



Purva Bhadrapada: ४ B G

THE WORD WAS GOD

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

The Gospel According to John



THE SOJOURN OF JESUS

From the waters of Mary and the breath of Gabriel,
In the form of a mortal made of clay,
The Spirit was manifested in an essence
Purged of Nature's taint, which is called *sijin* — 'prison'.
Thus, his sojourn was prolonged,
Enduring, by decree, more than a thousand years.
A spirit from none other than God,
So that he might raise the dead and bring forth birds from clay,

And became worthy to be associated with his Lord,
By which he acts in superior and inferior worlds.
God purified him in body and made him transcendent
In the Spirit, the symbol of Divine Creation.

IBN AL-'ARABI



INHERIT THE KINGDOM

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand,

Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Inherit the kingdom prepared for you
from the foundation of the world:
For I was ahungered, and ye gave me meat:
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink:
I was a stranger, and ye took me in:
Naked, and ye clothed me:
I was sick, and ye visited me:
I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him saying,

Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, and fed thee?
or thirsty, and gave thee drink?
When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in?
or naked, and clothed thee?
Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison,
and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

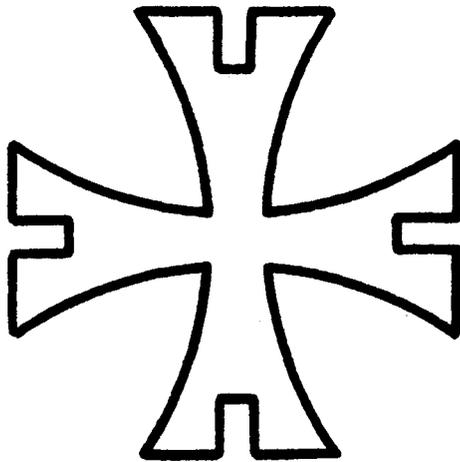
The Gospel According to Matthew



THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST

Christ sets His followers no tasks. He appoints no hours. He allots no sphere. He Himself simply went about and did good. He did not stop life to do some special thing which should be called religious. His life was His religion. Each day as it came brought round in the ordinary course its natural ministry. Each village along the highway had someone waiting to be helped. His pulpit was the hillside, His congregation a woman at a well. The poor, wherever He met them, were His clients; the sick, as often as He found them, His opportunity. His work was everywhere; His workshop was the world.

HENRY DRUMMOND





Uttara Bhadrapada: ८ G F

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth; and he will shew him greater works than these, that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will.

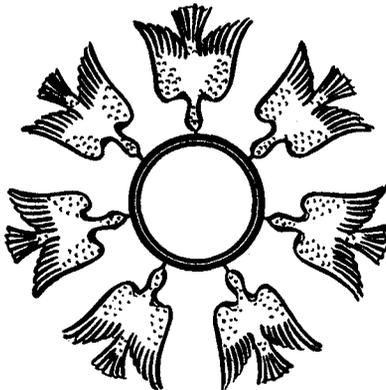
For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgement unto the Son. That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent him.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him authority to execute judgement also, because he is the Son of man.

Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation. I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge: and my judgement is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me.

The Gospel According to John





THE KINGDOM OF GOD

The Disciples said to him:
"Warn us how our end will be."

Jesus replied:
Have you already discovered
The Beginning, now that
You are asking about the end?
Wherever the Beginning is,
There shall be the end.
Blessed is he who stands
At the Beginning, for he understands
The end without tasting death.

* * *

Jesus saw little ones being fed.
He addressed his Disciples:
These babies being nursed
Are like those entering the Kingdom.
They asked: "Shall we enter the Kingdom?
We are small."

Jesus said:
When you make two into one
And what is within like what is without,
And what is without like what is within.
And what is above like what is below,
And when you unite male and female in one
So that the male is no longer male,
And the female no longer female,
When you make eyes in place of an eye
And a hand in place of a hand,
And a foot in place of a foot
And an image in place of an image,
Then you shall enter the Kingdom.

* * *

You see the mote
Within your brother's eye,
But you do not see the beam
Within your own.
Once you have extracted the beam
From your own eye,
You can remove the mote
From your brother's.

* * *

I stood
In the midst of the world.
I appeared incarnate
And I found everyone drunk,
And none thirsty.
Then my Soul was sorry
For all the sons of men,
Because they are blind in their hearts.
They cannot realize that they have come
Empty into the world,
And must leave it empty.
Now, they are drunk,
But when they renounce the wine,
They will repent.

* * *

If the Flesh
Came into Being for the sake
Of the Spirit, that is
A Mystery. But if
The Spirit came into Being
For the sake of the Body,
That is a wondrous Miracle.
How did such great wealth
Make its home, I wonder,
In such poverty?

* * *

Jesus said:
Whatever you hear,
With one ear and the other,
Preach from the housetops.
Nobody lights a lamp in order
To place it under a bushel
Or to hide it in some secret place.
Set it upon a lampstand,
So that all who enter or depart
May see its light.

* * *

If you are asked your origins, answer:
'We have come out of the Light
Where the Light came of itself.
It rested, appearing in their Image.'
If you are asked your identity, answer:
'We are His sons, and
The Elect of the Living Father.'
If asked for a sign of your Father, answer:
'Movement and Repose.'

* * *

Jesus said:
I am the Light
That is above them all.
I am the All.
The All came from me,
And the All has returned to me.
Split wood and I am there.
Raise a stone and you will find me.
He who is close to me
Is close to fire:
He who is far from me
Is distant from the Kingdom.

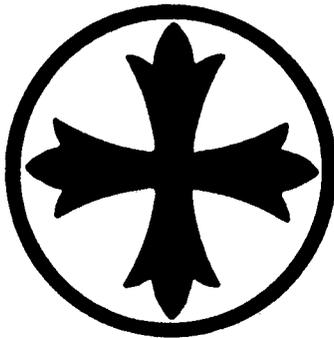
* * *

The Heavens shall be rolled back,
And the Earth unfurled before your eyes.
The Living One out of the Living One
Sees neither death, nor fear, for Jesus says
The world is unworthy of the man who finds himself.

* * *

His Disciples questioned:
“When will the Kingdom come?”
Jesus answered:
It will never come
If you are expecting it.
Nobody will say
Look here or look there.
Yet the Kingdom of the Father
Is spread throughout the earth
And no man sees it.

The Gospel According to Thomas

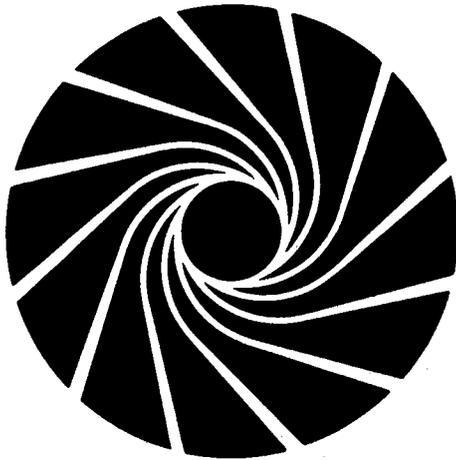




THE CHRIST SOUL

And now my grief I see
Was but that ancient shadow part of me,
Not yet attuned to good,
Still blind and senseless in its warring mood,
I turn from it and climb
To the heroic spirit of the prime,
The light that well foreknew
All the dark ways that it must journey through.
Yet seeing still a gain,
A distant glory o'er the hills of pain,
Through all that chaos wild
A breath as gentle as a little child,
Through earth transformed, divine,
The Christ-soul of the universe to shine.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL





JACOB'S LADDER

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air –
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

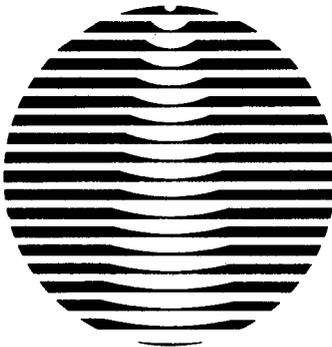
Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars! –
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places; –
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry – and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry – clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

FRANCIS THOMPSON





Revathi: ❧ Y E

THE LIVING LIGHT

Christ is incarnate in all humanity. Prometheus is bound for ever within us. They are the same. They are a host, and the divine incarnation was not spoken of one, but of all those who descending into the lower world tried to change it into the divine image and to wrest out of chaos a kingdom for the empire of light. The angels saw below them in chaos a senseless rout blind with elemental passion for ever warring with discordant cries which broke in upon the world of divine beauty; and that the pain might depart, they grew rebellious in the Master's peace, and descending to earth the angelic lights were crucified in men; leaving so radiant worlds, such a light of beauty, for earth's grey twilight filled with tears, that through this elemental life might breathe the starry music brought from Him. If the "Foreseer" be a true name for the Titan, it follows that in the host which he represents was a light which well foreknew all the dark paths of its journey; foreseeing the bitter struggle with a hostile nature, but foreseeing perhaps a gain, a distant glory o'er the hills of sorrow, and that chaos, divine and transformed, with only gentle breathing, lit up by the Christ-soul of the universe. There is a transforming power in the thought itself: we can no longer condemn the fallen, they who laid aside their thrones of ancient power, their spirit ecstasy and beauty, on such a mission. Perhaps those who sank lowest did so to raise a greater burden, and of these most fallen it may in the hour of their resurrection be said, "The last shall be first." . . .

Our deepest life is when we are alone. We think most truly, love best, when isolated from the outer world in that mystic abyss we call soul. Nothing external can equal the fulness of these moments. We may sit in the blue twilight with a friend, or bend together by the hearth, half whispering, or in a silence populous with loving thoughts mutually understood; then we may feel happy and at peace, but it is only because we are lulled by a semblance to deeper intimacies. When we think of a friend, and the loved one draws nigh, we sometimes feel half-pained, for we touched something in our solitude which the living presence shut out; we seem more apart, and would fain wave them away and cry, "Call me not forth from this; I am no more a spirit if I leave my throne." But these moods, though lit up by intuitions of the true, are too partial, they belong too much to the twilight of the heart, they have too dreamy a temper to serve us well in life. We should wish rather for our thoughts a directness such as belongs to the messengers of the gods, swift, beautiful, flashing presences bent on purposes well understood.

What we need is that interior tenderness shall be elevated into seership, that what in most is only yearning or blind love shall see clearly its way and hope. To this end we have to observe more intently the nature of the interior life. We find, indeed, that it is not a solitude at all, but dense with multitudinous being: instead of being alone we are in the thronged highways

of existence. For our guidance when entering here many words of warning have been uttered, laws have been outlined, and beings full of wonder, terror, and beauty described. Yet there is a spirit in us deeper than our intellectual being which I think of as the Hero in man, who feels the nobility of its place in the midst of all this, and who would fain equal the greatness of perception with deeds as great. The weariness and sense of futility which often falls upon the mystic after much thought is due to this, that he has not recognized that he must be worker as well as seer, that here he has duties demanding a more sustained endurance just as the inner life is so much vaster and more intense than the life he has left behind.

Now the duties which can be taken up by the soul are exactly those which it feels most inadequate to perform when acting as an embodied being. What shall be done to quiet the heart-cry of the world: how answer the dumb appeal for help we so often divine below eyes that laugh? It is the saddest of all sorrows to think that pity with no hands to heal, that love without a voice to speak, should helplessly heap their pain upon pain while earth shall endure. But there is a truth about sorrow which I think may make it seem not so hopeless. There are fewer barriers than we think: there is, in truth, an inner alliance between the soul who would fain give and the soul who is in need. Nature has well provided that not one golden ray of all our thoughts is sped ineffective through the dark; not one drop of the magical elixirs love distils is wasted. . . .

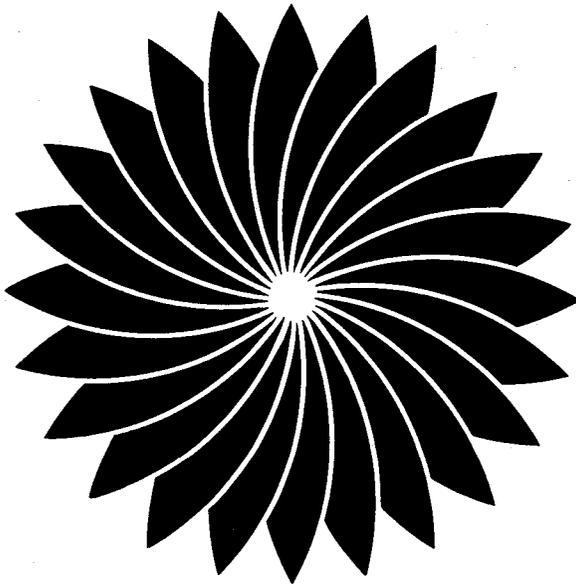
Surely it was to bring comfort to hearts like thine that that most noble of all meditations was ordained by the Buddha. *"He lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure."*

That love, though the very fairy breath of life, should by itself and so imparted have a sustaining power some may question, not those who have felt the sunlight fall from distant friends who think of them; but, to make clearer how it seems to me to act, I say that love, Eros, is a being. It is more than a power of the soul, though it is that also; it has universal life of its own, and just as the dark heaving waters do not know what jewel lights they reflect with blinding radiance, so the soul, partially absorbing and feeling the ray of Eros within it, does not know that often a part of its nature nearer to the sun of love shines with a brilliant light to other eyes than its own. Many people move unconscious of their own charm, unknowing of the beauty and power they seem to others to impart. It is some past attainment of the soul, a jewel won in some old battle which it may have forgotten, but none the less this gleams on its tiara and the star-flame inspires others to hope and victory.

If it is true here that many exert a spiritual influence they are unconscious of, it is still truer of the spheres within. Once the soul has attained to any possession like love, or persistent will, or faith, or a power of thought, it

comes into spiritual contact with others who are struggling for these very powers. The attainment of any of these means that the soul is able to absorb and radiate some of the diviner elements of being. The soul may or may not be aware of the position it is placed in or its new duties, but yet that Living Light, having found a way into the being of any one person, does not rest there, but sends its rays and extends its influence on and on to illumine the darkness of another nature. So it comes that there are ties which bind us to people other than those whom we meet in our everyday life. I think they are most real ties, most important to understand, for if we let our lamp go out, some far away who had reached out in the dark and felt a steady will, a persistent hope, a compassionate love, may reach out once again in an hour of need, and finding no support may give way and fold the hands in despair. Often we allow gloom to overcome us and so hinder the bright rays in their passage; but would we do it so often if we thought that perhaps a sadness which besets us, we do not know why, was caused by someone drawing nigh to us for comfort, whom our lethargy might make feel still more his helplessness, while our courage, our faith, might cause "our light to shine in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own".

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL





THE HOLY ONE

She looked and saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth and Mary
His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee
Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger and fury: Should I
Marry a Harlot and an Adulteress? Mary answer'd: Art thou more pure
Than thy Maker, who forgiveth Sins and calls again Her that is Lost?

.

He who envies or calumniates, which is murder and cruelty,
Murders the Holy-one. Go tell them this and overthrow their cup,
Their bread, their altar-table, their incense, and their oath;
Their marriage and their baptism, their burial and consecration.
I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts, but have only
Made enemies; I never made friends but by spiritual gifts,
By severe contentions of friendship and the burning fire of thought.
He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children,
One first in friendship and love, then a Divine Family, and in the midst
Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision, a perfect Whole,
Must see it in its Minute Particulars, Organised, and not as thou,
O Fiend of Righteousness, pretendest; thine is a Disorganised
And snowy cloud; brooder of tempests and destructive War,
You smile with pomp and rigor; you talk of benevolence and virtue;
I act with benevolence and virtue, and get murder'd time after time;
You accumulate Particulars, and murder by analysing, that you
May take the aggregate, and you call the aggregate Moral Law;
And you call that swell'd and bloated Form a Minute Particular.
But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars; and every
Particular is a Man, a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

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And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence.
If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand
In way of vengeance, I punish the already punish'd. O whom
Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray?
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance, if thou revengest thy wrongs,
Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the sons
Of Albion from taking vengeance or how shall I them persuade?

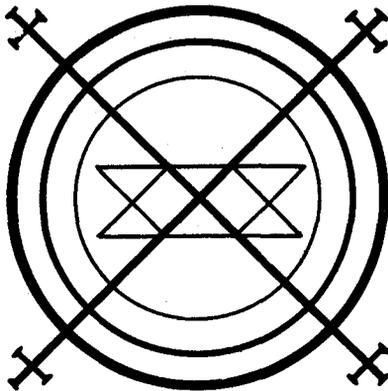
WILLIAM BLAKE



TO HIM THAT WAS CRUCIFIED

My spirit to yours dear brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and to salute
those who are with you, before and since, and those to come also,
That we all labour together transmitting the same charge and succession,
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the
disputes nor any thing that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions,
jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down till
we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races,
ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are.

WALT WHITMAN



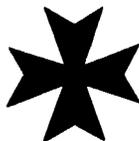


THE WORD MADE FLESH

People tend to fasten upon the wounds and the blood, even though, as Titian's painting portrays clearly, the tragedy of Jesus was not in the bleeding wounds but in the ignorance and self-limitation of the disciples. He had promised redemption to anyone and everyone who was true to him, which meant, he said, to love each other. He had washed the feet of the disciples, drawn them together, given them every opportunity so that they would do the same for each other. He told them that they need only follow this one commandment. We know how difficult it is for most people today to love one another, to work together, to pull together, to cooperate and not compete, to add and not subtract, to multiply and serve, not divide and rule. This seems very difficult especially in a hypocritical society filled with deceit and lies. What are children to say when their parents ask them to tell the truth and they find themselves surrounded by so many lies? In the current cycle the challenge is most pointed and poignant. More honesty is needed, more courage, more toughness – this time for the sake of all mankind. One cannot leave it to a future moment for some pundits in theological apologetics and theosophical hermeneutics to say this cycle was only for some chosen people. Every single part of the world has to be included and involved.

The Teaching of Jesus was a hallowed communication of insights, a series of sacred glimpses, rather than a codification of doctrine. He presented not a *summa theologica* or *ethica*, but the seminal basis from which an endless series of *summae* could be conceived. He initiated a spiritual current of sacred dialogue, individual exploration and communal experiment in the quest for divine wisdom. He taught the beauty of acquiescence and the dignity of acceptance of suffering – a mode appropriate to the Piscean Age. He showed salvation – through love, sacrifice and faith – of the regenerated *psyche* that cleaves to the light of *nous*. He excelled in being all things to all men while remaining utterly true to himself and to his 'Father in Heaven'. He showed a higher respect for the Temple than its own custodians. At the same time he came to found a new kind of kingdom and to bring a message of joy and hope. He came to bear witness to the Kingdom of Heaven during life's probationary ordeal on earth. He vivified by his own luminous sacrifice the universal human possibility of divine self-consecration, the beauty of beatific devotion to the Transcendental Source of Divine Wisdom – the Word Made Flesh celebrating the Verbum In the Beginning.

RAGHAVAN IYER





Asvini: ॐ BI S

MAY THE LORD COME

Like the sun flashing forth light unto one enshrouded in darkness, like the boat rescuing a person sinking in the sea, like the cloud showering forth its refreshing waters on the thirsty, like the storehouse of wealth removing the distress of the penniless, and like the physician bringing relief to a person suffering from a long and painful disease, — may He, the Lord, come and grant unto us what is auspicious.

Sbrikrishnakarnamrita



IPALNEMOANI

Not ever
Oh, not ever
Will it come
To an end:
The drum of,
The song of
The Giver of
Life.

We come
To the magic water.
Your word
Goes over the water
With the water bird.

Oh, not ever
Not ever
Will it come
To an end:
The drum of,
The song of
The Giver of
Life.

**Your flowers, this earth:
Do they go
Like shadows go
When we go
To the Ghost Place?**

**Oh, not ever
Not ever
Will they come
To an end:
The drum of,
The song of
The Giver of
Life.**

**The good trees, the old:
Under the branches of,
Among the roots of
The ancient cottonwoods
Will we wake?**

**Oh, not ever
Not ever
Will it come
To an end:
The drum of,
The song of
The Giver of
Life.**

NAHUATL SHAMAN





PRAISE YE THE LORD

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary:
praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according
to his excellent greatness.
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise
him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him
with stringed instruments and organs.
Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon
the high sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

The Book of Psalms



UNCROWNED MAJESTY

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at — better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD



Bharani: ♀ I A

THE SELF-EFFULGENT LORD

To Thee, O dispeller of gloom, we offer salutations with our mind, and approach Thee daily, by day and by night.

Be of easy approach to us, even as a father to his son. Do thou, O Self-effulgent Lord, abide with us and bring us thy blessings.

The Lord who oversees the cosmos and fully comprehends the Truth behind all things — may He protect us all.

Let us meditate on the resplendent glory of that Divine Being who illumines everything. May He guide our understanding.

Rig Veda



WALK ALONE

(Favourite chant of Mahatma Gandhi)

Walk alone.

If they answer not to thy call, walk alone;
If they are afraid and cower mutely facing the wall,
Open thy mind and speak out alone.

If they turn away and desert you when crossing the wilderness,
Trample the thorns under thy tread,
And along the blood-lined track travel alone.

If they do not hold up the light when the night is troubled with storm,
With the thunder-flame of pain ignite thine own heart,
And let it burn alone.

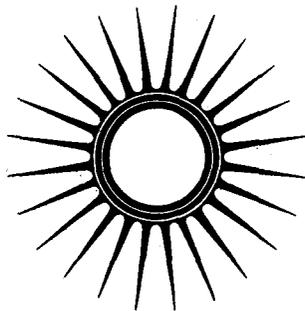
RABINDRANATH TAGORE



TO THE SUN

Hear golden Titan, whose eternal eye
With broad survey, illumines all the sky:
Self-born, unwearied in diffusing light,
And to all eyes the mirror of delight:
Lord of the seasons, with thy fiery car
And leaping coursers, beaming light from far:
With thy right hand the source of morning light,
And with thy left the father of the night.
Agile and vig'rous, venerable Sun,
Fiery and bright around the heav'ns you run.
Foe to the wicked, but the good man's guide,
O'er all his steps propitious you preside:
With various sounding, golden lyre, 'tis thine
To fill the world with harmony divine.
Father of ages, guide of prosp'rous deeds,
The world's commander, borne by lucid steeds,
Immortal Jove, all-searching, bearing light,
Source of existence, pure and fiery bright:
Bearer of fruit, almighty lord of years,
Agile and warm, whom ev'ry pow'r reveres.
Great eye of Nature and the starry skies,
Doom'd with immortal flames to set and rise:
Dispensing justice, lover of the stream,
The world's great despot, and o'er all supreme.
Faithful defender, and the eye of right,
Of steeds the ruler, and of life the light:
With founding whip four fiery steeds you guide,
When in the car of day you glorious ride.
Propitious on these mystic labours shine,
And bless thy suppliant with a life divine.

THOMAS TAYLOR



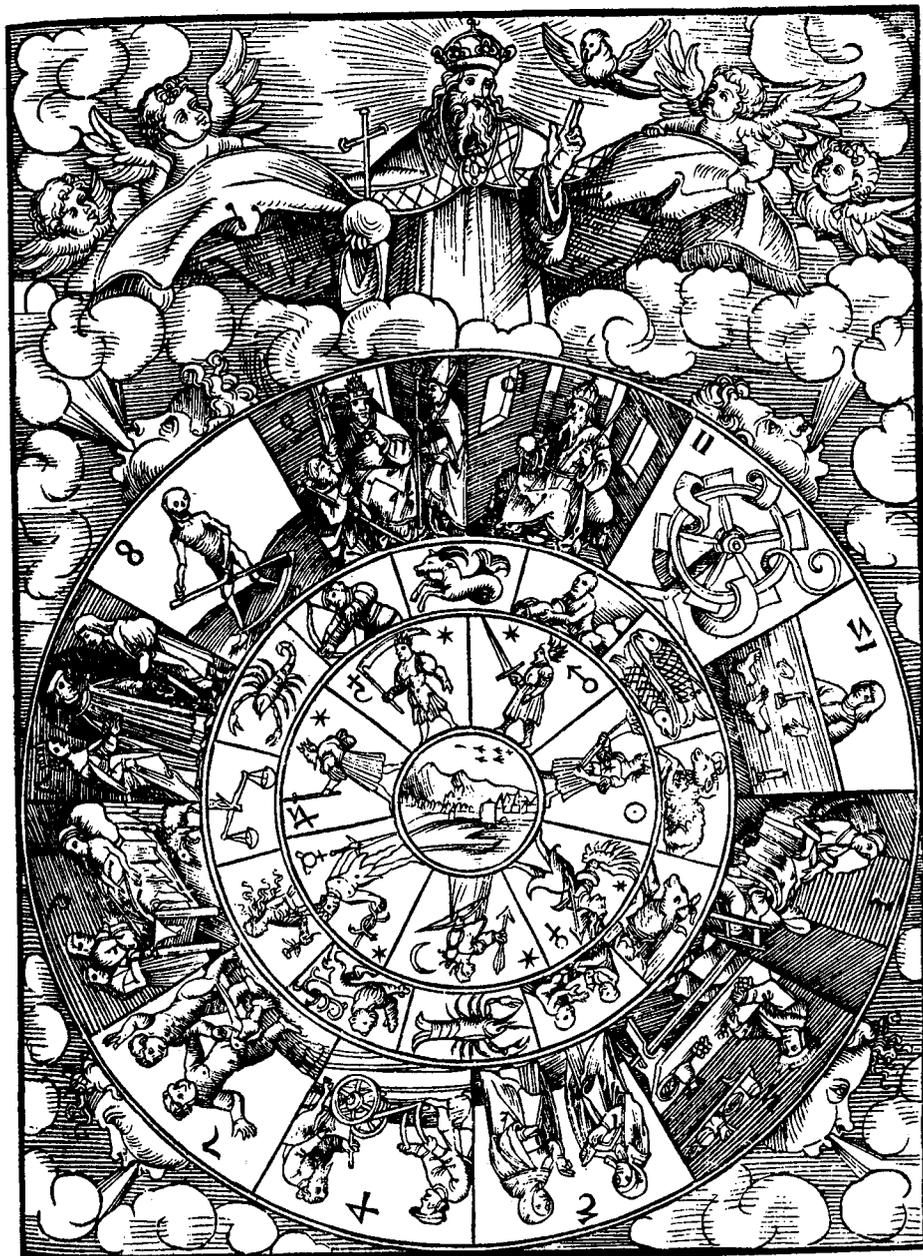


THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better, — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love, —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever. This is life to come, —
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, — be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!

So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT





Krittika: ☉ O D

ONE IN THE MANY

Thou art the creator and protector of the cosmos. Thou art the lord of beings. Thou art the destroyer with awesome powers. Thou art the God of wind and also the God of fire.

Salutations to Thee who art before, behind and on every side. At all times salutations unto Thee.

Salutations to Thee, the One to be known through the Vedanta, the primeval witness of all activities. Salutations to Thee who shines through different colours.

Bhavisbyapurana



MIRRORS OF THE FIRE

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



O WONDROUS SELF

My Soul was fraught,
And evry Object in my Heart a Thought
Begot, or was; I could not tell,
Whether the Things did there
Themselves appear,
Which in my Spirit *truly* seemed to dwell;
Or whether my conforming Mind
Were not even all that therein shind.

But yet of this I was most sure,
That at the utmost Length,
(So Worthy was it to endure)
My Soul could best Express its Strength.
It was so Quick and Pure,
That all my Mind was wholly Every where
What ere it saw, twas ever wholly there;
The Sun ten thousand Legions off, was nigh:
The utmost Star,
Tho seen from far,
Was present in the Apple of my Eye.
There was my Sight, my Life, my Sence,
My Substance and my Mind
My Spirit Shind
Even there, not by a Transeunt Influence.
The Act was Immanent, yet there.
The Thing remote, yet felt even here.

O Joy! O Wonder, and Delight!
O Sacred Myserie!
My Soul a Spirit infinit!
An Image of the Deitie!
A pure Substantiall Light!
That Being Greatest which doth Nothing seem!
Why twas my All, I nothing did esteem
A Deep Abyss
That sees and is
The only Proper Place of Heavenly Bliss.
To its Creator tis so near
In Lov and Excellence
In Life and Sence,
In Greatness Worth and Nature; And so Dear;

In it, without Hyperbole,
The Son and Friend of God we see.

A Strange Extended Orb of Joy,
Proceeding from within,
Which did on evry side convey
It self, and being nigh of Kin
To God did evry Way
Dilate it self even in an Instant, and
Like an Indivisible Centre Stand
At once Surrounding all Eternitie.
Twas not a Sphere
Yet did appear
One infinit. Twas somewhat evry where.
And tho it had a Power to see
Far more, yet still it shind
And was a Mind
Exerted for it saw Infinitie
Twas not a Sphere, but twas a Might
Invisible, and gave Light.

O Wondrous Self! O Sphere of Light,
O Sphere of Joy most fair;
O Act, O Power infinit;
O Subtile, and unbounded Air!
O Living Orb of Sight!
Thou which within me art, yet Me! Thou Ey,
And Temple of his Whole Infinitie!
O what a World art Thou! a World within!
All Things appear,
All Objects are
Alive in thee! Supersubstantial, Rare,
Abov them selvs, and nigh of Kin
To those pure Things we find
In his Great Mind
Who made the World! tho now Ecclysped by Sin.
There they are Usefull and Divine,
Exalted there they ought to Shine.

THOMAS TRAHERNE





A QUICKENING SPIRIT

All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

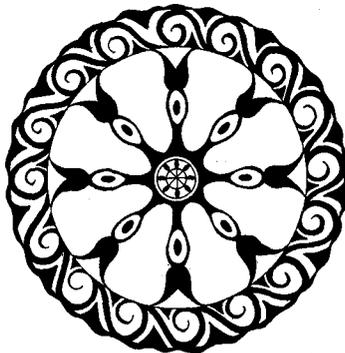
Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where *is* thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

ST. PAUL





Robini:) V B

CHARIOTS OF FIRE

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariots of fire.

I will not cease from Mental Fight
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.

WILLIAM BLAKE



ROYAL GIVER

Beauty of richer vein,
Graces of a subtler strain,
Unto men these moonmen lend,
And our shrinking sky extend.
So is man's narrow path
By strength and terror skirted;
Also (from the song the wrath
Of the Genii be averted!
The Muse the truth uncoloured speaking,)
The Daemons are self-seeking:
Their fierce and limitary will
Draws men to their likeness still.
The erring painter made Love blind, –
Highest Love who shines on all;
Him, radiant, sharpest-sighted god,
None can bewilder;
Whose eyes pierce
The universe,

Path-finder, road-builder,
Mediator, royal giver;
Rightly seeing, rightly seen,
Of joyful and transparent mien.
'Tis a sparkle passing
From each to each, from thee to me,
To and fro perpetually;
Sharing all, daring all,
Levelling, displacing
Each obstruction, it unites
Equals remote, and seeming opposites.
And ever and forever Love
Delights to build a road:
Unheeded Danger near him strides
Love laughs, and on a lion rides.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



THE POTENCY OF TAPAS

Sexuality, in the classical Hindu conception, is bound up with the entire person. It is a sacred language which cannot be severed from the total state of selfhood. . . . In Indian thought, all energies are distinguished by their expansive or constrictive operation and by the motive which directs them. Intelligently directed, they manifest at lower levels of heterogeneity their ideal counterparts. Man seeks to reverse this process so as to realize blissful reunion with the divine. This requires a sacrifice of temporal and spatial identity for a greater self-reference which is unconfined by form and place. But energy must be refined within the alembic of pure vision and constant aspiration if it is to be alchemized. When the power of love is dissipated through indulgence in insatiable desire, the transformation cannot occur. Shiva the Regenerator, the greatest lover and the sovereign ascetic, redeems all beings with unbounded compassion because he is attached to no particular form. He is the master of *Tapas*, self-conquest through meditation.

RAGHAVAN IYER



GOPIKAGITAM

O dearest Lord, by Thy incarnation the region of Vrindavana has surpassed all other places. It has become gloriously enticing, for goddess Indira has now made it her permanent abode. Graciously take notice of us, Thine own people, who live only for Thy sake and who are looking for Thee in all directions. Do grant us Thy beatific vision.

O best among the Vrishnis! O dazzling and beloved One! Do lay on our heads Thy blessed hand – that hand lovingly held by Shri, the goddess of beauty and riches – and confer safety upon us, who, fleeing from the torments of *samsara*, have taken refuge at Thy feet.

O Destroyer of the miseries of the inhabitants of Vraja! Thou quellest the pride and guile of Thy kinsmen by a mere smile! O great Hero of our heart! Graciously accept us, Thy servants, and reveal to us Thy beatific lotus-like face.

O lotus-eyed One! Refresh and strengthen us with the spirit flowing from Thy lips, Thy mellifluous words and turns of speech that charm even the gods. Ever ready to obey Thy commands, O heroic One, we are swooning because of separation from Thee.

The nectar of Thy sin-effacing utterances brings life and hope to those scorched by misery. They are extolled by wise sages and the mere listening to them would bestow auspiciousness on all – they confer every boon. Those who spread them freely are verily magnanimous – they disseminate what is wholly edifying to listeners.

O dearest One, Thy loving looks, haunting smiles and graceful movements are most auspicious themes for meditation. Thy secret promises and sympathies touch us to the core, O great Magician. Our minds are deeply stirred by them.

O Hero of our hearts! Deign to fill us with Thy soul-filling notes which drop like ambrosia from the flute brushed by Thy lips and the pitch and duration of which heighten our spiritual ecstasy, dispel our sorrows and make us oblivious to every other allurements. Thy mellifluous music is divinely intoxicating.

O adorable One! Thy manifestation is as much for the well-being of the whole world as for the removal of the sorrows of the people of Vraja. Do grant us a modicum of that matchless remedy which alone will put an end to the ache that gnaws at our hearts. Are we not Thine own and has not love for Thee become our very nature?

Bhagavata





Mrigashirsha: ♂ R C

INWARD CHERUBINS

That! That! There I was told
That I *the Son of God* am made,
His Image. O Divine! And that fine Gold,
With all the Joys that here do fade,
Are but a Toy, compared to the Bliss
Which Hev'nly, God-like, and Eternal is.

That We on earth are Kings;
And, tho we're cloath'd with mortal Skin,
Are Inward Cherubins; hav Angels Wings;
Affections, Thoughts, and Minds within,
Can soar throu all the Coasts of Hev'n and Earth;
And shall be sated with Celestial Mirth.

THOMAS TRAHERNE



THE DIVINE LIFE

The centre of life is neither in thought nor in feeling nor in will, nor even in consciousness, so far as it thinks, feels, or wishes. For moral truth may have been penetrated and possessed in all these ways, and escape us still. Deeper even than consciousness, there is our being itself, our very substance, our nature. Only those truths which have entered into this last region, which have become ourselves, become spontaneous and involuntary, instinctive and unconscious, are really our life — that is to say, something more than our property. So long as we are able to distinguish any space whatever between the truth and us, we remain outside it. The thought, the feeling, the desire, the consciousness of life, are not yet quite life. But peace and repose can nowhere be found except in life and in eternal life, and the eternal life is the Divine life. To become Divine is, then, the aim of life: then only can truth be said to be ours beyond the possibility of loss, because it is no longer outside of us, nor even in us, but we are it, and it is we; we ourselves are a truth, a will, a work of God.

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL



CELESTIAL REASON

As human kind can by an act direct,
Perceive and know, then reason and reflect:
So the self-moving spring has power to choose,
These methods to reject, and those to use;
She can design and prosecute an end,
Exert her vigour, or her act suspend;
Free from the insults of all foreign power,
She does her godlike liberty secure;
Her right and high prerogative maintains,
Impatient of the yoke, and scorns coercive chains;
She can her airy train of forms disband,
And makes new levees at her own command;
Over her ideas sovereign she presides,
At pleasure these unites, and those divides.

The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
And form the busy intellectual dance;
While her fair scenes to vary, or supply,
She singles out fit images, that lie
In Memory's records, which faithful hold
Objects immense, in secret marks enrolled;
The sleeping forms at her command awake,
And now return, and now their cells forsake,
On active Fancy's crowded theatre,
As she directs, they rise or disappear.

RICHARD BLACKMORE





CREATIVITY

In everything sparkles the shimmer of living creation, and never the coarse finality of the created. Creativity is endless flux, the imposition of the ever-changing upon the changeless, the grafting of movement upon the silent stillness. Creativity in the deepest sense is not the construction of that from which we are detached, but rather of that which affirms its intrinsic connection to the unity of being, linking disparate points to the central nexus, binding the momentary within the eternal. Creativity is *kriyashakti*, the self-informing energy that derives from thought, and it is Eros, the self-determining energy from which thought derives. And the use of this term 'energy' is both advised and significant because creativity shares the quintessential attributes peculiar to the physical energy which governs our universe. Just as physical energy cannot be constructed or created — it can only be transferred, exchanged or re-directed, with a process of transmutation conferred upon it by agents of growth and agents of movement (heat, light and electricity — or *ichchashakti*, *parashakti* and *kundalinishakti*) — so too, creativity cannot be materialized out of nothing.

It is ubiquitous and ever present, can only be elicited when activated by one of those same agents. It can be generated by movement, by a mobility and fluidity of perspective. So, too, it is generated by heat, by spiritual warmth, and by the catalytic fire of which Simon Magus, Jacob Boehme and many true mystics speak. And, just as heat can only be channelled from a hot body to a colder, so too creativity represents the evolutionary course downwards, the bequeathal from the divine above to the unrealized divine below. Like light, creativity is irreducible, concerning itself as much with intention as with the ability to actualize that intention; the very fact of saying "Let there be light" kindles an inner strength and light within, regardless of whether any material light accrues — it is a self-perpetuating process in which every creative urge or impetus engenders a new source of creative potential and birth.

PICO IYER



Ardra: Ω W O

THE SILENCE OF NATURE

Take comfort, you men of desire; if Nature's silence is the cause of its weariness, what can be more eloquent than this silence? It is the silence of sorrow, not of insensibility.

The more clearly you examine, the more surely you will observe that, if Nature has her season of sorrow, she also has her moments of joy, and to you only is it given to discern and appreciate them. She feels life circulating secretly in her veins; and is ever ready to hear, through your organs, the sound of the Word which supports her and places her as a barrier to the enemy.

She seeks, in you, the living fire which burns in that Word, and which, through you, would convey a healing balm to her sores. Yes! although the man of earth perceives nothing but the silence and weariness of Nature, you, O men of desire, are well assured that everything in her is vocal, and prophesying her deliverance in sublime canticles:

And in holy zeal, and by order from on high, you announce that everything in man must break into song, to co-operate in this deliverance, and that all people may one day say like you: that everything in Nature sings.

You are as harbingers of that reign of Truth for which everything sings.

LOUIS CLAUDE de SAINT-MARTIN



ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill

(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)

With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: oh hear!

.
If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyeey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision, — I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee — tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



CITY OF THE SOUL

Holy men dance and wheel on the spiritual battlefield.
They dance in their own blood.
When they are freed from the dominion of self, they clap a hand;
When they transcend their own imperfection, they make a dance.
From within them musicians strike the tambourine:
At their ecstasy the sea bursts into foam.
You see nothing, but for them leaves on branches are clapping hands.
You see not the clapping of the leaves:
One must have spiritual ears, not the ear of body.
Close the head's ears to jesting and falsehood,
That you may see the resplendent city of the soul.

JALALUDDIN RUMI



THE MYSTERY OF 'I'

The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself 'I' — what words have we for such things? — it is a breath of Heaven, the highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for the UNNAMED?

THOMAS CARLYLE



Punarvasu: २ B G

THE POINT IN THE HEART

The point in the heart grows luminous, and when it has grown luminous, it lights the soul upon its way: from the head or from the eye or from other parts of the body. And as the soul rises upwards the life-breath rises upwards with it; and as the life-breath rises upwards with it, the powers rise up with the life-breath. The soul becomes conscious and enters into Consciousness.

Then his wisdom and works take him by the hand, and the knowledge gained of old. Then as a caterpillar when it comes to the end of a leaf, reaching forth to another foothold, draws itself over to it, so the soul, leaving the body, and putting off unwisdom, reaching another foothold there, draws itself over to it.

As a worker in gold, taking an ornament, moulds it to another form newer and fairer; so in truth the soul, leaving the body here, and putting off unwisdom, makes for itself another form newer and fairer; a form like the forms of departed souls, or of the seraphs, or of the gods, or of the creators, or of the Eternal, or of other beings.

The soul of man is the Eternal. It is made of consciousness, it is made of feeling, it is made of life, it is made of vision, it is made of hearing; it is made of the earth, it is made of the waters, it is made of the air, it is made of the ether, it is made of the radiance and what is beyond the radiance; it is made of desire and what is beyond desire, it is made of wrath and what is beyond wrath, it is made of the law and what is beyond the law; it is made of the All. The soul is made of this world and of the other world. . . .

As they said of old: Man verily is formed of desire; as his desire is, so is his will; as his will is, so he works; and whatever work he does, in the likeness of it he grows.

Brihadaranyaka Upanishad



DESCENT AND ASCENT

For we resemble those who enter into, or depart from a foreign region, not only because we are banished from our intimate associates, but in consequence of dwelling in a foreign land, we are filled with crude passions, and manners, and legal institutes, and to all these have a great

propensity. Hence, he who wishes to return to his proper kindred and associates should not only with alacrity begin the journey, but, in order that he may be properly received, should meditate how he may divest himself of everything of a foreign nature which he has assumed, and should recall to his memory such things as he has forgotten, and without which he cannot be admitted by his kindred and friends. After the same manner, also, it is necessary, if we intend to return to things which are truly our own, that we should divest ourselves of everything of a mortal nature which we have assumed, together with an adhering affection towards it, and which is the cause of our descent; and that we should excite our recollection of that blessed and eternal essence, and should hasten our return to the nature which is without colour and without quality, earnestly endeavouring to accomplish two things: one, that we may cast aside everything material and mortal; but the other, that we may properly return, and be again conversant with our true kindred, ascending to them in a way contrary to that in which we descended hither.

PORPHYRY



SOARING UPWARDS

There are two rungs of service
That a person can come to know.
The first is called *Qatnut*, 'the lesser service'.
In this state you may know
That there are many heavens encircling you,
That the earth on which you stand is
But a tiny point,
And that all the world is nothing
Before the Endless God —
But even knowing all these things,
You yourself cannot ascend.
This is still the 'lesser' service.
It is of this state the prophet says:
"From afar God appears to me".

But he who serves in *Gadlut*, 'the greater service',
Takes hold of himself with all his strength
And his mind soars upward,
Breaking through the heavens all at once,
Rising higher,
Higher than the angels.

Zawa'at Rivash



BONFIRE TO QUETZALCOATL

It ended on the beach
It ended with a hulk of serpents formed into a boat,
And when he'd made it, sat in it and sailed away
A boat that glided on those burning waters, no one knowing when
He reached the country of Red Daylight
It ended on the rim of some great sea
It ended with his face reflected in the mirror of its waves
The beauty of his face returned to him
And he was dressed in garments like the sun
It ended with a bonfire on the beach where he would hurl himself
And burn, his ashes rising and the cries of birds
It ended with the linnet, with the birds of turquoise colour, birds
The colour of wild sunflowers, red and blue birds
It ended with the birds of yellow feathers in a riot of bright gold
Circling till the fire had died out
Circling whilst his heart rose through the sky
It ended with his heart transformed into a star
It ended with the morning star with dawn and evening
It ended with his journey to Death's Kingdom with seven days of darkness
With his body changed to light
A star that burns forever in that sky.

AZTEC CHANT





Pushya: ṛ G F

HYMN TO YAMA

Honour the King with thine oblations, Yama, Vivasvan's son,
Who gathers men together,
Who travelled to the lofty heights above us,
Who searches out and shows the path to many.

Yama first found for us a place to dwell in;
This pasture never can be taken from us.
Men born on earth tread their own paths
That lead them whither our ancient Fathers have departed.

.

Our Fathers are Angirases, Navagas, Atharvans,
Bhrigus who deserve the Soma.
May these, the Holy, look on us with favour,
May we enjoy Their gracious loving kindness.

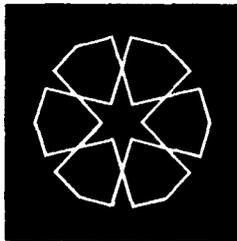
Go forth, go forth upon the ancient pathways
Whereon our sires of old have gone before us.
There shalt thou look on both the kings enjoying their
sacred food,
God Varuna and Yama.

Meet Yama, meet the Fathers,
Meet the merit of free or ordered acts, in highest heaven.
Leave sin and evil, seek anew thy dwelling,
And bright with glory, wear another body.

.

Offer to Yama holy gifts enriched with butter,
And draw near:
So that he grant that we may live long days of life
Among the gods.

Rig Veda





RESURRECTION

Now all the hosts are marching to the grave;
The hosts are leaping from the edge of life
In a cascade of souls to sorrowful death.

And I am just awakened from the tomb;
And whither they are going, I have been
In timelessness laid by, in noiseless death.

Now, like a crocus in the autumn time,
My soul comes lambent from the endless night
Of death — a cyclamen, a crocus flower
Of windy autumn when the winds all sweep
The hosts away to death, where heap on heap
The dead are burning in the funeral wind.

Now, like a strange light breaking from the ground,
I venture from the halls of shadowy death —
A frail white gleam of resurrection.

I know where they are going, all the lives
That whirl and sweep like anxious leaves away
To have no rest save in the utter night
Of noiseless death; I know it well —
The death they will attain to, where they go —
I, who have been, and now am risen again.

Now like a cyclamen, a crocus flower
In autumn, like to a messenger come back
From embassy in death, I issue forth
Amid the autumn rushing red about
The bitter world, amid the smoke
From burning fires of many smouldering lives,
All bitter and corroding to the grave.

If they would listen, I could tell them now
The secret of the noiseless utter grave,
The secret in the blind mouth of the worm.
But on they go, like leaves within a wind,
Scarlet and crimson and a rust of blood,
Into the utter dark: they cannot hear.

So like a cyclamen, a crocus flower
I lift my inextinguishable flame
Of immortality into the world,
Of resurrection from the endless grave,
Of sweet returning from the sleep of death.

And still against the dark and violent wind,
Against the scarlet and against the red
And blood-brown flux of lives that sweep their way
In hosts towards the everlasting night,
I lift my little pure and lambent flame,
Unquenchable of wind or hosts of death
Or storms of tears, or rage, or blackening rain
Of full despair, I lift my tender flame
Of pure and lambent hostage from the dead —
Ambassador from halls of noiseless death,
He who returns again from out the tomb
Dressed in the grace of immortality,
A fragile stranger in the flux of lives
That pour cascade-like down the blackening wind
Of sheer oblivion.

Now like a cyclamen, a crocus flower
In putrid autumn issuing through the fall
Of lives, I speak to all who cannot hear;
I turn towards the bitter blackening wind,
I speak aloud to fleeting hosts of red
And crimson and the blood-brown heaps of slain,
Just as a cyclamen or crocus flower
Calls to the autumn, *Resurrection!*
I speak with a vain mouth.

Yet is uplifted in me the pure beam
Of immortality to kindle up
Another spring of yet another year,
Folded as yet: and all the fallen leaves
Sweep on to bitter, to corrosive death
Against me, yet they cannot make extinct
The perfect lambent flame which still goes up,

A tender gleam of immortality,
To start the glory of another year,

Another epoch in another year,
Another triumph on the face of earth,
Another race, another speech among
The multitudinous people unfused,
Unborn and unproduced, yet to be born.

D. H. LAWRENCE



IMAGINATION

This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist
Without Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.
This faculty hath been the feeding source
Of our long labour: we have traced the stream
From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard
Its natal murmur; followed it to light
And open day; accompanied its course
Among the ways of Nature, for a time
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;
Then given it greeting as it rose once more
In strength, reflecting from its placid breast
The works of man and face of human life;
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

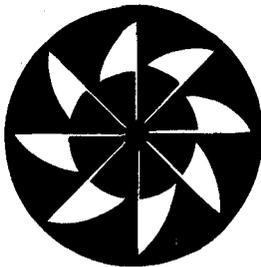




HINTS AND GUESSES

Men's curiosity searches past and future
And clings to that dimension. But to apprehend
The point of intersection of the timeless
With time, is an occupation for the saint —
No occupation either, but something given
And taken, in a lifetime's death in love,
Ardour and selflessness and self-surrender.
For most of us, there is only the unattended
Moment, the moment in and out of time,
The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,
The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning
Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply
That it is not heard at all, but you are the music
While the music lasts. These are only hints and guesses,
Hints followed by guesses; and the rest
Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action.
The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.
Here the impossible union
Of spheres of existence is actual,
Here the past and future
Are conquered, and reconciled,
Where action were otherwise movement
Of that which is only moved
And has in it no source of movement —
Driven by daemonic, chthonic
Powers. And right action is freedom
From past and future also.
For most of us, this is the aim
Never here to be realized;
Who are only undefeated
Because we have gone on trying.

T. S. ELIOT





Asblesba: Ϙ Y E

MEASURE OF GRACE

And as to our own soul we are to hold that it stands, in part, always in the presence of the Divine, while in part it is concerned with the things of this sphere and in part occupies a middle ground. It is one nature in graded powers; and sometimes the soul in its entirety is borne along by the loftiest in itself; sometimes, the less noble part is dragged down and drags the mid-soul with it, though the law is that the soul may never succumb entire.

The soul's disaster falls upon it when it ceases to dwell in the perfect Beauty, thence to pour forth into the frame of the All whatsoever the All can hold of good and beauty. The measure of its absorption in that vision is the measure of its grace and power, and what it draws from this contemplation it communicates to the lower sphere, illuminated and illuminating always.

PLOTINUS



AT THE CENTRE

God therefore took man as a creature of indeterminate nature and, assigning him a place in the middle of the world, addressed him thus: "Neither a fixed abode nor a form that is thine alone nor any function peculiar to thyself have we given thee, Adam, to the end that according to thy longing and according to thy judgement thou mayest have and possess what abode, what form, and what functions thou thyself shalt desire. The nature of all other beings is limited and constrained within the bounds of laws prescribed by Us. Thou, constrained by no limits, in accordance with thine own free will, in whose hand We have placed thee, shalt ordain for thyself the limits of thy nature. We have set thee at the world's centre that thou mayest from thence more easily observe whatever is in the world. We have made thee neither of heaven nor of earth, neither mortal nor immortal, so that with freedom of choice and with honour, as though the maker and moulder of thyself, thou mayest fashion thyself in whatever shape thou shalt prefer. Thou shalt have the power to degenerate into the lower forms of life, which are brutish. Thou shalt have the power, out of thy soul's judgement, to be reborn into the higher forms, which are divine."

O supreme generosity of God the Father, O highest and most marvellous felicity of man! To him it is granted to have whatever he chooses, to be whatever he wills! Beasts as soon as they are born (so says Lucilius) bring with them from their mother's womb all they will ever possess. Spiritual beings, either from the beginning or soon thereafter, become what they are to be for ever and ever. On man when he came into life the Father conferred the seeds of all kinds and the germs of every way of life. Whatever seeds each man cultivates will grow to maturity and bear in him their own fruit. If they be vegetative, he will be like a plant. If sensitive, he will become brutish. If rational, he will grow into a heavenly being. If intellectual, he will be an angel and the son of God. And if, happy in the lot of no created thing, he withdraws into the centre of his own unity, his spirit, made one with God . . . shall surpass them all. Who would not admire this our chameleon? Or who could more greatly admire aught else whatever?

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA



REBIRTH

I died as a mineral and became a plant;
I died as a plant and rose to animal;
I died as animal and I was a man.
Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?
Yet once more I shall die as man to soar
With angels blest. But even from an angel
I must pass on: all except God must perish.
When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
I shall become what no mind ever conceived.

JALALUDDIN RUMI





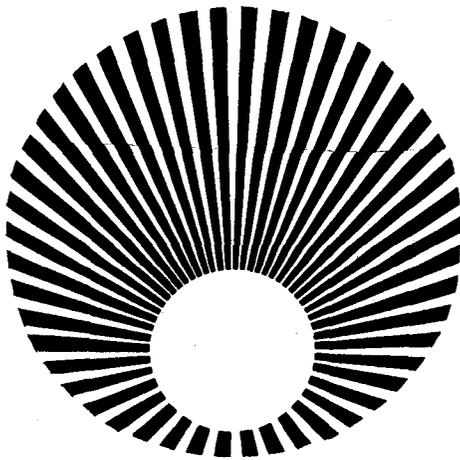
INCORPOREAL LIGHT

You ascend by understanding and love beyond any kind of intellect, to life itself, pure existence, absolute being. Understanding is not sufficient for you unless you not only understand well, but understand Good itself. Without doubt only the Good itself is sufficient for you, for the only reason you seek anything is because it is good.

Therefore, O soul, Good is your creator; not the good body, not the good mind, not the good intellect, but Good itself. Do you desire to look on the face of Good? Then look around at the whole universe, full of the light of the sun. Look at the light of the material world, full of all forms in constant movement; take away the matter, leave the rest. You have the soul, an incorporeal light that takes all shapes and is full of change. Once again, take from this the changeability, and now you have reached the intelligence of the angels, the incorporeal light, taking all shapes but unchanging. Take away from this that diversity by which any form differs from the light, and which is infused into the light from elsewhere, and then the essence of the light and of each form is the same; the light gives form to itself and through its own forms gives form to everything.

That light lights without limit, because it lights by its own nature and is not stained by mixture with something else. Nor can it diminish; belonging to nothing, it shines equally through all. Its life is self-dependent, and it confers life on all, seeing that its very shadow is the light of this sun.

MARSILIO FICINO





Magha: १९ BI S

THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA

The teacher, who is interested in the spiritual illumination of the human race, speaks from the depths of the Divine in him. Krishna's avatara is an illustration of the revelation of the Spirit in us, the Divine hidden in gloom. According to the *Bhagavata*, "at midnight, in the thickest darkness, the Dweller in every heart revealed Himself in the divine Devaki, for the Lord is the Self hidden in the hearts of all beings." The glorious radiance arises from the blackest of black nights. In mysteries and revelations the night is rich. The presence of night does not make the existence of light less real. Indeed but for night there could be no human consciousness of light. The meaning of the birth of Krishna is the fact of redemption in the dark night. . . .

When our *sattva* nature is purified, when the mirror of understanding is cleansed of the dust of desire, the light of pure consciousness is reflected in it. When all seems lost, light from heaven breaks, enriching our human life more than words can tell. A sudden flash, an inward illumination we have and life is seen fresh and new. When the Divine birth takes place within us, the scales fall from our eyes, the bolts of the prison open. The Lord abides in the heart of every creature and when the veil of that secret sanctuary is withdrawn, we hear the Divine voice, receive the Divine light, act in the Divine power. The embodied human consciousness is uplifted into the unborn eternal. The incarnation of Krishna is not so much the conversion of Godhead into flesh as the taking up of manhood into God.

S. RADHAKRISHNAN



THE IMMORTAL SPECTATOR

Every soul is immortal — for whatever is in perpetual motion is immortal. . . . All that is soul presides over all that is without soul and patrols all heaven, now appearing in one form and now in another. When it is perfect and fully feathered, it roams in the upper air and regulates the entire universe. . . . Real existence, colourless, formless and intangible, visible only to the intelligence which sits at the helm of the soul . . . has its abode in the highest region. . . . But the soul that has lost its feathers is carried down till it finds some solid resting-place; and when it has settled there and has taken to itself

an earthly body, which seems capable of self-motion, owing to the power of its new inmate, the name of animal is given to the whole; to this compound, I mean of soul and body. . . .

Now the chariots of the Gods being of equal poise and obedient to the rein, move easily, but all others with difficulty; for they are burdened by the horse of vicious temper, which sways and sinks them towards the earth, if he has received no good training from his charioteer. Whereupon there awaits the soul a crowning pain and agony. . . . But every man's soul has by the law of his birth been a spectator of eternal truth, or it would never have passed into this our mortal frame, yet still it is no easy matter for all to be reminded of their past by their present existence.

PLATO



THE EXEMPLAR

A true devotee of Vishnu is he
Who is moved by others' sufferings;
Who helps people in distress,
And feels no pride for having done so,
Respectful to everyone in the world,
He speaks ill of none;
Is self-controlled in action, speech and thought —
Twice-blessed the mother who bore such a one.
He has an equal-seeing eye, and is free from all craving,
Another's wife is to him a mother;
His tongue utters no untruth,
And never his hand touches another's wealth.
Moha and *maya* have no power over him,
In his mind reigns abiding detachment;
He dances with rapture to Rama's name —
No centre of pilgrimage but is present in his person.
A man he is without greed and guile,
And purged of anger and desire;
Offering reverence to such a one,
Will bring release to seventy-one generations of one's forbears.

NARASINH MEHTA



THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD

As oil is in the oil seed,
And fire is in the flint,
So is the Lord within thee, unrevealed.
Follow thy Master's simple and true instructions,
Keep vigil strict at midnight and so find Him.

As fragrance is within the flower's blossom,
So is the Lord within thee, unrevealed.
But as the musk-deer searches for musk in forest grass,
So does man search for Him outside,
And finds Him not.

As the pupil is within the eye itself,
So is the Lord within thy body;
But fools know not this simple fact,
And search for Him elsewhere.

As air pervades all space,
But none can see it,
So does the Lord pervade the body;
But He remains to each one unrevealed,
Since the lodestone of the heart is not attached to Him.

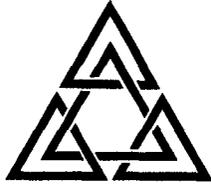
O man, the object of supremest value,
For which you search throughout the world, is here within you,
But the veil of Illusion ever separates you from Him.
Tear the veil boldly asunder and you will find Him.

My Lord is living in each human being;
There is no bridal bed without the Bridegroom.
But blessed is the body,
In which He reveals Himself.

As fragrance is in the flower,
So is the Lord within thee.
But He reveals Himself in His beloved Saints;
That is all you need to know. Go forth and meet them.

KABIR





SAGUNA BRAHMAN KHANḌA

IMMANENCE

NON-BEING

Look, you cannot see It,
It is Formless.
Listen, you cannot hear It,
It is Soundless.
Grasp, you cannot touch It,
It is Non-Being.
These three are indiscernible
And therefore are merged into One.

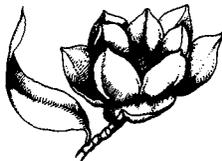
Tao Te Ching



FRAGRANCES

All life is LIVED: now this comes home to me.
But who, then, lives it? Things that patiently
Stand there, like some unfingered melody
Sleeping within a harp as day is going?
Is it the winds across the water blowing,
Is it the branches beckoning each to each,
Is it the flowers weaving fragrances,
The ageing alleys stretching endlessly?
Is it the warm beasts moving to and fro,
The birds in alien flight that sail from view?
This life — who lives it really? God, do you?

RAINER MARIA RILKE





Purva Phalguni: ♀ I A

THE LIGHT DIVINE

May the winds bring us happiness.
May the rivers carry happiness to us.
May the plants give us happiness.
May night and day yield us happiness.
May the dust of the earth bring us happiness.
May the heavens give us happiness.
May the trees give us happiness.
May the sun pour down happiness.
May the cows yield us happiness.

May my body become pure.
May I be free from impurity and sin.
May I realize myself as the Light divine.
May my mind become pure.
May I be free from impurity and sin.
May I realize myself as the Light divine.
May my self become pure.
May I be free from impurity and sin.
May I realize myself as the Light divine.

Salutations to Brahman.
Salutations to the God in the fire.
Salutations to the God in the earth.
Salutations to the God in the plants.
Salutations to the God in speech.
Salutations to the Lord of speech.
I offer my salutations to the
Supreme Being, the all-pervading Spirit.

Taittiriya Aranyaka



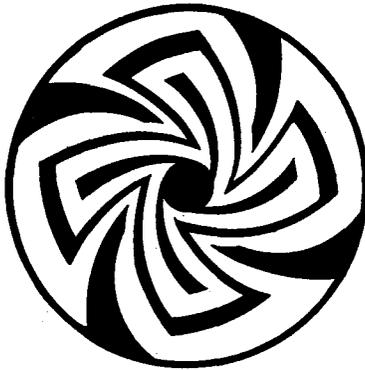


MOVING WITH THE EARTH

Now we all move, we're moving with this earth.
The earth is moving along, the water is moving along.
The grass is moving, the trees are moving, the whole earth is moving.
So we all move along with the earth, keeping time with the earth.

I am dancing, dancing earnestly to the Great Spirit,
And dance and dance till I can dance no more.

POTAWATOMI CHANT





SERVE THE LORD

Most high, all-powerful, all good, Lord!
All praise is yours, all glory, all honour
And all blessing.
To you, alone, Most High, do they belong.
No mortal lips are worthy
To pronounce your name.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through all that you have made,
And first my lord Brother Sun,
Who brings the day; and light you give to us through him.
How beautiful is he, how radiant in all his splendour!
Of you, Most High, he bears the likeness.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Moon and Stars;
In the heavens you have made them, bright
And precious and fair.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,
And fair and stormy, all the weather's moods,
By which you cherish all that you have made.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Water,
So useful, lowly, precious and pure.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brother Fire,
Through whom you brighten up the night.
How beautiful is he, how gay! Full of power and strength.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Earth, our mother,
Who feeds us in her sovereignty and produces
Various fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through those who grant pardon
For love of you; through those who endure
Sickness and trial.
Happy those who endure in peace,
By you, Most High, they will be crowned.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Death,
From whose embrace no mortal can escape.
Woe to those who die in mortal sin!
Happy those She finds doing your will!
The second death can do no harm to them.
Praise and bless my Lord, and give him thanks,
And serve him with great humility.

FRANCIS of ASSISI



BEAUTY AND LOVE

From all eternity the Beloved unveiled His beauty in the solitude of the unseen;

He held up the mirror to His own face, He displayed His loveliness to Himself.

He was both the spectator and the spectacle; no eye but His had surveyed the Universe.

All was One, there was no duality, no pretence of 'mine' or 'thine'.

The vast orb of Heaven, with its myriad incomings and outgoings, was concealed in a single point.

The Creation lay cradled in the sleep of non-existence, like a child ere it has breathed.

The eye of the Beloved, seeing what was not, regarded non-entity as existent.

Although He beheld His attributes and qualities as a perfect whole in His own essence,

Yet He desired that they should be displayed to Him in another mirror, And that each one of His eternal attributes should become manifest accordingly in a diverse form.

Therefore He created the verdant fields of Time and Space and the life-giving garden of the world,

That every branch and leaf and fruit might show forth His various perfections.

The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings of His beauteous countenance.

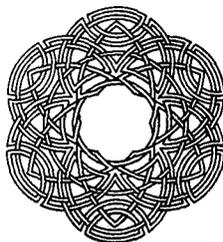
Wherever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it; wherever Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.

Wherever Beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a heart entangled in their coils.

Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone.

They have always been together from the very first; never have they travelled but in each other's company.

NURUDDIN ABDUR RAHMAN JAMI





Uttara Phalguni: ☉ O D

THE ROOT UNDYING

I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
The vital air moving in all which moves,
The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is.

SHRI KRISHNA



THE SONG OF THE SOUL

Rise up, O sun, most glorious minister & light of day.
Flow on, ye gentle airs, & bear the voice of my rejoicing.
Wave freshly, clear waters flowing around the tender grass;
And thou, sweet-smelling ground, put forth thy life in fruit & flowers.
Follow me, O my flocks, & hear me sing my rapturous song.
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun.
I will call; and who shall answer me? I will sing; who shall reply?
For from my pleasant hills behold the living, living springs,
Running among my green pastures, delighting among my trees.
I am not here alone: my flocks, you are my brethren;
And you birds that sing & adorn the sky, you are my sisters.
I sing, & you reply to my song; I rejoice, & you are glad.
Follow me, O my flocks; we will now descend into the valley.
O how delicious are the grapes, flourishing in the sun!
How clear the spring of the rock, running among the golden sand!
How cool the breezes of the valley, & the arms of the branching trees!
Cover us from the sun; come & let us sit in the shade . . .
Here will I build myself a house, & here I'll call on his name,
Here I'll return when I am weary & take my pleasant rest.

WILLIAM BLAKE



THE VAST CHAIN OF BEING

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast Chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. — On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world,
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread ORDER break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh, madness, pride, impiety!

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit – In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever IS, is RIGHT.

ALEXANDER POPE



TIDES OF JOY

The heart of the universe with every throb hurls the flood of happiness into every artery, vein and veinlet, so that the whole system is inundated with tides of joy. The plenty of the poorest place is too great; the harvest cannot be gathered. Every sound ends in music. The edge of every surface is tinged with prismatic rays.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



Hasta:) V B

THE MERCIFUL

In the Name of Allab, the Compassionate, the Merciful

It is the Merciful who has taught the Qu'ran.

He created man and taught him articulate speech. The sun and the moon pursue their ordered course. The plants and the trees bow down in adoration.

He raised the heaven on high and set the balance of all things, that you might not transgress it. Give just weight and full measure.

He laid the earth for His creatures, with all its fruits and blossom-bearing palm, chaff-covered grain and scented herbs. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

He created man from potter's clay and the jinn from smokeless fire. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

The Lord of the two easts is He, and the Lord of the two wests. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

He has let loose the two oceans: they meet one another. Yet between them stands a barrier which they cannot overrun. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

Pearls and corals come from both. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

His are the ships that sail like banners upon the ocean. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

All who live on earth are doomed to die. But the face of your Lord will abide for ever, in all its majesty and glory. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

The Qu'ran



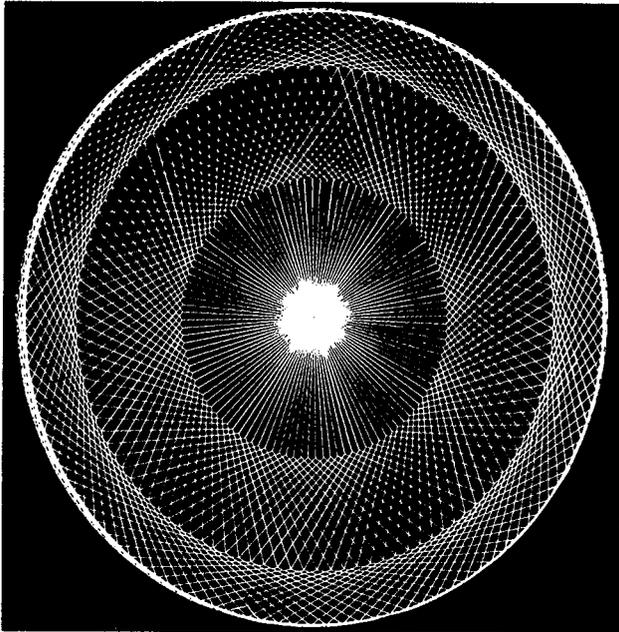


IT IS DAWNING

The sunbeams stream forward, dawn boys, with shimmering shoes of leather.
On top of the sunbeams that stream towards us they are dancing.
At the east the rainbow moves forward, dawn maidens, with shimmering
shoes and shirts of yellow, stream over us.
Beautiful over us it is dawning.

Above us amongst the mountains the herbs are becoming green.
Above us on the tops of the mountains the herbs are becoming yellow.
Above us amongst the mountains, with shoes of yellow I go around the
fruits and the herbs that shimmer.
Above us amongst the mountains, the shimmering fruits with shoes and
shirts of yellow are bent towards the Sun.
On the beautiful mountains above, it is daylight.

APACHE CHANT





MIRRORING THE UNIVERSE

I maintain that every substance involves in its present state all its past and future states and even expresses the whole universe according to its point of view, since nothing is so far from anything else that there is no relation between them. This expression would be particularly complete, however, with regard to the relations to the parts of its own body, which it expresses more immediately. Consequently, nothing happens to the substance except out of its own being and in virtue of its own laws, provided that we add the concurrence of God. It perceives other things because it expresses them naturally, having from the start been created in such a way that it can do this in a series of events, accommodating itself as called for, and it is in this agreement imposed from the beginning that consists what is called the action of one substance upon another. With regard to corporeal substances, I hold that mass, when we mean by this what is divisible, is a pure phenomenon; that every substance has a true unity in the strictness of metaphysics; that it is indivisible, ingenerable, and incorruptible; that all matter must be full of animated or, at least, living substances; that generation and corruption are only transformations from the little to the great, and vice versa; that there is no particle of matter in which is not found a world with an infinity of creatures organized as well as brought together.

G. W. LEIBNIZ



ANY POINT

From any point
A line reaches back
And attaches to a far distant centre.
There is no unconnected life in this world,
Nor a point in time
Unknown by any other point.
Nor a tear shed in a vacuum.

Hermes



Chitra: ॐ R C

THE SELF AND THE WHEEL

'The Self is Peace; that Self am I.
The Self is Strength; that Self am I.'
What needs this trembling strife
With phantom threats of Form and Time and Space?
Could once my Life
Be shorn of their illusion, and efface
From its clear heaven that stormful imagery,
My Self were seen
An Essence free, unchanging, strong, serene.

The Self is Peace. How placid dawns
The Summer's parent hour
Over the dewy maze that drapes the fields,
Each drooped wild flower,
Or where the lordship of the garden shields
Select Court beauties and exclusive lawns!
'Tis but the show
And fitful dream of Peace the Self can know.

The Self is Strength. Let Nature rave,
And tear her maddened breast,
Now doom the drifting ship, with blackest frown,
Or now, possessed
With rarer frenzy, wreck the quaking town,
And bury quick beneath her earthy wave —
She cannot break
One fibre of that Strength, one atom shake.

The Self is one with the Supreme
Father in fashioning,
Though clothed in perishable weeds that feel
Pain's mortal sting,
The unlifting care, the wound that will not heal;
Yet these are not the Self — they only seem.
From faintest jar
Of whirring worlds the true Self broods afar.

Afar he whispers to the mind
To rest on the Good Law,
To know that naught can fall without its range,
Nor any flaw
Of Chance disturb its reign, or shadow of Change;

That what can bind the life the Law must bind —
 Whatever hand
Dispose the lot, it is by that Command;

To know no suffering can beset
 Our lives, that is not due,
That is not forged by our own act and will;
 Calmly to view
Whate'er betide of seeming good or ill.
The worst we can conceive but pays some debt,
 Or breaks some seal,
To free us from the bondage of the Wheel.

PAUL HOOKHAM



TAKE HEED

O youth or young man, who fancy that you are neglected by the Gods, know that if you become worse you shall go to the worse souls, or if better to the better, and in every succession of life and death you will do and suffer what like may fitly suffer at the hands of like. This is the justice of heaven, which neither you nor any other unfortunate will ever glory in escaping. . . . Take heed thereof, for it will be sure to take heed of you. If you say — I am small and will creep into the depths of the earth, or I am high and will fly up to heaven, you are not so small or so high but that you shall pay the fitting penalty. . . . And thinkest thou, bold man . . . that you needest not to know this? — he who knows it not can never form any true idea of the happiness or unhappiness of life or hold any rational discourse respecting either.

PLATO





BONDAGE AND EMANCIPATION

Because the Soul exists in all times, therefore time is not the cause of bondage. Because the Soul can exist in any country or anywhere, therefore locality cannot be the cause of the bondage. Because age is the property of the body, and not of the Soul, therefore age cannot be the cause of bondage. . . . Because the Soul is independent of matter, therefore matter cannot be the cause of bondage. . . . Because the Soul which is by nature free is subject to so many desires, even that is not the cause of bondage. . . . The transmigration of Souls is not the cause of bondage. . . . Bondage is not caused even by the conjunction of the body and the Soul, but by wrong knowledge as to the nature of their conjunction and the proper functions of body and Soul. . . . The real cause of bondage is non-discrimination or misunderstanding the nature of the Soul and the body, and not finding the true purpose of life. Just as darkness is removed by its natural opposite, light, so non-discrimination is removed by true discrimination. . . . The seat of bondage is in the mind; it is by way of expression we call it the bondage of the Soul. . . .

The Soul's aim cannot be to destroy its own creation. Emancipation does not consist in the acquisition of property and wealth, for they are all perishable and non-eternal. Emancipation does not imply the absorption of the part in the whole. . . . Emancipation does not consist in getting superhuman powers. . . . The destruction of non-discrimination and its effects is emancipation. . . . It is only by discrimination and self-knowledge that emancipation is obtained.

KAPILA

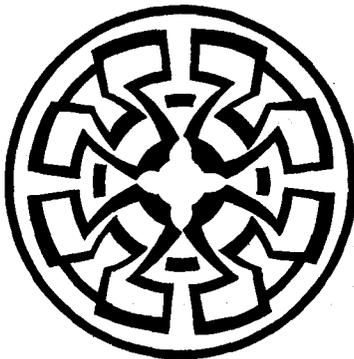




INTEGRATION

Life pervades the entire universe, whether slumbering in the atoms of dust or awakened to divine consciousness in a perfected Bodhisattva. Gradually, over the ensuing centuries and millennia, humanity will awaken to an Aquarian awareness of the fire of the One Life burning within its every unit. Meta-biology and meta-chemistry will flourish when particle physics is ensouled by unitary metaphysics and enriched by the ontological logic of integration and differentiation. The perception and comprehension of mankind will be progressively transformed by the power of Buddhic intuition, vivifying and brightening the sight of the now dormant Eye of the Soul. This cannot take place without the deliberate use of the powers of thought and self-consciousness to create new matrices of ideation and to break up and discard the calcified accretions of past ignorance which blind the soul. Microbic life can sustain itself by both aerobic and anaerobic processes, thus indicating the independence of the vital potency from external environments. Through each of its distributive units life builds and unbuilds, creates and destroys, every organic form from the most minute to the most macrocosmic. Integration and disintegration of form proceed hand-in-hand with the differentiation and synthesis of consciousness throughout all the octaves of manifestation from the formless worlds built up out of the divine elements to the shadowy realm of physical existence. All alike are impelled from within by the *Shabdabrahman*, the Divine Sound surrounded by the supernal light of the *Gayatri*, the immortal pulse in the secret heart – the Sound in the Light and the Light in the Sound.

RAGHAVAN IYER





Svati: Ω W O

ODIN

I know that I hung
On the windswept tree
For nine full nights,
Wounded with a spear
And given to Odin,
Myself to myself;
On that tree
Of which none know
From what roots it rises.

They did not comfort me with bread,
And not with the drinking horn;
I peered downward,
I grasped the runes,
Screeching I grasped them;
I fell back from there.

I learned nine mighty songs
From the famous son
Of Bolthor, father of Bestla,
And I got a drink
Of the precious mead;
I was sprinkled with Odrerir.

Then I began to be fruitful
And to be fertile,
To grow and to prosper;
One word sought
Another word from me;
One deed sought
Another deed from me.

Havamal





BEAUTY

Beauty in the absolute sense of the word belongs alone to the One who has no equal, the unique One who has no like, the eternal to whom none is similar, the rich who has no needs, the omnipotent who does what He pleases, and who judges as He will.

No one resists His decrees. No one postpones the execution of His judgements.

Beauty belongs alone to the omniscient, whose knowledge does not omit the weight of one little ant in the heavens or on the earth; the victorious, from underneath whose sovereign hand the necks of the proud will not escape. This sovereign hand will come down upon the Caesars and will seize them by the throat.

Beauty belongs alone to the eternal, whose existence has nothing before it, the eternal, whose duration will have no end, the indispensable by his being, round whose presence the possibility of not being does not flit, He who lives and maintains Himself in life of Himself, by whom every creature is maintained in life, the omnipotent master of the heavens and of the earth, the creator of the minerals, the animals and the vegetables.

Beauty belongs alone to Him who alone has power, who commands the cherubim that bear the throne, the unique, He who alone has the empire, the dispenser of all grace, of all majesty, of all splendour, of all beauty, of all power, of all perfection. He whose majesty dazzles the intelligences when they receive word of it.

AL-GHAZALI





UNFETTERED

There is a flame within me that has stood
Unmoved, untroubled through a mist of years,
Knowing nor love nor laughter, hope nor fears,
Nor foolish throb of ill, nor wine of good.
I feel no shadow of the winds that brood,
I hear no whisper of a tide that veers,
I weave no thought of passion, nor of tears,
Unfettered I of time, of habitude.
I know no birth, I know no death that chills;
I fear no fate nor fashion, cause nor creed,
I shall outdream the slumber of the hills,
I am the bud, the flower, I the seed:
For I do know that in whate'er I see
I am the part and it the soul of me.

JOHN SPENCER MUIRHEAD



DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in my eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

God be at my end,
And at my departing.

Sarum Missal





Visbakba: 2 B G

THE ABIDING

In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate

Praise belongs to God, Who by His magnificence is veiled from the perception of the eyes, and by His glory and might is exalted above the attainment of the thoughts; Whose essence, being unique, does not resemble the essences of created beings, and Whose qualities are far removed from the qualities of creatures born in time. He is the Ancient Who has never ceased, the Abiding Who will never pass away: high set is He beyond all likenesses, opposites and forms. By His marks and signs He guides His creation to knowing His unity, and He makes Himself known to His saints through His names, attributes and qualities: for He brings near to Him their secret parts, and inclines their hearts towards Him; with His kindliness He advances upon them, and in His loving kindness He draws them unto Him, having cleansed their inward parts from the impurities of the flesh, and exalted their faculties above associating with the things that perish. He has chosen from amongst them those whom He wished to be His apostles, and elected those whom He desired to be His ambassadors and the recipients of His revelation: He has sent down upon them books containing His command and prohibition, giving promises to those who obeyed, and threats to such as disobeyed. He has made clear their superiority over all mankind, and raised up their ranks beyond the reach of every person of whatever consequence.

ABU BAKR AL-KALABADHI



HOLY MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

**Big Blue Mountain Spirit,
The home made of blue clouds,
The cross made of the blue mirage,
There, you have begun to live.
There is the life of goodness,
I am grateful for that made of goodness.**

Big Yellow Mountain Spirit in the south,
Your spiritually hale body is made of yellow clouds;
Leader of the Mountain Spirits, holy Mountain Spirit.
You live by means of the good of this life.

Big White Mountain Spirit in the west,
Your spiritually hale body is made of the white mirage;
Holy Mountain Spirit, leader of the Mountain Spirits,
I am happy over your words,
You are happy over my words.

Big Black Mountain Spirit in the north,
Your spiritually hale body is made of black clouds;
In that way, Big Black Mountain Spirit,
Holy Mountain Spirit; leader of the Mountain Spirits,
I am happy over your words,
You are happy over my words,
Now it is good.

APACHE CHANT



THE DIVINE DANCE

Thou seest the Constellations in the deep & wondrous Night:
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song,
With flute & clarion, with cups & measures fill'd with foaming wine.
Glitt'ring the streams reflect the Vision of beatitude,
And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves . . .
Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer
Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave:
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,
To touch each other & recede, to cross & change & return:
. . . thou seest the Trees on mountains:

The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksom sky,
Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons
Of men These the Visions of Eternity.
But we see only as it were the hems of their garments
When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous Visions.

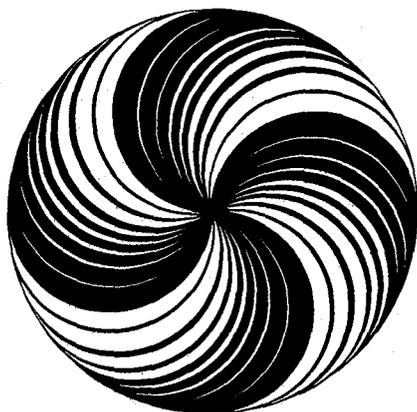
WILLIAM BLAKE



EXPANSION AND FECUNDATION

In cosmogony and the work of nature the positive and the negative or the active and passive forces correspond to the male and female principles. . . . The active is attracted by the passive principle and the Great Nag, the serpent emblem of the eternity, attracts its tail to its mouth forming thereby a circle (cycles in eternity) in that incessant pursuit of the negative by the positive. . . . The one and chief attribute of the universal spiritual principle — the unconscious but ever active life-giver — is to expand and shed; that of the universal material principle to gather in and fecundate. Unconscious and non-existing when separated, they become consciousness and life when brought together. Hence again — Brahmā, from the root “brih”, the Sanskrit for “to expand, grow or to fructify”; Brahmā being but the vivifying expansive force of nature in its eternal evolution.

MAHATMA M.





Anuradha: ṛ G F

THE TWO BIRDS

As from a blazing fire sparks, like unto fire, fly forth a thousandfold, thus are various beings brought forth from the Imperishable, my friend, and return thither also.

Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree. One of them eats the sweet fruit, the other looks on without eating.

On the same tree sits man grieving, immersed, bewildered by his own impotence. But when he sees the other Self contented and knows his glory, then his grief passes away.

By truthfulness, indeed, by penance, right knowledge, and abstinence, must that Self be gained; the Self whom spotless anchorites gain is pure, and like a light within the body.

* * *

When a man's nature has become purified by the serene light of knowledge, then he sees him meditating on him as without parts.

THAT subtle Self is to be known by thought in that place where breath has entered fivefold; for every thought of men is interwoven with the senses, and when thought is purified, the Self arises.

Whatever state a man whose nature is purified imagines, and whatever desires he desires for himself or for others, that state he conquers and those desires he obtains.

Mundaka Upanishad



THE ESSENCE OF THINGS

If you affirm only His transcendence, you restrict Him,
And if you affirm only His immanence, you limit Him.
If you maintain both aspects, you are exempt from error,
An Imam and a master in the spiritual sciences.
Whoso would say He is two things is a polytheist,
Whilst the one who isolates Him rationalizes Him.
Beware of comparing Him if you envisage duality,
And, if unity, beware of making Him separate.
You are not He and yet you are He:

You see Him in the essence of things both sovereign and conditioned.

IBN AL-'ARABI



FRAGMENTS OF THE DIVINE

There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced – but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked; the great waters are there in reality. Find them, and you will perceive that none, not the most wretched of creatures, but is a part of it, however he blind himself to the fact and build up for himself a phantasmal outer form of horror. In that sense it is that I say to you – All those beings amongst whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it you will more readily recognize it around you.

Light on the Path



THE BANNER OF BECOMING

What a handful of dust is man to think such thoughts! Or is he, perchance, a prince in misfortune, whose speech at times betrays his birth? I like to think that, if men are machines, they are machines of a celestial pattern, which can rise above themselves, and, to the amazement of the watching gods, acquit themselves as men. I like to think that this singular race of indomitable, philosophising, poetical beings, resolute to carry the banner of Becoming to unimaginable heights, may be as interesting to the gods as they to us, and that they will stoop to admit these creatures of promise into their divine society.

MACNEILE DIXON





Jyeshtha: ☿ Y E

THE KING OF KINGS

I heard the passion breathed amid the honeysuckle scented glade,
And saw the King pass lightly from the beauty that he had betrayed.
I saw him pass from love to love; and yet the pure allowed His claim
To be the purest of the pure, thrice holy, stainless, without blame.
I saw the open tavern door flash on the dusk a ruddy glare,
And saw the King of Kings outcast reel brawling through the starlit air.
And yet He is the Prince of Peace of whom the ancient wisdom tells,
And by their silence men adore the lovely silence where He dwells.
I saw the King of Kings again, a thing to shudder at and fear,
A form so darkened and so marred that childhood fled if it drew near.
And yet He is the Light of Lights whose blossoming is Paradise,
That Beauty of the King which dawns upon the seers' enraptured eyes.
I saw the King of Kings again, a miser with a heart grown cold,
And yet He is the Prodigal, the Spendthrift of the Heavenly Gold,
The largesse of whose glory crowns the blazing brows of cherubim,
And sun and moon and stars and flowers are jewels scattered forth by Him.
I saw the King of Kings descend the narrow doorway to the dust
With all his fires of morning still, the beauty, bravery, and lust.
And yet He is the life within the Ever-living Living Ones,
The ancient with eternal youth, the cradle of the infant suns,
The fiery fountain of the stars, and He the golden urn where all
The glittering spray of planets in their myriad beauty fall.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



O BRIGHT ISHTAR

O Bright Ishtar!
Thy heart is afire,
Beaming from thy indigo robes.
Its warmth flows towards me,
Healing and quickening,
Releasing the Spirit within.

Hermes



ETERNITY IN AN HOUR

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour. . . .

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright. . . .

Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine. . . .

Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in Eternity. . . .

The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore. . . .

He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out. . . .

God appears, and God is Light,
To those poor souls who dwell in Night;
But does a Human Form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day.

WILLIAM BLAKE





WE ARE SERVANTS

Without Him and but for us,
That which has become would not be.
We are servants truly,
And it is God whom we adore.
But we are His very Essence.
When I say Universal Man,
Do not be deceived by 'man',
For He has given you a symbol.
Be divine in essence and a creature in form,
And you will be, through God, a compassionate one.
Nourish all creation through Him,
As He has nourished us also.
All action is shared
Between Him and us.
He who knows by my heart
Revived it when he gave us life.
In Him we were existences, essences
And instances of time.
In us there is no permanence,
But it gives us life.

IBN AL-'ARABI





Mula: U B I S

THE SALUTATION

These little Limmes,
These Eys and Hands which here I find,
These rosie Cheeks wherwith my Life begins
Where have ye been? Behind
What Curtain were ye from me hid so long!
Where was? in what Abyss, my Speaking Tongue?

When silent I,
So many thousand thousand yeers,
Beneath the Dust did in a Chaos lie,
How could I Smiles or Tears,
Or Lips or Hands or Eys or Ears perceiv?
Welcom ye Treasures which I now receiv.

I that so long
Was Nothing from Eternitie,
Did little think such Joys as Ear or Tongue,
To Celebrat or See:
Such Sounds to hear, such Hands to feel, such Feet,
Beneath the Skies, on such a Ground to meet.

New Burnisht Joys!
Which yellow Gold and Pearl excell!
Such Sacred Treasures are the Lims in Boys,
In which a Soul doth Dwell;
Their Organized Joynts, and Azure Veins
More Wealth include, then all the World contains.

From Dust I rise,
And out of Nothing now awake,
These Brighter Regions which salute mine Eys,
A Gift from God I take.
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the Day, the Skies,
The Sun and Stars are mine; if those I prize.

Long time before
I in my Mother's Womb was born,
A God preparing did this Glorious Store,
The World for me adorne.
Into this Eden so Divine and fair,
So wide and Bright, I com his Son and Heir.

A Stranger here
Strange Things doth meet, Strange Glories See;
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear,
Strange all, and New to me.
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That Strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

THOMAS TRAHERNE



THE VERB OF NATURE

What sort of dwelling, then, is this, for you, O Man, amidst all these objects which can manifest neither joy nor speech? And do you not see what the term of that imperious want of speech and joy you feel yourself must be, and what awaits you when you are delivered out of this prison of Nature, as well as what sort of office you have to fulfil in the world, if you still think of being its comforter?

Study Nature's universal perspiration; this oil of bitterness will teach you evidently enough, that all Nature is but a concentrated sorrow.

But, though Nature be condemned to weariness and silence, observe that it speaks louder by day than by night; this is a truth which you can easily verify, and your intelligence will show the reason; it will show you that the Sun is the verb of Nature, that when its presence is withdrawn, Nature no longer enjoys the use of her faculties; but, when it returns to restore her to life by its fiery word, Nature redoubles her efforts to bring forth all that is in her.

All the creatures which compose this Nature then strive which can best prove its zeal and activity, in glorifying and praising this ineffable source of light. They thereby clearly point out the work we ought to do in this cosmos, and what awaits us when we go out of this house of traffic, which is nothing but the grave of eternity, wherein our task is to exchange our foreign coins for the currency of our own country: death for life.

LOUIS CLAUDE de SAINT-MARTIN



DIVINE RAPTURE

I knew, I felt, (perception unexpressed,
Uncomprehended by our narrow thought,
But somehow felt and known in every shift
And change in the spirit, — nay, in every pore
Of the body, even,) — what God is, what we are,
What life is — how God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways — one everlasting bliss,
From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds; in whom is life for evermore,
Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes; where dwells enjoyment there is He!
With still a flying point of bliss remote,
A happiness in store afar, a sphere
Of distant glory in full view; thus climbs
Pleasure its heights for ever and for ever!
The centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face;
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,
Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask —
God joys therein! The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitten lip of hate,
When, in the solitary waste, strange groups
Of young volcanos come up, cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame —
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride!
Then all is still; earth is a wintry clod:
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with blooms
Like chrysalids impatient for the air,
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
Along the furrows, ants make their ado;
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;

Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing-gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain – and God renews
His ancient rapture!

ROBERT BROWNING



LOVE'S MYSTERY

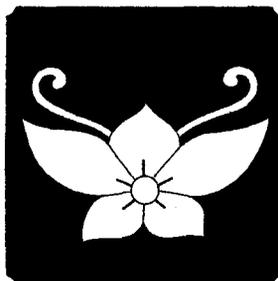
You, free thinker, imagine only man
Thinks in this world where life bursts from all things?
The powers within prescribe your freedom's wings,
But you leave the universe outside your plans.

Respect the mind that stirs in every creature:
Love's mystery is known by metals too;
Every flower opens its soul to Nature;
"Everything's sentient!" and works on you.

Beware! from the blind wall one watches you:
Even matter has a logos all its own . . .
Do not put it to some impious use.

Often in humble life a god works, hidden;
And like a new-born eye veiled by its lids,
Pure spirit grows beneath the surface of stones.

GÉRARD de NERVAL





Purvasbadba: ♀ I A

THE UNKNOWN

This discord in the pact of things,
This endless war 'twixt truth and truth,
That singly hold, yet give the lie
To him who seeks to yoke them both —
Do the gods know the reason why?

Or is truth one without a flaw,
And all things to each other turn,
But the soul, sunken in desire,
No longer can the links discern,
In glimmering of her smothered fire?

Then why with travail does she yearn
To find the hidden mysteries?
Knows she the thing for which she burns?
Yet who will seek what he hath got?
Yet who will seek he knows not what?

How shall he follow the unknown?
How shall he find it, and when found
How shall he know it? Did the soul
Once see the universal mind,
And know the part, and know the whole?

Now sunken in the mirk of sense,
Not wholly doth the soul forget,
Still grasps the whole, lets go the part:
And therefore whoso seeks the truth
Shall find in no wise peace of heart.

For neither doth he wholly know,
And neither doth he all forget.
But that high thing which once he saw,
And still remembers, that he holds,
And seeks to bring the truth forgot
Again to that which he hath yet.

BOETHIUS



THE DISTRIBUTION OF WISDOM

Experience, in all ages, and in all countries, has demonstrated that it is impossible to control Nature in her distribution of mental powers. She gives them as she pleases. Whatever is the rule by which she, apparently to us, scatters them among mankind, that rule remains a secret to man. It would be as ridiculous to attempt to fix the hereditaryship of human beauty, as of wisdom.

Whatever wisdom constitutently is, it is like a seedless plant; it may be reared when it appears, but it cannot be voluntarily produced. There is always a sufficiency somewhere in the general mass of society for all purposes; but with respect to the parts of society, it is continually changing its place. It rises in one to-day, in another to-morrow, and has most probably visited in rotation every family of the earth, and again withdrawn.

As this is the order of nature, the order of government must necessarily follow it, or government will, as we see it does, degenerate into ignorance.

THOMAS PAINE



SONG AT DAWN

When they sang together, when my morning stars sang as the night was ending and light came up from all sides; when the night was ending, the darkness expelled, and my sun rose in the East; when my thoughts shook off slumber and my limbs woke from their sleep of night — then I sought to greet the dawn with music and to worship the morning with song. In my hands I held the lyre and the pipe, and my left hand moved skilfully over the strings. I tied the timbrel and the flute to my side and adjusted their loops, now tightening, now loosening them. Then I began to sing and improvise, to see if my instruments would answer my words, to see if they would comfort me in my wandering, in this land of exile which is my home. But though I sang, my flute did not answer, and even the birds did not raise their voices in mirth. O masters of mysteries, have you ever known a musical instrument that would not strike up when I sing — and the birds voiceless amongst the branches, the swallow songless in my house? Yet I wish them well, for with their silence they counsel me to hide my works, to hide my words from men, to conceal my secrets from all men with even greater care.

MESHULLAM da PIERA



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

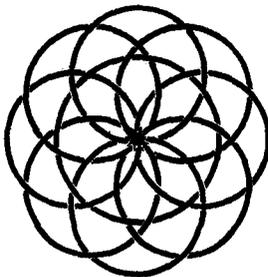
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. . . .

.

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
Mark the music.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





Uttarabadha: ☉ O D

HOLINESS

Out of jewelled eyes
Silent and eternal, you gaze away
Over us late brothers.
Neither love nor longing appears to be known among
Your smooth gleaming procession.
Once, inconceivable, you walked, majestic
Brothers and sisters of constellations,
Among the temples.
Even today, holiness like the distant fragrance of gods
Drifts round your brows,
Dignity round your knees:
Your beauty breathes calmly,
Your home is eternity.

But we, your younger brothers,
Stagger godless through a confusing life,
Our trembling souls stand eagerly, opened
To all the sufferings of passion,
To every burning desire.
Our goal is death,
Our belief a belief in what perishes,
No great distance of time defies
Our fleeting faces.
Nevertheless, we also
Bear, burned into our very souls,
The sign of a secret affinity to the spirit,
We have a foreboding of gods, a feeling for you,
Images of the silent past,
A fearless love. Look:
We hate nothing that exists, not even death,
Suffering and dying
Does not horrify our souls,
As long as we learn more deeply to love.
Our heart is the bird's heart,
And it belongs to the sea and the forest, and we name
Slaves and wretches our brothers,
We still name with loving names both animal and stone.
So also the images
Of our perishing lives will not survive us
In hard stone:
They will vanish smiling,
And in the flickering dust of sunlight

Every hour to new joys and unhappiness,
Impatient, eternal, they will rise.

HERMANN HESSE



SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

So the lover of Earth obtains his reward, and little by little the veil is lifted of an inexhaustible beauty and majesty. It may be he will be tranced in some spiritual communion, or will find his being overflowing into the being of the elements, or become aware that they are breathing their life into his own. Or Earth may become on an instant, all faery to him, and earth and air resound with the music of its invisible people. Or the trees and rocks may waver before his eyes and become transparent, revealing what creatures were hidden from him by the curtain, and he will know as the ancients did of dryad and hamadryad, of genii of wood and mountain. Or earth may suddenly blaze about him with supernatural light in some lonely spot amid the hills, and he will find he stands as the prophet in a place that is holy ground, and he may breathe the intoxicating exhalations as did the sibyls of old. Or his love may hurry him away in dream to share in deeper mysteries, and he may see the palace chambers of nature where the wise ones dwell in secret, looking out over the nations, breathing power into this man's heart or that man's brain, on any who appear to their vision to wear the colour of truth. So gradually the earth lover realizes the golden world is all about him in imperishable beauty, and he may pass from the vision to the profounder beauty of being, and know an eternal love is within and around him, pressing upon him and sustaining with infinite tenderness his body, his soul and his spirit.

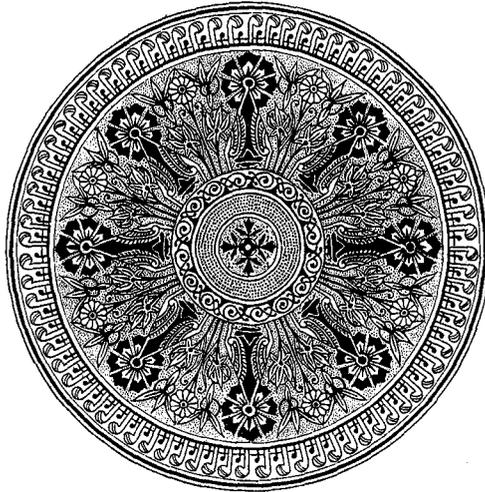
GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



THE SENSE OF WONDER

The sense of wonder certainly deprives the mind of those penultimate certainties that we had up till then taken for granted – and to that extent wonder is a form of disillusionment, though even that has its positive aspect, since it means being freed from an illusion; and it becomes clear that what we had taken for granted was not ultimately self-evident. But further than that, wonder signifies that the world is profounder, more all-embracing and mysterious than the logic of everyday reason had taught us to believe. The innermost meaning of wonder is fulfilled in a deepened sense of mystery. It does not end in doubt, but is the awakening of the knowledge that being, *qua* being, is mysterious and inconceivable, and that it is a mystery in the full sense of the word: neither a dead end, nor a contradiction, nor even something impenetrable and dark. Rather, mystery means that a reality cannot be comprehended *because* its light is ever-flowing, unfathomable, and inexhaustible.

JOSEF PIEPER





THE SEA-LIMITS

Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible, —
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong farther. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's, — it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again, —
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI





Sbravana:) V B

THE SELF WITHIN ALL

Well then, O Gautama, I shall communicate this mystery, the hoary Brahman, and what happens to the Self after reaching death.

Some enter the womb in order to have a body, as organic beings; others go into inorganic matter, according to their work and according to their knowledge.

He, the highest Person, who is awake in us while we are asleep, shaping one lovely sight after another, that indeed is the Bright, that is Brahman, that alone is called the Immortal. All worlds are contained in it, and no one goes beyond. This is that.

As the one fire after it has entered the world, though single, becomes manifold according to whatever it burns, thus the One Self within all things becomes manifold, according to whatever it enters, and exists also without.

As the one air, after it has entered the world, though single, becomes manifold according to whatever it enters, thus the One Self within all things becomes manifold, according to whatever it enters, and exists also without.

As the Sun, the eye of the whole world, is not contaminated by the external impurities seen by the eyes, thus the One Self within all things is never contaminated by the misery of the world, being Himself without.

There is One ruler, the Self within all things, who makes the One form manifold. The wise who perceive Him within themselves, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others.

* * *

The Sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When He shines, everything shines after Him: by His light all this is lighted.

Katha Upanishad



BREATH

Listen more to things
Than to words that are said.
The water's voice sings
And the flame cries
And the wind that brings
The woods to sighs
Is the breathing of the dead.

Those who are dead have never gone away.
They are in the shadows darkening around,
They are in the shadows fading into day.
The dead are not under the ground.
They are in the trees that quiver,
They are in the woods that weep,
They are in the waters of the rivers,
They are in the waters that sleep.
They are in the crowds, they are in the homestead.
The dead are never dead.

Listen more to things
Than to words that are said.
The water's voice sings
And the flame cries
And the wind that brings
The woods to sighs
Is the breathing of the dead.
Who have not gone away
Who are not under the ground
Who are never dead.

Those who are dead have never gone away.
They are at the breast of the wife.
They are in the child's cry of dismay
And the firebrand bursting into life.
The dead are not under the ground.
They are in the fire that burns low,
They are in the grass with tears to shed,
In the rock where whining winds blow.
They are in the forest, they are in the homestead.
The dead are never dead.

Listen more to things
Than to words that are said.
The water's voice sings
And the flame cries
And the wind that brings
The woods to sighs
Is the breathing of the dead.

And repeats each day
The Covenant where it is said
That our fate is bound to the law,
And the fated of the dead who are not dead

To the spirits of breath who are stronger than they.
We are bound to Life by this harsh law
And by this Covenant we are bound
To the deeds of the breathings that die
Along the bed and the banks of the river,
To the deeds of the breaths that quiver
In the rock that whines and the grasses that cry
To the deeds of the breathings that lie
In the shadow that lightens and grows deep
In the tree that shudders, in the woods that weep,
In the waters that flow and the waters that sleep,
To the spirits of breath which are stronger than they
That have taken the breath of the deathless dead
Of the dead who have never gone away
Of the dead who are not now under the ground.

Listen more to things
Than to words that are said.
The water's voice sings
And the flame cries
And the wind that brings
The woods to sighs
Is the breathing of the dead.

BIRAGO DIOP



DWELLING IN SPACE

Just get rid
Of that small mind
That is called 'self',
And there is nothing in the universe
That can harm or hinder you.

How delightful it is
To make all space
Our dwelling-place!
Our hearts and minds
Are perfectly at ease.

SENGTSAN

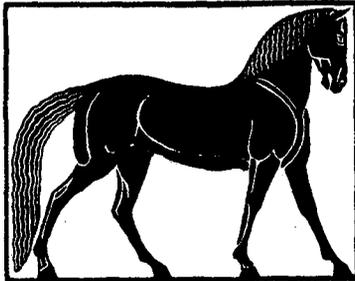


THE BLACK HORSE

My horse has a hoof like striped agate;
His fetlock is like a fine eagle plume;
His legs are like quick lightning.
My horse's body is like an eagle-plumed arrow;
My horse has a tail like a trailing black cloud.
I put flexible goods on my horse's back;
The Little Holy Wind blows through his hair.
His mane is made of short rainbows.
My horse's ears are made of round corn.
My horse's eyes are made of big stars.
My horse's head is made of mixed waters —
From the holy waters — he never knows thirst.
My horse's teeth are made of white shell.
The long rainbow is in his mouth for a bridle,
and with it I guide him.
When my horse neighs, different coloured horses follow.
When my horse neighs, different coloured sheep follow.

I am wealthy, because of him.
Before me peaceful,
Behind me peaceful,
Under me peaceful,
Over me peaceful,
All around me peaceful —
Peaceful voice when he neighs.
I am Everlasting and Peaceful.
I stand for my horse.

KIOWA CHANT





Shravisbtha: ♂ R C

FIRE SERMON

Then The Blessed One, having dwelt in Uruvela as long as he wished, proceeded on his wanderings in the direction of Bodhgaya, accompanied by a great congregation of priests, a thousand in number, who had all of them aforetime been monks with matted hair. And in Bodhgaya, The Blessed One dwelt, together with the thousand priests.

And there The Blessed One addressed the priests: —

“All things, O priests, are on fire. And what, O priests, are all these things which are on fire?

“The eye, O priests, is on fire; forms are on fire; eye-consciousness is on fire; impressions received by the eye are on fire; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the eye, that also is on fire.

“And with what are these on fire?

“With the fire of passion, with the fire of hatred, with the fire of infatuation; with birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair are they on fire.

“The ear is on fire; sounds are on fire; the nose is on fire; odours are on fire; the tongue is on fire; tastes are on fire; the body is on fire; things tangible are on fire; the mind is on fire; ideas are on fire; mind-consciousness is on fire; impressions received by the mind are on fire; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind, that also is on fire.

“And with what are these on fire?

“With the fire of passion, with the fire of hatred, with the fire of infatuation; with birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair are they on fire.

“Perceiving this, O priests, the learned and noble disciple conceives an aversion for the eye, conceives an aversion for forms, conceives an aversion for eye-consciousness, conceives an aversion for the impressions received by the eye; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the eye, for that also he conceives an aversion. He conceives an aversion for the ear, conceives an aversion for sounds, conceives an aversion for the nose, conceives an aversion for odours, conceives an aversion for the tongue, conceives an aversion for tastes, conceives an aversion for the body, conceives an aversion for things tangible, conceives an aversion for the mind, conceives an aversion for ideas, conceives an aversion for mind-consciousness, conceives an aversion for the impressions received by the mind; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind, for this also he conceives an aversion. And in conceiving this aversion, he becomes divested of passion; by the absence of passion he becomes free; when he is free he becomes aware that he is free; he knows that rebirth is

exhausted, that he has lived the holy life, that he has done what it behooved him to do, and that he is no more for this world.”

Now while this exposition was being delivered, the minds of the thousand priests became free from attachment and delivered from the depravities.

Mahavagga



BEYOND SUFFERING

The truth of suffering preached by Buddha
Is real without differentiation.
If there are any living beings
Who do not know the source of suffering,
Deeply attached to the cause of suffering,
And unable to forsake it even for a moment,
Buddha for the sake of them
Preaches the Way by tactful methods:
“The cause of all suffering
Is rooted in desire.”
If desire be extinguished,
Suffering has no foothold.
To annihilate all suffering
Is called the third truth.
For the sake of the truth of extinction
To observe and walk in the Way,
Forsaking all bonds of suffering,
This is called the attaining of emancipation.
From what have these people
Attained emancipation?
Merely to depart from the false
Is called emancipation.
But they have not yet really attained
Entire emancipation.

The Lotus Sutra



BONDAGE

In truth only those are alive who have escaped the bondage of the flesh as from a prison, while that which you call life is in reality death. . . . Since it is clear that whatever is self-moving is eternal, who will deny that this power has been given to soul? Whatever possesses life is moved by an inner and inherent impulse, and this impulse is the very essence and power of soul. . . . Train it in the noblest ways! This journey it will make the swifter, if it looks abroad, while still imprisoned in the flesh, and if, by meditating upon that which lies beyond it, it divorces itself as far as may be from the body. For the souls of men who have surrendered themselves to carnal delights, who have made themselves slaves of the passions, and who have been prompted by lust to violate the laws of gods and men, wander about near the earth itself after death, and do not return hither until they have been driven about for many ages.

CICERO



MOURNING IN VAIN

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





Sbatabisbaj: Ω W O

FITNESS OF TIME

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?

I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.

I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.

The Book of Ecclesiastes



ALL RETURN AGAIN

It is the secret of the world that all things subsist and do not die, but only retire a little from sight and afterwards return again. Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well, in some new strange disguise. Jesus is not dead; he is very well alive; nor John, nor Paul, nor Mahomet, nor Aristotle; at times we believe we have seen them all, and could easily tell the names under which they go.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



THE FIERCE WHIRLWIND

Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,
Of which yon earth is one, is wide diffused
A spirit of activity and life,
That knows no term, cessation, or decay;
That fades not when the lamp of earthly life,
Extinguished in the dampness of the grave,
Awhile there slumbers, more than when the babe
In the dim newness of its being feels
The impulses of sublunary things,
And all is wonder to unpractised sense:
But, active, steadfast, and eternal, still
Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,
Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,
Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease;
And in the storm of change, that ceaselessly
Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes
Its undecaying battlement, presides,
Apportioning with irresistible law
The place each spring of its machine shall fill;

.

No atom of this turbulence fulfils
A vague and unnecessitated task,
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY





CONQUERING TIME

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,
Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards,
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,
There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
I can only say, *there* we have been: but I cannot say where.
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.

The inner freedom from the practical desire,
The release from action and suffering, release from the inner
And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded
By a grace of sense, a white light still and moving,
Erhebung without motion, concentration
Without elimination, both a new world
And the old made explicit, understood
In the completion of its partial ecstasy,
The resolution of its partial horror.
Yet the enchainment of past and future
Woven in the weakness of the changing body,
Protects mankind from heaven and damnation
Which flesh cannot endure.

Time past and time future

Allow but a little consciousness.
To be conscious is not to be in time
But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden,
The moment in the arbour where the rain beat,
The moment in the draughty church at smokefall
Be remembered; involved with past and future.
Only through time time is conquered.

T. S. ELIOT





Purva Bbadrapada: 4 B G

THE GREAT LAW

I

OM, Amitaya! measure not with words
Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And *Brahm*, sole meditating in that Night;
Look not for *Brahm* and the Beginning there!
Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift — but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever-changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow —
The same yet not the same — from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah! Brothers, Sisters! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;
Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,
Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse — better — last for first and first for last;
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past.

The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat;
The end of many myriad lives is this,
The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes
Go round unceasingly!

II

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;

Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better — Best.

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brother's tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than *Brabm* doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure. . . .

III

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right — it recompenseth! do one wrong —
The equal retribution must be made,
Though *Dharma* tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

IV

The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn

Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth always;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good:

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

He — dying — leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto Nirvana. He is one with life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

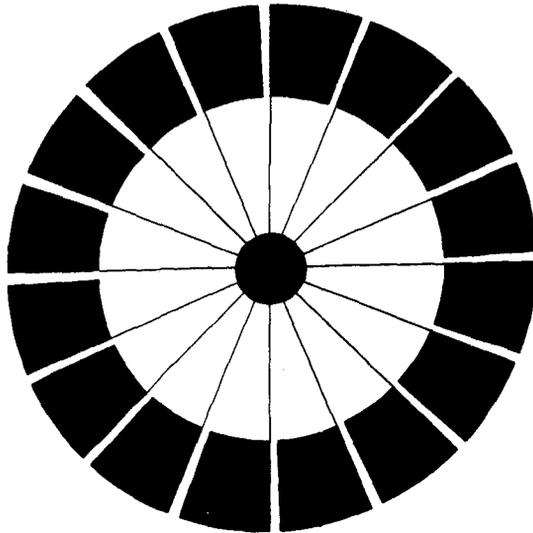
V

This is the doctrine of Karma. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

Say not "I am", "I was", or "I shall be",
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travellers who remember and forget,
Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk
And dwells therein.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD





THE HEIR OF HEAVEN

All human beings go through a previous life in the sphere of Instinct, where they are brought to see the worthlessness of earthly treasures, to amass which they gave themselves such untold pains! Who can tell how many times the human being lives in the sphere of Instinct before he is prepared to enter the sphere of Abstractions, where thought expends itself on erring science, where mind wearies at last of human language? For, when Matter is exhausted, Spirit enters. Who knows how many fleshly forms the heir of heaven occupies before he can be brought to understand the value of that silence and solitude whose starry plains are but the vestibule of Spiritual Worlds? He feels his way amid the void, makes trial of nothingness, and then at last his eyes revert upon the Path. Then follow other existences — all to be lived to reach the place where Light effulgent shines. Death is the post-house of the journey.

A lifetime may be needed merely to gain the virtues which annul the errors of man's preceding life. . . . The virtues we acquire, which develop slowly within us, are the invisible links that bind each one of our existences to the others — existences which the spirit alone remembers, for Matter has no memory for spiritual things. Thought alone holds the tradition of the bygone life. The endless legacy of the past to the present is the secret source of human genius. . . .

The final life, the fruition of all other lives, to which the powers of the soul have tended, and whose merits open the Sacred Portals to perfected man, is the life of Prayer. . . . Silence and meditation are the means of following that Way. . . . It is thus that the separation takes place between Matter, which so long has wrapped its darkness round you; and Spirit, which was in you from the beginning . . . now brings noon-day to your soul.

HONORÉ de BALZAC





THE VASTY QUIETUDE

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primaevial being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



PRE-EXISTENCE

“To others also,” said the voice of the divine one who had thus saved me — “to others in the like state it has been permitted to see something of their pre-existence. But no one of them ever could endure to look far. Power to see all former births belongs only to those eternally released from the bonds of Self. Such exist outside of illusion — outside of form and name; and pain cannot come nigh them.”

LAFCADIO HEARN



Uttara Bhadrapada: ४ G F

PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED

And he said unto them:

Take heed what ye hear: with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given. For he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.

And he said:

So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.

And he said:

Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth; but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.

And with many such parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it.

The Gospel According to Mark



THE SILENT WORK OF NATURE

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity.

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity,
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD



PAIN AND JOY

The most important lesson that man can learn from his life is not that there *is* pain in this world, but that it depends upon him to turn it into good account, that it is possible for him to transmute it into joy. That lesson has not been lost altogether to us, and there is no man living who would willingly be deprived of his right to suffer pain, for that is his right to be a man. . . . Man's freedom is never in being saved troubles, but it is the freedom to take trouble for his own good, to make the trouble an element in his joy. It can be made so only when we realize that our individual self is not the highest meaning of our being, that in us we have the world-man who is immortal, who is not afraid of death or sufferings, and who looks upon pain as only the other side of joy. He who has realized this knows that it is pain which is our true wealth as imperfect beings, and has made us great and worthy to take our seat with the perfect. He knows that we are not beggars; that it is the hard coin which must be paid for everything valuable in this life, for our power, our wisdom, our love; that in pain is symbolized the infinite possibility of perfection, the eternal unfolding of joy; and the man who loses all pleasure in accepting pain sinks down and down to the lowest depth of penury and degradation. It is only when we invoke the aid of pain for our self-gratification that she becomes evil and takes her vengeance for the insult done to her by hurling us into misery. For she is the vestal virgin consecrated to the service of the immortal perfection, and when she takes her true place before the altar of the infinite she casts off her dark veil and bares her face to the beholder as a revelation of supreme joy.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



THE SOUND OF SUMMER

Besides the singing and calling, there is a peculiar sound which is only heard in summer. Waiting quietly to discover what birds are about, I become aware of a sound in the very air. It is not the mid-summer hum which will soon be heard over the heated hay in the valley and over the cooler hills alike. It is not enough to be called a hum, and does but just tremble at the extreme edge of hearing. If the branches wave and rustle they overbear it; the buzz of a passing bee is so much louder it overcomes all of it that is in the whole field. I cannot define it, except by calling the hours of winter to mind — they are silent; you hear a branch crack or creak as it rubs another in the wood, you hear the hoar frost crunch on the grass beneath your feet, but the air is without sound in itself.

The sound of summer is everywhere — in the passing breeze, in the hedge, in the broad-branching trees, in the grass as it swings; all the myriad particles that together make the summer are in motion. The sap moves in the trees, the pollen is pushed out from grass and flower, and yet again these acres and acres of leaves and square miles of grass blades — for they would cover acres and square miles if reckoned edge to edge — are drawing their strength from the atmosphere. Exceedingly minute as these vibrations must be, their numbers perhaps may give them a volume almost reaching in the aggregate to the power of the ear.

Besides the quivering leaf, the swinging grass, the fluttering bird's wing, and the thousand oval membranes which innumerable insects whirl about, a faint resonance seems to come from the very earth itself. The fervour of the sunbeams descending in a tidal flood rings on the strung harp of earth. It is this exquisite undertone, heard and yet unheard, which brings the mind into sweet accord with the wonderful instrument of nature.

RICHARD JEFFERIES





Revathi: ❧ Y E

AVIDYA AND KARMA

Originally there was a single true spiritual Nature, uncreate and imperishable, neither increasing nor decreasing, changeless and immutable. Sentient beings, existing from the beginningless beginning, suffering delusion, have been unaware of it. Being hidden, it is called *Tathagatagarbha*, the womb of the Tathagata. Because *Tathagatagarbha* is hidden, there are the mental characteristics called birth and death. True Mind, unborn and imperishable, and the delusions of birth and death, coexist. They are neither identical nor different, and this is called *Alayavijnana*, the storehouse of consciousness. *Alayavijnana* has two aspects, the enlightened and the unenlightened. Due to its unenlightened dimension, whenever a deluded thought appears, it is called a sign of *karma*. Since this thought is not recognized as unreal in essence, it activates the subjective consciousness and also projects the illusive world of objects. But one does not realize that the objective world appears out of the delusions of one's own mind. One clings to this world of objects, believing it to have indisputable existence. This is attachment to *dhamma* or phenomena.

Attachment to *dhamma* leads man to see a distinction between himself and others and enhances attachment to himself. Owing to this attachment to self, man loves with deeply rooted greed objects that are agreeable to his feelings and are advantageous to himself. He experiences anger and disgust at objects which are not agreeable, and he fears that pleasant objects might be missed while disgusting ones may give him pain. These feelings, the result of *avidya*, gradually increase in intensity.

We have received our present form of existence because of initial *karma*, and secondary *karma* engenders varying states of existence, high or low, rich or poor, long or short, healthy or sickly, rising or falling, pleasurable or painful. It has been said that humility or arrogance in a previous life bears the fruit of high or low position in the present; that benevolence brings longevity; that murder results in a short life and greed in poverty; but karmic consequences cannot be described in detail. A man may suffer calamity without doing evil, or he may be prosperous without performing good deeds; longevity may occur without previous benevolence; and death in youth is not always the result of murderous acts. All these are consequences of the secondary *karma* of a previous life. Those who fail to recognize this think all things are the result of natural randomness.

According to this Teaching, the world of objects, created by mind and consciousness, unfolds in two phases: one joins with mind and consciousness to become man, the other does not so join and becomes heaven and earth and all their constituents. Amongst heaven, earth and man, man is the most spiritual because he is linked to the spirit of Mind. The Buddha taught this when he said that the great external elements differ from the four great internal elements.

It is a pity that people with incomplete knowledge cling to partial views and remain confused. Renouncing the inessential, they should return to the essential and meditate upon the source of Mind. When petty errors are exhausted and major misconceptions are removed, the spiritual nature will be manifest. This state is called the body of essence or the body of bliss.

TSUNG-MI



THE RETREAT

Happy those early days! when I
Shined in my angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees;
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN



ANOTHER'S WOE

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear —

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

WILLIAM BLAKE



SELF-QUESTIONING

It is central to the entire teaching of *Gupta Vidya* that whilst metaphysical differentiation through consciousness is indispensable for there even to be self-consciousness, this is fundamentally different from the difficulty for a ray of spirit, when encased in matter, to rebel against inertia. There are many modes of inertias – spiritual inertia which is the refusal to climb, mental inertia which is the refusal to think, moral inertia which is the refusal to take a vow or make a resolve, psychic inertia which is a refusal to be awake and responsive to the rhythms of nature and the extraordinary gifts of human life. None of these can be blamed upon the metaphysical differentiation of consciousness, and the purported second fall itself marks the awakening of that questioning spirit which is the signature of humanity's divine origin and is essential to overcoming all inertia. The ancients were masters of the art of self-questioning and interrogating Nature. They knew, as does every great scientist or artist, that if one knows how to ask, and how to wait, Nature will never fail to speak. This is above all true in the realms of philosophic religion and spiritual enlightenment. From the start, the pilgrim who enters a period of probation must see the whole of human existence as a profound process of learning, loving and living. From that initial stance, maintained through a lifetime of suffering and growth, one can come to the greater beatitudes of the mystery of self-enlightenment, whereby one is prepared to enter the antechamber of the temple of spiritual initiation into the primordial and eternal Wisdom of the Mahatmas and the Bodhisattvas, the Teachers and Friends of the human race.

RAGHAVAN IYER



Asvini: ॐ Bl S

DEFENCELESSNESS

Ah! to the stranger-soul, when first it peeps
From its new tenement, and looks abroad
For happiness and sympathy, how stern
And desolate a tract is this wide world!
How withered all the buds of natural good!
No shade, no shelter from the sweeping storms
Of pitiless power! On its wretched frame —
Poisoned, perchance, by the disease and woe
Heaped on the wretched parent whence it sprung,
By morals, law, and custom, — the pure winds
Of Heaven, that renovate the insect tribes,
May breathe not. The untainting light of day
May visit not its longings. It is bound
Ere it has life: yea, all the chains are forged
Long ere its being: all liberty and love
And peace is torn from its defencelessness;
Cursed from its birth, even from its cradle doomed
To abjectness and bondage!

Throughout this varied and eternal world
Soul is the only element, the block
That for uncounted ages has remained.
The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight
Is active living spirit. Every grain
Is sentient both in unity and part,
And the minutest atom comprehends
A world of loves and hatreds. These beget
Evil and good: hence truth and falsehood spring;
Hence will, and thought, and action, all the germs
Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,
That variegate the eternal universe.
Soul is not more polluted than the beams
Of heaven's pure orb ere round their rapid lines
The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.
Or he is formed by abjectness and woe,
To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,

To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
Of natural love in sensualism, to know
That hour as blessed when on his worthless days
The frozen hand of Death shall set its seal,
Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
The one is man that shall hereafter be;
The other, man as vice has made him now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



SELF-EXILE

We resemble those who enter into, or depart from a foreign region, not only because we are banished from our intimate associates, but in consequence of dwelling in a foreign land, we are filled with barbaric passions, and manners, and legal institutes, and to all these have a great propensity. Hence, he who wishes to return to his proper kindred and associates should not only with alacrity begin the journey, but, in order that he may be properly received, should meditate how he may divest himself of everything of a foreign nature which he has assumed, and should recall to his memory such things as he has forgotten, and without which he cannot be admitted by his kindred and friends. After the same manner, also, it is necessary, if we intend to return to things which are truly our own, that we should divest ourselves of everything of a mortal nature which we have assumed, together with an adhering affection towards it, and which is the cause of our descent; and that we should excite our recollection of that blessed and eternal essence, and should hasten our return to the nature which is without colour and without quality, earnestly endeavouring to accomplish two things: one, that we may cast aside everything material and mortal; but the other, that we may properly return, and be again conversant with our true kindred, ascending to them in a way contrary to that in which we descended hither.

PORPHYRY



THE PRICELESS PRIZE

Thou canst not buy true goodness in the market:
Nor canst thou win it unto thee by distant pilgrimage:
It dwelleth not in rich men's storehouses,
Nor yet with hermits in the forest-depths:

No gold can purchase it:
It is not to be found in darksome mines below,
Nor in the wide blue sky above:

One price alone can bring it unto thee,
The giving of thy life:

If for the sake of this great prize
Thou wilt not give thyself, with all thou hast and art,
Then cease to prate of goodness.

TUKARAM



THE ROBE OF OBLIVION

Happy are they who sow but do not reap, for they wander afar.

Happy are the noble of heart whose youthful glories enhanced the days' light and largesse, while they themselves stripped off their ornaments at the parting of the ways.

Happy are the proud-of-heart whose pride overflowed the borders of their soul, and came to be the humility of white after the rainbow has risen into the clouds.

Happy are they who know that their heart cries out from a wilderness, and silence blossoms on their lips.

Happy are they — for they will be gathered into the heart of the world, wrapped in oblivion's robe, and their everlasting lot will be wordless.

AVRAHAM BEN YITSHAK