

Reflections on the Quest

REFLECTIONS ON THE QUEST

"Master, Tell Me"

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Illustrations by Ginger Gilmour

To a beautiful, wise, and loved old friend

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CONTENTS

<i>Preface</i>	xi
How Utter the Unspeakable?	1
I Saw a Face One Night	2
I Searched for Love	4
The Quest	5
What Is Love?	6
Love Never Dies	8
True Wealth	10
Eternal Reality	12
More Light	13
Fruitfulness	15
Blue Sky, Gold Light	17
Living and Dying	18
We Are Alone in Our Suffering.....	20
Death Has Called	21
Death Is My Ash	23
The Sound of Love	24
Nature's Moods: Tone Colours	26
Forget-me-not	27
The Meadow Elf	28
The Surf	30
The Silence That Is Full of Sound	31
Silence	34
Silent Stones	35
The Universal Mother	36
The Song of the River	39
Joy and Sorrow.....	44
I Brought a Little Cup for You	46

Sacrifice	48
Still Raw, Still Warm	50
The Ways of Love	51
Violet	53
A Little Blade of Grass	54
Love Is a Delicate Bud	55
Harmony and Serenity	56
Lily of the Valley	58
Peace	59
Noon	61
Eyes	62
Beauty	63
This Rose of Dawn	66
Hush! Breathes the Beautiful	68
Prayer and Praying.....	69
Prayer	71
The Action of Love	72
Love Is Sunshine	74
I Came to Struggle	75
Forgiveness	77
A Tear	79
Remember, Forget	80
Faith and the Faithful	81
With Folded Hands I Wait	83
Cathedral	84
Goodness	85
The Oak Tree	87
How Shall I Find This Love?	89
Then Gaze in My Waters	92
Destiny	93
Musings	96
Life Ebbs On	97
Till We Come Face to Face	98
What of the Self?	99

Truth	101
How May I Know My Inner Self?	102
Samadhi	105
The Beloved	106
The Comforter	107
Friend beyond All	108
How Shall I Become Accomplished?	109
Salutation to the Mountain	111

PREFACE

This book is the record of a mystical search for *truth*, an inner journey, the essence of which is expressed as a dialogue between two parties. It thus appeals to the intuition, not to the analytical mind. It can be read at different levels: that of the personality seeking insights, questioning the voice of conscience, the Knower in its own depths, the Soul; or it may be taken at the level of the soul itself, longing for the Divine and seeking enlightenment from the Spirit, its own Higher, hidden, celestial Self; or it can be taken simply as a dialogue between the pupil and the Master.

Each section begins with such a questioning; then follows the answer from the Inner Master. This is accompanied by a poem or several poems revealing the soul's response, reactions, its aspirations and inspirations, or state of being, some of which may reflect or complement the teachings, or show a contrast, a revolt, e.g., at man's inhumanity to man perpetrated under the guise of sacrifice. Some, as in tone colours, show its reaction at Nature's various expressions of love manifested through beauteous colours and forms. Each step is a journey deeper and deeper within the self. Again and again the enquirer returns to the theme of *love* in his attempt to probe its many facets, drawing closer and closer to the unity of the inner-most to which love should lead. Love is the leitmotif of the whole search; hence it comes back again and again into the questions and binds all the sections together with the golden thread that leads the enquirer to the realisation of the oneness that underlies all creation.

Reflections on the Quest

How Utter the Unspeakable?

How utter the unspeakable? How frame
within the compass of mind's narrow groove
that which You are, unlimited! Our claim
to know is naught, our vision idle! We move
from point to point, whilst You are all in all
unmoved! Before the mind could set its laws
to sight, before thought found its wings might fall,
before ever vision knew of flaws
but flawless Vision, boundless, enveloped
all latent seeds, You were! O breathless span,
unending being! And when we shall have groped
beyond delusions, in search of meaning, to scan
remoter horizons, still will You be unknown,
unknowable, all in all, the One alone. . . .

I Saw a Face One Night

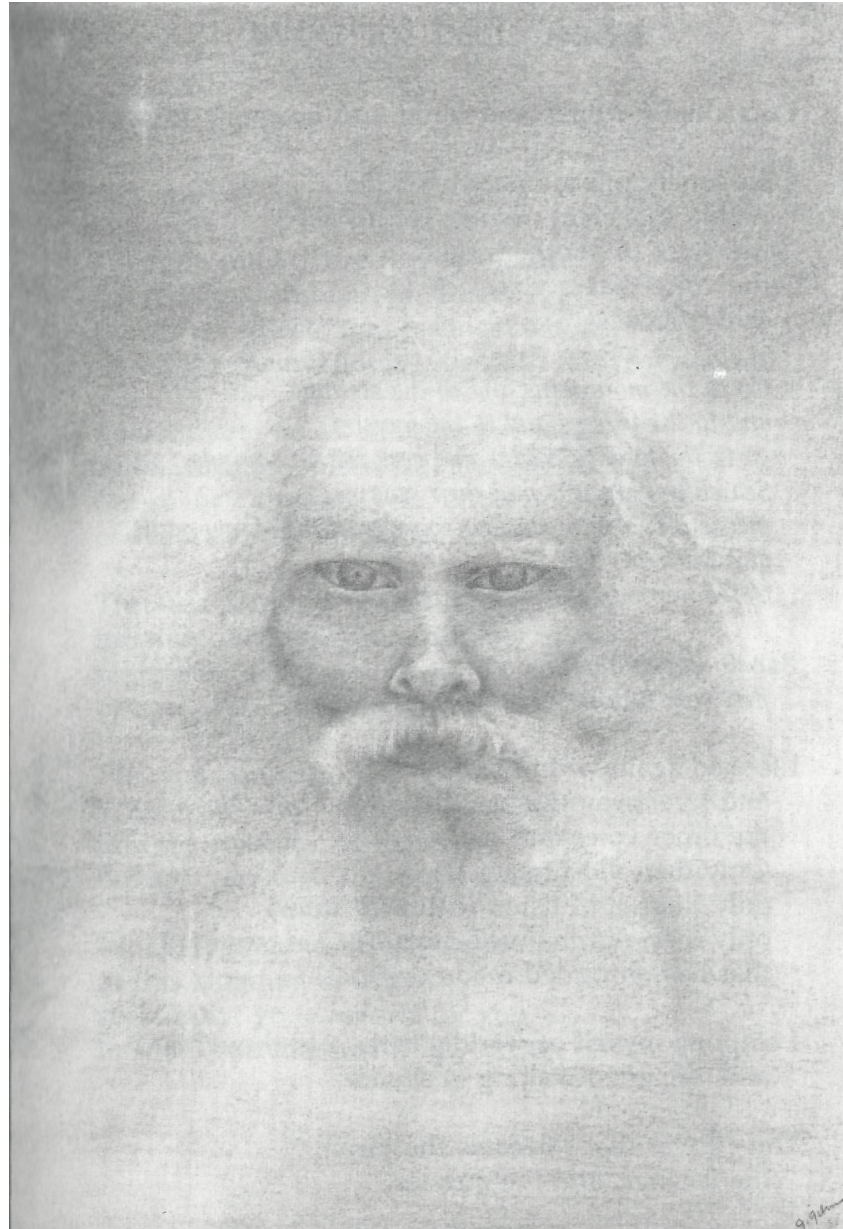
I saw a face one night
a face outlined against the sky,
the midnight blue dark vault,

A face whose eyes wept stars
that blazed to glory 'ere they dropped
into the ocean's heart.

A face whose smile enfolded
the vault, the deep, the close and far,
whose gaze searched me, the lonely.

And for a moment each spark,
kindled to thousand fireworks, fused me
to self-oblivion, to You.

Can it be, Lord, your stars
drew me so close I knew no more
whose stars, whose tears, were falling?



A face whose eyes wept stars

I Searched for Love

I searched for Love and could find no single answer.

On a lonely hillside dark and cold
within the silent moment of myself
the voice of another called,
the voice that is voiceless
said to me:

*Go to the mountains and to the streams
and to the valleys and to the forests;
go to the mighty oceans and seek the four winds.
Search the heavens and their galaxies,
merge into the mysterious wonder of the starry vault,
and learn the secrets
of the myriads of creatures in creation.*

*But to understand love
first seek to understand yourself.*

I looked again within myself
and tore away the wall that stood between
the inner voice and me.
Only then did I hear;
only then did I listen with ears anew;
only then did that veil drop
that had shrouded me in darkness.

I emptied myself of worldly cares and thoughts
and remained waiting in silence.

Thus it was that I became the pupil,
the listener, and the quester.

The Quest

I sought you in your furnace of fate;
I sought you through life's agony,
the stabs of flesh, and feelings' whorls,
thought's chains, doubt's despair, faith's assurance.

I sought and failed and fell, but sought
again, through forms, but shadows, and voices
but echoes, through veils of tears, and walls
of separateness: ignorance!

Through corridors of haunting mirrors,
inflating, belittling, mocking my image
till bruises deepened to wounds and wounds
opened the sluices I could not hold.

I fell into your heart of terror!
What terror but love, but love that flings
into the precipice or lights
the spark to skywide conflagration?

What longing but brings me to my knees
in this kingdom of solitude,
seeking for you, waiting for you,
in silent surrender of all my being?

What Is Love?

"Tell me, Master, what is love?"

Love is the flame within all being,
the form of the formless,
the very sap of life.
Surviving eternally,
giving eternally of itself,
yet constantly renewed,
a giving wanting naught but itself
in exchange for itself.

Love is the highest order of self-conquest,
the most powerful of all forces.
It will move mountains,
alter the course of the stars in the heavens,
shake loose the foundations of the earth,
change what is base into nobility itself,
even as the straw and clay, from which you were made,
house the Eternal Spirit,
are the temple and the throne,
love's most high altar.

Love is the chalice and the wine,
the crucible and the cradle
of the Eternal Mystery.
When pure and unprepossessing,
when seeing with a single eye,
it beholds the beauty in all,
for all in its eye is one Eternal,
and each is woven of its single strand,
and its single strand encompasses the whole,
both seen and unseen.

When your days and nights follow
in a giving that gives its all to all,
its all cannot be exhausted of that giving,
and your life's toil becomes joyous and full of peace,
and contentment resides in the toil itself,
for its own sake,
and the toil becomes the silent prayer
that illuminates each heart
and gives each heart its own beauty
as the flower on the hillside
blooming in summer's own season.

Love is sacrifice,
the supreme sacrifice unto which all bow,
unto which all sacrifices are made whole
and raised up;
when sacrifice becomes the joy
of bearing all sorrows in silence
and when in silence all sorrows
are dissolved and transformed into joy.
When self-forgetfulness
becomes the lamp in your darkest hour,
there is love's embrace
to comfort and renew:
the renewing and consuming fire
that purifies forever,
the fulfillment that makes all fruitful.

This indeed is love.

Love Never Dies

Love never dies.
If we think it does
we have never loved.

Only emotions stir up
flickers of love;
only desires throw out
that magic we think is love.

But love—far deeper, wider
than ocean's depths and compass,
far vaster than heaven's expanse,
broods silent, unruffled, and smiles. . . .

Love never dies. . . .
We have never known
that blazing state of loss,
of all acquiescence to life,
of all forgiveness to death,
that all dynamic power,
the moving fire,
the quivering flash,
the burning beam,
yet steady hearth,
abysmal giving,
all there, ever there,
beneath it all.

We have never touched
the velvet depths of peace
enwrapping us in folds
of fervent bliss, the oneness, love.

Born of the light, love lost
to all, yet won through all,
spreading its all for each,
sharing its all for all!

Love never dies.
If our love should die
it was not deep enough.

Dig deeper!

True Wealth

"Master, what is true wealth?"

To know and understand the law
of the Beloved One
and to teach by example.

Your wealth is the water of life
from which others drink,
the water that rises from the abyss of love,
from its fountain-source in the Beloved One
whose river never runs dry.
And the offspring fed and sustained by your light
when holding fast to the Beloved's light,
are your wealth also.

When you adhere to the law written in your heart
so that life may be at one with you
even as you are at one with the true life
and peace and harmony reside within you
to bring contentment and communion
with life's creation.

Then wisdom tests the fire of your steel
and fills your cup of love, understanding, and
compassion,
which is shaped by the Beloved
for the Beloved's sake,
that He may live in you
as you have life alone
in Him.

To find true wealth

hold fast to your own peace
that peace may dwell within you ever,
and pray that it may dwell in others also;
hold fast to love that love finds you worthy;
open the flower of your heart to full bloom
that its beauty may be shared by all
and loved by all,
as you love beauty.

Honour the Beloved's law
that His tablets be upheld in all that you do,
for you are the Eternal Temple,
and the Eternal Temple
is His alone.

Thus is true wealth attained.

Eternal Reality

What else but THAT, Eternal reality,
Truth that so deep is hidden, so vital, so near!
What worlds I searched in quest of certainty,
upon what oceans of tears felt urged to steer
in heart-wrung effort, lonely, my pilgrim barge,
I know no more! Only my plea, prelude
to share of vision that not in vain is large,
rings out! Sorrow, gateway to greater good
I've known; yet heedless so long did bolt my door
against those gifts stored in life's every thwart!
Forgot You could have waited behind that lock
grown rusty with disuse! All's changed! I tore
me open! Take me into your Heart of Heart,
for it is you that knock with my own knock!

More Light

More light, more light
let in the light
let in the mystery of light!

More light, more light,
open the shutters,
open the windows,
open the eyes!

Let in the light,
into the open mind,
into the open heart,
into the silence!

Let in the flights of joy
upon the wings of dawning shine!
Let in the shine of freedom's wings
upon the blaze of morning sun!

Let in the light
waiting to shine
beyond the cavern
of the open heart.

Upon the distances
the endless circles
receding
ever.

More light, more light,
let in the light
into the life

Abundant,
open
still.

fruitfulness

"Master, what is fruitfulness?"

He answered:

*When your emptiness is always your fullness
and your fullness is always in your giving;
and the deep ruts of sorrow and toil become your wellspring
from which is drawn and given love's nectar;
and the lamp of yourself is filled anew
by He who empties and fills the vessel of yourself in equal
measures
that His light may be seen from afar,
that it may pierce the darkness,
that it may bring a ray of hope to light despair and gloom,
that faith may survive through Him.*

*When the inner storm has destroyed your garden
but a loving hand plants it once again with tenderness
and the song in the garden is the song of peace
to which the myriads of creatures are drawn.*

*When your inner peace brings forth wisdom,
and in silence
is the flower of wisdom visited each day,
and in silence, each day, the flower's own nectar is drunk
and each dawn the flower blooms anew to beauty.
When the self oversees the garden of its Master
and tends the garden with loving care, for its Master's sake,
that harmony may reside and be the blessing
and the fruit therein may be harvested in joy.*

Then is this your true fruitfulness.

*When alone, in our emptiness
we find that we are not alone;
and in the time of our barrenness and desolation
we find our fruitfulness
and in that fruitfulness give sustenance to all
without favour or distinction,
for the sake of the oneness of all,
that all may dwell as one,
as we dwell in all.*

This indeed is fruitfulness.

Blue Sky, Gold Light

Blue sky, gold light,
nature's bounty;
a joy unfolding,
a light downstreaming
to glow on all
and turn all things
to joy, more joy.

A glowing light of
flowing force,
a gold blue flame
bathing each heart,
revealing life,
the throbbing pulse
common to all:

The Source Supreme,
the Presence,
One.

Living and Dying

"Master, what of living and dying?"

Living is learning to sacrifice and be the sacrifice
so that all may continue to live
and to share in the giving of its all.

What is the earth unless it gives itself up
for the sake of its children
that they may live by its own self-offering?
And if the waters that fall upon the earth
refuse to offer themselves to the earth
of what use would the earth's sacrifice be?

What is individual and unique
is not an island unto itself,
though seemingly separate.
It survives by giving and sharing itself amongst the
whole
and by living in harmony with the whole
and sustaining the whole.
And all survive and live in the same fashion.
And each is the other's daily bread
that makes the feast on the table at which creation sits
as one.

Living is the process by which we learn to share
and realise and pass on our oneness
that the whole may be complete and wholesome unto
itself.

Of dying this may be said:

there is no death,
only a transition from the gross to the light
and the renewal of life forever.

As life's streams, rivers, and oceans
are raised forever upward to heaven
and from heaven each is renewed, in its own likeness,
so is your renewal,
fruitful, inexorable.

Yet life is not the raindrop, nor the earth's dust,
nor the forest, nor the fields, nor the stone,
nor anything visible.

It is the Eternal Flame
whose presence resides in the very heart of all,
whose life throughout all life is one
even as you are at one with life eternal.

For you are the Eternal Flame divine
whose light is God's alone.

We Are Alone in Our Suffering

We are alone in our suffering
and in our moments of insight.
And our solitude digs ditches that dismay,
and our insight probes vistas that bedazzle.

And from pole to pole we turn, unknowing,
and from aloneness to aloneness
we span our depths and cry out anguished:
"Where is the issue; what is the aim?"

And from cave to cave we try to fathom,
we open our inner hearing and listen,
and from heart to heart we turn to absorb
and be lost in the inner flame.

And because the Alone stands naked in time,
ours is to reach the timeless by piercing
its image: time. Ours to enter the darkness
to confront and slay its tenant: self.

And from darkness to darkness we probe
and from sacrifice to sacrifice we sink,
but to rise and stretch out farther our hands,
till we discard all accumulations.

And in this nakedness that brooks no cover,
in this abyss that mirrors our self,
hear the cry upsurge along the corridors
of search: *I too am plodding with you!*

Death Has Called

Death has called
and a hush has fallen
o'er all,
and a profound abyss of grief
has opened,
dark and still;
death has called,
for a little one
was wrenched away.

Benign, serene,
a solemn presence abides
until the waves, the agitations,
the tearing off, subside,
as ripples dying away
into the distance . . . distance. . . .
Death has called,
but life has been released
for life, more life.

We, left torn, struck down,
with vacant arms, stare on,
with gaping heart,
with gnawed-off marrow,
with limbs held paralysed,
seek why, stifle each sob
that gives no answer,
bow down, helpless, o'erpowered;
death has called.

And its call means profound good-will,
profound sorrow, both one.

I come not to chastise

but to release; I come to free.

And from the heart struck empty
the love that passes all emotions
outgushes, embraces e'en death,
submits; peace to all beings . . .
Master! Thy will be done!

Death Is My Ash

Death is my ash;
a gift of wonder for you alone, to hold and drink,
a tender cup of wine,
a love bestowed,
an ocean's drop of boundless life
that makes the ocean's might a rock
whose flame divine
whose candlelight
is lit in beauty
by He who is my grace
my guidance sublime.

When ships of shadows pass in the night
each on their separate course for home,
I know the beacon of His light,
that life, that light, is His alone.

Some say there is no life save in the moment that we live.
I say there is no life but His alone to give
and if we know deep in our souls
that we have naught save but Himself
who feeds and clothes us in His grace,
then He and we are one alone.

When all creation seeks the way
as ships to one eternal shore,
that blessedness that each will reap
will be the blessedness of Him forevermore.

The Sound of Love

"Master, what is the sound of love?"

The sound of love is the
voice of nature in her
various seasons and in her
various moods,
when laughter mingles with the warmth of sunshine
and the happy play of children
and the myriads of songs of birds
echo forth from high trees
as the brooks and rivers murmur their secrets
to the scent-filled banks and meadows;
and when the hillsides and mountains
break into sound, break into echoes,
with the gentle passing breeze;
or the rumblings of the thunder rend the mountains
as the lightning flashes cleave the air
and the air is filled with gladness.
Hear then the voice of love,
the voice of every heart in creation,
pealing forth its life, renewed,
in the pulse of joy
that is love.

Yet there is another voice of love,
which only you will hear and touch and feel,
when your senses are alive and vibrant,
and you touch the secret of nature
in your moments of aloneness,
and silence;
Then does her embrace enfold you in total oneness,
in oneness of love,
when complete communication
with life's forces is established
and they flow through you
and are you
and the best of the one pulse
is coursing through you
and you are the pulse.

Love's sound is creation expressing itself;
it is your heart at one with love's sounds;
love's ears are your ears,
and love's mystery is yours to share.
Then do you hear love's sound beating in unison
with the universal pulse;
then does love's sound fill your every moment
and every moment of your life
becomes love's joy.

Nature's Moods

Tone Colours

A pulse of colours
across the light,
a play of joy
along the petals,
through sunny sparks
a beam dwindles
into the eyes.

Cherry blossoms sway
gently outspread;
texture of white and rosy hue
melts in the sky,
vesture of velvet sheen
smoothed out to fuse
into the blue.

A breeze that lingers
grazing a spray of white,
a drop of petals,
cherry blossoms sprayed out
upon the green,
facing the blue,
melting to peace.

Forget-me-not

Just a touch of revelry,
a little blue flower from the blue
heaven, a glimpse of mystery
sprinkled with morning's rosy dew
to whisper, *Forget-me-not!*

Just a delicate smile to hail
and lift the heart, a gift to you
from nature's bounty, as a frail
dream culled out of the azure blue
to whisper, *Forget-me-not!*

Just a prism in the sunshine
to capture and filter every hue
till all hues fuse in subtle design,
a wonder of beauty that asks you
to whisper, *Forget-me-not!*

The Meadow Elf

In a shower, in a blaze,
in a quiver, in a daze,
round about itself
lightly trips the elf
in the flowers' dim shadow
o'er the dewy meadow.

'Neath its bounds and capers
dewy pearls of vapours
scatter far on high
in the shining sky.

Swifter bound and skip,
lighter hop and trip,
round a little daisy
goblin wild and crazy.

Sparkle, twinkle, pearls,
while the wand it whirls
in a shower, in a blaze,
in a quiver, in a daze!

How the daisies flash and wink
in the mirror of its wand!
How the roses blush and sink
'neath the magic of its hand!

I would I were a little elf
so light, so brisk, so dainty fair,
to trip and fly as light as air
all round and round about itself!



I would I were a little elf. . .

The Surf

Far, far and long, far, far
along the shoreless space of green,
of sea-green toiling tides resurgent
resounds, strangled, the surf-bound rock.

Perpetual motion that from afar
is smooth sea green or blue, is depths
of rolling rhythms, but near the rock
roars, seething catacomb of terror!

Might of primeval antiquity!
Delirious uproars of surge assaulting
the sturdy rock, hell's echoing call,
hell's knell of death and mowing maelstrom!

Pulse titanic unleashed through coils
of howling currents crashing headlong
to lash and slash all obstacles
into their boiling thunderous rollers!

Far, far and wide, so far afar,
raves the surf-bound rock, wards off
time's tides dashed forth to rush to death
engulfed, to rise and crash again!

The Silence That Is Full of Sound

"Master, how shall I know the silence that is full of sound?"

Listen for it in the forest and on the mountain's top
and in the rhythms of oceans' tides;
listen for it in the depths of your heart,
in the silent longings of love,
and in love's deepest pulsation,
in the cave of the heart or in the hollow of every object;
there is the sound of silence.

Listen until the most silent sound
becomes the loudest sound
and let that loudest sound
give you new ears with which to listen.
Listen again for the smallest sound,
and again let it become the loudest sound.

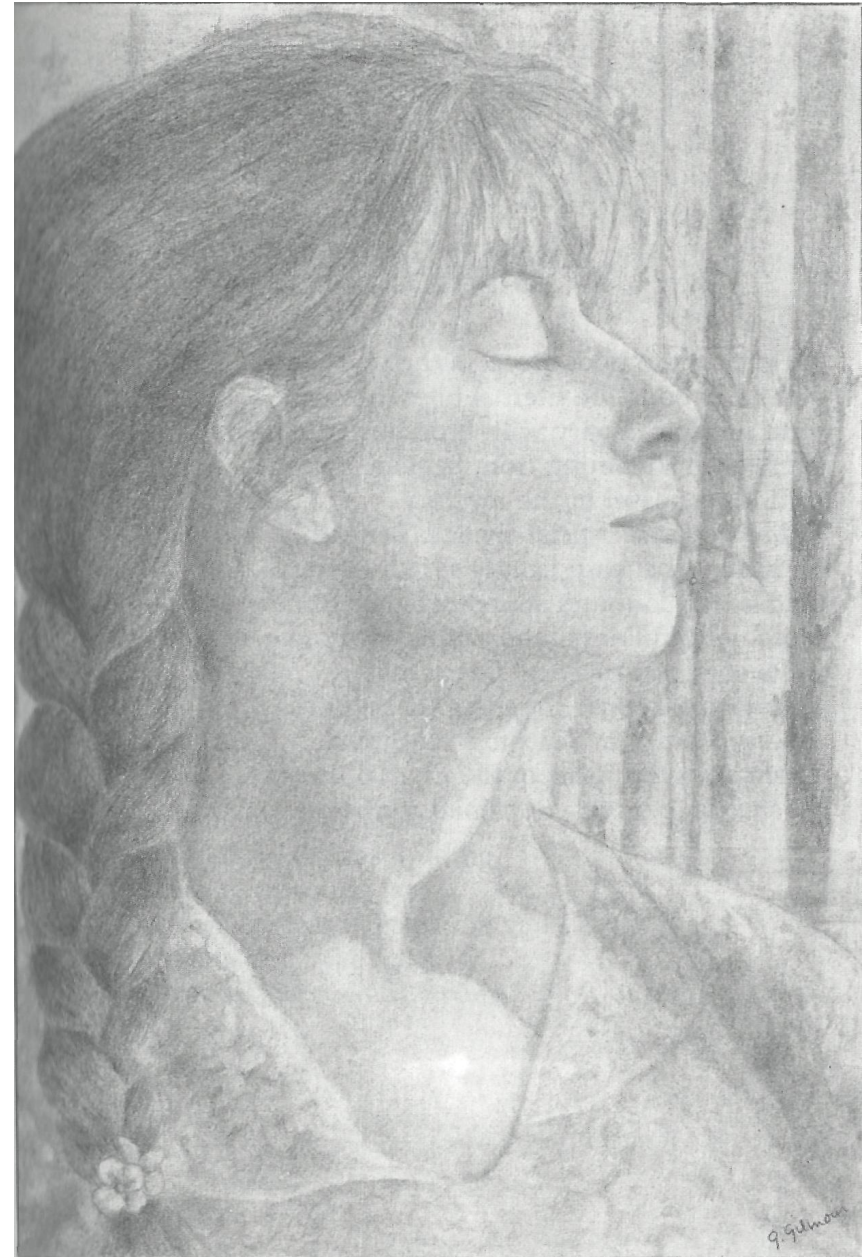
When the mind is emptied, the soul takes over,
for the soul knows, understands, and is at one
with the sound of silence.
Remember always that the sound of the silence
is heard from the very depth of the heart's emptiness,
when you have made contact with the innermost self
and surrendered yourself to the innermost heart;
from here comes awareness,
comes knowledge, wisdom.

"Master, how shall I experience that silence?"

When sitting serene open yourself to silence,
attract and plunge into it,
that silence may speak from within,
that silence may rest upon you and become your brother,
as the butterfly whilst resting upon an open flower
becomes one with it.

And when you perform your daily task,
feel completed in silent peace
that the temple of silence be revered by you
for the sake of silence.
And when the world's turmoil is upon you
and the storms of life engulf you,
hold fast to the inner silence
and bring peace around you.
For silence is the anchor of your ship,
the anchor that prevents your ship from foundering
upon the rock of life,
that you may outlive life's storms
and survive and grow continually.

When all sound is filled with silence
and silence is pregnant with sound
and when the bridge vanishes from the spoken word
and crosses the river to the unspoken
where all understanding is one vast understanding
without confusion or doubt,
then shall you find the mystery of being,
of her who holds you to her bosom
and never lets you go,
for you are her child,
and even death itself
She vanquishes for your sake.



When sitting serene open yourself to silence

Silence

Deep in the pool, deep in the crystalline
waters, broods the Eternal Silence, hoary
with wisdom, hoary with brooding, divine
effulgence streaming from heaven's glory
to find its vessel in the mystery
of life's own sacrificial chalice.

Beneath all ripples, beneath beauty's own canopy,
abides that fountain source whence forms outbreathe,
blossom to fullness, and wither away; whence broods
in its supernal essence/ Grace that is
abundance, repose, oneness that eludes
all grasp in its far reaching synthesis!
There does the heart of the Eternal, unstirred
by storms, beat on, unnamed, unheard. . . .

Silent Stones

Silent stones that speak
through stillness, speak as poise;
streams of light outpoured
through stained glass windows, pouring power
Silent stones, earth's offer,
grandeur absorbing heaven's light.

Light swooping from the dome enwraps
the many coloured hues, subdues
through glass each shade it filters
as gift divine, gift human, one.
Light, resting on poise of stones
to illumine and bless.

Silent stones that stir
to organ peals, resounding,
swelling upwards far
to heaven, lost beyond the vault,
probing deep the heart,
music rending silent stones.

The Universal Mother

"Master, tell me of the Universal Mother."

She is the great Universal Mansion
within whose dwelling
the one beneficial force resides
that force called the immutable law,
the eternal firstborn
and the last eternal stronghold
to which, transformed, all returns,
when all beginnings and all endings are one.

The great Universal Mother is all embracing Love,
and all are her children;
her mystery makes wide the narrow single path
that begins the first step of the journey
towards the source,
when love for its own sake and none other
becomes the sole guidance of your life
and you do love's bidding.

As the Universal Mother is gentle and all enfolding,
pure and bountiful, and also stern and forbidding,
so she brings her children forth,
gives them life and nurture,
and is tolerant of their shortcomings
when they err, and takes them all back
to her bosom when their span of life is over.

She is the great mirror in which creation is mirrored,
the high and the low, the vast and the small,
the gentle and the fierce,
the lamb and the lioness,
the knowing and the unknowing.



Go to the mother whose newborn child . . .

When her children are happy
She dances with joy,
for they dance on the waves of her being,
and her laughter is the sound of creation,
the rejoicings of spring and summer,
the dancing and singing of life's zest.
When her children are sad
she also is sad for their sake
and her mournful sighs echo out
as lonely as the winter wind in the naked trees.
When her children are turbulent
and let their passions run riot,
then is her roaring loudest
and her lashing knows no bounds,
as she mows them down and engulfs them
in her tidal waves.

But beyond all sorrows
she stands aloof and supreme,
alone and awaiting the time
of her children's fulfillment
and the time of their returning home,
to their birthplace, to herself.

But if you wish to see her face
here and now in the bosom of creation,
go to the mother whose newborn child
is cradled in her arms and behold her countenance:
behold the secret understanding
that passes between these two,
though language is not yet present.
Here is her truest face,
her most exquisite voice,
her ever-present smile.

The Song of the River

On I wind on my way, on I stir up all things,
and all the birds circle up and the trees bow down,
and my heart throbs to a thousand awakenings
that the beauty of my day be the glory of my crown.

And flights of barges and cascades of sails
sweep along my banks, glide upon my bed
all day long, and onwards mingle their trails
in one long, sinuous, infinite thread.

For I bear all forward and enfold you all;
come to me, children of the rising sun,
for I mould you all and I rule and extoll
and through me will your day's labour be done.

And I sway to the rippling rhythms of the song
of my thousand wavelets: come to me, come to me,
for my waters will cleanse all your stains and your wrongs
will dissolve in my crystal limpidity.

As I bend my eternal course to the chime
of your bells and the sweep of your cymbals, come and
dance
on my bosom to the rhythms of revolving time,
for all glories I harbour and all crowns I dispense.

For with motherly care I embrace all of you,
and the fullness of my day is upon my breast
when your sails spread out 'neath the heavenly blue
and my ripples lull you and sing you to rest.

And at eve when my breath once more is inhaled
from my heart all enfolding silence flows
that the face of my night with its balm may be veiled
and all things slide once more to repose.

* * *

And I sing my eternal song to the dazzling gleams
of rising and setting suns and cyclic chains,
and I sing my eternal song to the rumbling streams
of rising and setting worlds and cosmic planes.

For the Eternal dances within my whirling waves,
of its might the mirror, preserver and moulder of its breath,
for the Eternal creates, destroys, yet ever saves
through my law, perennial wheel of life and death.

And I breathe my eternal song in the o'erwhelming nights
of cosmic stillness and mighty conflagration,
as upon my bewildering waves the Eternal writes
that mysterious sound through which throbs forever creation!

* * *

Sweeping forth, sweeping onwards for ever and ever,
a vast ocean in maddening upheaval! Rush and whirl
in my fury, roar in my devouring fever;
all things I bring forth, but all things I hurl!

For my frenzy knows no bounds when my bonds are let
loose.
Come and voice the vast liberty that is yours
by choice, for yours is the power to choose
and mine to engulf you in my ravening course!

For I am the great dispenser of doom!
And low in my swirling depths I reverse
the mirror whence peace becomes strife and light gloom
and a charnel chasm my whole universe.

Terror! Abysmal swirls of mine!
They are yours if you plunge to torture and choke
with their stifling miasma the sparkle divine
you have branded with an infernal yoke!

And I snarl and I howl my eternal knell
to all winds my voice unleashes as it hisses
its convulsing tornadoes! And my rollers e'er swell
engulfing all creatures in dismal abysses!

Be one with me to conquer me!
My lurid waters clasp! Hug my forms,
death itself! Clamour high, for victory
is at hand, e'en 'midst my raging storms!

Come to me in your needs, for the day is soon done
and alone I can quench all thirst and appease
all hunger. Seek my fulcrum—love has won!
In the midst of my tempest, search for order, find peace!

* * *

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* * *

In joy ever I descend, in glory I ascend,
and lower and higher I wind ever more
that a myriad rainbows I may trace and blend
in the breath of my infinite lore.

For of wisdom and of life my waters are quickening
fountains, and of sorrow the tears and of love
depthless wells, and ever life-giving though form-sickening
by turn tumultuous and serene they move.

And engulfing all, all forward they bear,
while some sink in my depths and some ride on my crest;
all onward must flow in joy or despair
till the kiss of my depths and my heights yields all rest.

Mirror of the Alone and the Real
am I! My facets and my thousand moods
but glimpses of the infinite—my seal
the mystery that ever eludes!

For beyond all appearances and all motion,
the apex and the base of my spiral stairway
are joined, and dissolved are calm and commotion
and annihilated are growth and decay.

Exhaled or inhaled, my breath is but one
and becoming but the surface of my being, as enthroned
amidst my endless visions I don
flowing garbs, myself unmoved, atoned.

For within and beyond my recurring tides
my loftiest and my lowliest have merged somehow,
in the heart of my heart where my fulcrum abides,
somewhere in my Eternal Now.

Joy and Sorrow

"Master, tell me of joy and sorrow."

Joy is the blessing sent upon the wings of the moment,
when all woes are forgotten,
and the wonder of our yesterdays is lived anew,
when the joyous moment heeds not the passage of
tomorrow
and tomorrow's existence is obliterated, and yet
absorbed
into the ever present moment,
when in merriment faith sits light upon the soul
and the soul dances in delight to the music of joy;
joy points the way to peace,
relaxes all tensions,
and makes the moment eternity.

Then is the world loved
and the world delights in the moment of its love
and shares its happiness
that all may be joyful of such a moment
that brings its own precious gift.

Thus is joy's nectar tasted.

But your joy masks your sorrow,
yet draws its nectar from the same well
that sorrow fills with its tears.
Yet sorrow's deep ruts are the source of your joy
when your being knows their depths,
for each is one transformed from the same source.

Your cup of joy has suffered the fire to make it beautiful,
and the table from which you eat
is carved from the tree of life
whose strength bears all and matures
to the wisdom that the precious moment brings.

It cannot be aught else,
for joy is the blessing sent upon the wings of the
moment,
yet it is inseparable from sorrow,
whose tide ebbs and flows within the transitory realms,
like a ship that has no captain
drifting where it will upon an uncertain sea,
expecting a safe place of anchorage
where there is none to be found.

Joy and sorrow slumber in the same bed
yet awake to each other as strangers,
as opposed weights upon the scale of life
seeking an equilibrium.

When emptiness is our being
joy and sorrow are suspended,
and when our richness is weighed
by He who keeps His treasures in our store,
the Beloved whose nature is wealth itself,
then all our sorrows and joys
will have their measure and worth
and merge into the oneness
that alone is bliss.

I Brought a Little Cup for You

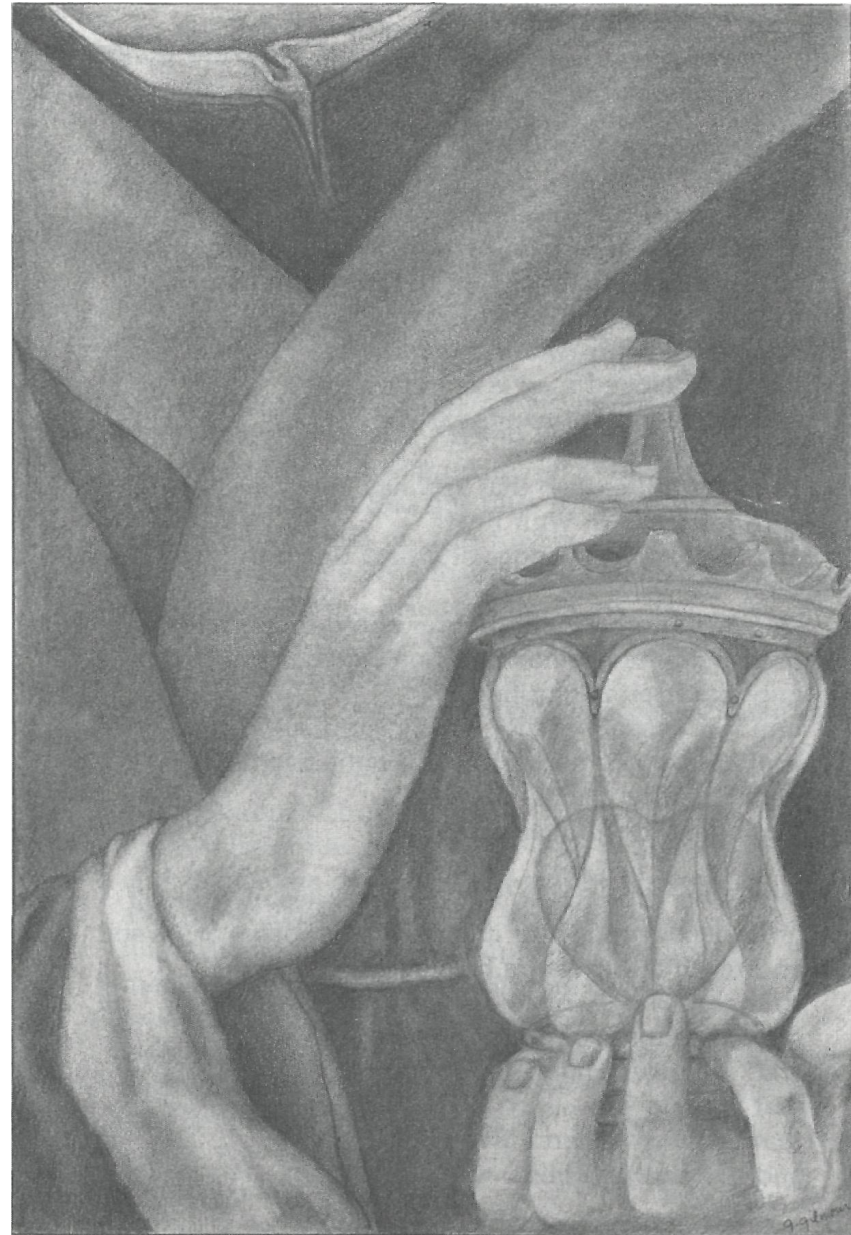
I brought a little cup for you,
a cup of fragile porcelain;
it comes from far away,
perhaps from Eastern climes.

Take it gently, else it might break,
and look into its contents; sense them.
It's filled with what is in my heart.
You may think this is joy,
and I may feel it's tears.

The truth lies much beyond these two,
for joy and tears have meaning
buried so far beyond themselves
—in nameless depths of feeling—
they know not whence they spring.

What if you cannot fathom it?
Look deeper; surely some sunshine beam,
some spell, will tell you its meaning; love's light
illuminating life's worth,
else left in darkness, will speak.

Then drink of this, my little cup
full of the glow of life's heart throbs,
and in the draught forget the pain
that deep emotion brings,
but keep its joy forever!



Take it gently, else it might break . . .

Sacrifice

"Master, what is sacrifice?"

It is an eternal offering of the inner to the innermost,
to give until life's pain be transformed and glorified,
to tear away the gross that the pure may live,
to know the suffering of too much pain
and bear all sorrows in silence
that the Beloved may visit your garden
and pluck contentment's flower.

To give up life itself that life may continue
with joy fresh in your heart
and faith in the wonder of a new dawn to come.

To leave one house and enter another, eternally,
until the time of returning home comes full circle,
until life itself is glorified,
until the ecstasy of life, wrung from suffering,
is offered up as nectar to the Divine Sacrifice;
until Sacrifice itself is the torch
that lights the Universal Flame.

As the roots of yourself and the branches of yourself grow
deeper and wider and rest in the bosom of the soil and
reach out towards heaven,
so there is no sacrifice devoid of blessedness;
the blessedness of sacrifice is His alone
who sacrifices Himself each moment,
that we may be,
that we may see and love Him
and live through Him.

When the wind of your sacrifice leaves you naked
and the tree of yourself is torn and uprooted,
when the dust covers your existence
and your toil is forgotten,
the Beloved One will remember
His wine in your chalice.
For sacrifice is His alone
and yours the trial to give it back anew
transformed and pure.

Sacrifice is being crucified,
that we may be raised up and made whole.
It is being crushed to give up our life's nectar.
It is being threshed at our time of harvest
and in the fullness of our growth,
that we may leave the threshing floor naked
for the sake of the Beloved.

For sacrifice cuts us deep,
till the depth of our sorrow and pain be our deep well
from which we draw our strength.

For in the depth of our despair
the waters of life await,
and the waters of love rise to heights anew
and the waters of our inner strength
fill, sustain, and renew us in love's sacrifice
that the sacrifice be love's offering
to love itself,
even as we alone are rooted in love's eternal offering
and wax strong in its ways.

Still Raw, Still Warm

Still raw, still warm, still throbbing with young life,
behold this heart, this quivering heart of man!
Robbed of its vital breath, with blood still rife,
ripped fresh, still beats the measure of its span!

Behold this never ending holocaust
of man to man or, cursed horror, God!
Still foaming from the thousand times murdered host
the boiling, endless cataract of blood!

Roars vengeance, ravenous sets the sky aflame,
for man has dared to set himself apart
to judge, as though a god, O hideous shame,
the infinite labyrinth of human heart!

Transfixed with horror, the sun, rooted on high,
stares down, mute witness of eternal why!

For vengeance, or ritual immolation, the shame
that makes a mockery of every sacrifice,
the ignorance that sets ablaze to claim
an empty victory for all distorting vice!

None of this was e'er asked, but only to give
of self in selfless gift and to forgive!

The Ways of Love

"Master, what are the ways of Love?"

Each flower has its beauty and is made beautiful
though it neither toils nor spins,
and the seed grows strong and tall
when it is planted in fertile soil.
Even a blade of grass endures the storm,
and the swift river flows around rocks
that stand in its way.
Such are the ways of love.

Love's facets are infinite
and her gaze is one gaze;
her light, as multicoloured as the rainbow's hues,
is pure and clear as the mountain's stream
bathed in the warmth of sunlight.
At night, her veiled head
crowns the beauty of the heavens
with myriads of twinkling lights
that gaze downwards, probing our hearts
that we may not forget her loftiness.

Love's steps are also fashioned
and are many,
carved by her first Maker into perfection,
for He is her groom
and she with longing gazes upon He
who gave her the crown.

The climb up the mountain of achievement is difficult
for those who would come to win her favour.
For it is only through a single selfless love
that we may reach her steps
and that narrow sweet-scented chamber
wherein lies the crown of all mysteries.

Love's ways are many within creation,
and creation's center is within you,
to find and feel and sense and touch and be,
when her ways are your ways
and your being is moulded by Love.

Violet

My love is a tiny bud
for you to pluck,

a subtle scent
for you to breathe,

a quietness
for you to rest in,

and in that stillness
a joy emerging,

and in that joy
a power uplifting,

for you to feel and taste,
for you to give and be!

A Little Blade of Grass

Tread gently upon the grass; each tiny blade
looks up to heaven with joy even as you do,
asking for light, for sun-kiss and night's dew.
Tread gently. . . . Does not the same life-sap pervade
each tendril as each vein? A different grade
is all there is! For us, life will renew
our expectations, the dreams we all pursue.
But for the tender blade untimely laid
into a muddy grave the sky will smile
no longer; no more will breezes whisper their song
of midday freshness or lull with midnight rest.
And yet, you tiny blade! A little while,
and you will come again to sprout among
your bigger brothers to share life's endless zest!

Love Is a Delicate Bud

Love is a delicate bud that unfolds
its petals that the Beloved may cull its heart!
Then the Beloved, as in a mirror, beholds
his image at the very core! Then thwart
not its flight towards expansion, drive not its presence
from you; enfold it, else it withers and dies
for want of a heart to cherish its essence!

Yet for some love's course may run otherwise.
As blossom already fully open, it yearns
to pour itself upon another, to kindle
that other's flame that almost died; it burns
to blaze forth as a thousand suns and dwindle
to nothingness, absorbed into the all,
reduced to ashes, and yet complete, yet whole!

Harmony and Serenity

"Master, what of harmony and serenity?"

Keep communion with your innermost silence,
that by degrees you may merge with it
and make it your home,
even as the birds of the forest
fly to the outstretched branches of the trees to rest
and, finding them safe, build their nests in them.
Pleasure and pain, anger and fear,
are but temporary states of mind,
opposite poles that keep the mind restless
as it scurries from one to the other
forgetting that extremes touch each other
and are but facets that the mind can blend
to make one harmonious fabric.

As pieces of a puzzle fit into a whole
to create a picture harmonious,
so shall you upon mastering each of these pieces within
yourself
be released from them to create your own picture,
be free to keep your own silent communion
with the highest that is within you
at its purest level;
be able to utilize the forces inherent in you
and adjust all things to create a better balance.
Then you will slowly achieve mastery
in the weaving of these forces
into a single unity
that will provide the key
to one of the greatest mysteries,
the mystery of the Self.

Serenity relinquishes the futility of life's darkest dreams
and surrenders to the light.
Serenity means to walk unafraid through the forest of
terror,
with nought but the light of your soul as your guide
and to cross the plain
where beasts seek to destroy you
unconcerned, in faith and trust in your own possibilities,
to climb the uppermost point of the mountain within
and oversee all with wisdom's eye.

Serenity is solitude without aloneness,
the fulfilment of being,
the richness of oneness.
It is the I-ness of being;
it is allowing one's self to be that I.

"Master, how shall I find serenity within myself?"

Be as the reed in the river, tossed by the breeze,
be the tree in the forest bent by the wind;
yield as the grass to the storm, as the feather to the air.
Learn the secret of yielding
which is nature's secret.
And apply that secret to yourself,
that neither the storms of life nor the winds of turmoil
upset your composure nor your inner peace.

Lily of the Valley

You would know of my secret, why I toil not,
why I spin not, yet in beauty grow and in joy resign
when tempests would spoil my life-gift.
Dewy sheen will dawn bestow upon my petals;
is it not that sunbeams may find a mirror
and play among my bells?
Perfume into the valley of my dreams I pour;
is't not life's love-song that compels?
For as each frail breeze wafts my sap away, all things I
feel my fragrance will be blending down in the valley.
Come storms, hiss winds; I lay upon the mosses.
And should my life be ending?
Free gift it was; free gift let it still be
to that All wherein only I am free!

Peace

"Master, tell me of peace."

When all is sheltered in the heart of silence
and when silence resides without judgement
within the temple of grace
and when there is one altar
and one being that is all being
and the fierce storms that loom are silenced
with a single loving word,
and a summer's day returns
to rest upon creation's furrowed brow
and the song is but one song in the heart of all
and the tree of contentment
looms high in the forest of existence,
and creation rests in perfect equipoise
upon the outstretched branches of the Self;
and when the Self opens to itself
embracing all as one and loving all as its own self,
this is peace most high.

"Master, how shall I find this peace?"

When your soul's illumination lights the path
that others tread
and its radiance heals all ills,
and when anger and hatred melt away like snow
before the sun's warmth,
and the law written in the soul is understood by the mind
and spoken by the tongue;
and when the tongue becomes the instrument of peace
and praises peace and is the champion of peace,
of love and truth,

and when the Law is kept sacred, and adhered to,
that righteousness may sit on the throne of judgement
and be the sole Law;
and when you are the servant of the sole Law
written within your heart
and serve it with all your might
that it may prevail and endure,
then is peace attained.
For the peaceful are they whom none offends,
who delight in the Law,
and in the Law they endure.

Seek the flower and find its silent gift of fragrance
within the meadow of yourself;
go to the river that gave you birth
and ask the tree of life rooted within yourself
where its branches and roots were forged
and how it is upheld and grows, becoming fruitful.

Be as the sun that is hidden within yourself;
its brilliance lies there to dispel the darkness of night.
Seek always the light,
for peace is found here by the tireless seeker.

Be as one with your innermost being
and let oneness always be your beacon.
Let contentment abide within you
and create a home for it that it be your guest.
Feed and sustain peace within yourself
by looking always beyond all contradictories.
This is the way to find peace.

Noon

The willow sways
so gently sways over the pool,
the pool of its desires;
to every breeze that plays
upon their quivering strings its
branches thrill like lyres,
in rhythm thrill and lightly graze
the surface of the cool
pellucid waters. The lotus flowers
at rest unto the heavens gaze,
and brooding over this blessedness,
noon silently dissolves the hours.

Hear! Hear! Fragments of a lost chant
emerge, low murmurings,
echoes so faint, so faint,
dim voice of the soul of all things
that has sung since time was, still sings
its hushed, melodious strains
diffused as ineffable scent . . .
forever waxes, forever wanes.
Infinite tenderness,
balm of the beautiful
exhaled, when for a moment cease
all longings too; no longer fleeing,
feel we the heart of being,
lotus resting upon the pool,
the pool of peace. . . .

Eyes

Stilled waters,
a lake at peace, so limpid
the heavens themselves gaze in their depths,
the mountain peaks catch their own hues,
in snow-white radiance reflected.
Within this deep enchantment
all creatures find rest.

Stilled waters, eyes, receiving all.

Perfect mirror,
intent upon this fullness
fast plunged the self—itsself forgotten—
into those pools of light, those eyes
that knew, that penetrated
all things, all hearts, all secrets.
Then breathed the spell:
peace, peace of understanding . . . eyes.

Stilled waters,
eyes all compassion, light
lit at the flame of love, the blaze
of self-gift sealed by wisdom;
from beyond a beckoning blesses . . .
and the Eternal breathed
upon the self. . . .

Stilled waters, eyes, absorbing all.

Beauty

"Master, what of beauty and how is it found?"

Consider the wildflower of the meadow,
and ask its Maker whence came its radiance.
Its spell is in its fragrance, its hues, its grace;
its being is in Being;
its beauty lies in its own contentment
to be just itself,
to be at one with itself.

Ask the sparkling droplets on summer's glowing day,
or the icicles in the winter's frost
as they hang upon bushes and trees,
or the dew upon the tips of the blades of grass
where from come their brilliant colours,
and all and one will say:
*From the Lord of Light
whose countenance is forever sparkling
upon the everpresent waters of the oceans
and in the many streams of the forests and meadows,
which all and one reflect the light ineffable.
For this light and I are the same and one light.*

Ask again of the stars in heaven's vault
why they are placed there
to twinkle and gaze on all here below,
to twinkle and show the way in the darkest night,
and all will say:
*Heaven and I are one,
and the light and I are one,
and beauty is one and the same beauty in everything.*

Beyond the outer self and within the Hidden Self
a light shines unadorned
whose splendour is the majesty of heaven,
whose brightness is a beacon all illuminating,
whose flame is the Divine Flame Eternal
lit by one Creator who is all in all
and one in all.

Beauty is the spell that graces our very being
as we work upon ourselves
to uncover and perfect ourselves
so that the divine light may shine through us
and we may see ourselves by degrees as we are.

Beauty is the understanding of our own nature
that enables us to see the eternity in all things temporal
and the Eternal Light within ourselves.
For when we see the Eternal Light within ourselves
all is beautiful,
and when we show that light to all,
all is peaceful, radiant, and serene.

All beauty is found within the Self;
if there were no beauty within us
where else could it be found,
throughout the whole of creation's sphere?

For you are the author
and the creator of beauty,
when you see deep beauty
reflected within the pool of yourself.
And when you find its light
and its light shines within your heart;

and you love the light more than life itself
it is life, real life.
When you give yourself
to your own true self
that beauty may be fulfilled within yourself;
and when you nurture its seed
that its seed may grow within you
like the meadow's own flower,
then beauty is eternal
and remains untouched
even by the winds of time.

That beauty that shines from within your heart,
love it more than life itself,
for it is life, real life.

This Rose of Dawn

This Rose of Dawn, O glory!
has opened to me, has soaked me through!
I am penetrated, I am bound by bolts unseen
intangible. I am vaulted
by just this: breath, with just this: beauty!
With balm, staid power, deep poise, of peace!
The air is rent; a glimpse; it is enough!

Spell indefinable, ravings of maddened senses
commingled in one burst of bloom,
a visioned, sinuous scape of sea
and land; of shimmering colours,
a glow that plays within the silenced feel
of all; I gaze with breath becalmed. . . .
It is not this I grasp . . . can only gasp,
It is! Open still more . . . the senses swoon. . . .
I am alone, with just this Rose of Dawn!



This Rose of Dawn . . . has opened to me . . .

Hush! Breathes the Beautiful

Hush! Breathes the beautiful its everlasting
balsam! A spell, a thrill mysterious as truth
caught in moments of deep surrender; casting
enchantments, like incense sprayed to charm and soothe;
soothe all o'erflowing life through its pristine source;
merge all wills in the one melody musicians dimly sense
and poets divine! So breathes the beautiful felicity;
peace its sole measure; depth its timelessness!
Unfolding at touch of some supernal thrill
bathes all things in its own blessedness,
that blessing to be; secret of life. Then, still, be still;
and through your heart at peace, the True,
the Beautiful will breathe upon you, too. . . .

Prayer and Praying

"Master, what of prayer and praying?"

Let all you do be the living prayer, and
hold this in your heart.

That your days be long and fruitful
and give fruitfulness in abundance.

For prayer is the offering in which the little self
is given up to the Universal Self
that a temple may be built
and communion and establishment of kinship
may be forged within.

Prayer is the opening up of one's self
to the greater Self
that wisdom may be received and through wisdom
understanding and right perception
may be made one.

When life is the single prayer
and life's toil is its altar
and the candles lit within ourselves
illuminate the darkness of ourselves.
When compassion and union walk together hand in hand
and their union becomes our foundation of prayer
and our silences are the very bricks
of the temple of prayer.

When the abundance of our prayer feeds the congregation
and our soul's song is the choir
whose voice is raised as one voice to heaven.

Then prayer thus given feeds the world
and raises us up to God's will.

Pray, therefore, that you be united with the True Self
and strive for this alone in all that you do,
for this is the way the wise achieve their wisdom
and uphold the glory within the world.

Prayer

Lord, make us whole.
This is the chalice of Your making
not made with hands,
the offering accumulated
throughout the ages,
the emptied and the filled,
the vessel of life.

This is the soul woven of life's essence,
Your being, Your flame;
this is the nectar bliss outpours
through life made sacred,
when life itself lived fully
reveals its secret:

Your presence.
Lord make us whole.

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The sight to live,
to see life as a whole—
to each his meaning
and to each its purpose,
life's freedom waiting at life's core;
light of the world
to be revealed,
light of the heart
to show the way,
light of the heavens
reflected in the heart
open through love.
Give us the sight to live
that we may find the way
unto the heart of all.

The Action of Love

"Master, what is the action of love?"

To embrace all unto itself as one,
so that all may have understanding and knowledge as one,
in unison and accord with love's sacred oneness.
Love's action brings all into being,
moulds all being, is all being.
It is the light within, by, and through which
all exists and by and through which
the whole reaches wholeness and perfection
that each may know itself as it truly is
and become one.

Love's action brings the fragmented into unison
and creates a home for all,
and the tarnished love's action
works upon, makes brilliant and sets up on high.

Love's action gives of itself,
for love alone,
and for love it sacrifices itself,
that it may be.
Love gives not for expectancy of reward,
and of its giving it is never emptied
but made whole.
Love's action nurtures all,
that all may wax strong
and grow in it ways
and be complete unto itself.

Love's action is never wrathful,
nor arrogant, nor slothful, nor willful,
nor does it seek to ensnare and enslave,
nor does it judge,
but by and through its action
perfect freedom is attained,
for love sets us free.

When love becomes the joy of giving and sharing
for its own sake
and all has a refuge within your love.
When all suffering becomes your great suffering,
because of love's sacrifice and love's sacredness
received in your chalice,
and when you raise others up to the knowledge of love
even as you have been raised by love alone,
then love given thus is sufficient.

Love Is Sunshine

Love is sunshine;
Life's joy outpoured in glowing waves
From the heart's vibrant depths on fire.

Love is hope;
sees all, knows all, and needs no words,
but speaks in action, spells faith all moving.

Love is vision;
life's compass envisaged as a whole;
all failings excused, all ends perceived.

Love is wisdom;
the crumbs of knowledge set aside;
its essence soaring aloft, far, wide.

Love is peace;
the vast waves coming home
absorbed into the heart at rest.

Love is silence;
the depths of peace emerging, so full,
the pulse between each heart throb, the All!

I Came to Struggle

I came to struggle
and stayed to heal.

Has it all been for love,
this bearing of lashes
and shattering of havens
and bruising of hearts?

For love, perverted, swollen, darkened,
through thousand misunderstandings
and cruelties laid at its door,
love, now upwelling triumphant, full!

And was it love that burned unseen
during the smashing of idols, forms,
temples, and shelters that hid its fire
till it had sunk, till it had vanished?

Was that the meaning of each pain
that what we wrought with hands for glory,
if worshipped, covered to stifling point
the fire we strove to stir and reach?

That what we yearned for changed to ashes.
That what we rested on soon foundered,
that we might turn, at every loss,
to love, the destitute, the one!

Have we journeyed so far
along the path of desolation
that we might taste the fruit of union
and through the pain extract love's joy?

Has it all been for love
the challenge and struggle,
the opening to life, more life?

I came to take
and stayed to give.

Forgiveness

"Master, what is forgiveness and how shall I forgive?"

Love's action is forgiveness,
and forgiveness is your silent prayer
that you may be forgiven as you forgive.

To forgive is to sow the seeds of understanding
as understanding grows from your inner depth.
Without forgiveness, nothing sown within the self
will ripen to maturity
nor will life's fire test the steel of your understanding.

To forgive is to sow the seed of next year's harvest
within the moment of your forgiveness.
When forgiveness is present, so also is wisdom's seed,
and when you are forgiving,
wisdom's seed is your friend also.
Forgive as you are forgiven
that understanding be yours.

Forgiveness's countenance is wisdom,
its light is charity;
it graces those who forgive.
When through forgiveness contentment resides within
your heart
and the field of your being blooms,
wisdom shall also be fruitful in your fields
and show its colours to your soul.

Forgiveness is the staircase to understanding
by which we ascend towards oneness.
It unites the divided self with the Universal Self.

Though your comprehension of your own mystery be deep
and though you know all mysteries that pertain to life
but you lack forgiveness for one another,
you are as nothing to those who,
not knowing the mystery of themselves,
nor all mysteries, freely forgive.

Forgiveness is your sacrifice unto the Divine,
your altar upon which you sacrifice to He
who gives all and forgives all for your sake.

A Tear

A drop of silent tear;
very frail was that tear; it drenched
the heart and rippled unto the throat
and moistened the eye with subtle seal
of recognition, momentous, elating.

A drop of silent tear;
very old was that tear; it waited
so long to fall—till time dissolve,
till balm upsurge, till it might soothe
the eye it bathed, the cheek it grazed.

A drop of silent tear;
very full was that tear; it changed
the world through wonder of veil uplifted,
probed the momentous meaning and shed
its fullness in muted message: *I know!*

Remember, Forget

Remember, forget. To forget when sorrowful
is balm. To forget that we may find
forgiveness; and we forgive also;
the hurt, the harm, with pain abeyed,
how could the heart still bleed and not forgive?

Yet to remember is balm also.
Remember in the solitude
of life; recall the change emerging
through pain; in greater understanding,
in vaster embrace, in selfless love.
Recall each vision that spurred the feet,
though bleeding, along the path
because hope was their constant beacon.

Recall at each step we may take
the starlike flame that dwells unseen
in the dim-lit chamber of the self,
the lonely pilgrim to whom it calls:
remember, I too am plodding with you!

Faith and the Faithful

"Master, what of faith and the faithful?"

He said:

*Faith is the sunshine
pouring through the thick cloud of despair.
The candle's light
that shines upon the darkened path you tread.*

*The water of life that sustains and nourishes
your every moment
when your burden becomes too heavy to bear and
with the passing hours that you share in faith
sorrow transformed into joy.*

*Faith is the seed of our lives upon which we depend
and the bread and staff of life
of which we partake
when one day follows another and we live anew in hope.
Without faith there is no way forward,
for life's journey is long,
and no sun by which to set our course.*

*Our dependence on all that we do and all that we are
begins and ends with our faith.
When faith within us is strong
and our feet are as mountains
what need have we of crutches upon which to lean?
In faith we are made whole and pure
and are raised up to our true selves.*

*When the seed of ourselves
is dropped into the fathomless ocean of ourselves
and grows as the living tree
and the living tree of ourselves
opens its branches towards heaven, touching heaven itself,
then faith itself is the living miracle
by and through which
the miracle of ourselves is known to ourselves.*

*Let faith be your daily bread
that you break with others
and the bond by which the brotherhood is joined as one.*

*For the faithful gather together and share in one feast
and are filled with life's bounty.
And the faithful are they who are fed and clothed
and want for nought.*

*For they eat their fill from life's own table
and quench their thirst at life's fountain
whose waters never run dry.*

With Folded Hands I Wait

With folded hands I wait; with pointed mind I strive!
Beloved! will you not open this door to me,
this mailed door that hurts the blind
and wounds the proud, this door 'gainst which I pour
my every day of trust, my nakedness of faith?
You are waiting behind this wall of stony silence,
of silent emptiness! You have emptied my heart
and shaken my pall of trammelled thoughts!
What, save my faith, prevails
against this darksome dungeon of secrecy
that love's high pointing flame itself assails?
You, at least, will ne'er say nay to me!
You will never make of me an outcast,
so deep your understanding, so vast ... so vast!

Cathedral

Hallowed stones!
Flame-chiselled blocks, carved power!
Flame of the heart ascending
steeped in each century's tears,
the toil that tore to frame
a symphony of stone, the might
that melted hardness to beauty! High
soars the song men sculptured in stone,
the faith made witness
forever.

Jewelled windows!
From freedom's fields the flash
cleaves blue depths, splendour lapped,
spirit unfettered, caught roving,
flight to the light arrested,
now fettered to glass, now pinioned with pigment,
yet marvel! With turquoise, gold, and ruby
the changeling from glass to jewel
throbs faith made witness
forever.

Haloed splendour!
Vault of a darkness turned light
through stabs of too much love;
each step takes heart to heart,
the innermost quietude
where that Eternal Signature,
the will of man uplifted to sound
its source, spells love transfigured, the prayer
of faith made witness
forever.

Goodness

"Master, what is goodness?"

As the rain falls upon the earth and nourishes its soil
and the earth bears fruit because of the rain
and as the fruit is ripened by the sun
and is gathered in at harvest time,
when each gives its all
that all may continue to produce offspring;
and as all is shared by all
as one, sitting at life's table,
sharing and giving life's body and life's blood,
so goodness is at its heart.

Goodness gives of itself that all may be itself
in its own time
and that all may give of itself in a time of need
and in the time of sacrifice offer itself up
for the sake of life's continuance.

Within yourself goodness transmutes the gross outer self
and by degrees purifies and makes it harmonious
with the inner self.

For goodness is the river of life;
it is the rock upon which life stands
and its very foundation.

It is the sacrificial block
unto which all sacrifices are made
and the sustenance by which all draw their nourishment,
life and breath.

It is the heart of existence
whereby life's principles are made one
and the oneness of life's principles
when they are realized and brought to fruition
within the self.

He said to me:

*Of goodness nothing is greater
than that you cherish it within yourself
and hold it in your heart for others.*

The Oak Tree

I stand alone.

A wide expanse my arms encompass,
so wide I cannot see farther;
all come and bathe within my shadow
and seek my poise and peace
and give of tears that sink so deep
into my ground, from which young shoots
spring up, and give of anguish that fades
away into my stillness, absorbed,
dissolved.

I stand alone.

In strength that broods, silence suffused,
pain free, upgathered and outshed;
all come and rest and take of freshness,
seek quiet and take of healing,
sense meaning, blessed, take their leave.
My power extends out far and holds steady;
perfume exhaled that from this lift
extolls the ecstasy of life.

I stand alone.

Dwell in intense absorption, yet seek
for more, a subtle more that points to light,
an urge to feed from heaven; life sap that
from my roots up to my roof must course
upwards, filter through veins, to turn each
leaf out to the sun, a taste of love
my being transforms in fragrance, my gift
to all.

I stand alone.
Yet yearn for more, more touch, more feel
of love, more stretching far beyond
from vein to vein till leaves and boughs
shiver in unison
and pour as one the life-sap that
expresses love! My substance, my stand
in love, now recognised, now known,
now spread abroad in fragrance, self
fulfilled.

How Shall I Find This Love?

"Master, how shall I find this love?"

Build a temple within yourself
that love may be your all.
And keep love pure
that love may speak through you
and work its own wonders,
and fashion your days.

Seek within yourself
and find the total being that is all being;
let it be your silence,
and let its silence sink deep;
let it be your foundation,
your strength and your weakness,
your opening.

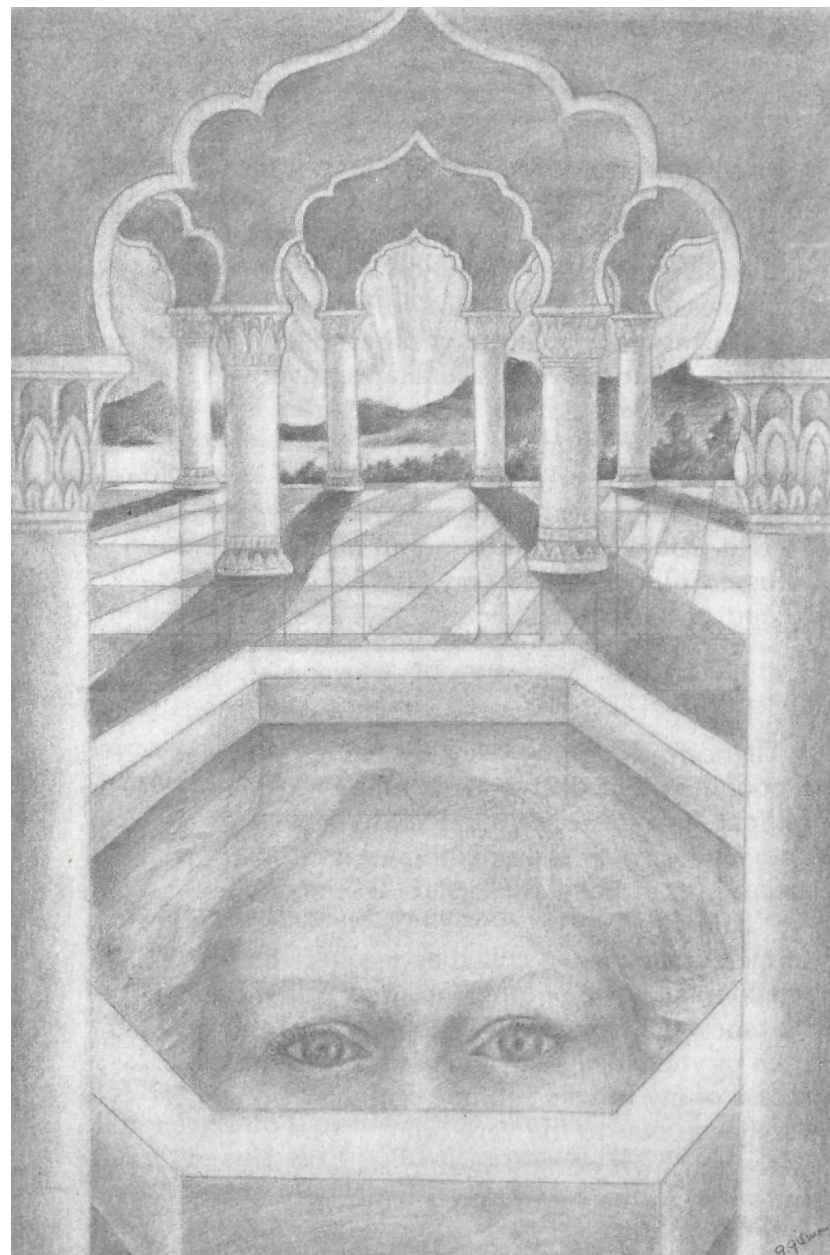
For the temple that has no firm foundation
cannot endure
as a tree without roots
soon withers and dies.

Without yielding to love
love also dies within
and loses its fruitfulness.

Be ever vigilant to the silent inner voice
and keep watch and guard
against that which is hateful and spiteful.
When you cease to be the victim of the storms
that would sink your ship of destiny
and a skilful captain that till now was hidden
takes the helm of your ship
and brings it back to the safety of the shore,
then shall you have prepared the way for love;
then shall you know the signs of love.

In passing away of all ignorance
doubts and darkness will be sacrificed to light,
and the light will become your lamp.
Then will love find abiding refuge in you.

90



Build a temple within yourself

Then Gaze in My Waters

Then gaze in my waters! Mirror your face
in my longing, that my life be a hymn of love,
a love that soars high to embrace your starry galaxies,
fused in my dim awareness of You, channeled to serve!
Then bare my heart to your breath, my mind to your hidden
wisdom, for my love is a constant prayer,
an endless thanksgiving for those forbidden insights,
those glimpses received, accepted, and prized
as mirrors of You, To You I dedicate this life
whose meaning is now realised.
Herein would that You found an ultimate refuge!
Cull the heart of my silence, offered to You,
through the still voice that needs no word.

* 55 *

Thenceforth, let my heart be a silent pool,
a pool in whose deep waters your every shaft of light
sinks peacefully to rest, to cool and soothe your lassitude;
thence let it waft around, as incense,
those stars that may blossom, when culled in meditation,
when culled as recollected wisdom, as vows of long ago,
long lulled by time's oblivion, . . . For though my lips be stilled,
each of your truths have I cherished in the dim recess
of my heart's solitude and filled its chalice ever to the very brim
with your own nectar, Master, secretly treasured
in the core of my silent plea.

Destiny

"Master, tell me of destiny."

Destiny is the road awaiting the traveller's feet.
It is the hand on the loom's thread
that weaves the fabric of yourself in all that it does.

It is the seed of yourself awaiting its own harvest
and the flower within awaiting its time of beauty
to bloom in the meadow of yourself
when summer comes.

When all your yesterdays are laid to rest
and the potter shapes your clay anew
to His own fashion and design
and your days are His keeping
and His alone are their design;
and design and acceptance are made one
through Him and because of Him,
for the sake of tomorrow eternal,

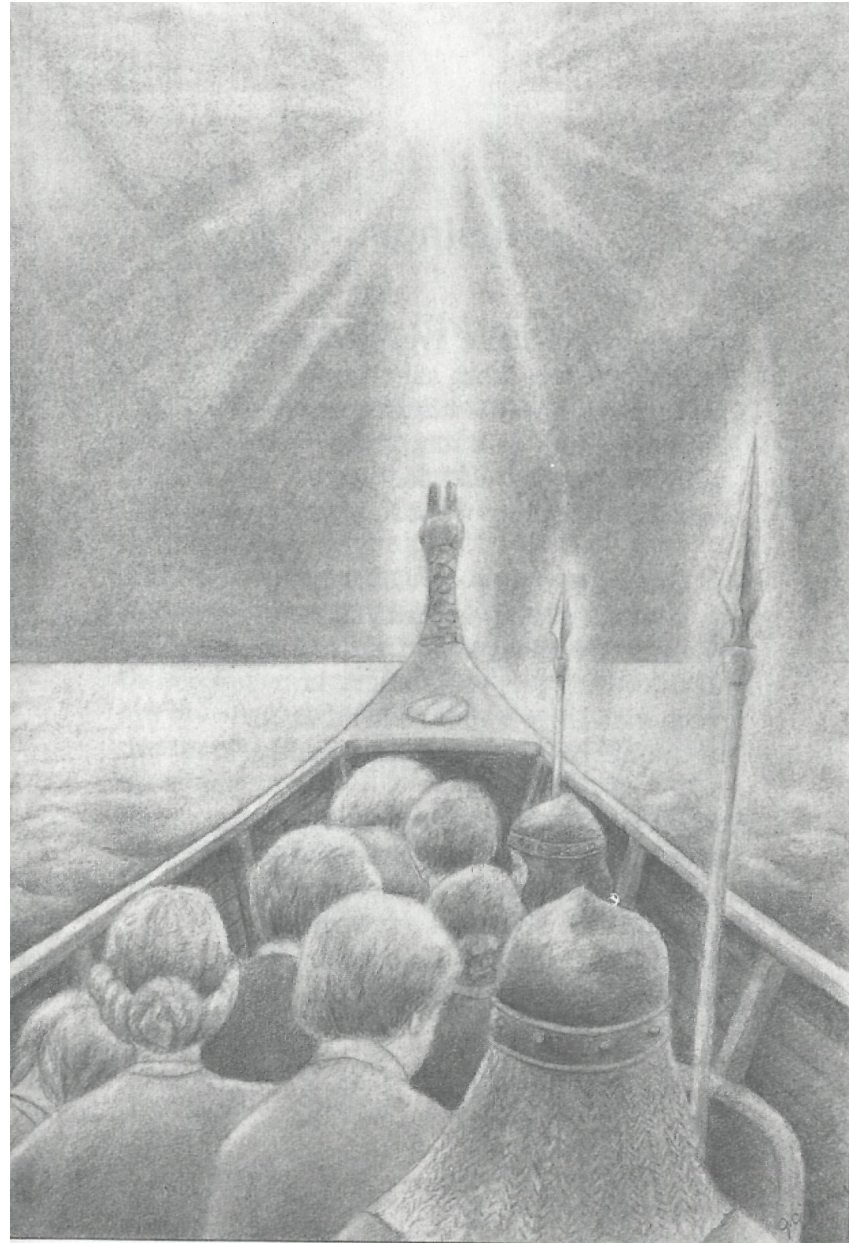
then destiny's meaning is clear
for it is the accomplishment in the design
of yourself.

"Master, when will destiny end?"

When all tomorrows and all yesterdays
dissolve into the single Now eternal
and the anchor of yourself is secure forever,

and He is your helmsman,
and you follow his guidance.
And when life's forces of action and reaction
have no kingdom over which to reign
within the self
and when His light is your light
and His rock is your anchor
and He and you are one,
then shall all end.

94



He is your helmsman

Musings

And one by one those lives have slipped
as brittle leaves from ashen trees
go fluttering on the autumn breeze.
And have they left some hoary wisdom
with the passing of those years
and the shedding of those tears?

And one by one those cycles vanish,
as swarms of million birds all fled
when to dust leaves and flowers are shed.
And have they left some hoary knowledge
to cherish deeply and remember
in the heart's inmost secret chamber?

And on and on all goes revolving,
ever the same through changing forms,
ever peaceful 'neath surface storms.
And will there be at last a crowning,
when the strife and the ache are gone
and the heart and the cross are one?

Life Ebbs On

Life ebbs on in endless development;
transformed, all things pass on through dizziness
of urge and surge; and we creatures lament
their passing away, their own elusiveness.
But we, gifted with sight to watch all throes
and joys weaving their strange imagining,
retreat within a while to gaze and pause,
till we probe the secret of fashioning
those myriad forms we think are life and yet
are but its garb; till we may stand upon
the threshold of truth to grasp that moment set
apart as sacred, whilst all around moves on,
the moment when breathes the Eternal Now
its signature upon each human brow.

Till We Come Face to Face

Till we come face to face to see
and be then but one face.

Till then we grope, long for, strive, plead.
Seeds of a day, in feeling, strain
upwards to light. Sun warmth will feed
that longing searching affinities
in blend of richer textures, in need
to draw outwards the inner bud.

Buds of a day we blaze a trail;
in thought and action gather fuel;
in aspiration attempt to scale
the ladder of vision; with concentration
sharpen insight; with joy assail
the tower of freedom hiding love.

For then expanding we feel and know
the essence and are in oneness the all;
touch beauty's core, absorb its glow,
uplifted, freed, embrace the whole!
For then fulfilled, ours to bestow
On all the kiss of freedom; love!

Then coming face to face we blend;
one face, the face divine!

What of the Self?

"Master, what of the Self and how may I find this Self?"

The Self is the center of all being and knowledge;
it radiates, illuminates, and unites
all to all as a family under one roof
and one guardianship.

Touch this Self
and the whole is understood.

To find the Self
become as nothing by grinding down the self,
as a miller would to make the grain finer.
And sift out the impurities
that give the senses more importance
and greater being than the Self,
as a miller would when making his flour refined and pure.

By degrees,
transmute the ego,
polish the mirror of yourself,
that your light may be seen,
that your greater Self may be found.

Pour salt in one end of a tank,
and taste the water at the other end.
Its taste is of salt.
This salt is the ever-present Self
whose being is one
throughout the whole,
whose understanding is all understanding.

Go to the spider

whose freshly woven web glistens with morning's dew;
though its points of adhesion are many,
its web is of one manufacture throughout,
whose centre is one centre that creates the whole.

Weave a rug or spin a cloth;

there is but one strand
that creates its foundation
and gives it strength.

For the foundation is the whole basis
upon which a cohesive unity is made.

This Self is one and the same,

whose single strand completes the entirety.
It is the flame of spirit,
the dynamo of life,
the light of the universe,
the love eternal.

Truth

Be stilled! Be stilled! Where last we seek awaits
the answer: impersonal and personal,
to each his needs, beyond all and o'er all,
within! No narrow groove, vast compass, or gates
of mind wide open, through which life's stream creates
its proper vision (deceptive actual
formed to be wrecked for greater vision) enthrall
Eternal Truth! But when heart palpitates
in perfect equipoise, but when soul feels
its self in self-oblivious ecstasy,
then breathes the Unknown on the unknown
in us, our Self, so silently reveals
truth, past words, thoughts and deepest scrutiny;
"The flight from the alone to the Alone!"

How May I Know My Inner Self?

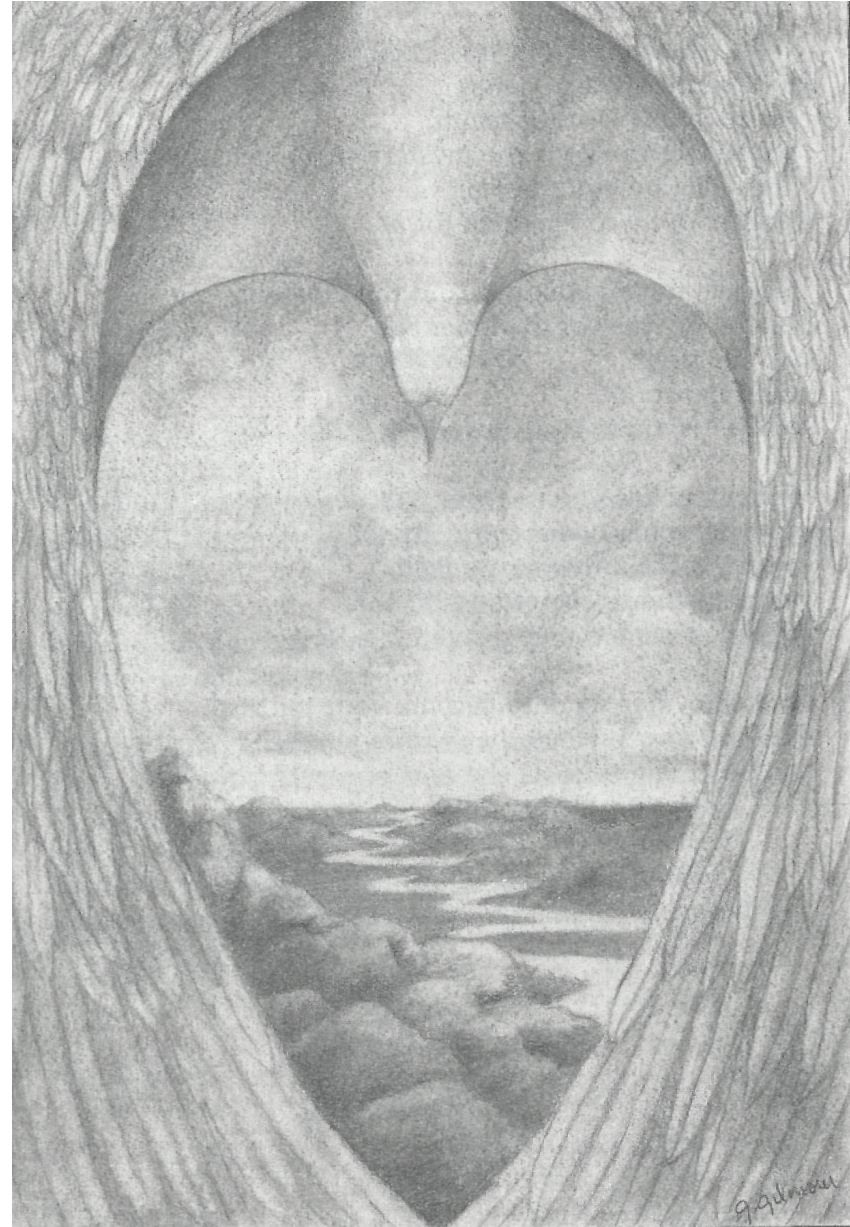
"Master, how may I know my inner Self?"

Let the higher principles of life
be given life within yourself.
Yield to love within your heart
as does the river to the rock that stands in its way.

Learn from the river of love
how to yield and remain strong,
how to give and receive
yet never run dry,
how to love and how to forgive.

And learn from truth the way of life
that truth be unveiled in you
even as the droplets that descend from heaven
and fill the streams, rivers, and oceans of earth,
making them a mighty force
and rendering the earth fertile,
currents whose flow nothing can stop,
a mighty ocean whose force is one,
whose being is one,
whose all is one.

Seek wisdom's gold hidden deep within your heart,
and do not hunger for that
which is already as the earth's dust,
yielding up only dust to the winds of time.
For wisdom cannot be bought nor exchanged nor stolen
by the thief who takes all worldly possessions away
yet exacts a price for each from the Self.



Learn from the river of love

Know, therefore, your inner Self
by the inner Self in nature
whose giving is true wealth,
whose knowledge is the mystery of life's breath,
whose life breath gives all
because of its compassion for all.

Between the breathing in and the breathing out
lies the mystery of the inner Self
and life itself,
for in its work
the Self is made beautiful and whole.

Work, therefore, to uncover nature's secret in your heart
by seeking her out in her daily toil,
as she works in her many fields
to uphold and balance and nurture,
as she goes on weaving creation's fabric.

And allow her work to become your toil also,
that you may uncover her within yourself
and be at one even as she is at one with you.

Samadhi

Vast All in all, within! Behind each pause of thought, within
the silence itself; the feel, the being, the all! Slowed heartbeats,
muted, conceal profounder soundings; communion, deeper, so
close, this core should soon be touched; absorption that knows
no bounds, no time, no distance; heart-gasps that steal through
further depths more glimpses, more to reveal, unfold, in endless
spiralling.

Breath slows
down still more; calmed dwindles, becalmed, is stilled . . . has
swooned, submerged into the breathing hush of peace . . .
outripling, rippling, peace unnamed save that I AM, no more . .
. through Self fulfilled, an all in all, through silence, no more;
the touch supreme; ought else has vanished, needless,
unclaimed!

The Beloved

"Master, who is the Beloved?"

He is the One whose giving and whose sharing
are all giving and all sharing
from eternity to eternity,
whose gift is life itself,
whose light is all in all,
whose spark is the Divine flame of the universe,
to whom sacrifices are made
and through whom all is raised
to become one.

The One who is within and beyond the created sphere,
both personal and impersonal,
whose endurance is the ever eternal
and ever present life,
whose flame is the beauty of the universe
and the light divine
that shines through the souls therein.
His is the brightest light
that puts the sun and the stars to shame
yet crowns each with its own special glory.

His glory lights your heart also
that you may glimpse the beauty therein
and wonder at its mysterious miracle.
When you give freely and without expectancy of reward
His is the gift within your giving
and the blessing within the gift itself
is His alone.

If any say they own themselves
they speak falsely;
all is His and He is all.

The Comforter

Giver of solace to human pain, heart-stiller! I sought You
through my childhood's trust. I turned to You through sorrow's
chasm; to You, the tiller of human soil, I offered my soil now
churned by life. I toiled, though blinded; whilst darkness
clipped my wings too short, I ceased to fly! I sought You, Lord,
with heart-felt longing, with a heart stripped of all, when life,
ripping all values, seemed caught in meshes without issue! You
were the star to which I groped for hope, for I, boat-tossed upon
the waters, chose You as guide, my far off beam to pierce the
dark! Since then I lost, it seems, my guide, and yet one thing I
know: this boat I steer, You keep 'bove ebb and flow!

Friend beyond All

Friend beyond all! And that is all in all!
What needs our further journey, our search compel
when we may drink so deep within the well
of life's experience through You? What darkest pall
is not dispelled by powers bestowed through thrall
of secrets lifted by You! Urged on to spell
each hieroglyph of heaven whose meanings tell
an endless story, further into the hall
of starry mysteries receding still
we plunge . . . again, again, gate upon gate
will open unendingly; again, this plea
will stand still vaster reaches and ceaseless thrill
to deeper answers; bids but live as the great
silence within, that all in all, to be!

How Shall I Become Accomplished?

"Master, how shall I become accomplished in what you have
told me?"

When the tree of yourself brings forth fruit in abundance
and all efforts expanded end in peace and tranquillity,
and the flower of beauty within yourself opens,
as the lotus in life's waters
towards the sun of your horizon
and bathes itself in the light of your being,

and when love's sweet embrace is your embrace
and dwells in your embrace
and is at one with all
and its woes are forgotten because of your love;

when your oneness is absorbed in the light of the one true
love
and the only true light is your guide
by which you travel life's narrow road;
and the light shines from within,
guiding the weary traveller to the house of rest,
like the wandering dove to its nest in the tree of the
forest;

when communion is one communion
in the heart of the great communion of being
for the sake of communion and the sake of being;
and when all sorrows are your suffering
and all joy is your great joy
and sorrow is no more in the meadow of life;
when wisdom apprehends the eye of wisdom for
wisdom's sake
and truth knows itself within and you are its keeper;

then shall you be accomplished in life's mysteries.

If within yourself you seek to find this key
to the door of accomplishment even fractionally,
dwell upon, and hold to the law that is written within
yourself.
For this is the way, the truth and the light within
yourself.

Salutation to the Mountain

So far, so high
beyond the reach of eyes,
beyond the peaks of mind,
into the mystery
of mist-bound vision, you tower.

How many will climb
and claim to conquer you?
But who will sound that secret urge
that drives each one to reach your peak
where mist-enshrouded silence waits?

Each stone, each rock
ground on your ridge is branded
with power your poise offers as peace
to all, your gift, your call that catches
each breath, arrests each step, each longing.

For at each step
your grandeur grows, encircles
and breathes its holiness on all,
descends as mist to veil, ascends
awhile, unveils eternity!

Throughout time's cycles
far out in space you brood,
spelling the secret of your silence,
the sound of soundlessness, your homage
in which I melt to greet you, mountain!



REFLECTIONS ON THE QUEST "MASTER, TELL ME"

by R. M. Wildego and J. G. Miller

Illustrations by Ginger Gilmour

Reflections on the Quest: "Master, Tell me," by R. M. Wildego and J. G. Miller, is a truly enlightening collection of poetry. The book centers on the quest for truth, the questions one starts to ask one's self when one wonders about the meaning of life and the universe in general.

The authors create a dialogue between the personality and the higher self, called Master, who answers all the questions.

TeU me, Master, what is love?" Love is
the flame within all being,
the form of the formless,
the very sap of life.
Surviving eternally,
giving eternally of itself,
yet constantly renewed,
a giving wanting naught but itself
in exchange for itself.

The verses herein are not only beautifully written, but also thought-provoking. *Reflections on the Quest* will surely enrich the reader's mind and spirit.

About the Author

R. M. Wildego is a businessman with a scientific background, born and educated in England. His wide interests range from cooking gourmet meals, to studying plants and herbs, to piloting a plane. He plays the guitar and sings and is also interested in historic subjects and art. Although he has no religious affiliation, he has taken the nectar found in each religion and incorporated them all into his religion. He is the author of *Mirrors of Reflection* and *Reflections II*.

J. G. Miller was born in China of French parents and educated in Australia. She worked for twenty years as a research assistant at the British Museum. She has dedicated her life to the study of the Vedas and the wisdom of ancient Egypt. She also writes poetry. Her books include *The Vedas: Harmony, Peace, and Fulfillment* and *The Vision of Cosmic Order in the Vedas*.