

THE
ANJHENIUM

By
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UNARIUS

UNiversal ARticulate Interdimensional

Understanding of Science

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In Dedication

To Dorothy Ellerman

*A gentle touch and talent rare
An editor who paid the printer's fare.*

To Flower Wasdell

*She beat a swift tattoo
Her little fingers never still
To bend the varityper's steely will.*

To Ruth

*She scrawled them down in longhand form
And held them close against her heart
Until the day this book was born.*

Printed in The United States of America

Presenting

The ANTHENIUM

A thousand or more years ago poets, sages, philosophers and prophets walked their many ways through the mystic lands of Greece, Assyria, Egypt, the Holy Land and many other places now antiquity in history. In their own way and in their own tongues they told great stories and wondrous parables, giving to eager ears the Message of life, of hope for a better future to the hungry multitudes who sweltered in the barbaric ignorance of their time.

Today, the Moderator has recreated many of these Ancient Stories from out this almost forgotten past; stories and parables spoken in just the way they may have been uttered by these Ancient Ones. And with Their message comes the Radiant Power always attendant with such expressions of the Unariun Brotherhood.

Yes, and there is other poetry and prose delivered in the language and idiom of this time; yet each one also carries the same vibrant Message — the same Inspirational Power.

As you read "The Anthenium" listen to the Voices of the Ancient Ones speaking of their gods and the great morality of life; or listen for other voices which are carried in the lilting phrases which bring lustrous glimpses of pastoral beauty, where the Infinite Creative Intelligence melds Itself into the never-ending panoply of life.

An Angel's Way

*How oft it is that high above, in some bright
lighted sky
An Angel's caught by planets rushing by
An earthly place that spins a web of prayers
that reaches out and holds Him fast
And there within its earthly coils
He's born again, and lives within
a body made of flesh
And comes and goes as all men do, and
called by all of them as such as they;
Yet, there remains within His heart
and mind an Angel's way
And in His hand an Angel's touch.*

*And so He comes and goes among all men
who see Him not, nor of the Angel's
ways or touch
Yet as He comes He brings a smile
a warmer place, a better way;
And as He goes, He leaves behind a part
of all these Angel's things
That lead these men from out their murk
and mire.*

*A magic Light that's seen by none, yet
changes all that's dark to Light.
For such is this, an Angel's way –
and as He finds His way back there
among the stars,
And in the brightened realms so far
removed from earth –
His face will linger long in memory.*

*His blessing thus bestowed, to those
create an effigy of Him
that lives with Light,
And breathes the scented breath from Heaven.
And so He thus remains, in hearts and minds
as Angels must, until it is the time
The earth will then ensnare within its web –
another Angel.*

Truth-Bow

*We shall draw the bow of Truth, and
shoot illumined shafts of Light into
the nether darkness of the material
worlds;*

*And there shall be other shafts of Light
which will spring the locks upon the
dungeon doors of despair, want and
death.*

*From these and a thousand other dungeons
we shall loose the multitudes
imprisoned therein – into the Light
of a newborn day.*

*And there shall be other shafts of Light
too, from the bow of Truth, which will
slay the dragons of hate, greed, lust
and avarice.*

*For when we have done all these things,
and loosed all of our shafts of Light
Then we can return to the Lodge of the
Masters, and as successful huntsmen
in the cause of Truth*

*We can hang our bow in the hall
of emancipation, and take in its place,
the lute of knowledge and the harp
of Truth,*

*And from these strings, pluck immortal
melodies, that shall add to the cadance
of Eternal Creation*

*The rhythmic song of the ageless Infinite
Universe, shall be heard in unison
with our melodies.*

*Yea, and there will be others, countless and
without number, who are likewise
plucking immortal melodies from their
harp of Wisdom*

*A grand and unified symphony which rises
and swells with the heartbeat of
the Infinite Creator.*

Vessel of Life

*The Avatars of old, both sung and unsung
warriors of Truth, who have hung their
swords and shields and bucklers in
the halls of antiquity
And those who have perished on the cross
of martyrdom,
Yea, some have risen to speak again
in another voice in different tongues.*

*For in crossing the barren deserts of
materialism - holding one small grain
of Truth beneath their tongues,
They thirsteth not, and their vessel of life
is borne upon many seas -
Wafted by many strange winds.*

*Yes, the clatter of nations in their ears
The clanking swords from conquering legions
of some far-gone civilization may echo
through their minds.
The waters of a thousand waterfalls
are mingled with the drops of dew
and stormy skies o'er many lands
in many climes.*

Voice of Wisdom

Doth the wave say — as it lifteth its crest and
casteth itself upon the sand, "See, I am
mightier than he who precedeth me. Is not
my roar greater than all others?"

Doth the winds of Heaven which bloweth about
the earth, say unto the trees, "See, am I
not mightier than other winds — do I not
bend thee more fiercely?"

Nay, none of these things speak thusly, nor are
none mightier than the last.

Nor canst each day's blessings or sorrows be
counted as more or less than all other days.

Neither is the sunshine brighter, nor do the
clouds cast blacker shadows than all other
days.

Yet it is, that only man among all the things of
Heaven and earth, sayeth unto himself and
crieth aloud — that he is mightier than his
neighbor, and that his deeds are greater
than all others.

Yea, even the ploughman in the field sayeth unto
himself, that there is none in the land who
can plough so straight a furrow;

Or of the smithy who worketh at the forge, sayeth
also, that "My steel is the hardest in all
the world."

Or, the carpenter who buildeth the ship crieth
aloud and sayeth, "See, is she not likened
unto the gull — has there ever been a ship
so fair?"

And could it be that of the infant who droppeth his
swaddling cloth and standeth, for the first time
upon his newborn legs — looketh about him
And feels as the conquering emperor — and that
soon he is lord of all which he surveys?

And as he sayeth of these things and of his
mightiness, and of each day,
Yet he liveth unto another day, when he is mightier
than the last.

For thus it is, and that he must grow; and in each
newfound achievement
Is found the inspiration for the morrow's conquest.

And as he grows he cometh unto the time when he
is like the mountain which speaketh not in
no voice — but endureth forever;
And that he becomes as the bowl of Heaven which
containeth all the stars.

More silent yet, than all Eternity is the Voice of
Wisdom.

For none hath heard the Voice of Eternity, but
liveth unto the day when it is uttered.

Yea, even Eternity is the mother of all Wisdom
For Eternity beginneth the coming and going,
And nought can be said that it shall ever cease.
For in Eternity there lieth the answer to all
things,

And all Wisdom is sufficient unto it.

Thus it is that until he achieveth of this Wisdom
and that he heareth the Voice of Eternity
That he beateth upon the drums of his own making.
For having not the Wisdom nor hearing not the
Eternal Voice, he liketh not the silence.
For the silence is heavier yet than that of the
tomb, wherein he buries all of his earthly
desires.

Even of all the things which man createth
endureth only unto the years and unto time,
Yet it is, that the Wisdom which he garners from
the making of all things endureth unto Eternity.
Wherein through such Wisdom he heareth Its
Voice.

Vilify Ye Not

Ye who are mortals lend thine ear
For surely as thou hast sprung from the earth
So has thy vilified thy mother in thy lusts.
Ye have builded temples and adorned them with
false gods
Yea, even these gods have vilified the Heavens
with thine expectancies.

Yet it is, each of ye containeth a germ of
Truth
And if watered by time, will surely rise and
displace these false gods.
For surely if they liveth, they liveth only in thy
mind's eye,
An eye blinded not by Light, but by mire.

Then it is thy tears of remorse will in their
time, washeth away the mire
And thou will seest the Light, but not blinded.

Treasures in Heaven

*It hath been spoken that ye gather not
treasures on earth, but rather treasures
in Heaven*

*Yet it is, that there are many who sayeth
that they believeth thus —*

*And they crieth out to Him who uttered
these words — mingling their tears with
their prayers and pleas for mercy.*

*And there is much of this on the day called
the Sabbath.*

*Yet it is, that they who believeth and crieth
the loudest — now spendeth each day
until the next Sabbath —*

Collecting more of these worldly treasures.

*And while they worship Him on the Sabbath,
yet it is, that they spendeth their days —
which are six in number — worshipping
at the altar of the golden calf.*

And what manner of hypocrisy is this?

*Is it that man should crieth aloud unto his
God one day of the seven —*

*Or that he should worship many gods, the
god of avarice, of hate, of carnal lusts,
of jealousy and envy and of greed?*

*Yea, all of these and even more — filleth
his every hour;
Yea, even the hour which he may be praying
aloud unto the One God.*

*And ye hath asked, "What manner of treasure
is it that is to be found in Heaven —
If none of these earthly desires are not found
there?"*

*And does the suckling lamb long for the green
grasses which it has not yet tasted?*

*Does the fledgling of the eagle knoweth of
the winds of Heaven?*

*Would it be, that all things cometh unto the
time and place of which they knoweth not?*

*Yea, verily, this is not so — for all things
must come unto the time and the place —
When it has become part of that place, and
conceiveth of it within thy mind's eye.
Just so, of the things of Heaven, for if ye
know not, of all the things of the flesh,
And that ye forgeteth of yesterday — or
knoweth not of tomorrow*

*How then, can it be thy mind's eye can
behold the things of Heaven?*

*Nay, nor are these things attained by seeing
them from afar,
For surely as the seed is nurtured in the soil
And it is warmed by the rays from Heaven,
And its thirst quenched by Heaven's rains,
So that ye too, must doeth as the seed —
And that ye are warmed and nurtured in the
soil of thy world.*

*Yea, thou wilt comest and goest in the soils
of many worlds.
Thou shall be warmed with the rays of many
suns,
Some of which shineth not in thy time and
place
And the rains shall come and quench thy
thirst,
Though they cometh not from thy skies.*

*And all of these things and many more, will
be added unto thee
Before there is a blossom of Spirit*

*Which bringeth forth the fruit which is thy
divine heritage.
Yet though it is that as thou bearest this
fruit, surely thou shall tasteth of it
And in the eating, thou shalt knowest of
all the Treasures of Heaven.*

*Seek ye not, therefore, things beyond thy
time and place,
For as these things are yet to be added
unto thee — yet they are ever with thee.
And thou shalt behold them each in thine
own time and place.
Yea, verily, even they shall be part of
thee
And no more shalt thou be waylaid with
the shadows of yesterday.*

Harvesting

*Ye have heard it spoken of the man who
soweth the corn, and that it falleth
in many and diverse places,
Yet ye should also consider he who reapeth
the corn, and as he cutteth it with
the scythe in the field.*

*There are many which groweth upon tall
stocks with many grains which are filled,
There are others which groweth with many
unfilled grains —
And there are yet some which have been
blown upon with the wind so that their
grains have been scattered.*

*Yea, and others have been eaten by the
fowls of the air.
Even as the husbandman reapeth,
some too, falleth upon the ground and
are trodden underfoot.
Yea, there are many grains which reachest
not the harvest floor.*

*And so it is with each of ye, that ye
groweth like the corn of the field.
Be strong and faithful in all things,
so thou will have many grains
ripened and full.
Be fortified against the winds of adversity
that ye may not be blown down.
Take heed of the shadows and shun them,
for they may be as the fowls of
the air.*

*Make sure that thou are grasped
by the hand of the reaper, lest ye
fallest by the side of the blade
and be trampled underfoot.
Thus it shall be, ye shall reach
the harvest floor.*

Suspended

*And now the pale dawn breaks, I see
a bright and glowing morning star
So hung halfway 'twixt Heaven and earth
it beckons with an unseen hand.*

*And as I watch, my soul escapes and joins
this bright and glowing star.
Within its warm embrace I too, will hang
suspended in the morning sky.*

*What will I find and see when thus I view
both Heaven and earth
All things I'll surely see, but in a
different way
Than ways in which all men have found
them so.*

*For Heaven sends to these a different thing
that's made from Light, and Lights the
sky.
And so each thing so seen becomes sublime;
a way in which all men will thus become
Suspended in their morning sky.*

Smallness of Self

*For it is common among men, for while
he may be wise in many things
But foolish in things which concerneth
him most
And that he setteth himself apart,
believing that he is whole
And in the wholeness of self, believeth
that all Creation was for his purpose.*

*How can it be, that one grain of sand
in the desert shall stand
against another,
And that it set itself up against its
neighbor?*

*For wilt the time come when each
droplet of water in the ocean shall
be apart from the other?
Would it be that the sun would warm only
one earth — and that all worlds shall
remain cold?*

*Not realizing that self is made whole
only in the unity of all others,
does man come unto the commission
of his greatest sins.*

*And there are those among men
who believeth that each man is like
unto himself.
Yea, so much so, even like the eye
of one needle unto another
And that the thread of his life shall pass
easily through his brother's eye.*

*Nay, this is not so, for there are many
eyes, each with its own thread,
and its way of threading.
And all cometh unto the task of mending
and putting together the cloth
and fabric which shieldeth him;
For if it be that one man's thread should
fitteth another man's eye,
then surely would the mending
and the wearing come to nought.
For no man would know his thread
or his needle from his neighbor's.*

Eternal Infinity

*How well do I leave these things, brought
from out dim memories halls,
and born again to live another day.
The waters of the brook pass on –
its song has sung itself ten thousand
years, and changes not one whit,
That I have seen upon its face, reflections
mirrored there from the earth and sky.*

*How tall these trees, they stand unbended
and unchanged by all the winds
which pass their way.
For I am but the weaker thing, and hold no
power over trees or brooks or stones,
or hilly mounds that rear their rugged
crest against the sky.
My flesh is made with life – will pass away,
nor shall I tarry here.*

*But come again when all these things
are not;
And in their place, time will erect,
new trees, new brooks to water there
the roots, and stones for brooks to
play about.
For I, the weakling, have this thing that
passes not, nor knows no time nor place,
Where all these things can be and
live again.*

Immortal Creation

*Would I some great God be, and thou would
 speak to me so and say,
What of these things of earth
And that as I am a man and liveth so -
I liveth not as a God, nor have I achieved
 Immortality.*

*And I will say unto thee, that even so,
 as I have made for thee the earth
And the Heavens in which it so exists,
For even that I have made of thee a man,
 from the substance of all this,
Yet thou hast not achieved Immortality
Nor will it be so until thou joinest me
 in Spirit.*

*For even as of substance of earth
 and of sky
That I have joined thee in spirit -
 thou hast not as yet so joined me
And so I cannot sustain thee in this
 Immortality
Nor will thou beest Immortal until thou
 are so joined.*

*And even so, as we are joined yet there
 is another joining, even unto me,
For I too, must join another - an even greater
 God
Who also sustains me in my Immortality.*

*And thus it is, so be it - that thou art man
 or God
That there must always be the joining
 in Spirit,
For in these things surely we thus recreate
 the substance of Immortality.*

Pearl of Great Price

There was the woodsman who dwelt in the forest
with his wife
That she did bear him a son — and he grew up
to be a stalwart lad, strong of heart
and clear of eye.
Now it came to him, as he slept and in a vision,
that he saw a lustrous gem,
A pearl of great and wondrous size.

So it came to pass, that he must go upon the face
of all lands
And cross the rivers and the seas thereof
So that he might seeketh out this priceless
pearl.
Yet none he asked and all he saw, knew not
of such a gem.

And so it was, that he did come where stood
a great and wondrous temple,
That sitting there within the lofty pillared hall
were many of the great and wise
old men.
And each did proffer him a jewel — a jewel
of wealth, a jewel of power.
Or a jewel of many of the things that are of
earthly desire.

Though he saw them thus in all their blazing
glory, he liked them not;
For as he touched them, all did crumble from his
touch.
And so he cryeth out in anguish and despair,
and fleeth from the moated palace walls.

Now, once again beneath the forest shade, he did
seek to wet his anguished brow
and slack his thirst in shaded pool.
But ere his lips did touch the cooling waters
mirrored there
Within his heart he saw reflected there, a great
and beauteous pearl.
As he looked in wondrous awe, he saw that words
were written there.
The words that would remain unto him —
the lasting glory of all time
For these were simply — "Peace of Mind."

Mock Not

*Mock me not, for in thy mockery, there begins
the image of thine own self.*

*Be not vain, for surely vanity must be
washed away with the tears of remorse.*

*Be not selfish, lest the things thou covet
and hold with thyself become as burrs
and pierce thy flesh.*

*Be not too meek, lest thou be trampled
Neither too strong lest the winds of
adversity uproot thee.*

*And as the reed, always yielding to a better
way.*

*Be not ambitious that thou should be ruler
or king, for surely as thou doest this,
thy statues and graven images become
thy tombstone.*

*Be not wishful, for wishfulness is the sister
of hope and cometh not unto thy house
until first the threshold of faith
is crossed.*

*Be not fault finding, for each man and beast,
fish and fowl, all carry their own bag
of faults.*

*And is there one among us whose bag
is the largest?*

*Be not slothful, for the spiders of
indifference shall weave thee in a web,
and bind thee tightly - and thy life blood
can be thus drained from thee.*

*Be courageous, but only unto the end
of thine own sword of wisdom.
And if thou exceedeth the length and the
peril of thine own sword, thou shalt be
cut down by thine adversary.*

*Be kind unto all those who need kindness
but remembering always that kindness,
like a beautiful gem, needs not the luster
of thine own personality to make
it shine.*

*Be charitable unto those who are heartstricken;
and if thou do not so do, thy guilt
will be far heavier than all the gold
which thou might possess,
And can well be, as a millstone around
thine own neck.*

Ageless – Timeless

*And so the crested wave doth rise again,
and crashing, falls upon the sands
of time
Its crested foam, a flame of white,
its countless bubbles, each a life –
lived one brief span
And formed from out the countless seas
of past – live one brief time –
then gone again.
And from the substance of itself, reformed
anew – and thus these waves do form;
Each one an age, and formed from out the
depths where throb the countless wings
of Heaven
Each beating with its pulse – eternally
a song;
A song unheard, yet deep within the hearts
of all.*

*This pulse beats steady with the Light that
leads all men from out the crested wave,
which beats so restlessly upon the sands
of time*

*And leading him thus forth, will show the
Shining Way
A way as yet untrod, nor is it marked
for any man
This path that leads him up and on,
and far away, the ocean's din, thus
fades –
The afterlife becomes the hinterland.*

*The newer life so reaches out, like
mother's arms and thus enfolds
And then the Radiant rainbowed hues
of Heaven become the texture;
Its texture thus becomes its Way of Life –
its warp and woof
A pattern woven with the stars –
a background radiant.*

Wordless Words

*How well he speaks, when with his tongue
he speaks the words that all men
understand
And words like knights, that joust our
fancied pleasures
Or merrily lead us down a glade
A winding way far up the hill where sunshine
meets the earth
And wedded there the songs of birds —
the wedding march.*

*Our words, they too are fairy things with
gossamer wings
A joy to find a nectared cup — ambrosia
deep within our spritely way
Is but a change that finds us anywhere
from dawn to dusk with words
Yield not to mighty powers wielded
by some clashing sword.*

*Nor can our words be stayed by Heaven's
wrath
The fury of a lashing storm from out the
skies
Will meet us with its challenge, and in the
dying rain
We'll wing again a poem of victory.*

*Yes, words can be as tranquil as a lake
which sleeps unruffled*

*Held close by mountain arms —
and wanton is the breeze, which dares
disturb this rest
For who can say the blue within its depths
is but a stolen thing
And borrowed from a cloudless sky
A word can then begin and seal
a lover's kiss
A word unspoken 'oft borne on wings of
tho't,
Brings brightness from despair.*

*A sigh, 'tho not a word, and wordless as
it is
Becomes a sermon eloquent more than
all things said.
And thus it is from out the multitudes
of things
Which make the earth, each way of life
Each one a language all its own.*

*The rustling leaves, the sighing breeze,
the chirp of fledglings in their nest
The silence of the rocky hills,
soft falling snow, will speak again
When comes the Spring and sunlight sets
it free
This stillness then becomes the shouting
brook.
Oh words, and wordless things — a countless
thousand babbling cadent tongues.*

Envy Not

*Speak ye of envy? Nay, I have none of that
which is for my fellow man
And all that he may have, which I have not;
For envy dwelleth unbidden in my heart.*

*Surely it would be for the grains of sands
that inhabit the earth
For they have known the kiss of the winds
of Heaven
The ceaseless tramp of armies of men
in endless conquests.*

*Yes, and they holdeth back the tides
So that they encroach not upon the land
And they have become many things,
Likewise the mortar which bindeth together
the stones in countless dwellings
and great temples.*

*And they have become transparent as glass
To hold wine in some frail cup,
or stained with many colors,
Or formed as windows depicting the holiness
of some great man, within the walls
of some great cathedral.*

*Yes, these and many more things unwritten
and unsung
A silent symphony — a song of endless
Creation
For earth first held within the starry bosom
of the Infinite
To swing in endless vistas — a void
Yet filled with other countless grains
of sand.*

*Large or small than our tiny world
are countless other grains,
Which go to make each voice well known.
So envy came and went — and left behind
Not strife, a tattered garment, long gone
beyond the time of usefulness.*

*But in my house now shines a jewel —
a tiny grain of sand
One born of Wisdom's womb
And softer than the touch of any pearl
will ever whisper its silent message.*

Rhythm of Nature

*How sings the lark — you will have to ask
his mate
For she alone can hear all things that larks
should hear — one to another
Especially of nests, or eggs, or young birds
soon to come.
Or should a lark know more about the Summer
sun than other larks
Or even other small brown birds, and even
gray ones too.
That's seen but never heard.
For these all speak a language of their own
Bird songs and twitters, a language of the
birds — but known to each as best
his kind.*

*A lark, a small brown bird, or even gray
Who sings a song or chirps a twitter,
better than the rest — save but
to his mate
What e'er is chirped or twittered so,
is done with nests in mind
And eggs and baby birds to come.*

And so the rhythm of nature comes and goes

*Poetic things that's written in the lives
of all things large or small —
That crawl or swim or fly
or even walk erect — like men.*

*For here too, nature's song is sung
A symphony of nature so woven with an
Infinite thread
That comes and goes, and as its shuttle
plys its thread among the woof of time
A pattern different with the seasons,
red or brown or gold,
Or covered white with deepened Winter's
snows
A tapestry to last a countless thousand
years.
And having so been woven become fit
cloak for future day.
Predicted there within the pattern of its
weave
The morrow comes and brings new songs
of birds
New chirps, new twitters, a countless
thousand cries
All known to those who love them best
And so the future grows.*

Oneness of All

*Thou comest unto the garden and thou seest
the tree, and it beareth many fruits
And thou sayest of this fruit, that is the
brother of that one, or that these two
are sisters, or the larger one on yonder
branch is the father.*

*Nay, thou canst say, not of these fruits;
Neither can thou sayest of the races
of mankind.*

*For surely of all the races and of the
countless numbers therein, that they
are the fruit of the one tree.*

*Nor are they likened unto brother or sister,
nor becometh parents to yet another
For surely as they are fruits of the one
tree and that they are held up by its
many branches*

*And the branches springeth from the trunk,
and of the roots which groweth
in the soil.*

*Yea, and of the leaves which gathereth
of the warm sunshine*

*That as each fruit of this tree, none is
more or lesser than the other to the
tree.*

*And that of this fruit which containeth the
seeds also containeth all of the tree.*

Bowstring

*Words are thoughts and borne like winged
messengers;
Shafts of iridescent Light, feathered
with a kindness soft,
Or barbed with hardened steel –
That minds and hearts be shorn apart
by piercing shafts.*

*And how can it be, that shaft feathered with
love, so guides the barbed tip unto
its mark
With bowstring taut against the bowman's
arm,
Soon to sing its song – of wonders
unperformed.*

*His song is one which brings about
a mission absolute
For who can tell an arrow sent upon its
way 'come back' – for I have
but one regret.
And even as thou criest out, its mark
is reached and fallen is the thing
so long achieved.*

*Haste not, and thou shalt regret never,
nor know the need to cry
And if thine arm be strong, then holdest not
the bowman's string — soon loosed
in moments flight
For surely if thy strength is strength for one,
then it can yield to two.
And in the yielding, hold all things of love.*

*Awakened infant can best be held, with
strength which once did hold
the bowman's string.
A sweetheart's sigh of love, yields far
more pleasant melody, than singing
shaft.*

*And if it is, that thou shalt count thy
deeds in eyes of men,
count not the fallen hearts of men
or loved ones fair.
But countest only those when drawn to
thee with strength of bowman's arm.
They yield in love — the treasures of
their hearts to blend with thine*

Image of God

*Thou shalt not knowest of thy God as any
man
Nor of the likeness of any man
Nor shall He cometh amongst ye with the
name of man upon His lips
But rather He shall come as all things;
As the blades of grass at thy feet,
as the leaves upon the trees,
And thou shalt see His face in every cloud.*

*There is His Voice in the song of the birds
And the Radiance of His Love comes in
glory of the warming sunshine,
And shall guard thee from the star-filled
Heavens while thou sleepest.*

*Look ye therefore, in the vessel of thine
own life
For surely as thou fillest it with the
goodness of thine own life —
thou shalt seest there,,
Not the reflection of thine own self —
But the glorious image of God.*

Flowers of Spirit

Come with me into the garden, that we may walk
along the pathways
And seeth the beauty of the flowers therein
That while there are many and diverse
and of radiant hues and colors,
Some who are small and shy and alone in the
shadows of the greatness of those about
them;
There are those who are splendid in the glory
of the pageantry which boasts of
many colors.
For there are others who shyly cast about them
into the vibrant breeze, a rare and
soft perfume.

And that with all of these and the multiplicities
thereof
Here we find each and every flower, a creation
unto itself.
That while its many colors and radiant hues —
the fragrance of each blossom
Yet all must needs spring from the same soil,
and be thus nurtured by the same rains —
All must be blended with the same sunshine.

The same touch of the Master's brush —
The same stroke of Divine Hand;
Yea, so it is with all of man.
For let him be unto himself, and not like the
others —
Nor seek not for himself things for which he
is created.

For in earth about, and in the Heavens about
him,
And in the sunshine which shines upon him,
Shall he find all things.
And there shall cometh from within him
That which he needs to blend the Master's
Touch —
And the Master's brush to make unto himself
his own garden;
Amid the blending and the beauty of the
creation about him.

Newfound Spring

*It was April when I came to earth, and a
gentle rain was falling
And the air was filled with the promise of
Spring – and so I waited until May
Then my eyes feasted with the beauty of
fresh flowers and the multitude
of growing things.
Then it was June, and my blood waxed warm
in the Summer sun, and I raced
across the meadows
And climbed all the hills and rested in
the shadiest spots.
And while I ran and climbed and rested,
I caught and held many another thing,
Some filled with love, and soft,
like the Summer night
Yet others had thorns which were sharp
and pained much,
Until I learned to leave them alone.

Some things had beautiful smiles or lips
with promises, but never fulfilled
Yet always waiting.
And others came that touched me lightly
and hardly did I notice
Yet when they left they took much of me
with them.
And with all this running and climbing and
resting – there were many sounds, like
the laughter of children*

*Or the sound of animals about their way
of life, or growing things.
The bursting of a million buds – while loud,
yet not loud enough to drown the distant
roar of cannon fire.
Nor the groans of those who died for causes
lost.
A newborn infant's wail, begins a life anew
yet never is he quiet
And even unto death he'll speak of all the
things he is – and thrice times that of
which he's nought.
A boasting braggart he remains until the
end of time.

And then the Autumn came at last –
September wooed and wrapt the world about
in Autumn's brilliant cloak
So fashioned from the leaves and spent
through sunshine
Now thus becomes a stolen thing.
Then, with a gusty sigh, gave up this cloak
and donned the Winter shroud
And cold became my blood, nor was
there strength to wend my weary way
And in the failing light of one last day,
I rode a sunbeam back to whence I came.
For would I rest awhile and so refreshed,
I could again seek out some April time
and in the falling showers,
I'd come again into a newfound Spring.*

Seed

*And so it is that the scholar or the poet
might find divine inspiration
And that to transmute such inspiration,
he dips his pen in the blackness of the
ink and fouls the whiteness of the page,
So that he who followeth after, may see
the inspiration in the foulness.*

*For even the most beautiful of flowers
are born from the blackness of the earth
Yet they must be nurtured with the rains
from Heaven — made strong by the rays
of immortal sun, which giveth them
strength.*

*Yet, which is there among these seeds
which sayeth unto himself, as he layeth
in the earth, that I am to be a tree,
or a flower.*

*For he sayeth nothing, but knoweth that
which he is.*

*And from the earth, the rain and the sun,
he groweth unto his full maturity, and
casteth his seed unto the earth,
even as he was casteth.*

*For even so it is with all things, for
everything is the fruit of the Father
who casteth it unto Eternity.*

*And so it is, that as it is the fruit
of the Father, and of the seed thereof,
which is of the fruit, so that it
asketh not, what I am —
But lying upon the bosom of Consciousness,
groweth into full maturity;
Yes — even as the Father which casteth
the seed.*

Song of Creation

*For it may be that you come into the forest
That you will see about you the mightiness
of the great oaks, or the tallness of
the pine trees –
Or that you will cast your eye upon the
beauty of many others of those splendid
trees which groweth in the forest;
And it may be that as you pass among them
your clothing may be torn with thorns,
or that you may be stung by the nettles;
Or that your foot may be tripped by the
roots.
Thus it is that you keep your eye alert
and that you wait,
That you will see the shafts of Light which
permeate and which come down from
the Heavens above.

And in the branches of the trees you will
see the nesting of birds;
Among these trees you will see the flowers
growing shyly.*

*So is your pathway in life, that ye may be
tripped by the roots of other's
selfishness
Or ye may be stung by the nettles from lips
which have uttered harsh words
Or that your clothing may be torn by the
thorns of unkindness.

But ever it must be – that we must keep
our eye aloft
And gaze into the time and the space where
the Radiance of God's Love always
permeates through the whispering
branches;
And in the song of the birds we shall hear
the song of the promise
of this Eternal Life,
And in the beauty of the flowers about us
will speak the Word of His Divine
Creation—
That there surely shall be none among us
who shall become faint or weary,
So that we may know of other pathways
from this place on.*

*For the garden of the earth is but one of
the many gardens,
And the forests of the earth but one of
many forests;
Its mountains are like the mountains
of countless other earths
And its sunshine is like the sunshine
of other mighty suns
And so thou shalt waiteth not.*

*Neither shalt thou hasten,
but listen only for the Voice.
See only with the Spiritual eye
which discerns the Spirit
Then surely will thy footsteps be led always
into that pathway
Where there are no thorns nor nettles, nor
roots to trip thee
And blessed will be the day of thy
Eternity.*

Waters of Life

*Thinketh thou of he who tilleth the soil
And that he waiteth upon the wings of Heaven
That they may bring him the abundance
of rain,
Or of the merchant with his ships, which
waiteth upon the tide –
and likewise the winds of Heaven
And of the weary traveler who seeth nought
but the burning sands
Or of the waters of the distant oasis.
Yea, of the bride who waiteth for the
bridegroom – and all these things and
many more
And of these things he striveth for, that he
countest these things as the waters
of life.
Knowing not of the Fountain Within;
And that in the abundance of these Waters
knoweth no ceasing
For they cometh not with the winds of
Heaven, nor with the tides of the ocean,
Neither can they be brought as the woman
bringeth the water from the well
Nor doth any traveler needs be without them.
For surely these waters are not of this world,
but is the Wellspring of thy life
Which cometh from the abundance of He who
created thee.*

Smithy of Life

*When thou speaketh of time — 'care that it
should not be numbered as days
Which are like the grains of sand of the
desert,
Nor of the infinite number of the things
which thou seest.
Care nought in this passage of time, that
thou hast tarried,
Nor cast aside — or even that thou hast
wasted;
Even that thou hast been a millstone
around thine own neck.*

*But thinkest thou — that in time, that it
is an accomplishment of purpose,
That from the baser nature of all things —
yea, even the blackest of earth
springeth the rarest flowers,
And that the essences of good are in all
things.
Seest thou in time, and 'care that instead
of numbering thy days and the
iniquities thereof,
That thou numberest instead — the
goodness and virtue in each day.*

*And in its accomplishment seest thou too,
and caring for,
That there hast been derelictions and
casting aside
For surely the heaviness of vices have
been with thee.
And again these things may be used
for a firmer foundation
For how canst thou attain from no
beginning?
If thou hast attained — and attained all —
Then life has lost purpose and virtue
means nought with thee
Nor can it repose in thy breast —
nor make a temple for thee.*

*But if virtue is worked for, and carved
as the stones —
Yea, and gathered as the gold and brass
and smelted in the forge
Then verily thou hast become the smithy
of thine own life
For in all these things, thou buildest
thine own temple
And reapeth the rewards of the virtues
Which thou hast created from the dust
and the things of the earth.*

Searchest Thou

*For, without Me thy voice becomes as one
crying in the wilderness
And with Me, thy voice becomes one in
the Infinite symphony of Creation.
Without Me, thy path is more dark than the
blackest night.
With Me, thy path is brighter than the
noonday sun —
And stones become as stars.*

*Without Me, thy way is weary and filled
with fasting and thirst
With Me, thy flesh rejoiseth, and thy
spirit is stilled with the abundance
of all things.
And who am I? — thou asketh.
I am the largest of all things, and the
smallest of the small;
Things both seen and invisible — I am
all that which has past and is yet
to come.*

*I am the Alpha and Omega — I am the
beginning and the end.
Yet, there is more than all this, for
thou loseth Me, thou hast lost all;
Yet, ever must thou search for Me
and ever in the beginning thou
findest new life.*

*And in the ending — always the beginning,
And in the beginning is the freshness
of new seeking;
And of all the things of which I am, yea,
of Heaven and of things even beyond
Heaven;
And even unto the smallest of all things
of which Heaven is made*

*For this too, becomes thy destiny,
and the part of thy seeking —
And the fulfillment of thy finding.
So seekest thou — hoping not, but knowing
much
That ever and anon, there is new finding
And that this finding gives new life —
And brings unto thee — the freshness
of Creation.
So shall it be.*

One With God

*Man goeth about the earth and there is
much knocking and grinding
Likewise there is great haste unto the end
of nothing;
And that man findeth in the pain and
anguish of his own doings
For with the knocking and the grinding,
and the great haste
He shall find the emptiness thereof –
And that he shall crieth out against the
emptiness of all this.*

*That surely he has wasted his life and
I say unto you,
That though he is all of these things in
many lives
And he is long suffering – yet, surely he
will not slacken
Neither put aside all these things until
he seeth only with the Spirit
And heareth only of the Spirit.
Yea, verily, he speaketh with the Voice
of Spirit
And so becomes as One with God.*

Virtues of Spirit

*The flesh cometh and goeth – born from
the soil, and eaten by hungry mouths
to be born again.
Yet whence cometh the soul, and as it liveth
in the flesh –
Yet becomes not of it, nor canst it be tainted
by such flesh.
For its virtues are many, and liveth apart from
the flesh
Nor do they springeth from the soil;
Yet, flesh – and he who thinketh in the flesh
And speaketh aloud in all tongues and in all
ways,
Belongs to the flesh, and to the soil from
whence it sprang.
For surely even tho' he speaketh of the flesh –
Yet surely his flesh could not endure, nor
could it spring from the soil,
Except by the virtues of Spirit.*

Voice of Nature

*For the Voice of Nature is the Voice of God –
It speaketh through all things into all
times, unto all mankind.
And, as the seasons and the sunshine with
the rain and the thunder through
the Voice of Heaven
Each has its time of coming and going – which
is like the coming of Spring, and the
freshness of the newborn year.*

*The springing up from the earth is the Voice
of Nature.
And there is the time of Summer and of the
green fields, and of the mighty forests –
And the song of the Summer is the song of
Spring in its joy;
And they count time by it in the wind which
sweeps the leaves.*

*The joy in man's heart is not the joy one
finds in another man's heart;
Neither are the treasures in his storehouse
the treasures in his own storehouse.*

*For each man findeth in his own way – the
joys and the treasures of this earth.
And all the treasures of this earth come
and go – as do the Winter winds
and the Summer skies.
But the joys of the Spirit remain with him
forever.*

Compare Ye Not

*And there is the man who is proud and
vain in all things that he doeth
He is like the man who chooseth his
fairest dates and his best wine and
maketh a great journey through the
desert unto his neighbor's house
That he sayeth unto him "Seest thou my
dates, are they not fairer than thine?"
And his neighbor showeth him his garden,
and his dates which are larger and
sweeter.*

*Yet the man is not abashed but sayeth unto
his neighbor, "Tasteth thou my wine,
is it not the best wine in the world?"
And his neighbor taketh him into his wine
cellar and showeth him choice vintages
from many lands and many years.
And so the man must goeth from the house,
for now he knowest that there are many
things which are fair;
And that while he may also be thus — yet
it is always so, that as he seeketh,
He can always find that which is fairer.*

Creating

*I called to thee into the blackness of the
night, but only echoes answered back —
and all was still again.
I called to thee in the brightness of a new
day, but songs of birds were all that
answered my plea.*

*And then I called to thee from deep within
my heart, and lo, you stood before me,
A vision transformed and cloathed in
radiant garments of love,
Your hair with woven strands of moonbeams
Your eyes reflected there, the starry depths
of firmament.*

*What magic elixir was this, that out of all
the earth and sky, I found thee not,
But only when I searched within, I found
that from the substance of my soul and,
added to the chalice of my life —
Became thy form.*

*And so, I found the shining secret way to
life;*

*A place where dwells the longings of my
heart.
And now I call not in the blackness of the
night,
Nor do I listen from among the call of birds
for one sweet note from thee.*

*For always there within, thou art before me
and, holding clasped within thine arms
all things held dear.
That if but I can thus create — then can
each and every one.
For if this substance of our thoughts, becomes
so melded with the soul, then grows the
vision of our life.*

*A temple or a tombstone, or again a vision,
oh, so lovely and so fair,
Who takes us by the hand and leads us on
to places yet undreamt —
A fairness not beheld by mortal eye; for such
a place may well be Heaven, where
dreams are born into the substance
of our lives.*

Shroud of Mail

*How small man is that strives against the
morrow —
That he seeks to raise his kingdom up,
large or small, against the morrow.
In blinded haste, he may carve stones, ships,
or mighty fortresses;
Or he may march to the thundering tread of
great armies; knowing not of this day
and of the morrow —
That all these things, are guided by an arm
and hand unseen, but mightier than the
greatness of all nations;
An arm reaching through the countless
centuries of time, signed by all the things
that were in all these bygone days.*

*Each finger writes as once it did before,
mayhap not once, but many times a
century or two apart,
Repeats a thousand different ways, the deeds
and things done long before.
And thus it is, that each man's life, becomes
a prison and he his own jailer; there to
keep himself in locks and fetters;*

*bars as strong as steel — not made on
any smithy's forge,
But fashioned there within his mind, each
link he weaves himself a shroud of mail,
and holds aloft a shield of self desires,
to shield his eyes from love and Truth.*

As Ye Giveth — Ye Receiveth

*And there was a man who marveled much
upon his life and he sayeth unto himself,
“All my life I have worked hard, I have
accrued much wealth and have been a
good husband
I have many ships and my caravans are
crossing the desert in all directions —
Yet, I have no friends.
Yea, there are many who call me friend, but
only because of my riches, and I trust
them not;
For they have all proven false.*

*“Yet, I know not the real love of my wife,
for she doth seem ever fearful of me,
Why doest my children become silent when
I draw nigh them?”
An Angel appeared to him and spake thusly:
“Thy voice has been heard and thy question
shall be answered.”*

*And the Angel taking him by the hand,
showed him a great river
That standing upon the bank of the river
was a man*

*He had many water jars and vessels which
he filled from the river
And taking them back unto the land, poured
the water upon it.
Now the man marveled much, for he could
see no sign of any growing thing.
For it was but desert sands where the water
was poured –
Neither had any plow touched it.*

*The Angel taketh him again by the hand
and showeth him another river,
And upon the banks of this river was a
beautiful home; and there were beautiful
gardens about – with a pool.
A ditch had been digged from the river unto
the pool from some distance above.
And a small mound of stones placed near
the bank in the river, so that the water
flowed through the ditch and into the pool,
And into the garden and crops around the
house.*

*Again the man marveled – and the Angel
spoke thus;
“Thou hast seen how it is, that when one
taketh from the River of Life –*

*And that these things that ye taketh are
not placed in properly prepared soil;
That ye are merely pouring these waters
of life
And as they flow into thee, though some
of them remain with thee, as in the
pool –
Yet, it must be, that some of these waters
must flow outwardly into all things
about ye,
And into the properly prepared soil, and
thus it shall be that thy life
shall be fruitful.”*

Streambed

*I speak to thee from out of the nothingness
and my voice is borne with the wings
of Light
And it is the Light which illumines all
things and shadows are made whole, and
great distances brought together.*

*Yet it is not the spoken word which hath
the Power or the Light
Nor does he who uttereth the word contain
the Wisdom, the Power and the Light,
But only as a vessel and streambed which
unites him in the flowing of all things.*

*And in their receiving and in their taking,
and as the vessel is united with the
Streambed of life
That it springeth forth from the Fountain
of Infinite Wisdom
And watered with its Light.*

*For surely if man thinketh that he utters the
word which containeth the Wisdom and
the Light —*

*And he thinketh that this is of himself, and
given selfishly.
This, surely then is not the Wisdom, nor the
Light;
Nor is he a vessel, neither is he united
with the Streambed of Life.*

My Face

*And then I looked into the skies and saw
a star far brighter yet, than all the rest
And lo it was, that as I looked, this star
came close; and mirrored there within
its Light, I saw a face.*

*No stranger's face was this, but mine —
and yet strange it was;
'Twas not the face from whence I looked
about the world and wore a smile or
wore a frown.*

*But 'twas an Angel's face this face of
mine, I saw within this star
Its eyes illumined with all the love I'd ever
lived, and yet to live, was shining
there.*

*Its mouth spoke not the fleshy words that
dealt with things of earth
But from within, it framed a thousand
wisest words.
Its cheeks held not the ruddy glow of
coursing blood, but softly radiant as
a thousand breaking dawns.*

*This glow of Heavenly health held forth
its promise of Eternal Life.
Ah yes, it was this face of mine, a
wondrous thing to thus behold.
And yet, I knew this face was but the image
of all things held dear and cherished
most —
The things yet un-lived, unloved, unrealized
were there to be.*

*A promise unfulfilled, this face — and like
the starry Light that held it fast
A beckoning beacon to always lead me on
to greater heights.*

*Oh yes, I know I'll never wear this face,
for if I do I'll lose its charm, its Light,
its guiding way.
For so it must remain — the things I see
within its Light will be some day,
my Way of Life.*

*And even so, I'll add from time to time,
some new and sparkling hue to all
of this
And to the face, I'll add a pliant touch of
what I think a perfect face should be.*

Immortal Love

*You may tell them that love comes only
as a gift from God —
When any man learns to understand mankind.
Love is not fraught with the fears of
external desires and impulses,
Nor does it seek to find its way —
But is always inborn and flows like the
rivers
Which are brought from the Immortal Heavens —
and falleth as a subtle rain,
Which moistens and tempers the desires of all
men.
Love finds not, its expression in any
proportion of written word,
Nor is it found in the grandeur of some great
temple
But cometh only from the purity of the inward
consciousness.
Love is also the most abundant of all things
Yet is the most sought after.
Love is found in all things, yet is discerned
by but a few
Love is the substance which maketh all the
Heavens and all earth
And bindeth the universes together —
For Love is God.*

Moonlight Madonna

*My madonna of the moonlit skies —
She sails across the skies, but not upon the
horn of moon
Her waxen wane is but the yellow of her
hair
Its windswept waves to set the sea
adancing.
The sapphire light within her eyes has caught
the azure blueness of the Summer skies
She danced there upon the daisy tops
To sway and nod beneath her twinkling feet,
Her veil of flowing gossamer, of a thistle's
wing.
And from a borrowed thrush's throat, her
lilted voice, I hear her sing her song of
love to me — a song of songs.
And from my beating heart my voice cries out
my love,
For I would be a part of thee.
This thing of song and wind and Summer sky
For I would blend my soul with all of this —
To feel the daisies nod beneath my feet,
Or touch the yellowed moon upon its horn.
And from my throat a thrushes song would rise
And I'd become the azure in a Summer sky.*

Infinity

*Seest thou the rains from Heaven, and of
the drops which are countless and without
number.*

*And of the countless snowflakes which
covereth the high mountains*

*Of the ceaseless beat of mighty waves upon
the shore — which too, are droplets
without number.*

*And that thy earth and its Heavens and its
continents and oceans, and of its many
peoples,*

*Yet all of this, is but one drop in thy
Universe — which too, becomes a drop.*

*And so all of these earths, and Heavens,
and Universes, become as the air filled
with rain, in the eye of Mighty God.*

*For surely in His knowing, that all these
things and many more,*

*Are like the droplets of rain from the
Heavens, from the waves of the sea,*

*And from the snows of the mountain, to
thee in thy world.*

Image of God's Virtue

*It has been said that God has created thee
in His own image*

*Yet it is surely not of these things of the
flesh*

Neither of the body nor its limbs.

*For surely the body can be slain by the sword
or that it wasteth with hunger*

And that it must falleth away with time.

*But rather it is that God has created thee
as the vessel of His own self*

*Wherein thou containest all of the virtues
of His Infinite Wisdom*

*For wherein are not the things of the flesh,
That may perish by the sword,*

*Or wasteth with hunger or passeth with
time.*

But rather has God gathered in this vessel

*All of the virtues of His own self
from whence He has created*

*Not only man but of all things of Heaven
and earth.*

Mighty God

*Thou must stand upon the seashore, and
look with wandering eye
And gaze upon the waves and of their
strength and of their mightiness
That they fall upon the sands, still they
ever must recede back unto the place
from whence they sprang.
Yet we may wonder at the mightiness
of all this.*

*For thou king man, in the insignificance
of thine own self –
That this is but one small part, even less
than one grain of sand at thy feet,
Unto what is all of creation and of all
Eternity.
For surely as God has scattered the stars
about the skies
That they are countless and without
number,
And of the many planets, and the earths
about them.*

*For the many races of mankind, each
dwelling unto themselves,
And in himself, of all the things of the
earth in which thou art.
Yea, even if it be so, that thou will
comest and goest
Among these stars and at these planets
and at these other places – forever
unto Eternity
And thy Guiding Star will be the Love
of thy God within thyself
That no man shall be thy master –
Neither shall thou be master to no man.*

Call Me God

*So that fellow man can passeth by another
man's doorway
And say that this is all that is he
Or that he enter into his own doorway
and say
That I too am contained herein.
But shall he go to the place on the hilltop —
That he shall feel the breath of Heaven;
And that he shall hear the song of all
Creation,
The pulsing throb of the Universe.*

*And there shall be within —
The All Residing Spirit of that which he
truly is,
So that he shall cry out;
Call me not again unto the things of this
earth,
But call unto me only the things which
are of the Spirit
For my heart longs not for the things of
the earth,
But only for joys and the beauty of the
Spirit;
For in the Spirit do I find all things of all
Eternity.*

In Spirit

*Spirit does not have to manifest itself in
dark places,
But in the inward consciousness
Spirit shines in and about and radiates into
all things that we see.
It Lights the sun and all the stars in Heaven.
Spirit Lights the Way for man, when he has
lost his way in the dependence of self
And of the selfly things about him.*

*Spirit wipes away the rust and corrosion of
selfish lusts and passions.
Spirit is confined to no one or no group
But alike with all mankind
Is found equally with the most lowly and the
most high
But it is found only to those who seek it.*

*To those who must have the material and
consciousness of a mediator
Must express Spirit to him in the darkness
You'll find not the true Light which cometh
from within himself,
And then it will be, that he shall see all
things clearly.*

Moldeth in Virtue

*Hast thou given thought of thy life —
Hast thou molded it in the virtues of
 compassion
Or hast it been as the iron in the smithy's
 forge, heated and tempered in flame;
Or as the potter's clay molded and baked
 in the oven?*

*Nay, your life should be none of these,
 neither heated as iron, nor baked as clay.
Rather ye should shape it in the image
 of all things
Skillfully done to lend beauty in the eye
 of the beholder.*

*And as it is so molded in the virtue and
 goodness of all things,
It should also be held aloft unto Heaven
Which casteth the Rays of Immortality.
So is thine image made strong, and endureth
 forever.*

Builder

*Behold! the greatness of man's many lives
 upon this earth,
And the greatness of his many empires and
 cities thereof,
In the building and the tearing down — and
 again in the building,
And of the many temples, and of the many
 kinds of worship.*

*For with all this building and tearing down
So that he feels the need of something greater
 than all this —
For while he doth have eyes, he walketh
 blindly,
And that with his ears he heareth not, things
 from the Spirit.*

*Therefore it is so, that with all of these
 things of his doing,
And of all coming and going,
It is but the outward creation, of that which
 is within,
And so that there passeth much time.*

*That he cometh lately, but surely, from within
all this
Before the altar of his own life;
That he seeth all things, and heareth all
things
Which are of Creation.*

Seed of Life

*Once I came to earth and placed within the
rich black soil, a seed
And 'tho I waited long, and well was marked
the spot
I saw no sign to tell me there was life within
And so I went away and for a while, I slept
near Heaven's door
Or walked the bright path through the skies
with those who've gone before.*

*And lo, for when it was that I returned
I saw a tree — so green its leafy cloak
There borne within its many stems, a fruit
so rich and rare
And when I looked again, I saw a path well
beaten with the tread of many feet
For many were the pilgrims from far and wide
And with its fruit refreshed themselves, and
rose again to take the path
Their hearts now filled with courage fresh
and eyes made clear again, and then
I knew that all was well
The things I placed within the seed were tall
and strong and full of fruit.*

*Its roots held deep within the mother earth,
its many branches formed to catch each
glinting ray of sun
Or turned like dancing feet, their symphony
a summer breeze.*

*How well, I thought to plant the seed, and
even tho the wait is long
Thus may the many seasons fall – or even
life become a day to live
From one to next and only broken by the starry
night.*

*And there were many too, that knew not how
to plant a seed or find the rich black earth
For always was their feet upon some stony
path to labor long against some uphill
climb
And how I longed to reach my hand and lead
each one aside, back where the earth was
rich and green again
And underneath my tree, I'd show him how
to plant a seed
Wherein were all the things of earth and
Heaven and many more*

*And sweet would be the Heavens rains
all made from tears of happy joys.*

*For things undone would live again, and in
a better way when clouds had passed
And yet I knew that they, upon the stony
ground, must reach their way
And through the portals of their heart – to
find the rich green earth
A place to plant their seed, each filled with
all the things they are.*

His Eternal Love

*The earth has wounded thee, for thou comest
unto the Lord
And in thy faith He shall bind up thy wounds
For as thou art long suffering, and many and
grievous are thy wounds
Yet surely with all of this and in the binding
thereof
Thou art made in the wholeness of thy God.*

*And when the day of thy deliverance cometh
and thou canst look back and seeth therein
All thy works and all thy deeds
And they shall be counted, but not as he who
builds the fortress
Nor does he march with conquering armies
neither shall the glitter of golden jewels
be about him.*

*For these things are counted not in the house
of the Lord
For only in these things which are of love
And to thy fellow man thou hast given of
this love
For in the giving and in the counting
Thou wearest the shining cloak of His Eternal
Love.*

Infinite Light

*And so the Three Wise Men that cometh from
the East
Give not the treasures of spices and ambers
and myrrh
And brought to the lowly born.*

*The Three Wise Men were tokens of the Spirit
And were things of the Spirit which you call
Father, Son and the Holy Ghost
And they gave unto the lowly born
The things of the domain of the Spirit.
Likewise was the manger the symbol of
humbleness
In which the Word was brought into the world.*

*And so it was that Herod, who was the servant
of evil
Sought to destroy Him.
And the Light of the star was not the Light
which shown from the Heavens
That caused the fear and wonder of the
shepherds —
But was the Light which shone from God
From within the heart of He who was to
shine this Light before all men.*

Weigheth in Light

*If ye have been made less, or if ye have been
made more, one man against another
Weigh not, these things with thyself,
For no man can weigheth another, even
against himself – save that his scale
is false
And that he weigheth not, in all times and
places
When each weighing must come unto its time
and be thusly done by He who groweth
all things
Even the corn and the barley and the
vineyards,
Yea, even the Heavens, which water and
nourish, in Light – these things and
many more,
So the falseness of one man's weighing begets
evil in another

For surely as one man seeth his portion to
weigh
He seest not the other – save in another
place.*

*And not seen as the lot in the eye of its
owner
Then surely as the weighing is false,
Then thy scale holds not the proper balance
to weigh Eternity
Nor in that time or place when what thou now
beholdest has passed
And thou will holdest no thing – unto
thyself.*

The Inner Portal

*Fears, ghostly wraiths from untrammelled halls
of time, unswept, unclean
By shafts of Light from thine own Illumined
Presence*

*Shineth thou one star and become a part of
all the Heavens
Catcheth thou one sunbeam and hold the
glorious sun within thy hands
Seeth thou one flower beneath thy feet and
the world blooms as a single rose.*

*For only fancy's flight is caught within the
web of thy own desires
And thus enmeshed, toils long to free itself.
For fancy cometh not from star or shining
beam or flowery dell
A crone of selfishness who chuckles in our
sleep
A thing of selfishness and greed, to rob us
of our peace.*

*The shining self Within is hidden deep,
yet wings its way to utmost outerness
Its golden hair caught deep within the web
of Heaven*

*Becomes entwined in starry trist, nor
knoweth not the longing meant —
That cometh from some great apartness.*

*Be therefore meek with the graces of
Heaven
And that thy soul will become steeped in
the essence of Creation
For thus do the gates of Eternity open
up before thee
Be not a stranger but enter in.*

Reflections

*Transcendent is this power within, that
holds aloft my soul
And in a clime so far removed from earthly
things.*

*My soul does sing rejoicing in the things
which make the Heavens
Yes, and all the stars and moons and suns.
And held aloft, my soul will thus become
a radiant thing, so shining in this
Light.*

*Illumined as within, these shafts leap out
into the Light
The craggy darkness to plummet into depths
unknown
Bring out from deep within these unknown
depths,
More lustrous jewels than e'er beheld
by man
These precious gems of hope and faith that
beat within the breast of man.*

Of Fishermen

*Two thousand years ago a man walked upon
the shore of an inland sea
Tall and of red beard and hair, and of noble
bearing;
Yet there was much more than this which
set Him apart from all others.
And as He walked He came upon a boat,
resting upon the beach wherein sat two
fishermen mending their nets.
And He called to them saying, "Come follow
me, and I will make you fishers of men."
And straightway they laid down their nets
and followed.*

*What kind of courage was this that could
cause these two men to follow this
unknown stranger?
Perhaps the answer to this was in the hearts
of these two men.
Perhaps it was an inward knowing that
superseded any material desires or
instincts to remain with the known things
of their life.
And as they followed the day quickly came
when they were vindicated in this
apparent madness*

*And they saw many miracles wrought and
great Truths spoken.*

*And there were others too, who likewise
followed, and saw — and heard.
And many fell by the wayside, for they could
not meet the one simple requirement which
must be fully met with — to give freely of
themselves.*

*And of the Twelve who remained and gave of
themselves yet there was even one among
these few who would soon sell himself
and the others for thirty pieces of silver.
And for this in his great sorrow he would
hang himself on the thorn tree.*

*What great paradox is this, what great mystery
that it is, that always men must turn upon
those who love them the most?*

*How often it is that those Great Souls from
the Higher planes have asked Themselves
this same question.*

*Yet surely They must know the answer — for
indeed it is, Theirs' is a never-ending
quest*

*To seek goodness and virtue among men in
these earthly worlds
And in this quest, finding one and then
another who has this goodness and virtue
And can give freely of himself — for there
in this great mystery lies an answer
Sought by all yet found by so few, yes, even
after thousands of years of turmoil and
strife among themselves and with their
selves
They come not upon the answer; and their
cries of despair are heard in the
Higher places.*

*So again it is that a White Winged Messenger
brings one small flame of Light to lead
these few from out their darkness
For in the Infinite Mind all things have been
conceived.*

*And in this conception the fruit of Wisdom
is always borne from out the womb of
time
Wherein all men suffer until the day of their
delivery.*

*How great it is to know of this Light and
this Fruit and to know of Him who
brings It forth into the darkened regions
of these earthly worlds.
Yet greater even it is to hold this
same Light; even tho those He came
to help would set upon Him like
ravening beasts
For as each man is born, truly it is that he
liveth not until he liveth for all men.*

Christ Personified

*To each man is promised a personal Savior
And so it must be that in the hour and need
of each man that he will see his Jesus
For surely is not Jesus all of the things
which each man desires the most?
Is not the Son of God a part of each and
every one?
• And that as he sees himself — for he is all
of these things of Jesus
And thus it is in the hour of need, of every
human being who has been cast upon the
shores of the desolate island of despair
And in the hopelessness of the wastes which
he sees about him
That he has found the hearts and minds of
men filled with iniquity and sin
And that their mouths are filled with blasphemy
and lying.
• So he must lift up his voice in despair, for he
has renounced all of this
And that the world of material desire has
become a cloak of sackcloth and ashes
And so as he transcends the plane of mortal
expression*

*That he will suddenly see before him —
a Jesus
A Shining figure surrounded in a radiant
Halo of Light
And in His deep-set and Radiant eyes he
finds the utmost measure of compassion
and sympathy
And he knows not he sees but himself —
his own divine reflection.
And in his divine personified projection, he
is but reflecting all the Ultimate virtues
of his own God Self.*

The Dragon Slayer

*Ye have heard it said that there is great
evil among men
And that he walketh in the path of lustful
desires;
Yet surely it is, this evil may causeth man
to lifteth himself up.
Be therefore not foolish and turneth away
from all this,
For this evil is like a great dragon.
And that if ye turneth away with darkness
in your eyes — surely he will devour thee.*

*But rather turn upon him and in thy right hand
thou holdest the sword of love
And upon thy left arm is the shield of faith
And thy loins are girt with the armor of
understanding
And when thou slayest the dragon ye turneth
away from this battlefield.*

*Thy sword and armor may be stained with the
dragon's blood
And thy tunic may be rent by his strong
claws.*

*Yea, tho ye may even be sore and grievously
wounded,
And that ye seekest out the nearby stream,
whence flowest the Waters of God's Pure
Wisdom
And there thou wastest away the blood and
slackened the thirst
And thou findest one to bind up thy wounds
And thus ye cometh unto the Light
of Understanding.*

One Small Flame

*So let man cast about him the light,
For, as he shineth about him his light,
in this light he too shall be illumined;
And that if he holds not this light aloft
so that he casteth forth a shadow
And that all those in his light
shall also casteth shadows.*

*And so let the light that shineth
come from within thee,
And as it comes from within thee
'tis therefore part of thee, and casteth
no shadows,
Nor canst it cast shadows unto those about
thee;
For surely, that as this light is within thee,
and of thee,
It is also of God and of all things.*

Eternal Fountain

*Since you have come to the Fountain
of Life to drink, and suffered thee
not;
But 'ere the Waters should cool thy brow —
I would have thee know of the
dominion and Powers of these
Waters.
For it is said, no man that cometh for these
Waters shall turn away empty.

Verily, I say that of this day and of this
hour
There are the numbers of days which cannot
be told
And worlds which cannot be seen
And the endlessness of all humanity
stretcheth far beyond the horizon of all
eternal days.

Seek not these waters, nor is the abundance
limited thereof
These are the Waters of life, that I have
promised thee
And shall always remain with thee forever.*

A God-like Way

*To he who would God-like become will
never wield a sceptor
Nor a heavy crown to wear, nor ermine
robes or any of the things which
emperors or kings hold about them
in their way of life
To thus become a god, each man must do
a godly thing not wrought from stone
or metal rare.

For God is never found in any of the things
and ways that all men do
But only is he found within each man and
make of him both large and small
The things he is and not the thing he
claims to be
For God is all the heart and soul of all
mankind
And all the things of which he is.

Yet never does a man see this God
until he strips it off himself and sees
the thing within which is the God
This God of Heaven and earth and all
things large and small
And even man himself tho' man denys it
in a thousand ways.*

*So if ye too would God-like be, then strip
this God within from out the husk of
mortal flesh and from the dross
material stuff
You've made of life, you'll make a Heaven
here on earth
A Heaven for this God of yours and later
still you find
Within the doorway of your God-like home,
a stairway to the stars.*

ODES TO RUTH

Love Sonnet

*And now, Oh Princess, I go forth on wings
of Light*

*My thoughts a caravan to bring thee
treasures rare from far off places.*

*I'll sing to thee the song of waterfalls, the
whispering breeze can scarce contain.*

*A thousand throated thrushes' song,
springs forth from every dell, within
this land of fantasy.*

*A carpet laid of countless buds and
bursting blooms.*

*The sun becomes a weaver, and there between
each branch, he draws swift shutters full
of Light.*

*And from the emerald depths of nearby lake
there floats a lotus blossom fair —*

*A dainty ship to hold thy form, and waft ye
forth upon some distant shore.*

*Enchantment reigns — and from her very
court there comes and goes a host of tiny
forms;*

Each borne aloft by wings of dragon flies.

Each one with wand to grant thy every wish.

And from this fairyland I'll woo thee

*Thy fair caprice to tend thee in thy every
wish, with lute or harp, to wile away the
idle hour.*

*And if my thoughts should stray to some
unknown shore — too far from thee to
touch or see;*

*Then may it be that fairy hands shall seek
me out and with thy fingers touch my
brow;*

A touch as light as any petal from a rose.

*So would I then, in haste arise and gird my
steed — to ride away upon the moor
and fen.*

*Thy love will light my way more surely than
would all the moons and stars —
until it is,*

I'm home again.

*Dearest — Once again you've come to me
from out of space into my starlit night
Borne swiftly by the magic wings of destiny
into my waiting, longing arms.*

*Eons ago it was we were together
the misty tides of time and place
Alone do hold the things of all of this, our
love and laughter of a bygone day.*

*Could it be that once we walked together
there beside the reeded Nile
And heard a nightbird softly call
To watch the stars fade into rosy dawn.*

*But this I know that 'ere the time or place
it was, we were together
For us, love's golden alchemy has blended
all things of life and Immortality.*

*

*The shining Light 'round your head —
a halo of the stars
Composed of all the things of earth and sky
and by this Light my soul is led.*

*

*I love the precious memory of you
the thousand things that come and go
Are like the many stars that light my Heaven
A lovely Heaven only you and I can know.*

*

*I cannot bring to you those gifts
the things betoken this world's desire
But at your feet my heart I lay
with love to set this world afire.*

*And so with spoken word or deed
with heartfelt act or kindness bare
I'll share with you our every need
to make this a Heaven rare.*

*

*The most radiant jewel is but a stone in
the dark
And like the jewel, each facet of our life
must reflect
Some of the Light of Heaven*

*

*One gleam, one spark of Light I bring to
thee from out the great unknown
It touches thee and so becomes
a gossamer strand of finest silk*

*It's wound upon the shuttle of thy mind
and deftly plying this bright strand
Into the fabric of thy life.*

*

*I have, to thee, become an island in the sky
A valley fair, a plain, a river, and a babbling
brook.*

*I have, to thee, become a Summer sky —
blue, or peopled with a million twinkling
stars.*

*I have, to thee, become all this and more
in love, and shared in love
For as I have become all this, to thee, so it
has thus become an equalled thing
And, shared by both, each one an island
in the sky.*

*

*My love, some small green thing will find
your love —
A trellis to the sun — and with a hundred
tendrilled fingers, so hold your form
And climb into the everlasting Light.*

*

*And when I pass from off this planet earth,
perhaps to go to some far off Heavenly
place*

*From there I'll send my love, from time to
time — and borne aloft by some white
winged cloud
You'll read my message in the sunset sky.*

*

*Come walk with me — our pathway is a rainbow
through the sky
No pot of gold to wait for us at other end
But life immortal to be lived in summer skies.
Long corridors of rainbow hues, await us there
And rooms all filled with stardust bright.*

*More gardens and more fountains a-sparkling
in the sun
Than can be counted by our mortal tongue.
No food of earth we'll eat, but ambrosia
nectar sweet and fit for gods
These viands shall be sipped from tall
glasses made of purest jade.*

*And all these things and many more we'll
have when on that way —
We'll pass across the sky, upon our rainbow
bridge
And find our Summer in the sky.*

*

Pearls of Life

*I bring to thee a strand of pearls — no not
just an ordinary strand, grown deep upon
some ocean floor
But pearls made within my heart, and of the
iridescent substance of my love for thee
Each one a glowing sphere, reflecting back
its Light of all the things you are.*

*And then it is each pearl is strung upon the
silken strand
The fibers of all things both said and done
which draw us back from life to life
Repeating there alike unto each pearl —
all the things of which you are.*

*And now you've come to me my love,
a guiding star to light my darkening path
To show my heart a Shining way —
a way to be my strongest staff
And find our Heaven far above.*

*Dark was the hour when hope had flown
and in a leadened sky my sun sank down
My wounded feet had groped among the stones,
the sight of all things good,
Was blinded by a thorny crown.*

*Now breaks a new resplendent day,
a day no weal or woe to mar its Light
And in all life, our love has come to stay
to turn all blackness to a starry night.*

*

*Sweet are the flowers which bloom upon our
pathway of life
Rarest of perfumes of each precious moment
And of these things which are all of our
togetherness
Eternity comes and finds us not bound nor
bidden
Its call a challenge which, when answered,
may find us worlds apart
Yet, ever with these threads of life, we
will find our way together.*

*How do I love thee? May I never count
the ways
But let the moments of each day, each bring
a new way, a different meaning to
my love.*

*Why do I love thee? May I never find the
reason
For as God created all things in beauty and
in purpose
Let my love too, find beauty and purpose
in all you are.*

*When do I love thee? Let there be a time
for creation
And a time to realize all things,
But let my love for thee be
a realization of creation in all things
With time but a wistful memory.*

KAL-AIA-AL

Inner Temple Builder

Behold, and that thou gazeth upon the works
of man — yea, he writeth much with the pen.
Or that he raiseth up great armies to conquer
nations by the sword;
Or that he might labor mightily and long, with
chisel and mallet.
And that he riseth up great Temples or images
of stone and bronze,
And that his cities be teeming with the multitudes
without number.
Yea, verily as he doeth all of these things
and many more,
Yet surely as he doeth them, so surely
must they perish.

For the worm and the mold corrupteth the
writings
And that his armies are conquered by other
armies;
For surely as those who liveth by the sword
so perish by the sword —
And that the hand of time falls heavily upon
the Temples,
For verily, the walls crumbleth, and that the beams
are eaten with the worms.

Yea, even so, the roof falleth in, and the rains
of Heaven descendeth —
And washeth away the mortar from the joints.
And that the drifting sands covereth up the mightiest
of his cities.

Consider ye, ye who writeth not with the quill,
nor raiseth up great armies
Nor buildeth the Temple with stone and beam,
But rather buildeth within his own heart
the Temple of his own Heaven
Wherein he has contained all his own imagery
of his God.
And that his life becomes the quill whereby he
writeth of these things to his fellow man

And that his sword becomes the righteousness
of Truth
Whereby he doth cleave himself asunder from all
wrong doing.
Yea, neither can its edge be dulled by many
striking;
And that the blood of his life supplies the quill
wherein he writes the virtues of the inner
man.

Nor can the rains of Heaven descend upon the
inner Temple —
For its stones are joined together with the mortar
of God's Love.

Even so, its roof is supported with the beam
of His Wisdom.
Neither can the desert winds of despair cover it
with dust
For there ever bloweth about it, the warmth and
tenderness of His Graciousness;
And for surely shall this man reside forever
in this Temple.

Days of Babylon

The comings and the goings in the great temples —
the wickedness and lusts of Babylon
are upon the earth today
And again as before, there is much coming and
going.

The kings of the world are the money changers,
and the queens of the world, the wenches of
all times; and are filled with the abominable
lusts and wickedness —
Even greater than all these who have gone before
them.

For surely of what is called this civilization
of today, is one of the seven great beasts
that riseth up out of the sea;
And if man heedeth not, he will be consumed
with the flames of his own passions —
Verily, I have spoken.

Of Love

So it cometh to pass, that there was a king who
ruled over the land
And that he was wise in all things — and just
in all manners which were unto his people;
And that this king had three sons, and he loved
them all and knoweth not which one he
loveth the most.
And so it was, that the day cometh when he must
choose one of these three to ruleth over the
land—
For he knew not the day of his passing.

So he sent them out into the land and each one
must bring back unto his father
That which he thought best betokened his love.
And so with the passing of many days that they
did return
And that two of them bringeth gifts and these
were great and wondrous jewels.

Yet the third did return empty-handed
So the father questioned thusly, "Why didst
thou return empty-handed?"

That the son answered thus, "There were none
of the jewels of this world which shone
so brightly as thy love for me —
And so I returneth this love."

And so it was, that he was chosen to ruleth
over the land.
For verily I say unto ye, that there is none among
men who hath a greater jewel
Or even half so great, or even a small part
thereof
As the love his Father in Heaven beareth for him.
And so, as ye must returneth to the Father
the greatest of all His gifts
Which is love and likened unto His love.

Flame of Life

Consider ye that thou hearest the call to prayer
of the Temple,
And that thou bowest low before the Presence
of Allah.
Yet this call is not heard by the swine in the sty,
nor by the goat or its kid;
Neither doth the camel turn aside from its
course —
Or that the rays of the sun cease their brightness;
Neither doth the winds pause in their blowing,
And in the ceaseless beat of all creation about
thee
There is none to listen to this Voice — save none,
but man.

For surely as God hath made all these things about
thee
Are ye less than one of these,
Or of the swine or of the goat, or of the camel?
That ye have a small perdition in thy heart and
that ye prayest for succor from this evil.
For surely as the swine, and the goat, and the
camel have committed no evil
They needeth not the succor of prayer.

For surely, virtues of Heaven are not contained
in thy prayers
But must be contained in the vessel of thy life;
For if thou containest not these virtues, then
thy vessel is empty,
And thou art less than the dust of the desert
winds.
Virtue needeth not the power of prayer
Nor is it increased in the barter of the market
place,
Or that it can be plucked as dates, or the harvest
from the vineyard.

For virtue is the flame of life which shineth
before the altar of God;
And as it is thy lamp, so He filleth it with oil
of His Most High Presence,
And that he trimmeth the wick with moderation.
So that its flame burns brightly without excess,
So that you see not about thee, the shadows
of despair
And that thy countenance is illumined before
the Altar of His Graces.

Compassion

Come with me and we shall stand at the East
Gate
There you shall find that it is a place of many
beggars.
And as they sitteth and crieth out for their
alms of the passer-by
Surely they are a motely lot, with the evils of
many running sores
And that their clothing is rent and torn
Neither are they washed nor anointed.

But before thy findest pity in thy heart for
them,
Thou shalt seest the approaching caravan
And the rich man who rideth before the
procession of many camels —
Each of which is heavy-laden with the goods of
the world
And that the merchant is dressed in the richest
raiment.
Verily, he has adomed his person with many
jewels
So much so that he must need guards to protect
him from the highwaymen.

And that as he enters the gate he sees about him
the many beggars,
So that he reacheth quickly into his pouch and
casteth among them a small portion of silver
and copper
Then he passeth quickly from sight.

Then who will consider which has commiteth the
greatest sin
That of the rich man who maketh of his goods
an idol
That he must bow down and worship —
So much so, that he casteth not the coins among
the beggars with joy in his heart
But only that he is fearful, lest he be cursed with
the foulness of their words.

Nor shall it be, that thou shalt find compassion
in thy heart for the beggar
For surely he has not found compassion within
his heart.
And that he cometh unto his evil ways because
he knoweth not of the Spirit
Nor canst he see of this Spirit, which is within;
No more so than the rich man — for surely both
have sinned.
Nor shall it be that these sins shall be cast aside

Until they cometh unto the place of the most
high — which is within.

For surely that there is this place — and it is
of the Spirit
Nor is it the Spirit which casteth man down among
beggars;
Neither is this Spirit so contained in the golden
vessels,
Nor is it given to luxurious raiment
Or that it adorns itself with the glitter of jewels.
Neither doth it need the spear and armor
of protection,
For those who knoweth not of the Spirit
Findeth it nought — save by the purest desires in
their hearts.

For surely as man falleth, he falleth by his own
hand
So that he must riseth up by his own strength,
A strength which cometh not from the ways
of the flesh
But from the greatness of the Spirit within.
And it may be, that the day shall come upon you
When you will look about you among the faces
of men.
Verily, that while ye may see that there are some
who are goodly and gracious,

And that they may regard their fellow man with
compassion
Yet there may be others who have gathered about
them the riches of the world
And that they indulge themselves in all manner
of lusts.

Yea, and there may be even those who are thieves
Who ply their wickedness in the darkest shadows
of the night.
For thou may seest that there are many beggars
And that there are some without limbs,
Or that they seest not, for the blindness
of their eyes.

And as thou lookest among all manners of men
And that thou seest the baseness of all iniquities —
mingled with the noblest virtues,
And that as all these things are contained in man
And as thou knowest of the teachings and
the Word —
That God is the Father of all
And thou mayest wonder why He has created
all this.
Nay, this is not so; for God hath created all,
Yet it is man who createth himself
Only by the virtues which God hath placed within
him.

For surely is God not like the well which is
in the market place?
And that there are all manner of those who draweth
water from this well.
For that the rich and poor alike, drinketh from it –
also the beggar and the thief.
And that the tradesman must draweth water
for his donkey – and the driver for his camels.

For surely it is, that all manner of things which
liveth and are so created –
So they must be constantly watered with the
Elixir of the Divine Spirit.
For surely as all manner of man findeth his way
to the well,
So surely must he findeth his way –
to the Wellspring of life.

Sands of Time

The world becomes a desert, each man a pilgrim,
lost within the swirling sands of time.
The howling dervish winds which shriek and
cavort there about him
Threaten with their unseen clutching hands
to tear away his cloak and fill his eyes with
sand.
A wandering pariah he becomes, unfed, unwashed
and thirsting with a blackening tongue
His hope becomes a rare oasis – a sheltering
grove of palms
And deep within, he'll find his food and drink.

And should he find this one oasis
He finds there still another thirst – another
hunger.
And each demands a new and distant place
a fresher greener grove of palms.
And even waters of a different taste.
And so he struggles on – unfed, unwashed;
For all the groves that he has found – and all
the springs therein –
Have left him so.

Man's Eternal Quest

Every man is a Sir Lancelot and has his own quest
of the Holy Grail
And upon the altar of his selfhood gleams his
Silver Chalice,
That which holds all the Godlike qualities which
the Infinite Creator has poured within
And thru the many lifetimes his quest continues.
And sometimes he wears not the gleaming armor
which Sir Lancelot might have worn on his
quest.

Instead he may wear the rags of a beggar, or the
rich accouterments of a prince or king.
He may be garbed in the simple attire of the
merchant, a peddler or a student.
But wherever we find man — be it on this earth or
in any other place — or planet in the cosmos
That we may be sure we will find, deep within the
heart of every man —
His altar — his Holy Grail.

And who is sure that he shall ever stand beside
his altar

Or that he shall lift the cup and quaff its draught?
For surely all of the things which God hath
placed within this Silver Chalice —
So they are all the things of which man is.
And that from day to day, from hour to hour,
from season to season
He must ever lift this cup and drink from within,
its many virtues.

For of these things it is man himself
And without them — surely he must perish.
For so long as he drinketh, so thus he must
ever continue.
Nor is one lifetime sufficient — neither in all
Eternity is given enough time to
quaff the cup.

House of David

Yea, I have come unto thee from the House of David
And thy days are not numbered as years;
Neither are they like the hairs upon thy head.
And I have rested not, nor slept not, for surely God
is with me
And I need none of the things which man doeth unto
the physical body
For in the House of David, man resteth not, nor
doeth the things of the flesh.
For now, surely he is all these things and nought
can be added unto all.

And there are those who number themselves unto
the House of David, and as they countest
themselves as these numbers,
Yet it is, they add unto themselves all the things
of the flesh —
How then canst this be?
For if thou addest, there must be lack,
And if thou lacketh not, then there is not need to
add.

Nor, if thou containest all things, thou art not
like the belly of the sheep, which is pierced
with the thorns of the desert —

Nor as the potter's clay, which breaketh apart.
Nor are the waters of thyself like the bed of
the stream — nor the bottom of the ocean.
For these things too, begin and end
And that they knowest always of the place where
they are not.

And so it is that man becomes as these things
as he sitteth about him the things of the
flesh —

Yea, verily, even he must contain his God in
some temple,

Or that he must cometh before some altar;
And that through the priest he speaketh to his
God.

Nay, even more than this, he speaketh only with
his God on certain days,

Or he must allot him certain times wherein he
gives his God an audience.

How can it be that he hears his God only through
the eyes and ears of another?

Or can it be that his God's voice is mingled with
the voice of the bells of the temple?

Should he be cleansed and made holier because he
eateth of the bread and partaketh of the wine?
Nor canst his sins be made lesser if he knoweth
not how to partake of the Spirit.
Nor canst one man set himself up before another —
believing that he is more Godly than all others.
For God is born unto all men within the womb of
woman
Nor couldst any man live except that he is nourished
by his God.

Look ye not therefore, in the temples and the high
places
Nor shall ye bowest down before any man.
Nor is thy God found in any other man's house,
neither in the fleshpots of desire.
Nor are there any times or places which must be
allotted,
For thou dwellest in the House of David.
Nay, though its walls are not of laden stone, nor are
they seen by mortal eye.
No more than they contain thee,
Nor is its roof bared to the elements — no more than
thou canst see its beams and rafters.
Yet, it shieldeth thee unto Eternity
And its floor is not of the finest tiles though as
thou walkest upon it — thy feet will carry thee
unto all things.

Neither are there places for rest, for thou growest
not weary, and needest not the temple.
Nor wilt thou findest the banquet table for thou
art always filled.
Nor will there be maidens to dance before thee —
or play upon the lute,
For thou needest not these things to give thee joy.

And when I come again from the House of David
I walketh not upon the pathway of man
Nor will my head be crowned with thorns, nor
lifted up in mockery;
Nor will it be said, that I will saveth all men.
For if any man dies, verily, God dies with him.
For he who speaks of being saved, knows not of
the weakness in his heart.

Nor can he come unto the House of David
Until he casteth forth his own weakness.
Rest ye therefore in peace;
Seek not, for the day of the Coming — for it has
always been with thee.
Look not for signs, for thou hast clearly marked
thine own pathway.
For surely this pathway leadeth thee unto the
House of David.

Smallness of Self

For behold there are two who are pilgrims who
journey to Mecca
That their pouches are filled with dates and they
have with them the belly of the sheep filled
with fresh curds,
So that they need wasteth not, nor hunger upon
the wayside.
And so it is they came upon the beggar who sitteth
beside the way;
That he crieth for alms in the name of Allah
And there is the one pilgrim who thinketh thusly,
"should I give him of my curds and dates,
then surely I shall become hungry by the
wayside."
And that he hastens on and carries not.

Yea, the second pilgrim harkens unto the beggar
and sitteth beside him
And gives him of the curds and dates from his
pouch,
So that as they both partake, so they are nourished.
Yet it is, that the first pilgrim finding himself
weary, so that he must pause by the wayside,
And as he opens his pouch he finds that the worms
have eaten his dates,

And that his curds have become more bitter than
the wine left to air.
So wherefore it is, the second pilgrim who attaineth
Mecca
And that the first pilgrim has surely perished,
Wherefore it is with all manner of man, that they
shareth not of the things that they are.
For surely then they shall be eaten by the worms
of desire —
And that their minds and hearts are filled with
more bitterness than of the curds or wine.
Verily, that as man shareth — so he is preserved
by the smallness of himself —
With the largeness of God.
For that he who shareth not, is neither preserved
nor uplifted.

Tree of Life

Seest thou the Tree of Life, and that its roots
are deep in the soil of many worlds, and that
its trunk is tall and strong, being made of
all things

And that its branches holdeth the many leaves
which are bathed in the pure Light of Heaven.
That ye are its fruit, even tho' as all mankind
is a part of that fruit which springeth from the
many branches of this Tree of Life.

And the things which were of Jacob and David
and Isaiah, and of all of the prophets of old,
are buried within their bones.

Yet it is, that all that maketh Jacob, David,
Isaiah — yea, even all of the prophets of old,
and even of all men — liveth beyond the time
and the place of mankind.

And that they come with thee unto the present and
speaketh with the One Voice which becometh
thy Voice.

So that again man findeth himself, each unto his
time and place, and casteth off that which was
buried with him.

For in the casting off does he cometh unto the new
place and the new time which knoweth no ending.

Yea, verily, that he has spoken in many tongues,
now speaketh but one.

And that he has lived in many bodies, and worn the
things of that time and place, each unto its own —
Now liveth in the one body, which is more than all
these,
And added to it the luster of Heaven.

So be it that with all this casting down of the old,
that he loseth nothing, but gaineth much;
For even so, as the Tree of Life gathers from the
earth and from the air, and from the Light —
all that it is —

And that the newness of its leaves and the freshness
of its fruit were all of such form and substance —
yet groweth with the Light from within —
Yea, be it so unto all men.