

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

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SELECTED POEMS

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Unseen Weaver

Here stands a giant loom of Time in duration,
It is born of Infinity from a whole consummation
With Life, which has ever been void of time.
The sun and moon as shuttle upward climb

By playing, weaving to and fro as night and day,
A splendid pageant of coloured display.
All strung on warp and weft of cosmic unity,
The back of this vast embroidered tapestry

Is monochrome, derived from the formless One.
The face is multihued and radiant as Sun,
Its tones reflected from archetypal light
Unabsorbed, are an unequalled sight.

Only what's permitted by unseen hand
Appears as moving panorama, a horizontal band,
A magic painting of the whole wide world.
Brushed as vertical, each single thread is whirled

Without dimmest dint of dull duality
As Light, unique unto its Self. Sheer Reality!
Coated by golden fleece and white angelic wool,
It is dyed in deepest vat, destiny's darkened pool.

So does the holy cloth that's woven in Love
Quarrel with his weaver who rules from above?
Rather, wrapped in warmest cloak at rainbows end
Eternal pilgrim e'er adores his Mighty Friend.

Cosmic Vision

Imagine a tapestry of precious stones,
Diamond, topaz, ruby, tourmaline,
Sapphire, emerald, all cluster in between,
Ornamenting heaven with their rainbow tones.

Each reflected lustre each appears to own,
In harmony from galaxy to gene,
Inter-related, an ethereal scene
Enjoyed by Consciousness, One and all alone.

Uncaused, spontaneous, without an end,
Infinite jewels arise; gems of dust
Illuminated, mirroring as they must
The dance of cosmic music God did send.

All things dissolving to no Thing at all
Rhythms of the spheres pulsate and fall.

Beauty

White marble of the Taj Mahal
Reflects the reddening dawn
Her domes and towers warmly
Greet an Indian Eastern morn.
So beautiful!

How idly we use this precious word
Born from Mother Goddess Aphrodite
Feminine wisdom, power almighty.
But some regard her as social duty
To acclaim the Arts
In fits and starts.

She truly is a gateway to the divine
Inside and out. ever sublime.
So we say yea to 'what is' revealed
In knowing this beauty all souls are healed.

Meditation

Renouncing all attachments, pinned to things
Like ivy tendrils cling to prison wall,
We bend the ear to hear a clarion call
"Rest in the flame of Self our Phoenix sings!

"This is your natural state" the brass bell rings!
"Dive deep in Consciousness of Real Being
To become the Light of effortless seeing
That I Am That I Am!" The bird sprouts wings

To inwardly soar and safely nest in Heart,
Released from snares, the properties of sense.
Unveil now our Natural Godlike part
Within, and like that Light rest in blissful ease.

So regain the 'One' illumined, from whence
We strayed, and now return in perfect peace.

Sport

He is out today.
Every bird is singing his name
every tendril towards him yearns,
each drop of morning dew
reflects the ocean of his grandeur.
The curtain of blue has lifted
to reveal a glory of Sun resplendent.

Sometimes behind a gloomy cloud
He hides in mischief sulking.
But having glimpsed in undergrowth
the hem of his robe, I know
that he is somewhere about
and enjoying the play.

Look who just flew into the room
in food-moth form!
searching for a flame
in which to be consumed.

Sometimes you wrap
Yourself in a cloak of pain
to chisel away at my basalt rock
an image of thy Name

and other days you send
a Cup of nectar
for my honeybee soul to humbly sip.

London Underground

Each face unique, derived from the archetypal One,
Hewn, sculpted, coloured by that artist Divine
Who paints the picture on our mental screen.

There, reclines a sun kissed son of the Masai
Whose fathers speared a lion in tribal land,
A loosely limbed, laughing, warrior lad.

On cut-moquette perches a youthful heiress
Of Celtic lairds, fair of marbled skin,
Her hair spun from threads of lustrous gold.
Long ago her mother mused with leprechauns
In emerald meadows warmed by western winds.

A child of Abraham with high black hat
Like an eighteenth century aristocrat,
A beard of flame, a sturdy peasant's frame,
Breathes a psalm to praise the Holy Name.
On his right, oblivious, sits a son of Allah
Clad in white linen, an embroidered cap.

Two bright girls from an ancient land, bejewelled
Like Gopis who sported with Lord Krishna, laugh.
All rock, huddled in the roaring rattling train
Which bustles, speeds, hustles, on its way to Waterloo.

From Hafiz

Sing to me of wine and love
That mystical ecstasy
Which pours down from God above,
Speak less of world mystery
For by mere logic alone
Life's riddle remains unknown.
Fill my soul with blood-red wine
In this bowl of silver fine
I have glimpsed the face divine.

You who scorn eternal bliss,
Come be touched by Love's fervent kiss.
No need to beg for favours
From life and all its savours,
On the screen of Consciousness
All's inscribed for Self to bless.

The breeze blows through the garden
Of my dear immortal friend,
Carry my prayer for pardon
To that One without an end.
Let pearls of tears then softly fall
There's the bird of Union, I hear her call.

Dawn

Tinted like a Clementine, the dawn,
Amid all God's lights, the fairest sight;
Child of that prime primeval light,
The Absolute from which All is born.

Jet night, dispatched by Sun's uprising,
Has yielded up her birthplace to the morn,
Garbed in glory, golden robes, he's worn,
To herald new day's hope; oft surprising!

Expanding light soon disperses gloom,
In the shade of mind's false glimmer;
Red stains in the sky gently wane, much dimmer;
The Sun of clear vision dispels dark doom.

Our Sun's a baby star on Galaxy's edge,
But an inward Sun glows in every heart;
Man lives by this flame 'till death do us part.
Then, new dawn springs from soul's Self Knowledge.

The Bitch Goddess

We endure a painful human birth,
For a hard pilgrimage on planet Earth.
Proud ambition lights a little flame
But death soon scythes down infamous fame.
Better to Self Enquire and Surrender,
The only real service we can render

Pranayama

I open the wicket gate and walk
Onto the daisy pranked meadow,
Breathe fresh champagne air
Wafting down from green hills
Over perfumed pine forests.

I am here now,
I breathe in and out,
A whole world is created
On my transparent screen.

Thoughts fly, spiral, chirp,
Like a whirling flock of finches,
Feelings flicker and quiver
Secreting springs of joy.

My feet feel the soft grass
I bathe in its emerald sea,
I look up and see suspended,
A cloud contoured as a human-face,
An enigmatic mirror image
Asking 'who am I?

Sunbeams break through the grey sky
Catching the swarming may flies
Dancing like agitated galaxies.

I breathe in
Deep into the depths of my lungs,
Close my eyes,
This world is destroyed.

The Boat Of My Being

One evening a crescent Moon appeared,
Descended from the night and gazed at me.
As a falcon catches prey at hunting time,
This Moon snatched me up, orbiting the sky.

When I looked attentively, inside myself,
There was nobody there for me to see,
Because in that Moon's deep gaze my restless mind,
Through God's grace, was taken to my heart
And all Divine secrets, stood revealed.

The spheres of heaven merged in that bright light,
The boat of my Being sailed serenely in that sea,
Its waters became ruffled by mental waves
And the voice of Wisdom was gently heard.

Then the sea foamed, and at every fleck,
Figures formed and frothily flooded forth.
Each received a signal from within this sea
And dissolved as Spirit into that vast ocean.
Without the great power of Almighty God
One would never see the moon nor be the sea.

A Sestina "Te Deum"

Our hymn is sung to the Great and Wondrous One
Who dwells in splendour, a dazzling radiant light
That shines in every Heart and each manifest Sun
Of Self-effulgent beauty, blazing bright.
Thou art All, and Thy mighty will be done,
Oh make our actions worthy, in Thy holy sight.

Oh Lord, we pray to keep Thee ever in our sight,
Oh Thou whom we adore, our God the Holy One.
Your rays of Grace and Love are ever bright
In strength and power, as the awesome crimson Sun.
Oh keep us from all wavering, fix our Heart on light,
Thou art All, and Thy mighty will be done.

Thou art All, and Thy mighty will be done,
Not foolish will of ego, lest it darkens sight
And screens us from the bliss of Thee, oh Kingly One.
Thy blinding brilliance of eternity bright
Is stronger, deeper than the summer mid-day Sun.
Let us bathe in blissful balm of blessed light.

Oh lead us Lord, from nescient dark to conscious light!
Thou art All and thy mighty will be done
And ever mindful we are resting in Thy sight
For thou art Father, Mother, Teacher, Friend; oh Holy One
Your perennial fire is flaming clear and bright
Deep in the heart, a resplendent inward Sun.

He who within us hides and bides is also in the Sun,
Black clouds dispelled by beckoning beacon light.
On bended knee we glorify Thee, oh Primordial One
Who through Grace revealed demists this frosted sight.
Thou art All, and Thy mighty will be done
Polish the mirror of our Souls and make them ever bright.

Oh Jewel of Faith that ever sparkles diamond bright
And shines fiercely as our bosom friend, the Sun,
Thaw the frigid heart with warmth and light
Thou art All and thy mighty will be done.
Oh let our acts be worthy, in Thy holy sight,
A hymn to be sung to the Great and Wondrous One.

Praise to the Holy One, ever burning beryl bright,
May His wisdom light guide us as the Sun
And may His will be done, in His all loving sight.

