, an ass between two heaps of hay).  
And further ignorance arises through resistance—  
Darkness upon darkness buried in the stone.  
But in the depth, faint light  
Awaiting the relentless hammers of release  
(Their song rings day and night in the quarries of love),  
And if one works *with* the hammers  
The muscles do not kick the bones out of their joints.

Do not be like the lover who sought his sweetheart's lips,  
But could not pass the boundary of his own arms:  
He went to bed in a fever  
And awoke with a cold.

Do not be like the man who wanted a lion  
Tattooed on his skin,  
But could not endure the prick of the needle.  
First there is the smoke of sweat and fire as the pick  
Bites into the stone; then as the mass splits,  
From its depths, a gasp, and sigh of release.  
Oh, in that sigh is the birth of suns and direction,  
And a promise of light's union.

O brother, if you would hold within your hand  
That which is fair and imperishable,  
Take a hammer and open a quarry in your own heart:  
The business of cutting stones will make your hands  
Sensitive to fragileness; with the sweat in your muscles  
Will evaporate many attachments to "Mine."  
"Mine" stands between you and the object of your desire,  
But the open hand is reverent  
And holds not the bird of another's soul.  
The true lover is he who would bruise his own hands  
In helping his beloved break the bars of her own cage  
Even though it be of gold and seeming pleasance.  
A golden cage is still a cage.  
A closed fist contains nothing.  
Open your hand and find your treasure there.

The true lover is he, who like the bee  
Flies highest for his queen, even though union  
Is death. And if a moment elapses  
When death forgets to call, cries, "O God,  
Why have you thrown me back on the dust-heap of  
myself?"

Who is this divine beloved? That one  
Whom you find in the most depths of your own heart.  
That one, for whom Leandro in the depth of night  
Swam Hellespont to win one simple kiss;  
That one, for whom Majnun turned himself

Into the very tree of life. That one  
For whom the perfect Hafiz flooded the world  
With song: that one, for whom the lovely Mira  
Threaded the Brinda groves with ecstatic feet;  
That one. for whom Sappho lit the fire,  
Arid poured the sacred wine. That one for which  
The simplest one of any one of us  
Can renounce himself and take that road,  
Which no one before he has travelled it  
Knows where it leads.

And if it leads  
To the sea which drowned Leandro, or the cup  
By which Hafiz met his death, or the word  
Which was Majnun's axe of undoing,  
Or the blank page of Sappho's furthest vision,  
Or Mira's simple song, to break our life  
To lifeness,—then are we fortunate indeed,  
And enter immeasurably into immortality.

Now of what use is a Majnun to the world?  
No use, except that he shows to us the meaning  
Of the mean-ness of our agitation. He is the idle one  
Active in the pursuit of purpose; whereas  
We are full of purpose and achieve only idleness.  
Our treadmill gives us the illusion of journeying—  
And the merry-go-round goes round and round and round.  
Hot-dog;

a stranger's wink, and another candy-bar.

And Li Po brought down the mountain to the moon.  
And the Friends of God dance in the arrow of an eye.

I am also a stranger, acquainted with sorrow.  
Therefore are the animals inquisitive with me:  
Particularly the Dog and the Bull, and the Bear and the  
Tiger.

They know me as one of their own kind—  
One who raises its muzzle to its Master,  
Straining behind its eyes to penetrate His purpose.

It was Majnun for whom the dawn waited.  
And when the sun rose, he said, "Where is Majnun?"

And when Majnun was sifting Leila from the grains of  
sand,  
He covered his face with clouds  
And burned in Majnun's grief.  
Majnun sifted the sand looking for his Leila.  
O God, if he had sifted dust he would have found me.

This is a strange condition which thrives equally  
On association or separation. But when  
The lover realizes the beloved is none but himself,  
"Union or separation is none of his business."

O woman with dark eyes, do not look at me.  
I am a beggar, outcaste and untouchable.  
That which attracts you is another woman's eyes  
Set in the dust of my face; her curls  
Sweeping in mercy my ancient brow,  
So that this stone forehead, dreaming in the sun,  
Appears to smile. This which you take for tears,  
Is the dew night wept waiting for the dawn.

If you say the dawn is coloured, I will answer,  
That is the different dresses which she wears:  
Her heart is white. Dawn is a virgin  
Who gives herself only to the sun, her natural element,  
Which is perpetual chastity. Unchaste  
Is in adulteration and possessing; not  
In giving purely.  
Where the eyes imprison the object of beholding,  
Where the mouth wounds with its word  
The sensitive ear, where the touch  
Bruises the seed in the careful earth, this is unchastity.

The function of the eyes is one: to be a pathway  
For the union of light; speech  
Is to enwisdom and illuminate;  
Touch, to console, and release floods  
Of innocence. The pure dawn  
Gives herself every morning to the sun's embrace,  
And models chastity.

Unchaste is the light smouldering in flesh of stone,  
Breathing its smoke hotly in jealous seizing,

Wrapping aspirations in a haze of fear.  
But an honest sigh is smoke of burnt offering  
Towards release: as Mohammed showed the man in a  
dream  
Who had swopped his earnest sigh  
For another's voluble prayers. "A bad bargain!"  
The Prophet said: "Your sigh  
Was worth more than all his rambling words."

The beginning of the affair  
Is to clearly understand that as regards another,  
One can only act as a catalyst for light.  
(How can one centre of unconsciousness ever unveil  
another?)  
But by purifying one's motive, by polishing  
One's heart so that it becomes a mirror,  
One can reflect the essential purity  
Of another back to him, and so  
Encourage him in his unfolding.  
Union consists in the image reflected in the mirror  
Being known as one's own self.

First the lover sees  
His beloved as a brightness within his heart,  
Then he discovers that that brightness  
Is nothing but his own life, his spring of being.

The only difference between a Majnun and a Shams  
Was that Majnun became a mirror to Leila,  
And Shams became straightway a mirror  
To himself. Therefore he never knew separation:  
He hammered of himself his own sun;  
Majnun had to await the woodsman's axe.  
And this fool? stone of a head, stone of a quarried heart,  
Builds him a house, hoping of fair dimension,  
So that one whose name is writ in every word  
He writes, may be well pleased and comfortable:  
In one hand a hammer, in the other a glass slipper  
Which will only fit one foot.

A glass slipper in a stone-mason's hand?  
And who better than a stone mason  
To hold in reverence that which is most fragile?

His gentleness is a reward of his labour:  
The pain of the stone being split, and of the fibres  
Of his muscles being tempered by the stone's resistance.  
Therefore as Raferty said, his gentleness  
Is without misery and grasping.

The beloved is a pathway unto love,  
And it is only love  
Which can make a pathway to the beloved. In this Way,  
There is no room for bargaining: it is only love  
Which can turn a stone heart into a diamond reflecting  
light.

Since the light of intelligence is everywhere,  
How can this light become a pathway? Intelligence  
Discriminates the superior beauty of the beloved:  
The distance between oneself and her  
Becomes a path. Walk one step, and love  
Draws on ten more; take ten  
And her glance draws another hundred.  
When there is faithfulness,  
The journey can be short as a straight line;  
Otherwise one can wander a life-time in search of nothing.  
"Nothing" is the allurement at each step  
Inviting the traveller to return  
To the nothingness of himself—  
Braying his triumph along a flinty road:  
While a smiling hangman  
Dangles a noose in a careless ready hand.

Wave the lights, wave the lights.  
Adore intelligence.  
Adore the home of intelligence.

At the Diwali Festival  
Millions of lights are lit  
In honour of light.

At the Kali-Puja  
Clay is taken from the river  
And made into an image of the Universal Mother,

Who gives birth only to destroy,  
And destroys again to give birth,  
That the singer may become pure enough to sing,  
That the song may experience its infinite measure  
Within the bar-lines of our intellectual frame;  
That it may experience its unlimited forbearance  
Within the boundaries of our stubborn pity.  
At the end of the Festival  
The clay is returned in dignity to the river,  
So that the worshipper might light his own ideal,  
And not become an idolater.

Oh, wave the lights.  
Oh, adore with increasing joy  
Our increasing heritage.

Zarathustra taught the people to worship light:  
To bow to the rising sun;  
To see Him in the fire: to light one's life  
In the eyes of one's beloved;  
To know in her touch, the encouragement of growth;  
To learn in her kiss the mystery of harvests.  
To read in the moon of her brow  
The order of tides and seasons;  
To catch in the net of her hair  
The promise of immortality, and grandeur.

Zarathustra taught the people  
That God is the one shining Intelligence  
Which lights every activity in creation;  
Which dreams, and bursts forth  
In myriad forms of beauty, dazzling, bewildering  
Even to Intelligence Itself. Ever  
It returns to Itself, to catch Itself  
In further amazement.  
Greatest of the great, least of the least,  
It hides Itself in the sealed skin of a tear.  
Then flowers a lifetime in the petals of a smile.  
In one glance it rips a corridor through the closed palaces  
of sound;  
In one word it hides the lyric speech of all ages.

"Once in a thousand years."—

Say it, Pir.

Say it! Though the melody of your voice  
Is a knife in my breast!

"Once in a thousand years It comes down  
To witness the play of Its own creation."

O God, how does one attain to Lakhan Shah's dream?  
How does one become a garland-weaver, like Phulwala?  
How does one become a Sufi, on whose every word  
Another bird of freedom takes its flight?

No doubt love is a madness, but which would one,  
To be a corpse rotting by the wayside, or the voice of a  
harp  
Through trees? Even if you refuse love, and die,  
God may still grow a rose out of your dust—  
So do not necessarily think you can escape the flame of  
pain.  
And though we are still stone in the blood,  
Once we were also stone in our bones and flesh.

I waited for you before moonrise  
But you could not come,  
Because it was ordained that I had to become the moon.  
I had to become the coolness of water,  
The coolness of your eyes,  
Before I could look into your eyes  
And behold my own image  
In the clear outlines of its natural poverty.

So the moon could not rise  
Until I arose and poured milk abundantly—  
And as its colour spread over the sky,  
And its light vanished into the light of the Dawn,  
I became nothing but an eye reflecting her ardent purity;  
A tongue ambitious on account of her fragile splendour.

And who arose from this melting?  
Who laughed a great laugh which splintered the sky  
Into mornings; who caught up the flowers' white scent  
And flung it over my sweetheart for her bridal-veil?—



Sadguru: Who is my Dawn and myself; my hope and pilgrimage.

By now the stone was coming out in smooth blocks  
Translucent as water, albeit streaked  
Here and there with pale crimson.  
And there was a murmur on the face of the stone,  
And I cried, "Is it possible for blocks of stone to sing?  
Is it possible that Sadguru intends His song  
To be uttered in this land?" And my hammer dropped  
from my hand,  
And I hid my face in my beloved's dress.

Then she answered, "Sweet is your head between my  
breasts at night,  
But day is for labour. Arise, O man!  
I will pour oil on your hands;  
I will put my kiss in your cup,  
And stir prayer into our food as I cook it,  
And garnish it with sprigs of delight as I serve it."

So I said, "You have made sweet the bitterness of flesh,  
You have made easy the travail of stone.  
You are blessed beyond woman's fairness,  
You are endowed even beyond the tenderness of young  
grass;  
Shadowless as a drop of dew in the early morning."

And returned to quarrying:  
And a light streamed from my eyes  
And met the struggle of stone seeking release,  
And milk poured from my finger-tips  
Softening its pain.

Now from over the rim of my ears  
Came a song, immeasurably distant and clear,  
And I knew that my companion  
Had conceived the child of her pure desire.  
And my head fell on my breast  
Praising the mercy of God. And my praise  
Was taken up by the leaves and cicadas;

And an odour arose from the stone  
Intoxicating my nostrils.

Oh, the immense journey from our static dream under  
the moon, my beloved,  
To the first articulation of our joints—tongues of heroic  
hopes!—

As we stood smilingly patient while the storms  
Fed us to further life.  
The wet leaves of your branches against my limbs  
Was the first caress of your hands  
And your first healing kiss.

Then we stood  
In streams, washing the sand carefully out of our flesh,  
And the reflection of our forms in the water  
Raised the song of the waters to a new key.  
Our shout was in the sun; and the moon moulded our cry;  
And terror still lurked in the corners of our nostrils  
As they caught messages on the wind.

And wandered afar, and slew the same beasts,  
Which we had been, for food and clothing.  
The light in your eyes fanned my blood into many  
funeral pyres,  
But also burned areas of gentleness within my heart.

Where do we stand now, O heart? Surely somewhere  
more than midway  
Between dream and realization!

My beloved is a dictionary of beauty  
In which every word has many subtle meanings.  
She is a text-book in the science of love;  
A road-map of journeying; a time-table of arrival,  
And a companion of encouragement.

She is the dawn which awakened me,  
And the sky which accommodates me in my journey  
Following the track of the sun.  
Her curls are the logic of my unreason,  
And in the clear light of her eyes I seek annihilation.

I thank my Dawn, and my thank-you is my kiss,  
And my kiss is my sigh occasioned by the perfume of her  
    beauty—  
The shining forth,  
From the fragile line of her immense form,  
Of the light of our Sun.

Stone has no voice, only a dream of sound  
In the dome of silence: so it will keep your secret.  
So if you quarry stone and build a house,  
And close the doors and whisper your sweetheart's name,  
No one will ever hear about it—only she  
Who lives in your own ear.

Stone is a dream seeking hands to give it articulation.  
Stone is a voice buried underneath sorrow.  
Sun is a hammer forging the diamonds of morning.  
Dawn is an accommodation which contains the dream.

Stone is a boundary defining its own limitation.  
Stone is a cradle where sleeps the infant-God.  
Sun is a Man who shattered my self-containment.  
Dawn is the woman who wrapped my pain in her breast.

Come. If we were to stay by this flower's lip  
Another moment, we would forget our duty.  
The sun has risen, and bids us to work again:  
Wrap my sinews in your perfect heart of love,  
So that the hammer-blows fall softly in this heart of stone.

## THE HOUSEHOLDERS



## The Householders

Not yet have I begun my song to you.  
Turn back the rivers: the sun is steadily in the sky,  
But much water is yet needed so that the green stalks  
May become golden-eared; so that the golden grain  
May contain the green-ness of the next spring.

Dawn is returned to the valleys;  
A fresh breeze awaked somewhere in the East  
And came laden with the peace of the ocean  
Which breaks along our beaches.—  
And the call in my heart.

Call, call again in the heart's green depths,  
Call, that the vision may not diminish,  
But grow in lustre. Call, that the green shoots  
May be nourished; that the full-eared wheat  
May be protected against rust or storm.

Call, that this age of stone may be comforted;  
That the dark lanes of blood may become  
Highways of light and commerce. O my soul!  
Call me from blanketed vigils  
To the light-circled horizons of your pure joy.

By now were the foundations of our house laid,  
And one- room built, which we moved into. The summer  
    storms  
Had ripped the thin tent, which had sheltered us  
    through the winter,  
To shreds. One room of cut stone,  
And floor and roof; and a large window  
Opening on the sun: a place inviolate  
In which to practise calling; a sanctuary  
In which to husband song; a retreat  
In which to nourish poverty.

After gratitude has become somewhat established,  
Then there arises the desire for poverty,

So that the Beloved may become all in all;  
So that the eyes become naught but mirrors to that  
    beauty:  
Even that the eyes become single in purity.

The lover perceives that truly he has no existence  
Except in the Beloved; that he  
Is but a wall between himself and God.  
A division in existence; a cover  
And a shame disquieting truth.

This, we decided, my companion in journey and I,  
And our love took on new meaning: our glances to each,  
Became the tearing of veils; our caresses,  
The shattering of false dreams; and our kiss  
A morning drink fresh as dew amongst grasses.

Activity became defined in new clear outlines:  
Our labours, chants; our bent backs  
Phrase-marks of a new music, which blended  
Drums of earth and flutes of vision.  
And so grew our house and our peace.

For the Doctrine of the Great Liberation  
Is rooted in peace. And peace, in poverty.  
When the earth is become poor, heaven is won;  
When heaven has paled in enjoyment, and the dream  
Vanishing, the pilgrim takes in earnest  
The path to God. For only in God  
Is even the earth's abundance.

Activity is bondage, and release.  
"We lead those by the right path whom We will;  
We lead those by the wrong path whom We will."  
That which brought us here, can take us home.  
Our activity brought us in search of the Beloved;  
Our activity will take us hence still in our search.

For we arc as boats taken as listeth the wind,  
To endure both storm and coral-pleasaunce for awhile,  
Until we arc cast upon the further shore of Truth.  
Even from that first day out of paradise:

And He covered us from ourselves,  
He enveloped us with care,  
And sent us forth out of Eden,  
Out of the angelic enclosure of innocence,  
To wander in migratory miles of search.

And taught us how to build houses  
To be our new sacred enclosures  
That would be more ample than anything  
We had previously known. For the angels  
Have innocence but not knowledge.

And continued to feed us.

And we multiplied ourselves in separation,  
And as the distances grew,  
The original choruses became faint:  
Faint as the drum-beat of a dying pulse,  
Faint as the secret cry of crowded nights,  
Faint, until only by our eyes  
Could we measure star-movements;  
And only by the demand of our blood,  
Measure another's sorrow.

And the nights, which had been clear pauses of refresh-  
ment:  
Dew to the eyes, and silence to the earth,  
Became the occasions of our greatest pain:  
Hot in untimeliness, sweating  
The cold reaction of spent ardour.

So it was  
That God framed covenants of protection,  
And said: "All right—when the cry becomes too intense  
For the frame to comfortably carry; when the gaps  
Have widened, and the wounds seem beyond medicine,

I will take one of your own forms  
Without in the least diminishing My lustre,  
And set Myself at intervals along the roads  
Of recovery; re-true your purpose,  
And step your ideal to a new imaging."



So was the pure Word amongst us for our comfort.  
And after that, the Scriptures, successively  
To each appearance of the Word; and the technical  
    details  
Of bush-walking, such as general fitness,  
Equipment, etc.

O Word! we await thy voice.

How can this land endure more than endurance?  
How can cracked lips sing sweetly in thy praise?  
How can this house be finished,  
Each stone a note in your song; each wall  
A mirror to your perfect form?

Poverty reduces the obstacles.

Ten commandments were you given,  
Ten commandments and one practice:  
That thou shalt remember thy God all the days of thy life.  
But no commandments have been kept,  
And none think it necessary to remember.

Greater profit has been discovered in sweat;  
Shorter hours of labour, and higher taxes on wages and  
    returns.  
But naught is returned to the God of bounty;  
And none turn in their leisure to remember the God of  
    bestowal.

And God said to Kain: "Because you are a violent  
    usurper,  
Because you have slain gentleness in your manner,  
Heaping prejudice into a mountain;  
See, I will scatter your power and throw down your house,  
And you shall go staggering in blindness and uncertainty,  
Until even you shall double your shadow  
In measured lengths on the ground to Mecca;  
Or cut with your hands steps in the ice to Kailasa.

Because we have usurped the accommodation of the ear  
To natural harmony and fine music; the eye  
To line; the touch to volume and form.

Because we can all read, and cherish no word.  
Because we build houses, but hold no trust in them:  
Giving timber no due, nor steel, nor stone, nor cement.  
Because we use, but give no thanks:  
Use, but help not.—I have given all things  
Into your hand for you to protect and encourage—

Cold-hell. place of separateness: But separation  
Engendereth heat, so even the last men,  
Even the usurers, who use men's minds  
As receptacles for tired verse, last shiver of violence,  
Will march back again: sweat of blood  
In their eyes, cry of stone on their lips.  
Cry of leaf in their ears; sweat of blood  
Greasing their bellies through the grass.

Tendrils of grass they know not,  
Though they limn their lines with nature epithets.  
Suck of babe is not in their breasts,  
Where there is no milk of inspiration.  
Girl's voice pierces not their loins with shadow of  
lightning.  
There was no awakening beside her on white sands  
With kiss of sun in her eyes, or breeze  
Amorous of her bosom.

Yes, there was a war, two wars,  
"And the poet reflects the tremors of his time"—  
But it is not the poet's job to rot seed  
For future horoscopes. It is his work  
To cultivate time so that the times  
May catch hope in further endeavour;  
So that the cry of "Where?" is answered by,  
"There is the direction!" Not torture the wound  
With probing finger of doubt,  
But with clean scalpel, or balm,  
Heal the disease, and encourage new tissue.

In science and charity is the help of the created kingdoms:  
And in the poet's hand is the destiny of men's children.

There is a law which is absolute:  
A law which the bright Sons of God have taught us :  
That mind contains, and creates within itself.  
"Sow your despair, and reap tomorrow's frustration.  
Sow guile and deceit and become desperate.  
Use. and be used; close your fist over desire  
And fashion a hammer of destruction.  
Dissipate the line of your art, and watch life vanishing;  
Thicken it, and bind your eyes with clay."

And the last hell? That no man of honest labour  
Chants their songs. No "processions for Giotto,"  
No "opening of Hafiz' Book for divination."  
No quick smile, "You know Jetsun's Ten Thousand  
Verses?"  
No talk of their name at table;  
No quotation during courtship.  
No eye turned to the moon at their passing.

The last men take away the kingdom of the child.  
They wither the passion of creation that leaps in the  
lover's pulse.

"Emerald findeth no Memling."

This is dry land: yes, but smoothed of violence:  
Where the many are not crushed for dust of bones,  
And cream of blood skimmed, to make mortar  
For building bricks for houses for a few.  
None cry from frozen gutters; nor lean  
Patiently upon remembrance of sun  
Returning from winter solstice. No hordes of war  
Like locusts wasting the rest of the land  
Left from erosion. No violence of earthquake  
To finish the devastation.  
Yet even because  
Of the quietness of the seasons, and  
The smooth contour of the landscape—of valleys  
Rising imperceptibly into the hills,  
And mountains melting back into the plains,  
Are we complacent; satisfied with whole  
Belly-skins stuffed with food, while the frozen springs of  
heart

Cry for sun of release.—  
Green-belt of coast, and dry Interior—  
Like a harlot decked with gaudy rags of silk  
And perfume: womb dry of child, corroded  
With men's lust; breast sealed by time against time's  
Pure event.

God buildeth houses. He makes sweet the bed,  
And profitable the morning.  
He has hammered suns for our labour,  
Arid carved out moons for our delight.  
He has built shrines in women's hearts  
(This is the meaning of woman being made after man).

He has set Himself gloriously at intervals  
Along the roads (Messiah, Avatar, Rassoul).  
He wanders the paths and streets (the Abduls or saints)  
Every morning He marches armies into creation,  
And every night He withdraws them to their rest.

Every turn of the earth is a movement of His dance;  
And every leaf of rain reflects His perfect Vanity.  
Every finished form is His house;  
Every nourished breast is His home.  
HE, the Great God, otherwise homeless  
Except in His ineffable Withdrawal.

"I AM THE FOOD.

I AM THE EATER.

I AM THE GO-BETWEEN."

Who nourishes the god; him the god nourishes.—  
The principle behind burnt-offering, the libation-cup.  
The Chod-practicant offers his body to the elements;  
The Sage makes his body a house, his heart  
An altar whereon he burns his desires.  
A Sufi said,  
"The world shall live in me, not I in it."

The Saint makes the world his home;  
Roams freely, his outstretched palm his begging-bowl,

And takes his rest in Samadhi on the cool sands  
Of some delightful river bed,  
    (Om Namo Sadasiva!)  
And the Perfect Ones  
Inhabit a seven storied house—  
All floors simultaneously.

All men cry with hunger, but who says "Give us this  
    day...?"  
If every adult in this continent fasted one day  
And took God's Name, the erosion of soil would cease,  
And the means at hand to turn back the rivers  
To blossom fountains and cities in the interior.

O God! O Word! O sacred rivers of life!  
O the bitter waters of tears which we have wept  
Outside the walls of Troy, beyond the gates of Babylon,  
Amongst the red sand-hills around Menindie—  
How much wheat would you have grown

Had we yoked His Name to the sighs from our pent-up  
    breasts?  
Had we loved the earth and watched the tides of her  
    seasons?  
Had we remembered the dew that kisses lover's eyes;  
Had we known the Dawn, and cut our roads  
Following the track of the Sun?

Hunger sharpeneth meditation.  
Hunger is a broom with which the adept sweeps clean his  
    house.

When the light grows on the peaks  
The valleys seem desolate.

Jetsun Milarepa said to his friend,  
"My Guru married in order  
That he might better serve all sentient beings.  
For me to do likewise  
Would be like the hare trying to emulate the lion."

So he clung to solitude along the ice walls  
Of Everest. And living on nettle soup  
Built for himself a house of supreme comfort,  
Big enough to house eight perfect disciples  
Along with a considerable list of lesser lights;

Hospitable enough to welcome even  
The Gcshi's concubine, who poisoned him.  
This latter being the last pearl  
Jetsun strung upon the necklace  
With which he gaily adorned himself.

Dressed in a gown of warming angel's breath,  
He gave his sermons in verse;  
Always bowing in spirit before his Guru's feet.  
He became Tibet's most honoured saint  
And popular poet: even today as such, 800 years.

When the light grows on the peaks ...

And Yajñawalkya,  
                    who said,  
Even before the contest had begun:  
"Drive the cows home to my place."  
And when Gargi objected—"Gargi!  
I have a shield which will catch all your darts  
And return them to you. My shield is my house  
(Secret protected place), and my house  
Is a mirror to the Name of Truth.  
Proceed with your questions, and I will write  
The answers back again on your mind's slate."

And Tukaram, not so dumb: When they said,  
"Your wife might not have died of hunger  
Had you worked, instead of senselessly  
Repeating God's Name day and night, and forgot duty"  
Replied "Others too died who did not take the Name."

As did Master Kung, John Yepes  
Established peace in his own house.  
Then did appear unbidden the Beatitudes,  
Each with baskets laden.

And Lot: I left my house in the city  
Where there was nothing but turmoil and trouble,  
And retreated into the cave on the mountain-side.  
It was then that my daughters  
Brought me to drink that cup  
Which no man knoweth except by God's grace;  
And I became lost in my own joy and wisdom.

And Majnun. And Dante. And Chandidas  
Within the pure frame of Rami's heart  
Comfortable and free, ecstatic in song  
Out-pouring Radha's love for her Krishna.  
And whose verses, later taken up by Chaitanya,  
Prince of women in the house of song.

Enter the house and close the door. Let the night wind  
Return to the sea. Leave the stars to their own song,  
And the earth to its labour. All these things  
Have their own Charge-men who receive orders direct  
from God.  
I wear the robe of honour which Love has given me.

This is the secret abode of my beloved,  
She, who is the enlightened night  
Which wraps my body in release;  
Who is the Dawn which sweeps a pathway for the Sun  
Which burns myself to ashes, and my soul to peace.

When your nine months has nearly run its course  
You will find prayer easy,  
And you will long for solitude.

When the lights show red, you rest:  
When they turn green, you go on again ....

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## Register of Editorial Alterations

Page 23, stanza 4, line 2, atunement changed to attunement  
Page 33, stanza 2, line 3, embloomed changed to enbloomed  
Page 45, stanza 3, line 2, involvment changed to involvement  
Page 64, stanza 2, line 8, hierarchial changed to hierarchical  
Page 98, stanza 4, line 2, idolatory changed to idolatry