

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

AMORATA

SELECTED POEMS

CONTENTS

- 1 Before Eden
- 2 A Vision
- 3 Peace Shall Come Again
- 4 Immortal Feast
- 6 From Earth To Air
- 7 Ripples
- 8 The Summons
Liberation
- 9 Perfected Man
Solar Event
- 10 The Citadel
- 13 Invitation

Before Eden

Ah, how the willow warbler's voice
Returns us in our need
To when the bird dwelt in the egg
And the willow in the seed,
And the songs of our life ran free before
This pen that is their reed!

One bird in his resplendent Now
Where the thickest foliage springs
Makes of this common world a joy
In which all men are kings,
Nor knows that in his bell-like glee
It is our Song he sings:

A Song of the World before the form,
Of the realm before the Earth,
Ere urgent need and ardent deed
Conveyed us into birth.
What was the purpose of our plan?
What was our longing worth?

I only recall the timeless time
When our lyrical Self was free,
When our voice was the voice of every song
And our name was Ecstasy,
When our pulse moved every poet's heart
And your spirit dwelt in me.

A Vision

And in some whirling dream
Like changeful changeless water
Bright with the colours of Time,
I am Life's daughter:
The winking stars are filled
With our ceaseless singing
And the strange immortal bells
A hidden bird is ringing.

Sometimes we walk the sand
Light as the foam
On the breast of the crying gulls
That never go home;
Sometimes we take the road
Down the approach to sleep
Where the dreaming iris blows
And the stream is deep;
And when the rosy year
Is grey and old
With the burden of broken hours
And griefs untold,
Then she and I will make
A grave in the hills of Time
And hide our yesterdays
In a bed of winter rime.

Peace Shall Come Again

Peace shall come again.

Then kings of many a kingdom
And stars of many a sky
Will, in their rush to Glory,
Put imitation by
And, slaked to shining essence,
Enter the inmost state
Where Man, God and Creation
Seamlessly relate.

For high in the mind most holy
Shines the unwinking light
They only know who recover
The lost and inward sight;
So will immortal vistas
Fill the awakened eye
And enraptured matter, following,
Put mortal frequency by.

Await that waking moment.
Then only shall you see
A World of Light more filled with life
Than the whole of history;
And Love, before encumbered
By sightless man and vain,
Shall be the overlit of all;
And Peace shall come again.

Immortal Feast

We are Immortals
Dreaming here in time
Who, stirring to enjoy the feast,
Bring to Earth the peace of the sublime.
Take then and eat.
Self-knowledge is the food.
By this the body knows its true estate,
Lost when we forgot our spirithood.
Come, share my bowl,
For I am fortunate:
I was visited by Love indeed
Who whispered, "Stir, for it is not too late."

So I arose and ate
Who had slept long in time:
My eyes were opened
To the Lover's clime.
O kindred, take
The glory-bowl and share,
For, wide awake,
We are already there!

The nightmare ends
When we absorb our Truth:
Form reascends
To peace and ever-youth.
Any may share my bowl
And awakening of mind --
Immortals are we all
Who call ourselves mankind.

Then free the rhythm now.
Pass round the bowl and eat
That in your hungry hearts
Eternity may beat,
That to your slothful bones
May come remembering,
That in your quickened blood
The Lord of Life may sing.

Then will your vital Selves
Bring peace to all the Earth
Which every Immortal knows
As the Land of higher birth,
Where Love alone may rule
And all but Love will cease.
Come -- share my glory-bowl
And enter in your peace!

From Earth To Air

O Masters, you have drawn me forth
Through the nature of the earth
Like a wellspring leaping skyward
For mankind's second birth.
I see the planets spinning
In higher symmetry:
In the Garden of the Lords of Life,
A flowering hierarchy;
Each a Soul of purest Love,
Perfumes my knowing sense,
And I am exalted by their grace
Beyond all recompense.

For I had known the deepest mire
And felt the direst pain,
But, Masters, you have lifted me
Back to my own domain.

Throw wide the gates of Sharkti
Where dwells the Lord most high!
Here all of human birth transmute,
Even as did I.

Ripples

We live between the crannies
Of fretted hopes and fears,
Held by fathomless aeons
From the sun's lifting spears,
Deep, where the urge to travel
Dies and disappears.

But we in the spring of Being
Must loose ourselves and rise
Above the sleeping universe
In new and glorious guise,
As durable and delicate
As jewelled dragonflies.

For we who were asked to marvel
At small and mortal things
Shall fly the etheric continents
With wonder in our wings.
In the depths of dark, it is of this
The solar poet sings.

The Summons

A frequency beyond the thoughts of Man
- A sacred Music which the gods have known -
Summons us beyond the sapphire heights
Where joyfully the singing soul alights
To full and yet familiar stature grown,
To share that Consciousness where all began.

Oh, then - behold the majesty of Man
Whose solar lineaments outshine the sun!
His formulating seasons far behind,
How eagerly he brings sight to the blind
And succours to the need of every one -
A Godly servant of the Godly plan.

Liberation

Turn not back into that Storm
By which you were created:
You are the fully newborn Self
To Self alone mated.

There are no signs along the road,
No markers left to see:
There is no route to follow now.
Proceed at liberty.

Say no more that by high law
Self-knowledge set you free.
You are forever as are all
A Being of Mystery.

Perfected Man

After the misqualified years
Of mortal heat and rage,
As Man in shrunken dimension stalks
The debris of his Age,

An unexpected stranger
Moves upon the scene:
A radiant, distant figure
Of tall, magnificent mien:

The returning Lord of Purity
In a guise all creation knows,
Clad in a cloak of ermine white,
Carrying a rose.

Solar Event

The heart throws off its shroud.
Awake, the cells all shout the Name
Of Holiness aloud:
And Man is born anew.

The Citadel

I was ever stirred,
My spirit could not rest,
Powered by love
On an eternal quest:
For lover, beloved,
All are held apart
By the fertile fictions
Of the mortal heart.

So I had flown
To Mercury and Mars,
To the country of the gods
Beyond the stars;
Though faithful Pegasus
Had served me well,
There was no peace
Within this Citadel.

I scythed the heavens
With the sickle moon
Seeking a harvest
From the spirit hewn,
Entered the forest
And the secret spire
Where the last child dreams
Before the eternal fire,

And still, and still
I could not find the key,
Until perchance my questing
Led to thee.

Then, all time's books
Were left upon the shelf,
For I had only sought
To find myself;
But now, in finding
And in seeing you,
I understood
That I was one in two,

And knew that when
We bore time's awful knife
I was severed from
My other half of life,
That in that severed
Consciousness all dwell,
Confused and lonely
In the Citadel.

Our lives had moved
On wild and disparate ways,
Yet constant is the light
That loved displays,
Through aeons of darkness
Burning in the night,
To lead awareness
Back into the height.

For only highborn love
Can ever heal
The split dimensions
As we learn to feel,
Can prove by reawakening
Mind and heart
That in the soul
Soul-lovers never part;

And so, my own,
Together, carefully,
We healed the wound
And claimed our destiny:
All's one again,
Forever safe and well,
For time cannot touch
The holistic Citadel.

Invitation

Heaven is not erudite
But filled with love and singing wild,
Pure and simple as a flower,
Open even to a child.

Oh come, you scholars tired of heart
And live beneath the sparkling bough!
Leave your scrolls and come to life -
Heaven is not abstract now!

Come, you far, bewildered ones
Who somehow lost the sunny trail:
This is the perfect World of Love
Where shadow is of no avail.

Oh, you who seek life's meaning, yet
Feel like children shut outside,
Give up! Accept the Inner God
Which every lesser god denied!

Know your Self, and share with me
The kingdom limitless and grand,
The cornucopian World of Love
Which all who love can understand!