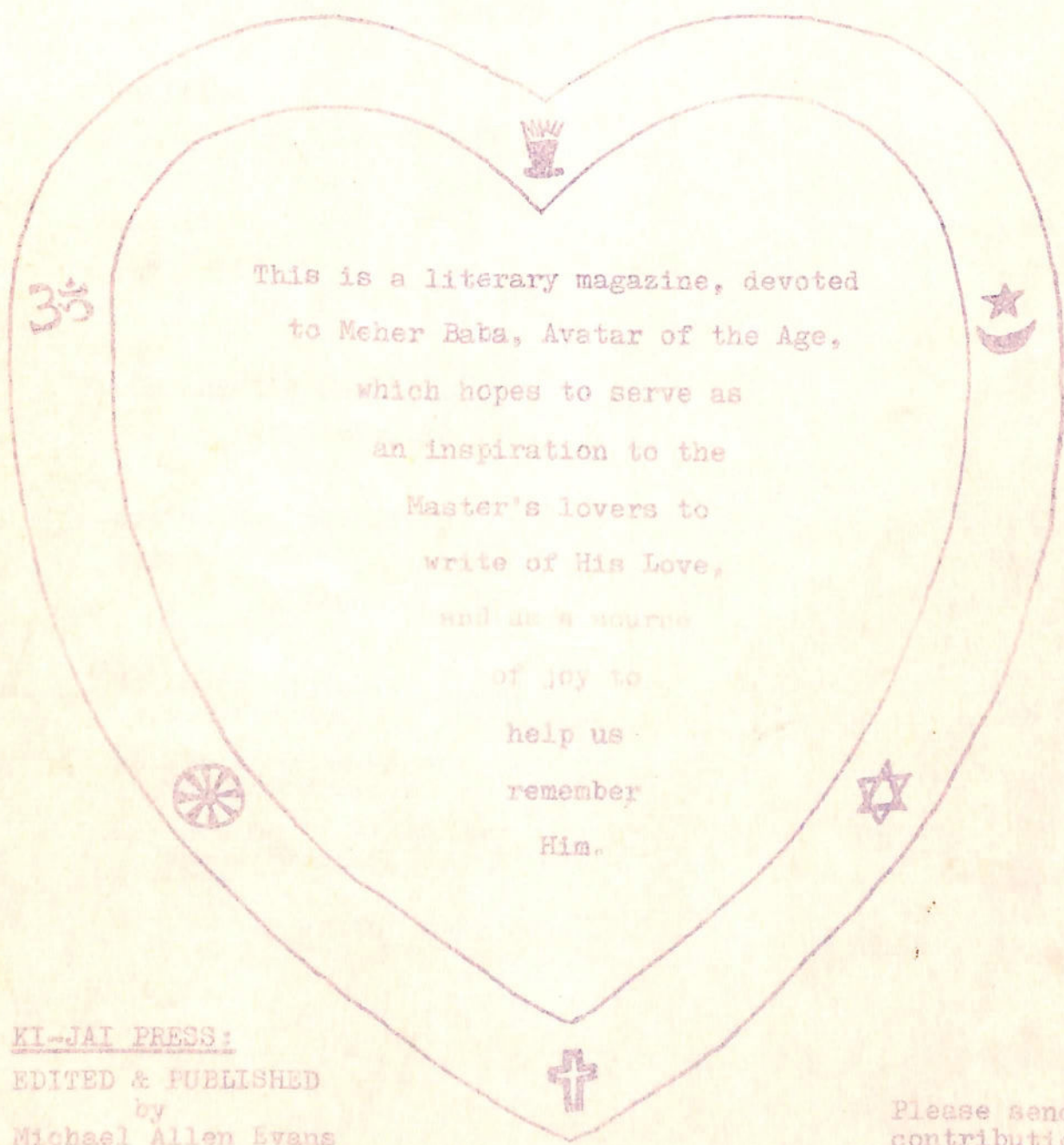


Praise

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AVATAR MEHER BABA
KI-JAI!



This is a literary magazine, devoted
to Meher Baba, Avatar of the Age,
which hopes to serve as
an inspiration to the
Master's lovers to
write of His Love,
and as a source
of joy to
help us
remember
Him.

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THE FIRST POEM

A lover is upon the earth.
Venus worships Him.
All men long to kiss His feet
Tenderly, for He is tenderness.
Ares weeps to see Him.
Roses yearn to smell His fragrance.

Many want Him Who
Each of us has.
He has come to steal
Every one of us to
Redeem our souls.

Bravely put yourself in His
Allmighty arms, and
Be loved
As only God loves.

Kindness is His touch--
Invite it upon your heart.

Joy is pouring out of His
Ageless eyes of light.
Immerse yourself in it, and the Ocean is reborn.

CHRONICLES OF OUR AVATAR

awake, at November's end,
to the sounds of where and when we share
a meeting with God in pure silence.
celebrate, on February's twenty-fifth,
the beginningless birth of the One,
and the death of ancient desire
 mazes of antiquity;
for "something great will happen
 that has never happened before".
repent in the praise of His Majesty,
for says the Lord, on the twenty-fifth
 of March He will lift the curtain
 of duality.
May nineteenth-silence. two days later,
 sunrise.

Chronicles of Our Avatar

The only begotten Son dawns,
Beckoning the seekers of perfection's pearl,
To enter His treasurehouse of Love.
As Baba emerges from the Ocean of the
 OMnipresent Om,
Waves of joy wash away
Every barrier between the Holy Flute Player
And the echoes of His miraculous music.
The Sea of Silence churns to a storm
 that will shatter the shackles of
 illusion.
Then Infinite Knowledge, Power and Bliss---
 the Three Principles of Truth---
Will dwell in the heart of every lover of Love.


As He comes forward, all darkness of fear
 fades away,
For He comes to gather us into Himself---
To make us see the worlds as the coffins
 of our bodies
By opening our center eye to see infinite
 life in Him.
Flowers flow from the Beloved's footsteps,
Blooming in the warm rays of His spirit,
Radiating from the unlimited
 Love of the Master.
The universe vibrates with stillness,
 listening for an invitation from its
 creator
To attend the funeral of death---
To rejoice at the passing away of Separation.

So merciful is His Holiness,
replacing the placid pleasures
of the world
With fire-pains of love;
Filling our hearts with compassion
Till they burst for us to bathe
in the blood of Bliss.
So merciful is His Holiness,
causing the chaos of maya-manyness
to crack—
Rubble-tumbling to its true nonexistence;
Exposing pillars of sanity that support
the Three Temples of Truth.
So merciful is His Holiness,
sweating a hundred thousand burning
tears to thaw our frozen hearts;
Constantly awake until we cease to sleep.
So merciful is His Holiness, so merciful!

Here is God—a distance of infinity,
One hundred and eighty degrees from
the direction in which we are
usually looking.
Here is God, Master of the Meherazad
of our heart,
Blinding us to blindness, silencing
us to deafness,
Wiping away the inability of ignorance
To know our True Self as our True Self.
God is Here, and closer still.
He is coming out of our seclusion
from Him—
For love, truly for Love
He is coming!

Oh Beloved, if I may see You only once,
Let me see You with my soul,
So that the delusion of duality will
die forever,
Giving me the sight eternal of
Your Beauty.
Oh my Master, if I may embrace You only once,
Let me embrace You with my heart,
For it alone is capable of holding You.
Oh God of Grace, wherever You will have me,
I am.
Bless me with the absence of my presence,
And I will care not where our bodies be.

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Lovers of the living Christ, come
to Him not to ask questions,
But to answer the call of the
Ancient One.
Come to Him not to seek, but
to serve the Alpha and the Omega,
for He has found you.
Come to Him never to leave, then
His agony, which is your ignorance,
will cease,
And only pearls of peace will ever
again drop from your eye.
Come to Him with the elegance
of immaculate love
And He will disappear into you
as you become Him.
Let your eyes cry to see Baba,
But drown your heart in the
Lake of His Boundless Mercy,
And then your soul will see that
His omnipresence is ever-touching
you, ever-holding you, that
It is You.

Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jai.

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EGO PAINS

Baba's the Divine Comic.
Every time my ego makes an ugly face
Baba laughs, and slaps it with love.
He puts me on puppet strings,
And referees 8,400,000 rounds of shadow boxing.
And when I drop of exhaustion after the final bell,
He tells me what a farce it was--
That the fight was fixed,
And my opponent, the shadow,
Was destined to fall
When the Avatar landed an invisible upper-cut of love
In my heart, knocking me out of unconsciousness.

Baba, you rascal,
You treat my ego like a balloon
As I blow it up, bigger and bigger, with nothing.
Then when my pride and joy is at its peak, with glee
You take the littlest pin and poke it and pop it with a bang
That blasts my separateness to smizzerines.

Oh Baba, what a ridiculous game
You have me playing with myself--
The only way to win is to stop playing.
And I keep waiting for my opponent to give up.
And when he won't, I try to change the rules,
And when I can't, I try to cheat.
And when I'm caught, I play even harder.
Baba, I'm so drunk with myself--
Only You can save me from my ignorant stupor.
I am awaiting the day
When You fill my cup with Your Grace.

M.A.E.

UNTITLED

You are the rock Baba
all through time is changing
Always going moving
into water and from light force
and what are You when now?
You are the earth Baba
You are the seed
and You are the sun
You are the one
miracle we all are
You are this poem
You are what is

You are falling like snow
out of no where
gently appearing
in grace and artlessness
from grayness
suddenly to
here.

J.B.

UNTITLED

Who is in that chair?
What is in that chair?!
Over and over I see Him there
in my dream.
He is sitting majestically
like a fire glowing warmth and light
Radiating my heart to bursting
So that it spills out laughter and tears
without thought.
Yes, He is sitting there
in His white sadra,
arms on armchair,
eyes lighting the room,
moustache and nose,
and on and on...
But I can't see Him!
My dream is never complete,
for I have not known My Self
nor even seen the body-clcak He wears.

THE CAMESTER

I like to think of Baba
rounding up His disciples
drawing each to Him
with a scheme designed
for that particular soul--
Like a gang leader
winning over a gang
calling them together
lining them up
for the attack--
And when He says the Word
Bang!
that'll be the End...
of illusion for them.

J.P.

(there is no end to I).
We are each
an heir to Ecstasy.

Where are
the swallows of Peace....
Churches are temples
of the West—
my brothers,
there has been
ENOUGH
poetry of madness.
Yours is
the voice of perfect
simplicity;
it must be reminded
to sing.
There is a song
of silence
beyond the abode
of sense.
Beyond is within.—
Enough pre-
occupation with illusion!
Remember to remember.
You are the mystery of vision,
let the voice
that would sing
be a devotee
of endlessness.

R.D.

EVOLUTION INVOLUTION

Down the snivel
and into the pool,

parade around
like a fool,

be a rock, a plant,
an ape or an ant,

be human a bit
get tired of it,

then forget the things
we all run after

go and find
a Perfect Master!

Love Him! Love Him!
like a clod;

then up the spout
and back to God.

Silent, pale the arch sky,
 so that the trees
 seem strangely,
 seems to melt easily
 into a void.
 Fog, say the wind
 shaking the wet trees
 of the sound world,
 so that the earth contracts,
 disappears, waiting
 to receive the thunder.

In Autumn,
 the clouds like ribs
 are,
 the clouds like laces
 are,
 the clouds like hands
 are,
 the clouds like bodies
 are are are.

But the glorious rain
 will not fall upon us
 from the paternal sky,
 bringing the beauty
 of the storming trees,
 living in the thunder,
 and the pines shaking
 their cone-seeds down
 into the rain-damp soil.
 Not yet the great flood
 unifying the dead land,
 making the seeds rise up.
 The autumn wind tosses
 and rolls the branches
 of the struggling pines,
 and the oak trees stand
 cold in their barrenness.

In autumn,
 Meher Baba, divine master,
 waits in His silence.
 In time,
 in the sky,
 the Master brings the sun
 out of the ethereal darkness,
 He brings the moon
 out of the nocturnal abyss,
 He brings the white rose,
 He brings the cross
 unifying spring and autumn.
 The Master brings the seeds
 to rise up out of darkness,
 the Master brings the flood.

He brings the perfect guidance,
He brings the furious winds
to stillness,
He brings bliss,
He brings glory,
He beareth the burden of nobility,
He suffereth,
He maketh the sun
to shine out of the darkness.

But spring is far away,
and the pines only wait,
both hopeful and afraid,
for the triumph of summer.
Now in the breath of autumn
they toss and they die,
rising into the chaos,
Wrong, wrong the world of wind,
and lapping waves of life.
Sad, sad, the tingling
of prophetic bells.
O if only the clouds
would sing and speak,
if the rain were freed
from the father's mouth
and fell like white seeds,
purifying the raging wind
covering the waiting trees
and revealing the intimacy
of the whole universe.
And then the spring,
and the labor of growth
and the sun shining
out of the ethereal darkness.

In autumn, in autumn,
the earth like an ear
is,
the moon like a mouth
is,
the star like an eye
is,
the sun like God
is is is.

Autumn in California,
standing on a dry mountain
surrounded by many mountains
all facing towards the East.
Clouds are gathering,
the pines are finally growing.
Walking slowly, wondering,
thinking that perhaps someday
after the purifying rain,
God Incarnate will come
and walk lightly, knowingly over
these pine-green mountains.

HE IS ASKED TO EXPLAIN HIS RELATIONSHIP TO THE MASTER...

I show you my poem;
You are impressed.
You look up
And into me...
Not satisfied!

You ask me
Where my head is
In all this ?

I'm momentarily confused--

As if I should be
Not here to love Him ?

You say, this voice,
This poem voice,
Does in fact
Come "as if"
From the other side...
From "some one"
Who is already there?

As if you too
Were hearing
His silence...

But I'm perplexed
To see you search
This visage before you,
For Him...

I am on the verge--
Laughter? Melancholy?

How could this joy
In a Beloved...
(Me thinking, so obvious!)
Be taken as a game,
As leverage for power,
As if a Baba-puppet
Behind which I hide
Could be torn aside
To reveal "Me",
The Wizard-of-Oz,
At the Great-Machine controls
Afflicting and Fortuning
The destinies of
"Papa's-and-Mama's darlings"
With a loud-speaker,
Entoning in echoes,
"You and I
Are not We
But Free!"
(Ho-Ho! Hee-Hee!)

From dream unto dream
I am awakening...

And there is not
Much more to say.

You go from me,
Admonish the head
Encourage the heart;
And nothing is resolved--

I say, in my poetic way,
Baba is no cherry-pit
To be gripped by a sense;
But drowning these
In fathoms, is He.
No bubble,
But the Sea...

Ah, words...
Clownish stance.

I am alone again,
Afraid to end the day--
When prayer breaks in...

O'poet, dare thee name
That One, with craft so lame?

Fear not! His smile,
Is infinitely healing...

14-00000
 14-00001

Those Eyes!
Strips "Me"
2 Black Suns
"I" plunge into
2 Sapphire moons
Contained
Above the whirl-pools
Merge....
Smiling cradle--
His Lips
That Love--
His Face,
An Eternal
Caress....
The high
Forehead,
Light,
Eons
Of light....
Fused into
The
Swept-back
Coif
Of radiant
Blackness....
"My"
Feeble mind
Can not
Contain this
Immenseness,
This Ocean....
This God-Man....

P.D.P.

