

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

G. WOOD

SELECTED POEMS

CONTENTS

- 1 Purpose
- 2 Simple Music
- 3 Recognition
- 4 A Vision Of The Knight's Beloved
- 5 The Quest (From 'Songs Across The Desert')
- 6 Initiate
- 7 Who Am I? (From 'Songs Across The Desert')
- 8 Orpheus
- 11 The Holy Grail
- 12 The Call
- 14 The Path

Purpose

The seeds lay ripening beneath the land, unseen, unheard
as if in dreams,
And so are we, enclothed in flesh, amassed in roots but
lacking shoots,
Come, Awake! the summer rains are here.

O summer days and truthful rains, ease the burden below
the main,
Lift we seeds and let us stand, with gladness rejoice
the Farmer's hand,
Hear our prayer Lord, hear our prayer.

Growing goodness fills the fields, waves of young-corn
greet the sky,
Man! Lift up thy shoot to hidden sun, whose inner secrets
ye know none
Lift up I say and greet the Dawn.

The golden corn in splendour looking up has left the
soil, has won
Now hark! the Herald Angels sing, be thou reaped thy
first work done,
And feel the cries of many.

Now corn of God and bread of light, go feed the hungry
souls
Who lacking strength to rend the veil, turn to darker ways
and pain
My Son, go give your Life and Light and Love. Amen.

Simple Music

Green Holly, red berry,
Winter nips but I am merry,
Robin red, fields of white,
My heart is warm this frosty night.

Star bright, sky deep,
Comfort children while they sleep,
Clear drops, water's thunder,
Wash away the weight they're under.

Buttercup, sun-blaze,
Children laughing while they gaze,
Hawk's feather, needle Pine,
Help them drink the Mystic Wine.

Pigeons cooing, Peckers knocking,
Sounds of keys, doors unlocking,
Granite wall, mountain peak,
Reveal the Sacred Ones they seek.

Wind a'blowing, Poplar dancing,
Children of Life, Eye entrancing,
Kettle sing, crackle fire,
Simple music of the Lyre.

White horse, stone mound,
Signs of magic on the ground,
Pebble brook, river flow,
Dance of Life, melted snow.

Ice melt, eyes open,
Wisdom's here, no more groping,
Windows clean, petals wide,
Inner Flame with you abide.

Recognition

What Sounds are these that I Remember,
From another's Lyre tuned fully with mine?
That I may sigh with a Pilgrim's relief,
Whilst drinking with Joy another's Wine!
Thanks be to God for the Friends we Know,
Though never having seen their Earthly mould,
Thanks for the Loving Gifts they kindly send,
Swelling the Store of our Spiritual Gold.
Together we will found a Well for the Thirsty,
And draw forth Sparks from that Sea of Fire,
Together we will Sing of our Heavenly Kinship,
While sweetly vibrating our separate Lyre.

A Vision Of The Knight's Beloved

Your lovely eyes are more dear to me
Than all the Stars of Heaven,
More beautiful than Jami's Wine-stained Glass of bliss,
Brighter than the diamond's treasured lights of Purity,
Softer than the velvet petals of the Blue Viola,
More graceful and lovely than an Angels gaze
When watching enchanted Her True Beloved,
And more deep entrancing than
The Star Sapphire's potent Power.

Oh, to see you walking in your Blue Attire
On the flowery paths of Home,
Lightly wandering in the fragrant waves
Of the warm Southern breeze,
Perfuming with the sweet balm of your Holy Presence
The peaceful meadows and gently swaying reeds.
Your subtle movements more ravishing than honeyed
waters

Weaving their flowing witchery among the stones,
Your Perfect Form as supple as the Solar Reed
Smoothly waving in the Sunlight,
Your Radiant Face more deep enchanting than
All the Flowers of Heaven,
And your joyful smile a Mystic Blessing to all
Who pass along the blissful Streets of Paradise.

Oh, to be the Gems upon your gentle Breast
And sail bewitched to your precious Inner Kingdoms,
Oh, to be the Blessed ground beneath your happy feet
And feel the soft beatings of your Joyful Journeys,

Oh, to dream within the woven flowerets of your hair
And Joy forever in the deep-magic aromas
Of your beautiful Dreams,
And oh, to Embrace Thee and be wholly Transfigured...
As Twin Flames merged in the Essence of God!

The Quest (From 'Songs Across The Desert')

To See with Single Eye the moving Drama,
To ride the Magic Horse of Passion,
To Penetrate the Net which binds us tight,
Through the Door of Liberation flashing!

Initiate

When deepest words are wasted in the speaking,
And your aching Heart is silent as a frosted stone,
When your tired eyes no longer see the Wonder,
And on the stony Path you walk alone,
When the pain-filled Night seems to you eternal,
And still no Light seems there to be...
Then it's time to weigh the ancient anchor,
And cast your Barque upon the Inner Sea.

When no loving hand is there to soothe the brow,
And endless troubles oppress the Mind,
When words of comfort have flown the Winter,
Another deserving soul to find,
When all your Doors are surely bolted,
And your Wings lay languid in the Cage...
Give not your tongue to sorrow's bitter spite,
Nor on the cruel vent your rage.

When your Heart hath bled with scarlet sorrow,
And washed with life's blood the weary feet,
When all things seem but hollow shadows,
And the soul unwraps its winding sheet,
When deserted, lonely and despised,
And spoken of with slanderous lies...
Then send thou forth sweet Thoughts of Love,
And cleanse with Fire the blackened skies.

For Thou, another holds the Golden Keys,
And awaits your coming with outstretched arms,

For Thou, a greater Sun than Lights the Heavens,
Who with His Secret Peace all trouble calms,
For Thou, a precious Robe of Potent Love,
Most Sacred Fire of scarlet red,
For Thou, a Crown of jewelled Wisdom,
Glittering with Power upon thine head.

Who Am I? (From 'Songs Across The Desert')

Who am I that my parents named me,
Granting me a part upon this stage?
Who am I that I have long forgotten,
After many lives through every Age?

Orpheus

Oh fairest of the gods thou art,
Arising from out the lake of sleep.
Shaking thy dewy locks that weave fair patterns
Upon thy rose-misted brow,
Leaping to thy feet
As sprightly as the meadow daffodils.
What splendour adorns thy beautiful face,
Like some radiant angel
Come forth from the sun.
How could the moth resist you?
As if some stately flame had wandered here,
Deep among this Earth of clay...
Where darkness like a heavy shroud
Veils the Inner Eye of humankind!

What duty calls thee here then,
Among these dreaming clouds called life?
And if thou would secret be,
Then answer me some simple enquiry:

Of what nature are those magic aromas
That waft about thy marble-like form,
Perfuming my drunken brain with ecstasy?
And what those warbling melodies
Which linger on in my perceptions,
Bringing holy visions of a Central Glory
More fiery pervading than the rest?
And yet, no end to this extension,
Like some potent all proceeding Light,
Penetrating each Mystic Veil like silken crystal

Which fringes the fountains
And chalices of Heaven.

Oh God, let not my tinctured Tongue
Be stilled awhile,
Nor let Thy Holy Flame abandon me,
But Thy Fire send coursing
Through these lyric veins...
The Wine of Poesy!

Oh how Thy fruitful Essence blows aloft
Among the woven rays of Angels,
Whose fiery radiations
In a sudden rush of vibrant rapture
Have drawn me upward to a higher view...
Upon the glorious Wings of Inner Vision.
And yet, no static flight is this:
A blazing chariot hurled ever upward;
Ever ascending to higher kingdoms,
Like a fiery Thought
Borne on the wings of a spiritual lance,
Till at some point halting,
I cannot tell,
(The Mind being carried beyond all language)
We perched as it were in an Aureate Light,
Booming with the orders of invisible Rulers...
In the Light of God's Consciousness.
And everywhere vast multitudes of Holy Sparks,
Blazing within that Light of lights;
Each spark a choral heart of Love,
Filled with joyful, vibrant Life,
Singing for all Eternity...

When all at once,
The whole aflame with ecstasy
And song divine,
Went spinning in a blazing tumultuous whirlwind,
Bursting like some exultant sparkling fountain...
Across the diamond floor of God's temple..invisible.

Oh God, Thou art in all,
The beginning, the middle
And the end of all!

What shock of shocks
And sorrow's fruitful tears,
As like the lightning flash
Which dashing through the atmosphere
Finds its prison within the darksome Earth,
I fell far down into this waking dream
And felt again the weight of mortal clay,
That hangs like a twisting serpent
Around some heavenly stem...
Clinging tightly with its suffocating grip.

Oh Thou, Orpheus, a King of the Sun,
Thine answer have you given,
Yet in silence, never speaking...
Thy Living Lyre enough!

The Holy Grail

Oh gather all we Seekers
Around the Holy Grail,
Oh hear its Sacred Teachings
With which we cannot fail.
Come! behold His Holy Radiance
Casting out all doubt,
Oh drink His blessed Waters,
To end this bitter drought.
Now Springtime of Creation
Fills all the Earth with Flowers,
The sky vibrates with Bird-Song...
The Heart with Secret Powers!

The Call

The day draws on, the light is dim,
Come Home my love, come Home,
Oh quit this painful sphere my Friend,
Come Home my love, come Home.
The Angels call with silvern sound,
The Treasure in their Hearts have found...
Come Home my love, come Home!

The youthful bloom on happy cheeks
Will not the years outwit,
Alone your Heart with Loving Dew
Will wash the stains from it.
So close your eyes and come to Me,
An Inner Light across the Sea,
Casting shadows far from thee...
Come Home my love, come Home!

So far beyond this darksome Earth,
Simplicity to find,
Away! above the flagging world...
The jailer of the Mind.
Now break the fetters of the soul,
As bells of Gold begin to toll,
Hear their peals of Freedom call...
Come Home my love, come Home!

The distant Light, a Guiding Star,
Shines bright Within your Cave,
Let not the stormy fruitless doubt
Drown it like a wave.
For Faith be eyes to what's not seen,
Unbending Will and Vision keen,
Which penetrates this painful dream...
Come Home my love, come Home!

To Gardens of Beauty and honey streams,
Come Home my love, come Home,
Unveiling Mysteries beyond all dreams,
Come Home my love, come Home,
Brothers and Sisters all as One,
Who trod the darksome Path long gone,
All sing this deep Inspiring song...
Come Home my love, come Home!

The Path

Though clouds of passing things brought many tears,
And some appeared to break the Holy Bond,
Though West-winds blew with raging tempests,
No evil claimed my Magic Wand!

Fly! thou darkness, Fly!
This Circle be a Window on the Light,
Through which these Radiant Beams from Hidden Sun
Come forth to end the dismal reign of Night!

Now all the powers of evil in retreat,
Like a heavy shroud around this weeping Earth,
Attempt with cruel acts to keep their ancient rule;
Spreading dreadful fears and dire uncertainties.
But Thou, Oh Victorious Light,
Consuming with Thy Holy Flame the power of evil,
Are the Opener of the Ways to Love and Wisdom;
Bringer of the Golden Days of Spring;
Holy Protector and Guide to the worthy,
And Wielder of the mighty Rod of Power.

Oh Thou, Glorious Inspirer of Thy servants
And the everlasting strength of Peace.
Oh how shall we praise and honour Thee,
Thou who art beyond all thought and speech?

"Be thy praise the use of gifts granted thee,
To spread My Message to this Hall of Sorrow,
Let not the tongues of the spiteful,
The ignorant and the blasphemer offend thee,
Nor let the burden of the flesh deter thee,

But keep thy Rock of Peace in times of trial.
Be a Warrior for the Light of Truth;
Slay all ignorance with the Sword of Wisdom;
Open thy mind to the Stream of Beauty
That all thy lower mud be washed away;
Honour Me with thy suffering;
Praise Me both in Works and in Silence;
Thus will you join thy little Flame
To the great Eternal Flame,
And I shall transform thee into more than Man.

"Behold! the Wheel of Life has turned
Once more upon its ancient circuit,
And once again the Hosts of Virtue return;
Each servant with a special Path;
Laden with gifts for lower Egypt.

Fail Me not thou Hosts at My command
But build another holy land.
Thus am I praised and honoured;
Thus will you meet Me in the Garden of the Sun!"