

# Poems to Avatar Meher Baba

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Typesetting by Draco, Berkeley, Calif.

Typing assistance by Annie Lee Stoval

Production

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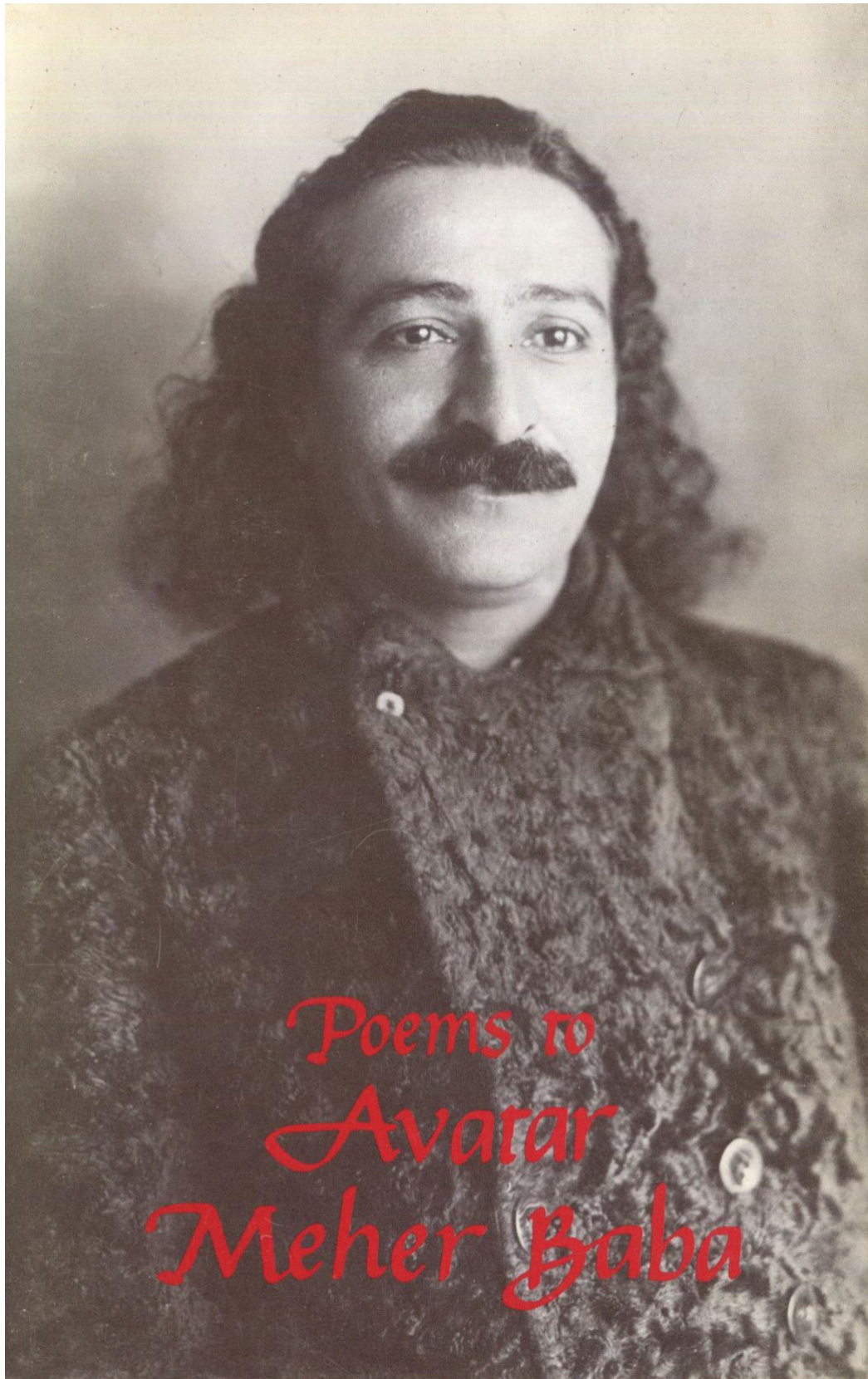
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*Poems  
to  
Avatar  
Meher  
Baba*



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# *Introduction One*

Together these poems make an anthology, that is, a collection of anthers or flowers shaped into a garland and presented as an adornment for Meher Baba. This is the intention, I believe, of every poet and poem contained in this book. Meher Baba enjoyed poetry; he quoted it, he wrote it, encouraged it, received it, and inspired it. The variety of work herein indicates how freely people feel to express themselves to him. And the commonality of the poems is the depth of feeling he inspires. The poetic images caught in the poems are taken from many loving angles, and in a way resemble the photos of Meher Baba - that is, they are all so different.

This book began in the Spring of 1980 at Meher Spiritual Center in South Carolina when three aspiring poets met and shared their writings. They were Jim Migdoll, Ed Hobson, and Ward Parks. Subsequently they decided to solicit from all directions poems written to or inspired by Meher Baba, over a one year period. And then they hoped to publish this collection. During this time Steve Klein and Stephen Paul Miller were called upon to edit or judge in the final selection of poems. They did a phenomenal job of collecting and editing, but unfortunately they were not able to publish. I became interested in this book, eventually made some changes to the original text, and found a way to have it printed.

There are many people to thank for their contributions to this project: the poets especially, the editors, the artists, the typists, the typesetters and printers, and those who encouraged and supported it.

In a certain letter by Eruch Jessawalla, he said that Bal enjoyed having people who were "dancing lights of love" around him. I hope these poems will fit into each reader's dance to the Eternal Beloved.

*Ben Leet*

# *Introduction Two*

When we decided to try and put together an anthology of Baba poetry, word was sent out that poems written for, about, or inspired by Meher Baba were being sought. So many people responded that the editors were soon swamped with material. What a delight it was to wade through it all, but what a heartache to have to decide which poems (due to space limitations) would have to be excluded. That was the hardest and the most unpleasant (indeed the only unpleasant) task of the whole procedure.

The selection process was not based on literary "quality".

Even if the editors could have agreed on which were the "best" poems, they knew that would have missed the whole point of a Baba anthology. While there is no doubt that Baba enjoyed the skill and artifice of the master poets, Hafiz, Galib, Jiggar, Francis Brabazon, it is also true that He appreciated even more the spontaneous and untutored language of the heart.

While the final poems selected vary widely in terms of style, imagery, literary technique and facility of expression, they all share one thing, a heartfelt devotion to Meher Baba. Each poem is a note in love's song, and what the editors tried to do was choose a full range of notes so that some of the majesty and grandeur and heart-touching simplicity of Baba's love song could be heard echoing through the pages of this book.

To any contributors who feel hurt that their poems were not included, we sincerely apologize. Perhaps this book will delight enough hearts so that another volume might be published in the future which will include the poems we didn't have space for. In the meantime, we can only hope that all will be able to turn the page, enter the heart and share the love therein.

*Steve Klein*



# *Contributors*

*in order of appearance*

Shavak Framji  
Paul Smith  
J. DeLyser  
David Miotke  
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Maud Kennedy  
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Michael Le Page  
Oswald Hall  
Rick Chapman  
Ward Parks  
Alice Duncan  
Nonny Gayley



## JAI BABA

*A simple prayer for daily good and noble life.*

Begin the day with God,  
Kneel down to Him in prayers  
Lift up thy head to His Abode  
And seek His Love to share.

Open the Book of God,  
And read a passage there,  
That it may hallow all thy thoughts  
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,  
Whatever thy work may be,  
Wherever thou art at home, abroad,  
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God,  
Thy spirit heavenward raise,  
Acknowledge every good bestowed,  
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude thy day with God,  
Thy sins to Him confess,  
Trust in Lord's atoning blood,  
And plead His Righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,  
Who gives His servant sleep,  
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,  
He will thee guard and keep.

AMEN      AMEN      AMEN

*Shavak Framji*  
(Cycle Walla)

## AWAKENING

I have seen His hands upon the children  
bathe stumps of smiling lepers  
eat with the food poor of the Universe  
converse with shining mothers  
cuddle their babes  
laugh.

I have seen His sandaled feet  
move rapidly across a courtyard  
instigating the motion of the stars  
the awakening of the heart  
the swoop of birds  
upon the merging sea.

I have seen His hands  
His eyes  
His face  
speak words  
that span Creation  
that enflame the heart  
until it is agony  
to be without Him.  
I have sensed His loneliness  
and my loneliness  
revealed itself to me.

*Paul Smith*

## AN ORIENTAL SIMILE

Like petals  
On rice paper  
Love imparts its gentle hues  
Unto the hearts  
Of friends.

*J. DeLyser*

Upon seeing that you have safely returned, the heart smiles  
At fortune's gift, your beauty containing all that beguiles.

Your cheek, softer than a silken veil hiding your auburn hair.  
Your mouth filled with honey sweetness, driving the lover to  
despair.

Your eyes, dark and deep, pools of wonder, surrounded  
By soft shadows from gently curved brows, loveliness  
unbounded.

Graceful movements filled with love sing as well as any voice.  
Silent music fills this heart with wine, making it truly rejoice.

It wants to tell of this intoxicating experience, to sing  
Of you Darling, of You, selfless giver of tender loving.

The vine's purple fruit beckons the lover to come and taste  
That which can only be had through experience, not in haste.

For the aging cellars in all their dark, damp coolness  
Will finally provide a warmth that makes one headless and  
footless.

*David Miotke*

## OUT OF THE FATHOMLESS DEPTHS

Once in the great primordial darkness long past  
 You were the relentless hurler of suns.  
 Tirelessly you worked, fashioning to your whim,  
 Spinning and spiralling galaxies on the potter's wheel  
                     of your imagination.

A mighty game of marbles you played  
 There on that dark field of infinite possibility.  
 From out of that game planets, asteroids, and moons  
 Ricocheted and rebounded into their orbits  
                     of imagined journeyings.  
 With this semblance of ordered motion you arranged  
 Into conscious kingdoms the molecular microcosm  
                     of your creation  
 Tracing the long tedium of experimentation  
 In the ebb and swell of extinction and survival.

Then the suns that you had once so feverishly flung  
 Blossomed into golden lotuses floating on the ocean  
                     of your eye.  
 So it happened that the cosmic swirl spored nature's garden,  
 A suitable garden for you to walk in and contemplate  
 The work completed in the vast reaches of your creation game.

Slowly the cosmic garden, full of life, became woven into  
                     an iridescent fabric.  
 A glistening robe with which to clothe Yourself  
                     in the colors of Divinity.  
 You discovered all about you a bubbling fountain of color, Spewing  
 forth as a choiring Hosanna  
                     from your fathomless depths.

*Lyn Ott*

A word-painting based directly on the painting *Out of the Fathomless Depths Love Blooms*, located in the Meeting Hall on Meher Spiritual Center.

## MEDITATION

Be calm, be quiet  
Be still,  
Empty of thought  
Without desires  
We await Your Will

In the night  
In the day  
Each hour, beauty speaks  
A word of God,  
We await Your Will

Alone and silent  
The body sleeps  
The spirit soars  
To-wards the Light  
We await Your Will-

*Maud Kennedy*

## SERVICE

To be Thy slave  
Is my freedom:  
This is the tie  
I fervently seek.

To think of Thee  
In silent joy  
And serve  
Thee In utter secrecy,  
This is my wish.

*Dana Field*

Father in heaven is Meherbaba  
You're all nations' Beloved Baba.

None else is higher than Baba  
You're God on earth, O Meherbaba.

There are many many Babas  
But who can be as You Baba?

They are stars, Sun is Baba  
When rises Sun, the Light of Baba  
Disperses at once all those Babas.

Those who called themselves Baba  
Will feel dismay when they see Baba.

It's an easy task, labelling Baba  
But O my God, the quality of Baba!

It's child's play naming Baba  
Unless authorized by Meherbaba.

From north to south, and east to west  
Plenty Babas, each says, "I am the best."

He who is unreal, fearing the test  
Come along O man with hurry and haste.

Here is BABA, the highest and BEST  
Hold HIS daaman, let go the rest.

Doing so, you feel inner peace and rest  
Meher is Perfect, Real, and *The Best*.

Thousands love Him over east and west  
Confessing this, heart in the chest.

*Aloba*

# BIND ME TO THEE, BELOVED

## *A Prayer to Baba*

Bind me to Thee, Beloved,  
 By the cords of Love.  
 Bind me to Thee  
 By all the colors of the rainbow;  
 By sparkling dew on the lawn on a  
 summer morning;  
 By the drifting snow outside  
 my door in winter;  
 By the songs of birds, and the  
 fragrance of flowers;  
 By all the beauty of the earth  
 and the harmony of nature.  
 Bind me to Thee, Beloved,  
 By the perfection of Thy Wisdom,  
 And the awakening of my mind to  
 Thy Teaching.

Lift my consciousness to Thee,  
 Guide my mind to Thy Knowledge,  
 Still my desires by Thy Power,  
 Awaken my heart by Thy Love,  
 Forgive My imperfections by Thy  
 Compassion,  
 Lead my soul to Thy Abode  
 and let me worship only Thee.  
 Bind me to Thee, Beloved,  
 That I may be Thy slave, Thy servant,  
 Thy pupil, Thy imitator.

Bind me in the chains of Love,  
 Beloved Master,  
 That I may learn to be a true disciple,  
 Receptive to Thy Teaching,  
 Responsive to Thy Love,  
 Awake to Thy Beauty, and  
 Aware of Thy True Nature.

Bind me to Thee, Beloved,  
 And *do not let me go!*

*Josephine Esther Ross*

## THREE HAIKUS

Baba speaks, and His silence  
commands the hearts of  
men  
to hear His voice.



Avatar arrives, and the hidden  
becomes revealed;  
One self in all.



Every clear morning  
my eyes see the color  
of Baba's favourite coat.

*R. W. Robinson*

## BEGGING BOWL SONG

I am a poor man, I beg for my board  
 With a begging bowl that holds as much  
 As I ever care to hoard  
 And I wander through the countryside  
 Begging door-to-door  
 For a bowlful of love, and no more!

Well, one day feeling spritely, confident and wry,  
 I went up to the palace gate  
 Of which I'd long been shy  
 And I begged me a kingdom,  
 Of the porter asking, "Why  
 Does the King get it all, and not I?"

Just then in the distance, we heard a sudden sound,  
 Someone swift approaching  
 And the folk knelt all around  
 For the King in His splendour  
 From the tower room came down  
 And one quivering beggar He found.

He looked at me, my bowl of scraps;  
 He'd seen my like before  
 A smile flashed across His face,  
 • And I trembled even more  
 Then He said, "I'd have given you the kingly store  
 But that bowl can't hold any more!"

Meher, darling Meher, you can see my dismay!  
 I didn't know when I came to you  
 How much You'd give away—  
 My heart's a tiny begging bowl;  
 Just one thing I pray—  
 Make it a little bit bigger every day  
 Make it a little bit bigger every day—

*Heather Nadel*

I suppose there ought to be a law against such overwhelming  
beauty.

What will become of the world when you smile? Men will  
forget duty.

And wander off beyond the fields communing with who knows  
what!

Children will laugh and women start singing, which is all  
right but,

How will that help them prepare for the grim task of  
survival!?

The last thing we need on the brink of doom is fantasy's  
revival—

And what could be more fantastic than the ideal of a Divine <sup>1</sup>  
Beloved,

Except that some "guru" should convince us all that He IS  
that Beloved.

Where is the flaw in our teachings that makes us so  
susceptible?

How is it that your embrace subverts even the once  
respectable?

What right-minded man would kiss another's hand or bow at His  
feet?!

One would think that even lunatics could be a little more  
discreet. . . ,.

But facts are facts: our hearts simply will not withstand  
your smile.

The only question remaining for us curmudgeons is what to do  
meanwhile.

*Ed Hobson*

# AVATAR, MASTER OF MASTERS

Oh Lord Blessed King of men and angels,  
     to you the six planes bow in reverence  
 To you the five perfect masters  
     hand over the keys to the three worlds.  
 Through the kiss of a Divine Woman you are unveiled,  
     and through the universe you are  
     Krishna, Buddha, Christ, Baba become Perfect-Man.  
 With you coming down again,  
     every blade of grass, animal, man or planes-man  
     begs your company.  
 When you begin to walk on this planet,  
     how the very dust clings to your God-Man Feet,  
 You become the Ocean of Wine,  
     and Father, Mother, Brother, Friend, Lord, Master,  
     and our most perfect highest self.  
 One day you became silent,  
     so that through that silence,  
     you would be known to our innermost heart.  
 King of Love Divine come to be with us,  
     to shower your God-Grace of Love,  
 Avatar, Master of masters, Ruler of saints and perfect masters,  
     you come down to us,  
     from the shore-less, night-less, day-less, time-less,  
     where the boon of your love,  
     can turn dust into gold and man into God.  
 You come to us as the consumer of ignorance,  
     the fire of Real Light,  
     the most Holy Beloved,  
     burning up ignorance of God everywhere you go,  
 You have come again,  
     welcome, oh welcome  
     Beloved Ancient One.

*Edward Luck*

## BABA, MY LOVER SUPREME

You are a Jealous Lover - as is said:  
O Precious Love, for You none but the best will do.  
And is there any better – anywhere - than You?  
Though it is Yourself-in-me You love in me (or so it seems—  
Can I *really* be the site of such sweet dreams?)  
I am but Your bed and sportive Couch;  
And - numb with ecstasy and mute - observe in terror  
All the lovely things You do unto Yourself,  
The tender plaything of Your own most tender Love.

I cannot even claim a share in this dear Loving,  
Nor any partnership in any of Your Games:  
Before Your Wonderment of Love can flow,  
Everything I think I am must go.

*Adrian Rawlins*

### THE WAY OF YOUR NAME

When I first began taking your name  
I thought I was putting a noose around my neck,  
a noose that would choke off  
knowledge, creativity, and participation in the world.

Then I found that taking your name  
was the very route to  
knowledge, creativity and the rest.

Now, I worry  
that it is only for these things  
that I take your name.

*Ken Lux*

## MEHERABAD JAIL

Meherabad 's kinda like being in jail  
The sloppy food served from old tin pails

Bars on the windows and cold slab floors  
Tiny brass locks on narrow wood doors

You're only allowed two hot baths per week  
Someone's always in bed sick or weak

The kitchen's playing cards old and worn  
The mattresses hard, lumpy, and torn

Plenty of idle time to look within  
Ponder life patterns and recall past sins

The exercise yard is a road to God's tomb  
Chapel is Arti in the holiest room

The inmates all tell the same old story  
Nabbed for their crimes by God-Man's Glory

Padri shuffles round with a determined air  
The warden's right hand - upright and fair

The Jailer Himself is suspiciously absent  
We suspect that heart's lock-up is where He went

His directives and orders come down very clear  
Through intuitive channels His Silence we hear

Even though Meherabad's kinda like jail  
His sentence of Life-giving Freedom can't fail

We'll happily trade these passing restrictions For eternal  
liberation given through conviction

*Jim Migdoll*

## TO APRIL 1953

## Prologue

1. Our Guru, an Incarnate One, gave us a lead,  
Poona Jhopdi 1922:  
Since then, we've followed His Guide, indeed,  
But oft He said, we very much need,  
Agreements and circulars.
2. Our first circular was born in Bombay,  
1922:  
It said, June the month and tenth the day,  
1923:  
But we forgot it in the month of May,  
1923.
3. Began then our training in right earnest,  
At Arangaon:  
Calm, serene were we, yet full of zest,  
*Ghamela Yoga*: <sup>1</sup>  
Soared we high, thinking it our lives' test,  
We grumbled not.

Circular *Yuga*

4. Some Wine He gave, then we partook,  
Discourses:  
Some paper He gave for us to look,  
An agreement:  
ONE look only, brought us to look,  
For life.
5. As I said, of Wine we did partake,  
Discourses:  
These our spirits buoyant did make,  
Agreements:  
Besides our agreements, for others' sake  
Were circulars.
6. Agreements and circulars came and went,  
For 30 years:  
To devotees, disciples, East, West were sent.  
But April's circular had almost rent,  
These 30 years'.

7. Here goes the month of April's end,  
1953:  
Which in November did much portend,  
1952:  
That it'd surely the Creation send,  
Universal succour.
8. But my friends much do I regret,  
About April:  
For April's end never did beget,  
The result:  
And another circular'll make us forget,  
April '53.
9. And give us time as July, October, or June  
Of any year:  
No doubt, we SHALL still play the tune,  
And grumble too:  
And e'en under the sod, won't be immune,  
To future circulars.

### Epilogue

10. Tho' this seems today a tale of woe,  
Worry not:  
For us, from Destiny, there's no go,  
That's the Law:  
Let's face it all, let's not say, "No,"  
To our *Saqi*. <sup>2</sup>
11. Let *Maya*, her utmost try to stave  
The result:  
Let's face *our* facts, and let her rave  
As ordained:  
But from our *Saqi's* tavern evermore crave  
The Wine.
12. The Wine that *Maya* hates in her creed,  
Illusion:  
With which, her utmost tries to lead  
From Truth:  
The *Atma*,<sup>3</sup> that anon wants to be freed  
For ever.

13. 'Tis true, from Eternity He has sown  
 The Seed:  
 And fools we shall be if we moan  
 About time:  
 ONE THING to sate us, Eternity's Throne  
 Is His Grace.
14. The Seed was sown, I repeatedly say,  
 From Eternity:  
 Let *Maya*, her game of Illusion play,  
 For others:  
 Cheat her, defeat her, for our *Saqi's* Day  
 Has arrived.

Written without any malice to anyone; but presented with  
 profound apologies to the Saints - past, present and future - sinners  
 dead or alive, not excluding the poets.

by  
*Padri.*

#### FOR HOME CONSUMPTION ONLY

P.S. All rights reserved .by the writer himself who, due to an  
 impulse, lost mental balance temporarily and departed from his life-  
 long calling of Grease and Oil, to write something like poetry(?).

P.P.S. As this poetry is being dispatched, he has almost regained his  
 normalcy(?)<sup>1</sup>

---

1 *Ghamela Yoga*: a path or yoga of hard physical labor.

2. *Saqi*: a cup-bearer. The spiritual tavern-keeper who dispenses the  
 wine of Divine Love.

3. *Atma*: the individual soul.

This story or song is a glimpse of our Blue Bus tours with Baba in 1939 and later. It was composed in 1942 for the entertainment of the God-Man and the happy hapless passengers of the Blue Bus in which we journeyed to all parts of India and beyond to Sri Lanka. Built to seat 14 passengers, the Blue Bus ended up seating double that number! Later, when the Blue Bus was retired, Baba had it raffled off to His lovers in India. Keki Desai won the prize and promptly returned the bus to Baba! Smiling, Baba said, "I cannot get the bus off my chest," and had it installed in Meherazad on a brick base to make a cabin in which He secluded Himself for 40 days (the last week of June and all of July 1949), before the start of the New Life. In this bus/cabin, we have also placed the bed that Beloved Baba was lying on when He dropped His beautiful form in 1969.

### A TRUE STORY

There was a bus, so blue was she,  
No sky or hill can bluer be.  
Oh, that time we met her first,  
With joy my heart did nearly burst.

She travelled north, she travelled south,  
East and west and round about.  
Many a place she's wandered to;  
She was a gypsy through and through.

Once she started, nothing could stop her.  
She raced from Bangalore right to Gersoppa.  
While that trip from Dehra Dun to Quetta, \.  
Was too thrilling to express by word or letter.

She'd glide o'er valleys so green to the sight,  
Or through the black jungles up to nearly midnight.  
Sometimes over roads as smooth as glass,  
You'd think they were really too good to pass.

Next moment such shocking roads would meet  
With rage the bus would rattle her teeth.  
While the poor occupants cramped in her belly  
Would shake like the finest Mc'Horton jelly.

What one couldn't help admiring was her Herculean will  
Once she made up her mechanical mind to stand still.  
She'd stop on a mountain or ditch of water  
Or any old place that her fancy caught her.

Or when she was tired (just a pain in the head)  
 She would stop to rest in a soft river bed;  
 And twenty bullocks with humps and all  
 Could but hardly make her move at all.

Sometimes on the journey I've heard her groan,  
 And squeak and clatter in every bone;  
 But the winters she put up with, no doubt,  
 May have given her a formal touch of gout.

In spite of that she was a cheerful bird;  
 For whenever you wished, you could have heard  
 Such laughter and songs inside that'd make yer  
 Think she was a travelling radio.

Sometimes arguments and Oh, such fuss;  
 I wonder what the dear old bus thought of us.  
 She must have often been tickled quite a good bit,  
 For often we've heard her tyre-sides split.

What beats me is the way she always grew bigger.  
 Not that it made any difference to her figure.  
 But with bhagulas and pails forever increasing  
 And fainting and freezing, potatoes and sneezing;  
 Laughing, singing, shouting and snuff,  
 One would have thought she had had enough!

But not once did she let her dignity fall;  
 She'd "swallow it down" with a gulp of petrol.  
 And however ridiculous our number may be,  
 She'd remark with a smile that's cheerful to see,  
 "Get in my dears, and don't mind me."

But those were the days when she was younger;  
 And now she rests in peaceful slumber.  
 Soothing her shattered iron nerves,  
 Digesting a rest she truly deserves.

Ah! Separation has made my heart quite sore!  
 But I shall not endeavor to say much more.  
 For dear memories are never dead,  
 And things understood are better unsaid.

*Mani Irani*

Delighted with the Blue Bus song, Baba showed it to the men mandali.  
The following poem was Dr. William Donkin's reply to it.

THE BUS  
(*a reply*)

It was a very noble rhyme  
About the poor old Chevrolet  
How any time in any clime  
The bulky dame would ply her way.

So would you please congratulate  
The poetess who penned the poem,  
It was decidedly first rate  
To those that love the bus and know 'im.  
(This verse has changed the bus's sex  
But this should not the reader vex.)

How sad that in these days of war / <sup>1</sup>  
Because of drastic petrol ration  
We cannot as we did before /  
Take gangs of ladies in this fashion.

These ladies were they refugees,  
A circus troupe or hockey team?  
Enlighten each enquirer please  
Inquisitive though he should seem.

The tongues of France and U.S.A.  
The tongues of Gumarat, Poona /  
And Kaka's tongue that strives to say  
What others' tongues would say the sooner.

Masi's knees would stiffen badly;  
Kitty's pots would loudly clatter :  
Rano's hands would gesture madly  
And Margaret would glare back at 'er.

What a lovely jovial tumble  
 Within the dusty Chevrolet,  
 O to hear her rolling rumble  
 Along the summer Indian way.

So when the war has had its day  
 We'll roam the country far and wide  
 In a new blue Chevrolet  
 With none but Baba as our guide.

*William Donkin*

### AS A RULE

As a rule a man's a fool.

When it's hot he wants it cool,  
 And when it's cool he wants it hot  
 Always wanting what is not!

What one can't avoid

Might as well be enjoyed.  
 "Take it as a blessing or as a test  
 Whatever happens happens for the best!"

But it's up to you to find out that it's true,  
 Outside of Eternity all you have to do is be happy!

But it's up to us  
 To stop making such a fuss  
 And look into Eternity:  
 That's where we find we're One, not we.

Yes it's up to you and me  
 To be as happy as we can be  
 To please the ONE in Eternity  
 Who'll wake us, shake us, set us free!

*Ron Greenstein*

(adapted from Mani's Family Letters  
 and a quote from Baba)

Though at present humanity is down and out,  
Have hope! Godman has come to give the world the great Clout  
To knock some sense into us - the dim witted;  
To calm the sweet earth that is with our filth littered.  
We must suffer this good, old-fashioned beating,  
                but we will not regret it,  
For it will raise us to a higher, freer level,  
                and we will not easily forget it.  
Everything will benefit by God's Advent;  
Christ's appearance here is the all-embracing rare event.  
The Beloved says, that all is bliss-suffering is  
                self-created,  
Yet we always see to it that first the senses are satiated.  
Conquer yourself and permanent happiness is yours;  
Maintain the machine but don't get caught in its jaws.  
Humanity is down and out at present and in a  
                hell-of-a-mess,  
And Beloved God has again put on a man's body  
                for a dress.

Richard Lockwood

The soundless symphony has struck a chord  
Playing to a packed house that can never be filled  
This performance has been sold out for ages

The audience is full of history's most elite  
So the countless minds easily share one body  
In a way that makes all nature curtsy

The Conductor is now on stage, initiating some into  
the Mystery; a fact that cannot be grasped.  
So the knower will remain in rapt, silent, standing  
ovation of Itself - throughout Eternity.

*Dan Ladinsky*

I wish to become nothing  
but love for you  
for all else  
is nothing  
growing in the fields  
of nothing  
beneath the  
nothing sun  
Is there any more to it  
than to hear  
your hearty laugh  
silent  
in the  
cherish of  
our hearts

*Doug Stalker*

BABA, BABA . . .

As the dawn light soft  
     awakens with love, the birds  
     to singing, and kisses  
     the sweet scented flower gardens'  
         dancing dew drops  
     so, too, Meher, unseen  
         Loves and sustains you

And in the heat of summer days  
     Compassion comes to cool  
         its every creature  
 and colors the forest and field  
     a rich lush green  
         with raindrops  
     so, too, Meher, unseen  
         Loves and sustains you

And as twilight and  
     moonlight transpire  
 music and wine  
 and the song of laughter  
 gives way for solitary thanks  
         in teardrops  
     so, too, Meher, unseen  
         Loves and sustains you  
         . . . is ever with you . . .

*Marc Brutus*

## REAL BOWING

Real bowing  
    is bowing with the heart  
    when the body bends;  
it is not simply  
    a folding into four  
or a posture  
    for supplicants:  
it is more  
    a gesture of helplessness  
    contained in an attitude  
    of humility.  
Each contains  
    the other  
when mind and heart entwine  
    on one goal  
    intent.

When shall I bow  
    to Your seat  
and having bowed  
    arise to move  
    in the world  
my heart on Your pillow  
    forever?  
May my eyes remain fixed  
    on Your feet  
until by Your grace  
I am worthy  
    of Your face.

*Robert Dreyfuss*

JAI BABA

*Self Offering*

*Dedicated to beloved Baba with  
humble, sincere and pure Love*

Take oh Lord as Thy Right,  
Receive as my humble gift,  
All my memory, my understanding  
My liberty, my will,  
    All that I have,  
    All that I am,  
    All that I can be,  
You have given it all to me,  
To Thee oh Lord I restore it,  
    All is Yours  
Dispose of it according to Thy Will  
    Give me Your Love,  
    Give me Your Grace,  
    It is enough for me.

Amen      Amen      Amen

*Shavak Framji*  
(Cycle Walla)

While staying with Baba for 10 days in the latter half of January 1960, I discovered that Francis Brabazon's birthday was on the 24th. My birthday is also on that day, and I took the opportunity of my birthday to rededicate my life to Beloved Baba and to write these lines for Him. They were read out on the 24th and Baba embraced me and gave me a copy of *The Master's Prayer* as a present.

## DEDICATION

This is the day, O Baba!  
 When I got this body from You:  
 This is the day, O Beloved!  
 When I dedicate this body to you.

In Baba's "NOW"  
 The wave of my mind once surged;  
 Now to the Divine Ocean  
 It moves on to merge.

What a tragedy, so long  
 I did not feel the Intimate One;  
 What a comedy of life;  
 How I meet the Infinite One.

Age after age  
 This earth as you trod;  
 This body and mind  
 Ever placed at Your Call.

Salutations to Thee! with all my heart,  
 Confer courage, to play my part.  
 In You I was born, in You must I live;  
 Enough of this drift, from hive to hive.

Just a place in some corner  
 Whenever you come;  
 Yes I beg of you  
 A little space, from the Spaceless One.

May I be honoured,  
 May I be stoned;  
 Will hold on to Thy Daaman  
 Till the very end.

I put my entire being at Your Feet,  
 To the extent I understand what keeping is!  
 You invite participation from one and all;  
 Without anyone's response, on goes Your Call.

This is just a beginning;  
 A prelude to beginning,  
 A journey that will end,  
 In the endless Beginning.

To ask anything of You  
 Is to express ingratitude  
 To withhold anything from you  
 Is the hypocritical attitude.

Call me anything, call me a fool!  
 It is all well, whatever You choose.  
 Everything is possible, if You will so;  
 Anything is impossible if You wish so.

On Your Infinite Self  
 The three worlds appear just as a dot;  
 Of what use this "faltu" \* be  
 Who is next to naught?

Your wish be my life.  
 Your Life my song;  
 Just a look, that I am Yours,  
 Nothing more I long.

*Baba's "Bantu"*  
*(Bal Natu)*

---

\* Good for nothing fellow

## BABA

I wonder how it would feel to be  
 If I could become you and you could become me  
 Would I help you to become like me  
 If I were You and You were me

Since you can see how you are me  
 And I can't experience how this can be  
 Would you then lift my ignorance from me  
 And help me to see true reality  
 Since it is you who is ignorant and it is really not me  
 You said yourself you are me  
 And since it is true that I am you  
 Even though to see this is hard for me to do  
 Would I be content as You to know  
 That I am here and suffering so  
 I could never ever see why I torture me  
 Much less can I see why I keep my grace from me  
 And since you are me you 're wondering too  
 Why I do this, since I am you

And if I were you and you were me  
 Would you ask me for the Grace to see reality  
 Would I in a moment out of love for you  
 Let you see reality and illusion too  
 Or would I make you work and suffer much more  
 Before I would open for you this door  
 Oh how I wonder how I would be  
 If I were you and you were me  
 Since it is you who is you and me who is me  
 And since I truly desire to see reality  
 Would it then be too much to beg of you  
 To help me love you as you would like me to  
 Just a moment of your Grace  
 Could lift the suffering from my face  
 Will your answer then be  
 Just a letter to me  
 Or will your answer be my lovely  
 Reality

*Irwin Luck*  
 March, 1960  
 sent to Baba

When the Beloved calls, the heart rouses  
and the desire runs swiftly into the  
Ocean of light.

When the Beloved calls, the world turns  
to water—

The trickle whose heart unveiled is a rivulet, whose  
heart unveiled is a bubbling, rocky brook, whose  
heart unveiled is a partially-bedded stream, whose  
heart unveiled is a deep and flowing  
stream, whose heart unveiled  
is a deep clear steady on-rushing stream with  
the possibility of  
waterfall after waterfall  
from the mountain to the depths of  
the sea.

The unconscious stone; through shock or  
suffering or accident or grace,  
becomes a trickle.

*Jacquelyn Evans*

## AT LEAST SOMETIMES

O Meher, Your lover is restless, at least sometimes hear him,  
 At least sometimes ask him what he wants,  
     at least sometimes ask him what he is pleading for.

O Beloved, You are a flower-You are also its fragrance and color.  
 You are the garden and its Gardener, at least sometimes manifest.

You are not the garden where there are thorns  
 I am searching for that garden of only one flower,  
     at least sometimes shower Your grace so I can find it.

You are not that flower, which fragrance ever diminishes  
 O Beloved, open the bud of my heart, at least sometimes fill it  
     with the fragrance which always remains fresh.

You are not that flower which withers  
 You are that flower which eternally blooms.

What a wonderful smile You have  
 At least sometimes fill the flower of my heart with that smile.

You are not that flower, which color will fade  
 I am searching for that flower, at least sometimes give it to me.

O Meher, I have dedicated myself at Your feet,  
     You are my life and everything for me,  
 Let Your color and fragrance at least sometimes fill my heart.

How is it possible for tears to utter anything? \*  
     The ocean has been filled with their drops.\*  
 O Beloved, listen to the language of my tears\*  
     and at least sometimes have mercy on me.\*

I am that branch of the garden's tree which has been chopped down  
 What should I do now? I am infinitely restless—

O Beloved, at least sometimes come and be with me.

This love is now causing my ruin - O Beloved, have mercy on Bhau  
 Murder him this very moment - O Beloved, this will be his cure.

Complete ghazal given by Meher Baba to Bhau Kalchuri.

Originally in Hindi - translated by Bhau into English.

Asterisks (\*) denote lines composed by Bhau. The rest are Baba's words.

### SCULPTOR DIVINE

Sculptors chisel on stone,  
 You, chisel on Man,  
 Making, breaking, alone  
 As only You can.  
 We know not the end,  
 Await only Thy will,  
 While You tear and rend,  
 We do watch and thrill  
 See the pattern change  
 What was wrong, askew,  
 Height and depth, the range.  
 In Thy Image fair  
 You fashion Man  
 In Thy Heart, so dear  
 There, reposeth Man.

*Delia DeLeon*



Keep away from all attachments,  
Snap the threads that cling,  
And open wide your heart  
To welcome Meher your King.

He is so infinitely worthy  
Of all the love you give,  
Think of Him in all you do,  
Let His message in you live.

Meher is the One who loves you,  
Meher is the One who cares,  
He joins in your laughter,  
And in your sorrow, shares.

He is your One true Friend,  
So many times He has shown,  
He will never fail you,  
You will never be alone.

Although He is the King of Kings,  
True humility He does teach,  
He has bathed and fed the leper,  
Nowhere does His Love not reach.

Keep away from all attachments,  
Snap the threads that cling,  
And open wide your heart  
To welcome Meher your King.

*Meheru*

## ATTITUDES

Smile as though some good has happened  
And the next thing you know, it will  
Our thoughts attract each event in our lives  
Each joy, each sorrow, each thrill

Attitudes are the reality within us  
Our futures they mold and create  
For love will attract love and kindness  
As sure as we're poisoned by hate.

## HERE IS GOD

Night on the hillside  
The moon very near  
Out of the silence  
A voice I hear.

The stars hanging low  
The tall grasses nod  
The night seems to whisper,  
"Here is God - Here is God."

*Rose Brown*

at some point in Time you have  
already died

at some point in Time you have  
already become Realized

so what's this life - but the magic show  
O dear one awake, you're a wonder

*D. Ladinsky*

I have deemed it my good portion to have been poor of  
this world's fortune—  
Yet in this fate of "ups and downs" I played the ace of  
Baba's clowns  
And found no mirth in the Kingdom of Earth, but now I  
know  
That I am Thine, God's Kingdom's come and Thou art mine.

*Fred Marks*

I could not speak  
 even if I had not chosen silence  
     now  
 when the sun  
     measures its last glints  
         against the wind  
 and chisels the bark  
     with golden tools  
         patterning oak and pine  
 in rough-tone, corrugated sheen.  
 The Ocean steals the wind  
     tumbling noise  
 across the dunes  
         lifting every forest sound  
             into its own unbounded being,  
 taking even my breath ...

The coons that run the lakeside path  
 are poised,  
     the crickets' chirrs suspended  
         in the air  
 as if this Ocean voice commanded, "Silence!"  
     and every sound froze still  
         to obey.

At the top of the stairs by your gate  
     I listen  
     to this murmuring  
 ocean, a hint of your almighty sound,  
         now withheld,  
 until the time your song in full is sung,  
 shaking every leaf and twig  
     and jarring the stars from their paths  
         in the sky.

    I pray,  
 O Beloved,  
     Open your sound,  
     consume me,  
 as the Ocean makes the wind-song  
     its own tune.

*Karin Drudge*

## WIND

I heard the wind sing.  
 Three times I awoke, there at the  
 foot of your hill,  
 And I heard the wind sing.  
 Each time.  
 It had new words, and I could not touch  
 that melody with all my straining.  
 Now I listen for it, at odd moments  
 and different places,  
 But it is not the same  
 except near You.

*Douglas Ross*

Beloved-

The winds of time wrap me in an eye of content:  
 Outside the tempest screams, the rage and anguish are blent  
 In voices of shrill destruction  
 Only here, Beloved, the warmth of sanctuary lent  
 To your lovers; not peace without price sent  
 To lull us. No deft seduction  
 Of poppies, or bright fields flecked with sunlight meant  
 To blind us to the pain of the storm. The veil is rent.  
 We know: we have sound instruction  
 From the little birds of fear and pride and dissent  
 That shelter with us. To the gulls of disillusionment  
 We need no introduction.

Yet-

The eye remains intact. Motionless we move, bent  
 To Your Will by Your Grace. Let me never be absent.

*Wendy Borthwick*

## CREATION

Without deep reverence for Life  
All cleverness is just a game  
And sears our conscience into blame;  
A game of make-believe we have some power.  
Who can create a perfect form  
Such as a tiny living flower?  
The forms of living beings are akin,  
One is a tree and one is a flower,  
The child an innocent sweet dove,  
But there is a power within—  
Our strength and power hide in gentleness  
We are all one-one soul—  
One Light, one glory of creation,  
One Law of the universe  
And that Law means Love.

*Maud Kennedy*

## ONE WHO FOLLOWS

"Ours is the most intimate of relationships,  
not even a shadow should come between us."

So he told one of his followers,  
and leaned his ear closer so that  
he could whisper into it.

She wanted to kiss it.

So intimate a gesture. Here was God,  
busy with the universe and creation,  
cocking his ear close to her lips so that  
she could whisper a small disclosure  
about an earlier answer that was not accurate.

Her clarification was not necessary,  
and almost evaporated at his tender reception.

Another time while sitting alone in the boathouse  
at night, thinking about a man who was always pleasing Baba,  
watching the beauty of the lake under moonlight's spell  
who should walk in, alone, but Baba.

They sat quietly for a while,  
till she mentioned her thought, and he agreed,  
she not knowing which shone brighter,  
the moon or his eyes.

And three or four other times alone with Baba.  
In a hotel corridor, where she said, "I guess  
I must have some good karma, I always find myself  
alone with you." Once at Meher Mount while he  
tried on an assortment of hats. And at the Holiday Lodge  
where, out of perplexion, she asked if He were her  
master, or if she was "on loan from another master?"  
Eruch entered in time to translate as Baba  
stood up, looked majestic before her, and said,  
"I am not only your master, I am your God."

What do we make of such stories?  
Are they simply true, or fathomless or what?  
What good luck she had  
Yet he says to every one:  
Ours is the most intimate of relationships,  
not even a shadow should come between us."

*Ben Leet*

(from a story told by Bili Eaton)

The moonglow fills the lake  
with a white coolness.  
The breeze blows shimmering pathways  
to tread, elusive thoroughfares  
where only the daring ones will walk.

No hesitation.  
This promises more  
than any simple world adventure.  
Long my heart has awaited this moment,  
to loose its bindings and run free  
chasing a memory sweet, beyond this life,  
beyond impressioned remembrance.

Reflected in the pool of glass before me,  
the brightest star  
doesn't seem so far away,  
and the silver path to it  
irresistibly enticing.

If I wait,  
some night  
that star will fall  
from the vastness  
in streams of joy,  
to pierce dying hearts with its Truth.

But I am too impatient.

*Karin Drudge*

## TO INDIA

JOURNEYING TO INDIA AND THE PLANE PASSING OVER THE  
NORTHWEST COASTLINE (AUSTRALIA OF COURSE)  
THE SUN IS SETTING.  
MILES AND MILES OF DULL GOLD SAND CATCH THE  
SUN'S LAST RAYS.  
ENTERING THE SEA-A HUGE RIVER IS TRANSFORMED  
TO MOLTEN GOLD.  
TRIBUTARIES FAN OUT LIKE FINGERS ON A GNARLED OLD  
HAND - MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN TOPAZ.  
BEYOND THE SHIMMERING OCEAN - MILES AND MILES  
REACHING TO ETERNITY.  
THE STRUGGLING HEART IS SOOTHED  
SOUL SINGS A SONG OF PRAISE.

*Ena Lemmon*

I have left all, Beloved, to come to Love's door  
I am a beggar, my darling, lonely and poor

I am bold too for I ask for your ocean  
look, my sweet, and see my devotion

I will do whatever you say  
O, my God, don't send me away

All homes have I left to wander the earth  
Please, Beloved, give me birth

Your heart the only abode I have  
your love, your eyes, my only salve

I am love's slave and to you I turn  
the mere thought of you make me burn

with longing, O, the most intense desire  
to be in your presence and consummate this fire.

*Jan Kaplan*

## O BELOVED

*- for Mehera -*

Who is this Beloved of mine?  
How can I tell you?  
He is closer than my breath  
All I can speak of  
is Him.

O Beloved, enough words  
drown me so deeply  
in Your Silence  
that all my mind is filled  
with only You.

No more of this game  
of separation, Dearest:  
empty me of myself so completely  
that not a hair  
lies between us.

May my every breath utter  
Meher ... Meher ... Meher ...  
until Your Presence is  
as immediate  
as my tears.

*Robert Dreyfuss*

## JANUARY 31

I

Your body has borne the game for how long now?  
 You've opened the door of the universe  
 and stepped out. It's time.

You've taken the doll out of our hands,  
 a great wrench to our hearts,  
 and you have unlocked the torrent.

Borne unawares out to sea in a paper ship  
 it is now the ocean we face.

Lured by sweets and promise of a kiss,  
 your arms around us finally to secure us, perhaps,  
 in your own home city.

Lured by the sweet music in your hands,     ,  
 Lured by the smile, we have come to love.     ~

All ways you cheat so perfectly.   1  
 All ways you change the rules,  
 All ways you all ways win.

A cobra has passed through the room swiftly and silent.

II

Your work as God-Man has broken your body  
 Your life has been one long crucifixion;

The first nail was Babajan's kiss  
 and the second Upasni's stone.

Into your side have sunk the thorns of how many lovers  
 You have consumed our bitter vinegar  
 Every day of your life.

Your unspeakable love hammering your head,  
 smashing your thigh to keep you down  
 night after night.

Grinding your bones so thin  
until nothing could contain you.

Who can say bye bye Baba  
Who does not feel your perfume springing within  
us now, dissolving our own.

Your silence breaking in our hearts.

Every lover longing to love  
all ways without beginning without end.

### III

Oh but your seduction has been so perfect  
your love play so complete.

We proclaim you the all time star of the silence screen.

The slightest shadow of your lips,  
the glance of your fingers;

You had only to lift a foot  
and our whole heart comes tumbling down.

It is very cruel of you to be so beautiful,  
We shall miss your body, Beloved.

We, who didn't see you,  
we hoped to see you,  
we, making ready, hoped for your touch.

Things are different now  
We shall have to face you as you really are.

Hello Baba  
hello.

*Craig San Roque*

## TWO BY FILIS

Even Sun-Avatar  
Sets at last  
Ringed by Flaming clouds  
of Mandali-hearts

\*       \*       \*

The verb stains His lips  
God is crying the word  
I wish I could hear it  
I wish my heart had ears.

*Filis Frederick*

Though Your form provided constant delight  
     To those who were blessed to gaze on it;  
 It also allowed Your crucifixion, with attendant car wrecks  
     And thigh pounding fits

The 'coat' that You donned - the quintessence of Art  
     was another distraction from Truth's bhajan;  
     "There's nowhere You aren't"

The rest You needed from the Jest on Your Chest  
     realized now in essence of All,  
 We recklessly disturb through our restless calls

The boon of bodiless Darshan without limits  
     is eschewed in favor of excessive tomb visits,  
 Or movie and photo surfeit

Having abandoned yet another framework (that of time  
                                     and space)  
     its elaborate reconstruction we hurriedly undertake ...  
 Retracing Your steps in History's race

Our sighs and complaints at being denied  
     Your physical company  
 Insult the expansive gesture You made,  
     moving from body to occupy heart's Infinity

The greatest gift horse we look in the mouth  
     requesting clarifications or offering hollow praises  
 While unseen by our eyes, Love's silent white steed  
 Stampedes away 'cross the spiritual sky

*Jim Migdoll*

WARMTH  
*for Meher Baba*

It is an odd fact of our civilisation  
 That people hunger for a lifetime  
 For simple human warmth,  
 And yet are afraid to show it,  
 And suspicious when it is offered .....

It is a rare person who blossoms  
 In a natural plenty of warmth and affection.  
 Most people want it,  
 Most people look for it,  
 Most people are deeply touched when they find an honest  
     trace of it,

And yet few people are capable of giving it .....  
 Meher Baba slices perpendicularly through the tangled mass,  
 And shows a wealth of warm love,  
 Expressed in simple physical actions  
 That melt the ice of human inhibition  
 Like a blow torch.

*John Horder*

## BIRTHDAY MADNESS

Brand new, your face upon my wall  
Brand new, your moustache to see  
Brand new, your Name to shout in love  
Brand new, your smile to feel  
Brand new, your silence to hear  
    the sad times are different now  
    the turmoil, no less, but more  
    the longing, a fresh fervour  
    the losing to you, a trusting faith.  
    stop the song . . . its singing  
    stop the sun . . . its shining  
    stop the honey . . . its sweetness  
    stop the rose . . . its scent  
    stop life! . . . this wretch you've saved  
                                and forsaken.

*Marc Brutus*

We were with Beloved Baba in Dehra Dun - it was summer season, made bearable only because it was mango season too. The house where the men mandali stayed (some distance from the women mandali's house, as usual) had mango trees on its grounds and they were given strict instructions by Baba not to pick any of the fruit, but if a mango fell of itself then they could have it. That did it! The ones most affected were His veteran disciples, Gustadji and Baidu!. With strained ears, they vied with one another for a mango whenever one thudded to the earth, anytime, day or night. This caused tremendous entertainment to the other mandali and to Baba who would recount to us the daily episodes of this mango meditation.

### MANGO MEDITATION

The clock strikes 12 - it's midnight, Hark!  
 A figure's prowling in the dark—  
 He does not mind the raging storm,  
 His heart is glowing strangely warm,  
 As bending down towards the loot  
 He gathers up the King of Fruit!

There's others too  
 Oh quite a few!  
 As fondly dreaming  
 Lovingly scheming  
 Eyes a-gleaming  
 They wait to hear  
 The "thud" that says a Mango is here.  
 Then in a flash  
 They make a dash  
 With leaps and bounds  
 And hungry sounds  
 Feverishly scanning  
 The mangoless grounds.

A sudden halt—  
 What is this here,  
 Beneath a leaf, a mango's rear?

Alas, alack! a gasp, a moan,  
 'Tis nothing but a leering stone!

*Mani Irani*

## THE BEACH REVISITED

When you visited here,  
Ah! Those were the days  
When worms wished they could  
Sing in the trees  
And alligators dreamed of being  
Stand-up comedians  
And leaves believed they should change  
Into blankets for you  
And seashells knew they could  
Become pearls  
And snakes wished they had  
Lips to kiss you with!

*Virginia Hudnell*

## HONEYMOON

When life was in the Pink  
And You were Food  
And I was hungry,  
And You showed me to Your Feast,  
Why, the world was Pink and Laughing  
And You were Honeycomb,  
As much as needed  
To fill my appetite.

The Real World laughed into this shadow-plane like bells  
And blew it up like a balloon, with Laughing-gas!

You had me escorted by Saints and tame lions, and the Sun  
Stayed round and cool in the sky all day and night  
And birds sang in three languages; When life was pink  
A quiet Miracle was happening,  
A joke had been told and was met  
With Silent Laughter that grew  
Into a mighty atmosphere of Love.

The gates to the Kingdom had opened then  
And I went inside the gates  
Lost in Your atmosphere.  
Oh, Your Highness, Oh, Friend, I remember  
How You threw Your Robe around me, and all life  
Was covered smiling and pink with only You.

Now, after the myriad crisscross paths  
Of the famous Labyrinth, and the straight and narrow  
Hidden somewhere therein,  
Sun is hot and nights again are dark;  
Longing grows,  
And the pull of the world.  
It grows tiresome. You know how tiresome it grows;  
Won't You take out Your brush  
And Pinken things just a dab?

*Maxwell Reif*

PLEA TO RETURN  
*Meher Baba's Smile Remembered*

Your smile was night-colored  
the shape of almonds  
painted on paper lanterns

It sang from the bottom  
of a sleeping lake  
danced on a double rainbow  
caught in the mountains  
like a wagon wheel  
with colored ribbons

Without your smile  
I have only my hands and the sky  
Dawn turns pale  
at the corner of every hour

Come back  
for I am no longer eager  
to catch the folded wings of birds  
Come back

We will mix old Persian songs  
with the skylark's dawn  
drink purple wine  
from the hollow crescent  
of the moon

*Bill Cunningham*

## GRIN 'N BEAR IT

If I had known all along  
What it takes to belong  
In the company of such a Master

I'd probably have run  
And hid from His fun  
And turned tail that much faster.

But here I am, it's true  
In the company of you  
All of us intoxicated fools

Such fortunate slaves  
And silly knaves  
The keepers of God's precious jewels.

Though happy to say  
He can have His way  
Play with my soul as He chooses

For I'm too ignorant to know  
The best way to go  
On the path of karma He looses.

Look at it this way  
We all have to pay  
For every action we induce

So why not enjoy  
The time we employ  
And help Baba these impressions reduce.

I know that it's hard  
To climb every yard  
This ladder of spirituality

If we smile with Him  
Engage His whim  
It might become a Reality.

And I really have to laugh  
 At all of this riff-raff  
 He's wont to take under His wing

Such souls as these  
 You wouldn't believe  
 If you saw the karma they bring.

So what to do?  
 Only share with you  
 These feelings I have - to wit

No sense in complaining  
 Use the time remaining  
 The rest? - just grin 'n bear it!

*Sean du Burgho*

In a life of purity,  
                   simplicity,  
                   love, and  
                   sacrifice,  
 to be *most natural*  
                   is to reflect Godliness  
                   in abundance.

*from a Letter dictated by Meher Baba*  
 (see *Letters from the Mandali*, page 67)

## A BIRD ON ROLLER SKATES

Baba is a bird on roller skates.  
No one knows how fast Baba is.  
He's a fireman who has no time  
To wait around for a fire so  
He just yells fire, and leaves.

Baba has us over for dinner  
And staying in His hotel.  
Baba is a tiger carrying your suitcase.

God would be boring if He wasn't Baba.

Five men were walking down the street  
When a comet hit. Baba is a comet.  
Baba is an act of God and maybe  
Even the insurance against it.

Baba is the most beautiful animal in the world.  
Baba is a reindeer.

Baba is the funniest animal in the world.  
Baba is a pig who knows how to tell a joke.  
Baba is a proud duck  
Baba is a man named Mr. Pigg.

Baba is every video game there is,  
Including the first ping pong ones.

Baba is a dog with a sweater on.  
And Baba is the fat lady whose house  
He visits. And Baba says to Baba,  
"Smile-don't worry about anything, aren't you warm?"

Baba is a lion with a hula hoop it can't fit into.  
Baba is a light bulb you wear on your coat like a flower.

Baba wasn't a philosopher but if  
This book must have philosophy it can say

God alone exists  
This world is like a shadow *or*  
We live in the mirror God is looking into.

Meher Baba is God. He  
is God's way of  
saying Hello to us.

Baba was the first person to say hello  
to God.  
God and Baba, Baba and  
God are the same.

He stands on the  
other side of the  
wall and says

Let my shadow be  
your umbrella.

Letting into His love  
is quite a favor.  
Baba loves you so much He's  
The sun under your umbrella.

*Stephen Paul Miller*

## GOD'S ROOM

How strange that God allows me  
     To sit alone in His room  
         Of four billion inhabitants on this dusty orb,  
             Alone I sit almost absorbed—  
             In His Living Presence.

Yellow and pink bordered by a clock's tick  
     Smelling of roses and some unidentified sweetness  
 God's room - where He rested, ate,  
   and guided the universe.

Now a sanctuary for the tired and world-weary ...  
 The lovers He's picked from the crowd's thick press  
     To focus on Him and leave the rest.

Just one embodied Atma alone in His room  
     While the wailing wall gets drenched in Jerusalem  
 And the Kaaba deluged by fervent hordes  
     Samadhis of saints all over Asia  
 The goal of unnumbered pilgrims  
     Busloads of nuns and priests  
     Pursuing His scent in the Middle East.

While here a single male sinner sits  
     By the table where He ate His dinner;  
         And some say He lacks in a sense of humor!

*Jim Migdoll*



I cannot love your face as others do,  
I have not searched your tomb to see your form  
And cannot find the words to praise your eyes,  
Your silent lips,  
I cannot feel deprived of your embrace  
Or summon anger at your body's death—  
I do not understand their deprivation  
Forgive me, but I don't yearn for your touch.  
I am content to be the last-arrived  
The shy child hanging back, concealing posies  
And maybe leave, if you should raise an eyebrow  
And find me here (Raise not your body!)  
The miracle is not that you are Baba  
But God, that you were ever You at all.  
Well so am I, and Baba told me so.

*Kathleen S. Wolterding*

## WHO KNOWS

He who knows what knowing is  
knows he does not know and  
lets Another's knowing in.

This Other is no 'other', as every  
other knows behind his veil  
of 'I' - whence knowing flows

And, moving inward, knowing,  
flows without, without a  
thought of hindrance or lack.

No let or lock can hold him back  
who flows with Baba's grace—  
He who *knows* is always One—

As every other one may know  
who knows not I nor you  
nor us nor anything, save One.

That you may know that I  
that I would know  
I wish no less than I.

*Adrian Rawlins*

## URDU GAZAL OF REPENTANCE

Bucked up by every glance of the Wine-giver  
 I drank away (wine profusely)  
 Playing with the waves (on the surface of the wine)  
 I drank away in undulating rhythm.

Seeing the intoxication of those unintoxicated  
 (With God's love) I got scared and drank away.  
 Having broken the mood of repentance,  
 I drank away with a tremble.

O Pious! See to the prank of my drunkenness.  
 Having broken away from religious mercy,  
 I drank away entertainingly.

The intoxication of the primordial beginning  
 When I remembered,  
 I kicked away the world of the faith  
 And drank like hell.

Seeing to the heartfelt helplessness of the Wine-giver  
 I felt so ashamed that I drank away in shamefulness.

Oh the entire mercy divine! May my every error be pardoned!  
 Because in the height of my fervour, I drank away in fear.

Drinking without a permit, how could I ever venture?  
 Consent I did obtain from the Beloved by His glance  
     concealed!

O Jigar! Repeatedly do I swear by the life of the tavern,  
 That having spread out myself over the entire gross world,  
 I drank away like hell!

*by Jigar Moradabadi*  
 (translation into English by *Adi K. Irani*)

If God was only God, who would seek him  
 Except a few intellectuals contemplating absolute existence?  
 If God was only Lord, who would stay with him  
 Except some wage laborers and rent tenants?  
 If God was only just, who would want his company  
 Except arguers of the law and those with something to  
 protect?  
 If God was only compassionate, who would seek his continual  
 presence  
 Except those who always grieve and are never content?  
 If God was only powerful, who would offer their service  
 Except those who fear their enemies and those who seek  
 prosperity?  
 If God was only loving, who would crave his embrace  
 Except those who never sought to please?  
 If God was only knowing, who would obey him  
 Except those who knew too much?  
 If God was only bliss, who would ever feel him  
 Except those to whom sensation is all?  
 If God was only everything, who would know him  
 Except some clerks who would catalogue his attributes?  
 If God was only nothing, who would unite with him  
 Except those who fear responsibility?  
 If God was not the Beloved,  
 Who could ever forget themselves?  
 If God came not as Meher,  
 Who would ever fulfill God's one wish?

*Eric Teperman*

## STATE OF BEING

To know

To see

To feel

Not with the intellect,

Not with the mind,

Not with the heart,

An effortlessness—

A State of Being—

It cannot be learned,

It cannot be taught.

It is perceived,

An understanding - not understood,

It's Imparted—

by the Master.

*Jeanne Shaw*

BABA  
*for Fred Marks*

Baba's a sheep. He is my mother  
He also is my Indian brother  
Sister, Father, Friend and lover  
His wool keeps me warm. I need cling to no other.

EVERYMAN'S SONG  
*for Delia deLeon*

There is nothing more precious  
On this earth  
Than my heart - Meher Baba.

So I sing the song to my heart - Meher Baba.  
I sing the song to my heart - Meher Baba.  
There is no other song left for me to sing  
But the song to honour my own heart - Meher Baba.

*both by John Horder*

There's an awful lot of loose talk about love  
being bandied about  
By folks who discuss it so earnestly you have to really  
doubt

If there's enough sunlight filtering through those dark  
clouds of discussion  
For love to bloom anyway. I mean love's serious, at  
least the repercussion

Of falling in love can drastically alter one's  
circumstances, and yet  
Love itself is more aptly expressed in a smile than a  
sermonette.

And for those rare ones whose love is like a fire eating  
away their soul,  
Their eyes are fixed on their Beloved and they do not  
talk about their goal.

All in all, it is best to imitate the joyousness of love  
with a laugh  
Rather than the solemn ritual, the blood offering and  
the slaughtered calf.

Only if, while being merry, you happen to stumble  
across one whose fate  
Is to be led to love's lane, but kept waiting indefinitely  
at the gate,

Should you forget your jokes, for the secret of love is  
hidden in his eyes,  
And the only language fit for love's discourse is to be  
found within his sighs.

*Steve Klein*

## SATYANASHI

No man would have guessed my degree of shame  
 The mind drunk, the heart burning in flame

The bags packed, the door of my house ajar  
 Foot journey, the desert distance so very far

A beaten dog, I lay in the dust in disgrace  
 Why Lord, do you continue to avert your face?

My friends laugh and comment on my decline  
 The ocean roars, my cries unheard above surf's line

It is said that everything seeks its own level  
 Then bury me and cover this life dishevel

Love's slaves are now my only friends  
 The past fixed, the future forks but never ends

I walked into sudden and inexplicable disaster  
 My sustenance now comes at the feet of the Master.

*John Dennison*

once whilst walking out in the woods,  
 I died and came to You.

at Your feet I lay, but  
 You told me to rise and go,  
 You told me to walk and obey—  
     to maintain gaiety and balance.

weeping, out from the woods I came

*Fred Schwager*

"YEA, LORD, COME QUICKLY"

To the humble, the little  
it is not given  
the one great lightning flash  
whereby the clouds are riven  
once and forever,  
and the Everlasting Light  
engulfs and overwhelms  
earthly sight.  
for us there is no blessed blindness  
on the road to Damascus.

For us there is only a murmur,  
a whisper of lightning,  
a moment of brightening,  
a promise of dawn.  
By angel hands the hem  
of a curtain is lifted;  
for a heart-beat only we see them;  
but soon is withdrawn  
the brightness and splendour.  
Bereft in the lonely  
and comfortless night,  
we live on only  
in the sustaining remembrance  
of the angels' sweet glance  
and of the healing Light.

Blessed, He said, are those  
who can believe, yet not see Me.  
Blessed, dear Lord, maybe!  
But stony the long road  
we tread  
quite unaccompanied,  
heavy the load  
of Lightless life!

We know it is Your smile  
 that lights the flowers,  
 that sounds in bird-song,  
 that makes warm the hours  
 of love;  
 yet can the heart  
 find no true resting-place  
 until it reach its rest in You.  
 Nor can our eyes  
 be truly filled and blessed  
 until they see Your Face.  
 Show us Thy grace  
 And tarry not too long!

*Kim Grajera*

How can I, in contrition's shame,  
 Be in this thorned nest, roomed,  
 Where with the repetition of Your Name  
 So many roses have bloomed?

These thorns this bower make,  
 Since they are made for penance' sake  
 (Nor with the changing hour break)  
 And are arranged, the hardened heart to wake.

Now, in this wretched womb  
 (Entombed past's passions and desires)  
 I unweave the fettered loom,  
 Unwind lust's net of fires—

To find on Heart of Wounds  
 Enthroned the Lord, heart breaker,  
 Teacher of the art of swoons,  
 Sigh buyer, Beloved Love Maker.

*John Mijak*

Actions speak louder than words, so an "Iloveyou"  
Is meaningless *by* itself, since a finite mind can't be true.

It flits like a butterfly dazzled by this color and that.  
Only a flame can cure the kaleidoscopic "like man,  
where's this at?"

Imagination is great fun until bases are empty, two gone,  
12 runs behind  
In the last of the ninth; a lone fan yells "are *you* outta your  
mind?"

Miracles do happen-the game's not over 'til last man's out.  
But when you're the miracle itself, there isn't much to shout  
about.

So last night when I asked my Darling a question  
(Out of tired inebriation of course), the reception

Was understandably incredulous, for we both knew  
The answer to question's moot root. A silent "I love you"

With no hooks or conditions became an active statement  
Of longing beyond joy and pain, beyond all earthly  
containment.

*David Miotke*

This morning I call out to You in Form. Your attributes  
    dance with me.  
All the people dear to me, faces in a crowd, rise within me.

Who can say whether my meditation transcends space in its  
    communion,  
Or simply invites fond memories to gather for a grand  
    reunion.

Anyhow, today I dress myself with friends and enemies.  
We shall play croquet and joke and drink elegant teas.

We shall quietly agree that all present are unmistakable  
    human beings,  
And that, even so, God is the only One seen or seeing.

We shall drink a genteel toast to God within us all.  
And stand in silence together praying as violet evening  
    falls.

But all the while I shall be thinking of You and the night,  
When all I know is your eyes full of the moon's clear light.

Today I am happy to clothe myself with You and enjoy  
    illusion's game,  
But tonight, when my heart raises itself to your lips, my  
    dress will burst into flames.

*Ed Hobson*

## 'GOD SPEAKS' FROM SECLUSION

Unseen in the wide world  
God whose  
Children we are—  
Is busy at His work.

He is busy over the patterns  
That are innumerable - as  
The waves of the Universe would be—  
Patterns within patterns,  
As waves within the waves of sea—  
And He alone is  
The true Historian of the world,  
Being its Creator.

So, when you read His 'God Speaks',  
You hear in it the Voice of Him  
Who, being your Father, tells you  
In all frankness, the way  
You were born and brought up  
In course of His courtship  
With 'Imagination:'  
And you hear too, how  
He, at last, disenchanted,  
Strives to redeem Himself  
In you, and how unmentioned,  
Because of short-sight, in the pages of history,  
He is busy in reclaiming bit by bit,  
The bits of His Soul  
Unseen, in the wide, wide world.

*A. K. Hazra*

## THE UNIVERSAL BALANCE OF HEART-MIND

Within the encrusted primeval lava beds of external change  
Is poised the Face of a changeless eternity.  
A churning turbulence of change surged from the question,  
Suspended somewhere in the void that question  
told itself the answer  
Which is the perfect calm of satisfaction  
in the I-Am of being.

The cerebral grey ghost of the mind melts away  
Leaving living room for the flesh-pink open heart  
of suffering's bliss.  
The lonely anguish of exaltation rests complete  
in the Face of God-Man.

The Lord, through the tumult speaks to us saying;  
"I as form chose to go, so that Myself as love may come."  
Through the mighty outburst of His glory now  
To all from Paradise revealing  
Himself alone, our immortal souls' one Resident.  
Himself alone, our immortal souls' one residence.

*Lyn Ott*

## FROM A BABA-LOVER

When I see Him  
My heart turns  
a somersault  
like  
the moon's image  
in a lake  
when a lover  
throws in a daisy petal  
that says:  
" ... He loves me!"

*J. DeLyser*

## THE ONE

Beloved Baba  
 You are the One,  
 So Glorious is Your Name;  
 You are the One  
 Whose love awakens us to love,  
 The Silent One, in Whose silence  
 All creation flows.  
 You are the One  
 Who, having reached the Summit  
 Stoops for love;  
 You are the One Descender  
 From Infinite Knowledge, Bliss and Power  
 Beloved Baba, You are The One.

Beloved Baba  
 You are the One,  
 So Glorious is Your State  
 That your children cannot see  
 Reality behind the Veil.  
 You are the One Almighty Lord  
 Whose silent advent in our midst  
 Will burst asunder our ignorance.  
 Beloved, You are the One Miracle  
 In Whom we all are.  
 Pour upon us Thy Grace,  
 O, Beloved Baba,  
 You are The One.

Beloved Baba  
 You are the One,  
 Indivisible God, Ocean of Love  
 From whom all come, to whom all go;  
 In whom all have being.  
 You are the One  
 Who labours, who suffers  
 To show us the way,  
 By the heart may Your Light be seen,  
 O, Meher Baba, Ancient One, shine forth  
 The One Love which You are,  
 O, Beloved Baba  
 YOU ARE THE ONE.

*Anthony Thorpe*  
 Sent to Baba after meeting Him  
 at the East-West Gathering.

## THE PERFECT MAN

I traversed the world as an ascetic  
 Hoping to knock on God's door,  
 If you erase your ego 'Anzar'  
 The Ultimate Truth will be your reward.

Do not fall at his feet and complain  
 You will get the gift you desire,  
 When you remove the darkness that clouds your eye  
 The secrets of Godhood will shine forth.

I am a slave in the snare of life  
 Will my heart ever blossom with love?  
 Even though the world be annihilated,  
 I know one drop-soul will be released.

The mind has left the limits of the mind,  
 I fear it might get caught in the net of sanskaras,  
 The last star of the dark night has emerged  
 I feel the first streak of dawn will absorb it.

[ saw your form aflame and aglow  
 The heat will not last the night,  
 But the flame in the night is a volcano of fury,  
 O God, the skies will shriek in pain.

The path to Godhood is so long 'Anzar'  
 As you walk the weary walk your body will wear out,  
 But then why do you seek him, O Man,  
 When you can see his smile in your heart.

In my moments of grief, I saw Meher in a teardrop,  
 The vessel of my desires will now cross the ocean,  
 Now that I have heard the music of the orbs  
 Meher will bless me with a glimpse of his infinite power

Meher's advent from the seventh plane is for my sake,  
 He will also alter the destinies of mankind,  
 He will inscribe his love on each heart  
 And reveal his divinity to the world.

I long for union with my Beloved Meher  
 Why does the world look on me with envy?  
 I have taken a step further on the path of love,  
 In the knowledge that my body will be destroyed.

Forget, O 'Anzar,' all those tales of illusion  
 Free yourself from the web of daily existence,  
 If you simply listen to the voice of Meher  
 You will emerge from the shadows of darkness.

*Naosherwan Anzar*

### THE MANDATE

While reading this poem to Avatar Meher Baba at Guruprasad, Poona, in May 1966, He stopped me at one point and asked me whether I understood what 'visa!' meant. I said, 'union'. Baba continued, "Visal is all that matters to one who loves Baba. One who aspires to be merged in Baba, to have union with Him, must love Him and think of Him all the time." Baba then explained to me the meaning of conviction.

Suddenly without warning, Beloved Baba said, "Do you accept Me as God in human form?"

"Absolutely, without any doubt," I answered firmly.

-At this point Avatar Meher Baba stretched His hand forward, held mine firmly and said, "I want you to let the world know that I am God in human form."

*Naosherwan Anzar*

## POEMS GIVEN IN SILENCE

*Lagoon Cabin, 1983*

And they shall be lost in Me  
As dancers

lost in the intoxication of Music  
In the Immense Joy of My Arrival!

Behold, the Nameless Ones  
shall announce Me  
For My Beloved Ones  
Know My Voice

They Flock Around Me as the birds  
followed St. Francis;  
And they cast off their names  
To signify My Presence  
in the Westward Manifestation.

My poets

shall be no-one

And when they are

nothing

My Spirit shall

surge through the Spiritual Nations

And they shall hear Everything

My Voice will not be here, nor there,  
*but Everywhere*

*Michael Mathias*

## NEED FOR BABA

Love and obedience  
Are the motor and wheels  
Of the vehicle  
That follows the Beloved.

Wisdom gives meaning  
To life and thought  
But love and obedience  
Require the Beloved.

The ego and its lusts  
Are liabilities  
But love and obedience  
Are our assets.

Mind seeks rewards:  
Through intellect  
It is impossible  
To surrender our all.

To find the Beloved  
Forget the mind;  
Follow thy heart's  
Deepest desire.

*Dana Field*

## MY FIRST MEETING WITH BABA

What sound is this—  
From whence and where?  
Like the soaring of  
    a million wings  
Breaking the stillness  
    of the air.

My weeping soul was  
    borne aloft.  
Tearing from its  
    fetters free!  
Joined the rustling  
    of these wings  
And like a homing bird  
Found Thee!

*Vivian Agostini*

## DARSHAN

How may I express  
     the time spent with You?  
 it is not simply  
     the duration of so many moments  
     measured on a clock  
 that constitutes that experience:  
     it is more the space  
     inherent  
     in the span  
 that marked beginning  
     from end:  
 timelessness is better:  
     emptiness so full  
     there was no distance  
     between us:  
 a participation  
     in the present  
 that distinguished  
     before from after  
 to the extent  
     that fifteen years  
     of measured time  
 between then and now  
     remain arrested  
     in the vision  
                     of Your face.

I extend gratitude  
                     without measure  
 for this indelible imprint  
     of retrospect:  
                     the memory  
     of Your eyes  
                     smiling  
 into mine.

*Robert Dreyfuss*

Each head hits the marble with a soft thud  
Scattering thoughts like fractionalised light  
Or like the midday sun rays through thick  
redwood trees

Each sliver of thought darts away with  
a wish, a desire, a hope  
And is gone - vanishing quickly as it came.

The sharp glistenings cease - what is  
there to hope for?  
All things are attainable here  
But to ask for nothing has its own  
special appeal.

That emptiness is peace  
And does justice to One who could give all  
But prefers for us to give our all  
to Him.

*Michael Le Page*

## THE EVER FREE HEARTS

The mystics are the ever free  
talking a language that  
no sane man understands.  
Happy to be free, to laugh,  
to weep, to dance or sing;  
to go their own way.  
Happy to love the Perfect ONE  
and carry him about as  
light as a feather  
on their hearts.

*Maud Kennedy*

## PRIDE OF ACTION

Gifts You bestow,  
If we pile them on our heads  
As attributes of ourselves,  
Will crush us. But if we use them  
As Yours, for Love, they will merge  
Into the flow of Love  
And never a burden be,  
But Wings  
To fly the Spirit deeper  
To where we have forgotten  
all but Thee.

*Maxwell Reif*

## BABA'S ALPHABET SOUP!

Anointed	Zany
Baba	You!
Can	Xraying
Do	Worrisome
Everything.	Veils,
For	Uncovering
God	Timeless
Has	Secrets.
Infinite	Remember,
Jobs-	Quick
Kindly	Persistent
Labeling	Obedience
Men,	Naturally
Noticing	Means
Our	Love.
Problems,	Kindly
Quoting	Join
Redeeming	In
Strengths.	Highest
Transcendental	God's
Unity	Forgiveness-
Vanishes	Even
Worries,	Doubters
Xraying	Can
Your	Become
Zeroneess.	Angels.

*Virginia Hudnell*

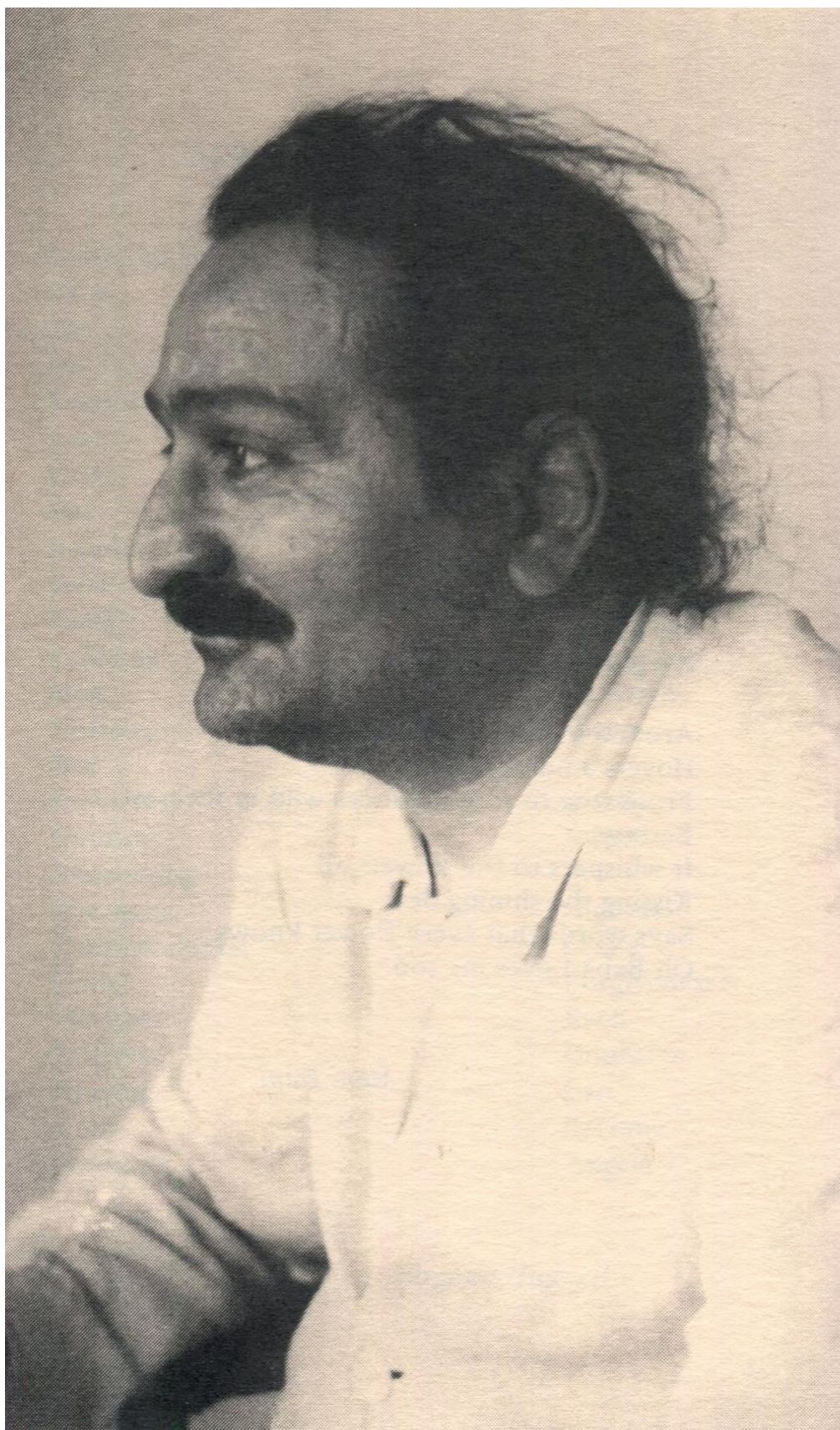
## MEHER BABA'S LOVE

There dwells in a desolate countryside  
On a far off lovely hill,  
Its head turned up to the wide  
Blue sky,  
A yellow daffodil.

As it sways with joy in the gentle  
Breeze.  
It sings a song or two,  
Which hold the sweetest words  
On Earth.  
Oh Baba, I, too, love you.

Around a pink rose in my garden  
Hovers a bumble bee.  
From rose to rose it dances wild in sheerest  
Ecstasy.  
It whispers to the flowers all  
Kissing the shining dew  
Says words that every flower knows,  
Oh Baba Loves me too.

*Mani Irani*



## GODHEAD

My Beloved has the largest eyes—  
almond - but lined with care and humour.  
My Beloved has the longest eyebrows in the world.  
They reach from sunrise to the rainbow's end.

My Beloved has the largest nose you've ever seen—  
He alone could do justice to such a fine breather.  
But I'll tell you a secret: no great horses  
white or black snort the air so gentle,  
I have never seen or heard Him breathe.

My Beloved has the widest mouth—  
kindly, powerful, hidden and nourishing.  
Only seven such mouths nourished the word to power.  
and yet they never speak. O Word!

He has the longest ears, yet what need He hear  
when those pendant lobes contain all music?  
His cheeks are all the fruits and spheres  
given to man. They swell with blessing.  
And His brow is so fine and wide and fair  
the Sun, through mist and cloud, shines there.

*Oswald Hall*

## THE BELOVED'S PLEASURE

*Amartithi, January 31, 1981*

- I. What charm has life, and what fulfillment death,  
without the Beloved 's pleasure?  
What joy in feasts and wine, and Eden's fruit,  
without the Beloved's pleasure?  
What freedom offer fame and palace gold  
without the Beloved 's pleasure?  
What charm has life, and what fulfillment death,  
without the Beloved's pleasure?
- II. Can soul fly home to man from fish and stone  
without the Beloved's pleasure?  
Can endless human births make Love's way known  
without the Beloved's pleasure?  
Can travel through the spheres yield God Alone  
without the Beloved's pleasure?  
Can countless deaths for countless births atone  
without the Beloved's pleasure?
- III. Can understanding dawn in darkest night  
without the Beloved's pleasure?  
Can man love God and turn his life aright  
without the Beloved 's pleasure?  
Can *daaman* hold till very end be tight  
without the Beloved's pleasure?  
Can even rare surrender win His Sight  
without the Beloved's pleasure?
- IV. What comfort offer sounds and sight divine  
without the Beloved 's pleasure?  
What light through mastery over worlds can shine  
without the Beloved 's pleasure?  
What path advances self past me and mine  
without the Beloved's pleasure? :  
What alchemy from death can life refine  
without the Beloved's pleasure?

V. What aim ensures companion's steady heart  
   without the Beloved's pleasure?  
 What hope can blunt despair, that deadly dart,  
   without the Beloved's pleasure?  
 What help can even mighty gods impart  
   without the Beloved's pleasure?  
 What death can end the dream and new life start  
   without the Beloved's pleasure?

VI. What work in the cause of Truth leaves self behind  
   without the Beloved's pleasure?  
 What love can God in countless lovers find  
   without the Beloved's pleasure?  
 What master can the final knot unbind  
   without the Beloved's pleasure?  
 What way through death to life has been designed  
   without the Beloved 's pleasure?

VII. From birthless birth to deathless death, the years  
   we spend in search of treasure;  
 Until to death the mind itself endears,  
   in life there is no leisure.  
 To hear the Silent Word drown all our fears,  
   heart's longing is the measure;  
 When God in human form at last appears,  
   the treasure is His pleasure.

*Moochewalla*

EXILE'S RETURN  
(*Excerpts*)

God's love is a wine that longs to fulfill itself on the lips of  
a lover  
And it is our spirit's unfoldment, and our growth; but when  
the cup is not forged,  
When the ear has not hollowed space for the Note of His Name,  
when the ore  
Of one's spirit is not gladly committed to His crucible, the  
hidden fury is unleashed,  
And that which is in truth mercy and compassion comes in the  
form of devastation.  
And the sweet tears of God's compassion, which should have been  
The gleaming mirrors to whom we addressed ourselves in prayer,  
Gather up the land's riches and roll on to the sea;  
And our lives are then further stripped and decimated, and our .  
shame is naked.

For when the Stranger came the tables were not laid, nor  
The feast prepared, nor grain gathered in from the fields,  
While in the orchard sweet fruit lay spoiled and rotting on  
the ground.  
And when the Bridegroom returned in the dead of night after  
many years'  
Absence and the wars ... He found no vigil kept, nor lamps lit  
in expectation.  
Such is ever Your way, Beloved, to come in secrecy, and to  
enact Your love-game  
Behind a veil ...  
Silent as a summer breeze He slipped through the flowered walks  
And corridors of pillared moonlight to His house of old, through  
darkened chambers within  
Till He came to her room; and opened the door, and gazed upon  
His sweetheart.  
Yet she did not stir, deep-nested amid white sheets, like a  
moon banked  
In clouds, or an anemone closed up for the night and absorbed  
within itself;  
A flush of excited dream was on her cheeks, and a light mist  
was about her.

Tenderly, sadly, He watched; then stole across the room and,  
bending low,  
Planted His kiss on her brow—a kiss of sleeping fire,  
Eternal promise and imprint of His passage; laid upon  
Her breast a rose, token of troth; and then swiftly departed.  
"And when I awoke," she said, "It seemed a draft had passed  
through the room,  
For the air tingled and was scented as by fresh apples; and then  
I saw the token  
And knew my Lord had come. Pain," she said,  
"pain as a bitter spike  
And a hail of reproaches pelted me, hastening the unlit Corridors (O  
cursed darkness that made my Lord a stranger in  
His own home!)—  
Until I stood on a hillside that overlooked a wide plain of  
fields and  
Homesteads and lakes girded with pine reflecting stars  
and moonlight-fair,  
Yet meaningless as a love-song without a melody,  
or a portrait without  
A face; and distantly, a ribbon of road winding into beyond  
dotted by  
The shape of a Man, receding, and vanishing. And then I knew  
that many would be  
The years, and desolate the house, and weary the wanderings  
before my Lord and I shall  
Walk again hand in hand: and dim the days, drums rolling, and  
lightning rends the far line of horizons."

### Ward Parks

A thousand times I've wakened from this dream  
Startled to discover it's not real,  
And trembled while I waited for its forms  
To melt back into nothingness, or else dissolve  
In the sudden glory of the light  
Upon my wakened eyes. A thousand times  
I've wakened from this dream and somehow  
Drifted back to sleep, not knowing when or how  
It happened. A thousand times I've sworn  
I would remember, and yet that vow is honored  
Only for the one brief moment I awake  
And suddenly recall my thousand other awakenings  
Which led to nought. A thousand, thousand times  
I've wakened from this dream - to discover  
I had merely dreamt myself awake.  
But last night I dreamt of you, and suddenly  
No longer cared if it were real or not,  
As long as you were there. And this morning,  
When I woke, across my pillow lay one long  
Strand of hair. Like a sun  
Blazing night into oblivion.

*Steve Klein*

## DHUNI FIRE

They lit the spent garlands to a blaze  
in the stone circle  
and, but for the applause of the flames,  
all was still.

Then, one by one, approaching the fire  
with sandalwood wands in our hands,  
we tossed them in,  
and tried to let fall  
our most infamous desires.

We have prayed to give them up.  
They will burn now, hotter  
and harder to ignore-but, like a fire,  
they'll consume the fuel and leave ...  
who knows where they go?

Dark as the ego's shadow,  
the sky prepares to loose the stars  
and let them fall,  
like the flowers which,  
once star-fresh on the tomb,  
have become coals  
throbbing like a blue heart  
in the cool circle of the Asian night.  
Under the trees' thirsting limbs  
it is sung: Godman. Godman.  
May my heart, this time, approach  
the threshold of that word.

*Alice Duncan*

## PERHAPS

I probably was kidding myself.  
I thought I wanted you to break your silence  
for the sake of the world.  
It needed it, not me.  
But no, I wanted and needed to see  
your glory spilling out all over the universe  
in those rivers you spoke of  
that would reverse the usual course  
of all waters rushing into the sea.

So in those times when I felt the  
joy of your reality, your apparent presence,  
such as in Guruprasad in Poona,  
and with Darwin, with Kitty, with Pukar, with Adi,  
it was a joy that anticipated that grand and golden future  
when you would speak.

But then, at Myrtle Beach one time,  
over ten years since you had dropped your body,  
I felt this joy again.  
How amazing it was that it shone as brightly as ever,  
perhaps even more brightly—  
and you had still not spoken, and, let's face it, you may  
never speak.

But here was this joy.  
Was it standing on its own?  
The world,  
so mighty, so vast, so unrepentant,  
seems capable of rolling over such a tender blossom of joy  
and crushing it into insignificance.

But wait.  
I had expected your mighty glory  
to stand up to, and then overwhelm,  
the world's dark force—  
But here was a gentle glory,  
just contained within itself,  
a gathering of bright faces in the meeting hall,  
A gentle glory.

And I began to ask myself, for the first time,  
 "Is this, perhaps, enough?  
 Is the world's imposing vastness  
 just so much accumulation of dust  
 that a gentle glory will turn out to be  
 quite sufficient?"

*Ken Lux*

fall fall fall  
 at His bliss-feet      That's all  
 you have to do      Recall  
 His name at every point      be small  
 Be dust      be beat  
 fall  
 fall  
 fall

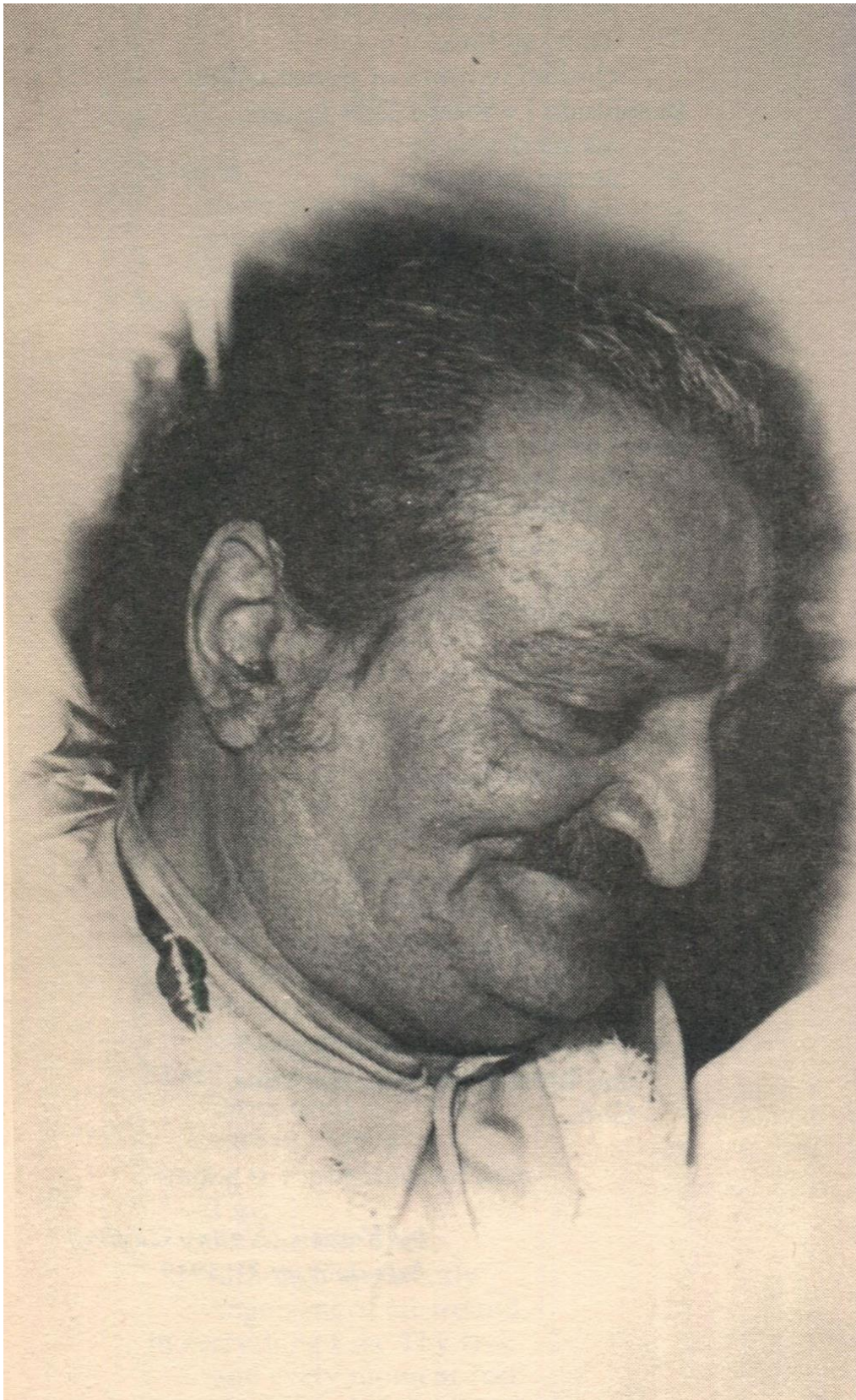
*Filis Frederick*

## BELOVED

Beloved,  
    there is no word  
    more beautiful when from my heart  
    I call Thee all my own.  
When in day-dreams  
    Thy blessed form doth rise  
    before my eyes in brilliant light,  
'Tis Thou who kindled  
    in my heart this flame  
    and set ablaze this  
    all-consuming torch to purify.  
Oh, my Beloved,  
    hold Thou my heart  
    in Thy safe keeping, locked  
    from the outside world.  
Thy breath against my cheek  
    I feel so warm.  
The tenderness of Thine embrace  
    is as a zephyr in its gentleness.  
Oh let me feel Thy kiss  
    upon my eyelids, so  
    then will I know  
    my eyes are open to the Truth  
    and I behold Thee, dear.  
Once, when Thou hadst gone away,  
    the pain within my heart  
    was so intense  
That I could feel the warm blood  
    drop, drop and it did  
    ease my agony ...  
Among the multitude of men  
    I see  
    no one but Thee,  
    although apparently  
    cognizant of all around.  
In everything I see Thy face  
    and every moment feel  
    the warmth of Thy great love  
    holds me secure.

While the rhythm of  
    Indian music  
    chants and sways I see  
    Thee, all holy  
    clothed in robes of purest white.  
In solitude I write to Thee letters,  
    across the earth  
    as one great page, yet  
    not large enough  
    to tell Thee all  
    within my heart.  
Thy silence holds me!  
    and I feel  
    All Thou wouldst have me  
    understand.  
How Thy people love Thee  
    they call Thee Avatar  
    and they, too, worship Thee.  
But there exists 'tween Thee and me  
    a bond so strong  
    that nothing on this earth  
    can sever it ...  
My life I give to Thee  
    in reverence to serve,  
    and at Thy feet  
    to lie in humbleness  
    of heart for this  
    great privilege.  
Some day when Thou wilt raise me  
    from dust and  
    on a pure white stone  
    show me my name  
    inscribed  
Into Thine eyes my eyes will gaze  
    and for the first time see Thee,  
    God.

*by Kemali (Nonny Gayley)*  
Agra, January 31, 1939



*"You are paper and the book,  
You are pen and ink  
and You are the gifted writer.  
You alone exist."*

*—Meher Baba*

## Register of Editorial Alterations

Page 5 stanza 4, line 2, change irridescent to iridescent

Page 44, stanza 3, line 5, change irresistably to irresistibly

Page 71, stanza 5, line 1, change everthing to everything

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