

# Reflections



By and for men and women of  
good will

**MATTHEW SUTHERLAND    SELECTED POEMS**

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## The Enraptured Nightingale

You have ravished my Heart  
Oh my beautiful Beloved,  
The honey of your speech  
Hath charmed and moved me;  
The smell of your skin  
Is of mystical incense;  
Your eyes leave me breathless,  
Like soft radiant jewels  
Glistening with deep enchantment;  
Gleaming and glittering  
Above the rosy peach-down  
Of your lovely cheeks;  
Your shimmering veil  
Like a dragon-dream hath fallen,  
Revealing the scarlet  
Of your dew-drenched lips;  
The wine of your breath  
Hath disturbed my being  
And your smile hath warmed me  
As the rays of the sun,  
And I am lost and bewildered  
In the waves of your Love;  
But my troubled Mind is soothed  
By your soft careful hand,  
As you lead me in Peace  
To your still meadow Waters;  
Fill the tomb of my Heart  
With delectable aromas  
And heal the dry desert  
With your clear sparkling Waters...  
And the black robe of my sorrow  
Is torn in your Presence.

## Service

Volunteer descending the spiral stair  
Hammer beats beating in the Dragon's lair  
High Priest of Metals in the Forge  
Tearing him merciless on the Wheel of pain,  
Till lead recoiled, uncoiled and turned to Gold,  
Leaving Triangles of Fire emitting Songs of Triumph  
Ascending like golden flowers the Centre Pole.

Eye-Brow of brilliant blues and reds,  
Shot forth with all penetrating Sight,  
Opening up the seven-fold Crystal Dome of Day  
And dismal horrors in the deep of night.  
Till Pity poured forth such a soothing balm  
To suffering pilgrims in spiteful mires.  
Calling forth a sweet Remembrance of their Worth.

Request:

Fill all the teeming Ether with Victorious Prayers  
To banish cruel darkness with shafts of brilliant Light!  
Stand firm on the motionless ground of sweetest Peace,  
Sending Fire along the hidden bonds of secret Friends...  
To build with Love a potent Pyramid of purest Fire!  
So shall the God within work wonders without  
Dispelling dark ignorance, delusion and doubt!

## Passionate Waters

O dashing daughter  
With all your turbulent ringlets loose,  
Tossing and lashing through the misty winds!  
What haste!  
What devilish splendour!  
What reckless abandon!  
As if some potent power had you invoked  
To charge you with an all invigorating life!  
What blasted past or brilliant future propels you on?  
Such is your youthful all proceeding force...  
With not a thought to bind you  
Nor guilt to drain you,  
Nor pit to trap  
Nor snare to hold you,  
As prison doors break down before you  
And subdued powers yearn to serve you...  
A willing set of footstools!

Through the granite mountain you have rent a passage,  
Chiselling and tearing at its mass foundations;  
Crashing and bounding down its awesome sides;  
Smashing with a shattering power its limiting banks  
And cutting with singing teeth all stern resistance...  
Until, at last, with the passive deep,  
You calmly flow in ever widening, peaceful undulations.

## **Final Awakening**

Oh, sacred Fire-Self of all Supreme,  
Ever eternal; unchanging Quality,  
I thy happy beam in Water's teaching time  
Am dreaming deeply in this changing flood;  
My forms in joy and suffering, come and go,  
Thy Essence reflected in the seven-fold Deep.

Dionysically, I as many represented,  
This one half-fragmented to know its Self.  
And now I touch with clinging dust  
The clinging dust of Sleep;  
Infinite extension in the Deeps of Time...  
Oh, Awaken all ye dreamers!

Once pure Angel beyond all Time,  
(Though mindless of Eternal Self)  
Purity and Bliss your Quality,  
Until projected into layers of substance,  
Fragmented Self seemed lost  
And dreamed the dream of reality.

Oh, Thou! one half dis-membered in the seeming...  
As the heavenly Dolphin bursts from out moving Waters  
Re-member your Self from the Cycles of Time!

Behold! a Single Star with Triple Aspect  
Awakens upon the unabandoned Lotus.  
Still unchanging Essence.  
Yet now - a God of Conscious Fire;  
Alive with fiery Understanding,  
Unfolding undreamed of Riches

And wielding Powers of True Creation.  
Full of keen, electric Life in Light;  
In perpetual motion; undecaying,  
Then two halves fused with unutterable Love,  
Ascending as One to the Fire-Self Supreme,  
To finally blend in Marriage Alchemic...  
Eternal White Stone in the Mind of God!

## **Reverie**

Oh let me in sweetest peace and treasure dreams  
Lay me down gently upon the dew-spangled moss,  
When the soft flames of stars enchant the Night  
And silvery elves in graceful circles dance.  
Then, memories like soft murmurs move me deeply  
Into far distant Realms of the long ago,  
And I, like a Spark of Fire into the Night,  
Leave the wingless Earth sleeping far beneath me,  
And enter the Innocence of Beauty and Light.

## Waking And Dreaming

How sleeps the kindly night...  
When softly calling comes my secret Love.  
Awakening me with no voice of human tongue;  
But sweet caressing whispers that linger on, and on...  
And move me with unearthly tenderness and jewelled joy;  
Transporting this ragged pilgrim  
Across vast oceans and wonder lands...  
To half remembered Isles of Peace.

But...then comes blatant day with gaudy show;  
Stamping with his heavy boots a silly sleeping world!  
While fumes of wrath and greed with frenzied heat  
Drive on the dreaming slaves of lower Mars  
To dreadful deeds that shame the secret Book of Life...  
Hunting down the weak and good,  
To finally fall with fiery hate and spiteful venom  
Into the nine-fold fohatic lair of grim destruction!

Yet others - imbibing Living Diamond Waters  
From out fair Mercury's sweet and silver Grail -  
Do bravely strip themselves  
Of dire ignorance and false perception,  
And armed with secret purity and blessed wisdom  
Awaken from all the lower deceptive veils...  
To penetrate with harmonies and undiminished Joy  
That Golden Land of Sacred Goodness.

## Illusion

Vulcan struck fiery sparks from me  
Upon his dreadful anvil,  
While tears dazzled like gems  
Amid the torture, blood and thunder...  
"But," you said, "all is illusion."

Little children like starving scarecrows  
Cry endlessly for sustenance and comfort,  
Surrounded on all sides by cruel monsters,  
While the hearts of unprotected mothers  
Burn with hopeless agony...  
"But," you said, "all is illusion."

In the corner of a secret cell, shivering with terror.  
The tortured prisoner fears the door,  
As once again the heavy boots return...  
"But," you said, "all is illusion."

From all the world a million cries call out  
For Peace and Compassion;  
The end of ghastly war and drought...  
"But," you said, "all is illusion."

My friend:  
Let us with all our might  
Send forth our Light, and Life and Love.  
Before selfish awakening be cast in the deep,  
And before us, yet again,  
A massive mountain to be climbed...  
Until we learn to LOVE!

## Five Little Gems

There's a glorious garden on my Island of Gold,  
Casting spears of enlightenment *through* my Tree,  
Bedecked with bright Flowers and Mystical Gems,  
Awakening the true I while transmuting me!

Why should I weep when fettered by me?  
Am I not brooding on my own selfish sea?  
Though I *seem a* sad captive in this dark earthy Cave,  
From beyond me I observe me alive in this Grave!

I was once lost in my deep filthy mire,  
Till my lower self melted in Love's secret Fire.  
Now pure bells ring sweetly from my Magical Tree,  
Ringing sweet joyful Love Gems *through* I unto thee.

I dare you surrender in Peace to the Flame;  
To give up your baubles for the One without name.  
I dare you Trust in the Secret Light Plan;  
Amidst the dark animals ... dare to be Man!

How could You be snared by their sugary bribes,  
When all is dissolving in a seven-fold Fire Law?  
Or chased by the hounds of your mean selfish fears,  
When vast awesome Mysteries knock at your Door?

## Remembrance

The only true Memory is Love!  
And all that's treasured will not be forgot.  
Though the fog of the world obscure it  
For a time, a times and half a time...  
Yet...all will be remembered.

Bonds of Love are the channels of Memory,  
The Way for members rejoining the Whole.  
Full of marvels, profundity and wondrous delight,  
Inspired brilliance from that Hidden Light  
Revealing Mysteries, Visions and Treasures bright!

May the Hidden Springs of Wisdom pour forth again,  
That Shu and Tefnut in Love be re-remembered!  
Beautiful Twins in Marriage Alchemic,  
As Dews of the Morning reflect Solar spears,  
Creating Prophets and Saints, Poets and Seers!

Oh Dolphin diving into Sleep...living life within the Deep,  
May you drink of the Waters of the Fountain of Truth!  
Snap the false threads of the Lunar-Ray Loom,  
Awaken beyond its Mystic Mirror-Moon.  
Tail of a Fish, head of a Man, find your Place within the Plan!

To find true Peace in that perfect Golden Land,  
Be Tested, stand amphibious on its motionless sand!  
As Man-Fish return here, to Re-member the Kin...  
Or like Dagon - original Dragon - all metals refine,  
To return from bright Sirius on Mission Divine!

## **The Spirit Of Wisdom**

From out the Treasury a blazing Light descends  
(Before which trembling fall all the Aeons)  
Manifesting through a Man of Sorrows  
Upon the Mount of Olives.

Uplifted upon the glorious Wings of Inspiration  
Twelve receivers of His wondrous Wisdom  
(The Light of the Holy Mysteries)  
Are transformed to Golden splendour;  
'Til Powers unseen beam forth their Sacred Fires,  
From innermost Cave of fifty fiery Treasure Chests.

Oh precious Remembrance of Eternal Goodness,  
Of pristine Truth, Love and radiant Joy!  
How Wisdom doth wipe away all memory of Sin -  
The Sin of Ignorance, doubt and questionings;  
Opening up with graceful hand the Way of Gold,  
That leadeth to the Treasury of the Sun,  
Where dwell our beloved Kin in sacred Peace.  
Blessings and praise to that Spirit of Wisdom,  
Come forth from the very Mirror of the Mind of God,  
To Teach and Guide, to Discipline and Transform;  
Infinite and manifold in Her penetrations,  
Before whose radiant Glory,  
All gold and silver and precious gems  
Are counted but dust and empty dross.  
She, the Living Treasure,  
To all who walk in humility and peace,  
Ever seeking Union with the Fire-Self

She, the Living Water from that sacred Well,  
Passing faster than Time as a fiery keen Perception  
Through all pure Minds attuned with Her!  
She, invincible armour against all test and trials,  
Breastplate of the Righteous through the Underworld!  
She, the Goddess of Speech and sacred letters,  
Inspires Her Seers, Poets, Prophets and Singers,  
And nothing, no nothing shall ever prevail  
Against Her Comeliness and unutterable Beauty.

## **The Seer**

A Life-wind searching in spiral Motion,  
Through Planets like beads on a three-fold thread,  
From under the basement of a dark painful Orb,  
Up seven-fold gyrations and out through the Head.  
Then down again searching into deepest oblivion,  
To that flaming Orb where sorrow sings,  
Then once again spiralling ever upwards,  
'Til higher self develops its flaming Wings.  
Seven circulations throughout the Ages,  
'Til Light and Flame do mingle here,  
Intense the Vision; the Fire-self awakens,  
In lower-clay working: the magical SEER!

## **An Excerpt From 'To Future Nightingales'**

May the words of thy tongue be beautiful and true,  
Like heavenly fire-birds from Golden Star Island,  
Who armed with golden quills of fire  
And girded with the blazing breastplates of the Sun,  
Come swiftly sailing on bejewelled Wings of Power  
Through purple clouds of precious incense shining!  
Sent forth by the fragrant Breath of the Holy One,  
Across vast unconscious gulf of dreamy Neptune,  
Whose moody Waters capture less vital thoughts  
And drown them in the deep brooding flood of Sleep.

A glorious, vital and Immortal flock,  
Blazing with splendour; electric and keen;  
Who penetrate with unaffected Joy the heavy fog,  
That hangs like some leaden, weary forgetfulness  
Around these Plutonian entrance doors of earthly wit.

Oh, how should I say that these Victorious Birds  
Have the Power to Remember and slay regret:  
With Living Songs, wherewith to mount the Winged-  
Steed

And o'erleap with fiery Enthusiasm  
The barricades of the Mysterious Moon;  
With Simple Truths, dressed in fascinating Veils,  
Calling forth the mighty hosts of shining Thoughts  
And all the Spirits of Imagination  
From unsuspected Wells of Vital Consciousness;  
And with Beauty, cleansing the grimy windows of the  
Mind

With pure liquid gem-drops of sparkling Life,  
That now all things are bathed in Holy Flames...

As if some black-velvet Cave were opened wide  
And in a sudden flash the Sacred Veil be torn!  
And Lo! a breathless Treasure of Gold and Silver,  
Of beautiful Gems beaming with Wonder,  
In gleaming flames of red, green and blue,  
Gush forth in waves of undreamt-of Riches!  
And the Mind doth melt in Deep Enchantment...  
In sacred Flames of overwhelming Love;  
Unfolding the secret flowers of mystic  
REMEMBRANCE!