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INTIMATIONS OF SONG
FOR MEHER BABA

BY
OSWALD HALL



THE AVATAR

from the painting by Oswald Hall

FRONTISPIECE

*This is an image of the One who has returned,
yet the mystery no image can fathom.
Only the language of Silence can define It,
only through countries of heart is It sought,
and by Love for Him alone can It be found.
Soshiyent, Kalanki Avatar, the Imam Mehdi,
God-man, Second Christ, Last Buddha, is here,
the same in all tongues, the One of all faiths.
And here, on the brink of the stony world,
dazed with Magnitude and the task ahead,
with bruised brow and broken teeth
and the worn coat of His journey,
is He who was Merwan, now become Baba,
of whom the watchman said,
"He will move the world."*

INTIMATIONS OF SONG

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This is God of earth, on earth,
God beyond all worlds, in world,
Ancient One of ages, this age;
The ~~One~~ ^{One in} and ~~Deathless~~ Heart,
The Real of all being, the Truth in life.
Our veil of ignorance conceals Him,
But the glance in that human eye is God
Conscious of our Infinity.
We can but follow in conception
The inconceptual play of humility and compassion
Of One of whom the universe is the creation —
In whom this triple universe is Sound —
Consenting to confinement in its dust,
Remaining hidden in humiliation,
Allowing His state to be reviled by His creatures,
Gathering the dead wood of their ignorance
To consume it in His Manifestation.
We'll see the body stabbed and broken —
It is the revenge of tribes on their king;
But this King of kings has sealed it,

And even the executioner is blessed —
So that the Law may be unlocked
In the self-locked hearts
And the love of self unleashed in Self.
Can we imagine One in whom all are He,
Who laughs and loves as if each were One
Yet feels the pain of our separation?
All who love suffer for love;
But He who is Love is racked by the hour
In the midst of Bliss. There is no ease
In the dense immunity to Love,
Relief, in the stony wastes of heart.
Pity is wasted. Awe, assumes. Even devotion strains.
Friendship — yes, with both elephant and driver.
Obedient to Love, we watch and wait, holding the robe
Till the instant of that Word amplifies Silence,
Lifts us to live in that Sound.
Faithful songs whisper through windows;
But, thrilled to forgotten chords of being,
All life will know That Sound and live.

COMMENT AND DEDICATION

Only the unfamiliarity of the 'content' of the poem prompts the author to comment.

The content is of course the intellectual, emotional and spiritual resonance set up in the author in relation to the Subject of the poem. And since the Subject is inseparable from this content and continues, there is reluctance to decipher such relatedness in any but the valid terms of art, or prayer which is praise; much the same thing.

Firstly, Meher Baba is what is known in the East, and defined in the West, as a Perfect Master.

In the East, a continuous chain of God-realised beings has enabled the conception to be more clearly, if sometimes too readily, accepted.

In the West, experience has been confined to Christian Mysticism and is little known, except for increasingly articulate theoretical definitions (and translations) by intellectuals and scholars, from Goethe to the present day. But generally speaking, after being knocked around in men's 'self-service' minds for 2000 years, His image has become, as it were, everybody's piece of cake, cut to size according to want.

Secondly, that Meher Baba is also that unique manifestation of the One Infinite God on earth, the Avatar of this age (as Jesus was of that age), is a technical answer, the possibility of which depends on what questions you ask of life and nature. Only in the proper context of the Divine example of Love in His life and work can one glimpse that possibility, and that this is certainly no ordinary man.

So, as the Avatar of this age, the One Infinite Reality behind all existence, and claiming the 'Divine Authority' of His Nature, the 'Highest of the High,' the following is part of "Meher Baba's Call":

"Age after age, when the wick of Righteousness burns low, the Avatar comes yet once again to rekindle the torch of Love and Truth. Age after age, amidst the clamour of disruptions, wars, fear and chaos, rings the Avatar's call:

"Come All Unto Me"

"Although, because of the veil of illusion, the Call of the Ancient One may appear as a voice in the wilderness, its echo and re-echo nevertheless pervades through time and space, to rouse at first a few, and eventually millions from their deep slumber of ignorance. And in the midst of illusion, as the Voice behind all voices, it awakens humanity, to bear witness to the Manifestation of God amidst mankind.

. . . "Irrespective of doubts and convictions, and for the Infinite Love I bear for one and all, I continue to come as the Avatar, to be judged time and again by humanity in its ignorance, in order to help man distinguish the Real from the false."

This booklet is dedicated to Meher Baba, and commemorates His two visits to Australia, in the author's belief that this is the Advent of this country's Spiritual history.

"True culture is the result of Spiritual values assimilated into life."

