

TWELVE POEMS
And a Gift of Two Poems

By: Marc Franc



Dedicated to Avatar Meher Baba and His friends and lovers.



for Baba's Mandali -

may this little book -
let of poems bring you
enjoyment in His -
Pleasure !

Love,

Marc

Thanksgiving Day
1987

DANCER

nd,

1-705611

THE DANCER

*She dances with grace,
and music plays to her form,
as her body unfolds petals of joy.
Calm melodies brushed by an artists unseen hand,
she fashions white birds,
from the air delicate whisperings.
She soars in secret delight,
affirming life...
calling love to herself.
The world spins to her movements,
while the universe bows.*

1-705611

PERFECTION

How fortunate is Hafiz's perfection.

How unfortunate is my lot.

I am sour dough.

Gladly I would die today to be perfect in Your love.

But how can I die?

My hands are emptied by my heart's desire,

And they are full from separation.

What a dilemma my soul places me in.

Duality!

I have much to sell.

I have neither the ears to hear with nor the eyes to see.

What grief I am caused.

When I was ignorant of All Things being You, then I was a simpleton.

Now You cast me out from nights of ignorance, and bar that door.

How long do I stand in darkness?

How many steps are there to climb?

I know not who I am, or what You are, though I feel You inside,

And call You, Father.

I see ovens to bake me as dough into fresh bread.

Yet I alone have not the strength to step inside the oven to be baked.

I do not fear the oven for I can understand its purpose.

But I cannot understand what it is to be baked in God's oven.

This troubles me and I do not know what to think.

Rest assured my heart, I am tenderising myself to be baked.

But oh what feeling to be uncompleted work,

that causes it not to be fit for baking?

I know baked bread is for consuming.

Well, when will I ever taste that Good!

REPOSE

*Beloved, shall I walk with You?
We can go for a walk past the stars and soar so high.
Tenderly, we feel love.
We can walk forever and ever in the night.*

*When we are tired, lets rest in one another.
I blow sweet kisses to Your neck,
And my glance is lost in vision of Your beauty.
We can walk forever and ever in the night.*

*I say to You, 'is my Beloved refreshed?'
And You smile, we hold hands.
A million stars pass my forehead.
We can walk forever and ever in the night.*

*You give me water to drink,
'First You drink,' I say.
One pearl falls from Your lips. I drink the treasure.
We can walk forever and ever in the night.*

A VOICE TO THE BELOVED

1

Beloved, I sound Your praise in the cords of the courts of my heart.

2

*I tingle to Your touch. Touch me until I tingle beyond tingling,
And rest in the abode of Your loving caress.*

3

*O' hear my voice out of the multitudes,
Am I worthy of Your compassionate bliss?*

4

*I change Beloved as You awaken my heart.
Each change carries me closer to Your loving arms.*

5

*Now Beloved light the fire in my heart.
Can I not see the blindness in my mind sheds me from union.*

6

*Beloved, You are named many names and mean many things.
But for me, You are.*

7

*As I sit pondering the events of my life, I feel deep faith,
Ever abiding in the ever presence of Your love.*

8

*Beloved, what can I say? I am here,
Waiting faithfully for Your loving grace.*

9

*At last Beloved, I feel in nature Your essence.
There is no way to convey it.
Yet, if the sun did not shine, there would be no day.*

10

*O' Beloved, Your grace is beyond words.
Let me sprout wings and fly home.*

11

*Love is You, Beloved.
It is the kindling heart yearning to be One.*

THE SUFI

*Upon his soul marked the wing of heart.
The reed plays a note and the ancient drum beats.*

*His arms rise spread wide.
His smiling forehead bathed with light.*

*He dances through the primitive, through the ancient,
Through the contemporary into the Real.*

*Beyond he whirls ecstatic...
His lips shape the heart's petal, sounding... Hu...Hu...Hu...!*

*Hu, the Sufi call to Allah!
He whirls with opened heart, sober, balanced and free.*

UNCONSCIOUSNESS

*O' Self, You are hidden within my body,
As the light of the knowledge of my Self.*

*I address You, Self of all selves,
And beg Your pardon for my ignorance.*

*On Earth, we have but a short span of time,
And buried in our natures is happiness,
Though in our minds, we wander.*

*When the sun rises and the souls of this world awaken,
Becoming humanly conscious of their lives,*

*You, O' Great Wonderful Self, unconsciously being alone in silence,
As the One.*

*We exist in separation like the ocean and the land,
And yet, we meet on the shoreless track where no feet can be seen.*

*I unconsciously live in Your being,
And You in Your infinite Self experience Your Self as me.*

*O' Self of all selves, I am unconscious.
I want to awaken to live and die for You.*

*O' Bountiful Life of all giving life,
When will we be not You or I,
And cease this game of You and I?*

*Listen O' Self of all knowingness,
I am rubbed out from the flame of unknowing,
And the pressure of the unconscious blows a steam of ashes.*

Unconscious that I am that I maybe conscious again.

*Sweet the bird in flight, sweeter the smell of lovers,
Yet pale they are in the light, before the conscious Knower.*

*O' Self, hidden in my body, make me no longer unconscious,
But co-conscious of Your consciousness.*

AWAKENING

*This morning I awoke Beloved One and my heart
Was like a fountain empty of water.
Before the birds were chirping and the sun was rising
From the other side of the earth, knower of my heart,
My suffering began for You.
Today this poor heart of mine is broken,
And the strain is nearly beyond endurance.
O' Infinite One what share of Your wealth is allotted to me,
That I must pass this day with the sorrows of a broken heart,
And the joy of Your divine compassion.
All words have been spoken in me,
Like a tidal wave bursting upon the shore,
And all thoughts are deadening within my senses.
O' Heart of my heart hear this simple cry,
From this poor heart of mine.*

MELODY OF ONE NOTE

*The divineness of Your love
Is ever drawing closer and closer
The strings of my mind and heart.
The tune I hear within
Is ever fresher and newer
With one melody and one note.
It is the wording of Your praise
And Your remembrance.*

PRAYING

*Oh God send me such gifts that only Your love
Abides in my heart and like a lake my mind rests
In peace knowing there is only You.
As the Springtime brings flowers into blossom
Let Your love of me in You bring gifts of flowers
To Your many loving souls.
And as the Fall withers to the snowy curtain of Winter
May I be for You warmth for others in their coldest moment.
And as the sun heats the days and moon cools the nights
Could I not also be both a dawn and a kiss goodnight for You.*

POETRY

*Poetry is the Beloved's Voice of voices,
Sublime splendor expressing beauty,
As a thought evoked from Eternity.*

*Poetry is the language of love,
When in the hands of the weaver of hearts.*

VISION

*One moment of silence with Him touching my heart,
As if the sky was at my feet,
And the sun breaking into golden haze,
As if the earth was in the sky,
And the ocean pounded the seashore creating new life.*

BODY AND SOUL

*Is not the wine our soul.
Is not the rose our body.*

DARK AND LIGHT

*I enter the darkest of the dark and lightest light.
I enter the present without hope for the future
And death to the past.
I enter the heart never to return.*

HUMILITY

*I am not worthy, Beloved.
In this world have I laughed and sorrowed,
Only waiting, waiting for You.
Many have asked me, 'what am I doing here?'
I answer with a tear.*

READER'S NOTES

THE DANCER is my attempt to express Maya, as the play of illusion. The poem was originally inspired by watching ballet dancers.

PERFECTION - Meher Baba said Hafiz was a Perfect Master. Hafiz created a form of poetry called Ghazal. He related to us the spiritual planes and states of consciousness through the Ghazals. Some Western thinkers and poets have been influenced by Hafiz's Ghazals. I know Emerson read him and refers to Hafiz in some of his writings. And Goethe at an old age came to Hafiz's Divani translated into German, and produced a work in German using the Ghazal form. In *Perfection*, I am trying to tell God how I feel and see myself in Him.

REPOSE - I am longing for God's company and I want to put God first, before myself. He is pleased and gives me a pearl from His treasure.

A VOICE TO THE BELOVED came to me like a flash. They are separate poems linked together, as I aspire to love God, and to awaken.

THE SUFI was inspired from reading Rumi, and meeting the Shaykh (teacher) of the Whirling Dervishes.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS is to me a difficult poem to follow. It may have some insight into consciousness. I was influenced by Bhau Kalchuri, one of Baba's mandali, while listening to some of his poems read at the Pilgrim Center at Meherabad, India. Bhau had said to me, that I would write again. I have written three-poems with a new sense of language and of a different sort of poetry that is growing inside me.

AWAKENING is about my suffering when I felt God pierce my heart.

MELODY OF ONE NOTE - I am trying to balance my conscious intellect with the seat of my heart.

PRAISING is beautiful and meaningful to me, personally. It is the culmination of my desire to be pleasing to God, and to be a lover.

POETRY is two-poems expressing that God is the Creator of all my poems.

VISION is my personal experience that I hope is God.

BODY AND SOUL is my sense of unity when divine love as the soul, manifests through our bodies in the world.

DARK AND LIGHT and *HUMILITY* was requested by Rick Scheu to add to the booklet because he liked them and thought you would enjoy it.

DARK AND LIGHT simply tries to express my experience of timelessness when I enter the core of my heart.

HUMILITY is my expression of separation. I am sensing the goal, and I feel the immense distance. Something at times, we all share.

THANKYOU for supporting me in my small booklet of poems, and I hope that you enjoy them.

JAI BABA!



