

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

PAT KELLY

SELECTED POEMS

CONTENTS

- 1 Dana
- 2 The Mystic Garden
- 3 Little Lea Of The Soul
- 4 New Age Wedding
- 6 The Awakening Elements
- 7 The Milky Way
- 8 Extensions Of The Light
- 10 On Peace
- 11 All Subsists In all
- 12 The River Of Honey
- 13 Inspiration

Dana

Daughter of eternal Good and mother of its light
Bring forth from out of Self s own centre
The morning's child and darling of the sun.
My throat is all afire in search of you
And my tongue stutters out your holy name.
Smile now on your children lost in the night
Reach out your hand to them in their darkness,
Disperse with May-sweet breath their darksome
thoughts
As you disperse the meadow-mists at morning
time.
Lead us, yea lead us all to your cauldron of hope
That all our being may flow in one magnetic
stream.
Then will we take our boats to the billowing sea
And as the milky way shines its peaceful path
We will cross the waters of the night-time sky
To disembark on new-day golden sands.

And to lead us on our half-known way
Flood once more the earth with your blue-eyed
sons
That through their song we may remember thee.
Let not unbelieving scorn approach you,
Nor lift your ancient veil to baneful doubt,
But dispense your fire to the worthy ones
So we may hear again those souls aflame
Singing your praise in magic melody
Giving new life to your best-loved arts

Healing the broken heart of everyman
Scattering the fruit of your hazel tree
Soaring high on the wings of prophecy
Ever upwards, likewise ever inwards.

The Mystic Garden

Within the honeyed heaven of the rising sun
Pilgrim drank deep from pearl-rimmed golden
cup
And bathed his tired feet in healing streams.
As perfumed breezes kissed his radiant brow
The breath of a thousand hymn-rejoicing larks
Trembled within the new-born heart of Self
To gently fan the blessed flame of Love.

Selfless silence supported perfect peace
As the marble pillar upheld the palace dome
And in that happy royal state enthroned
His Soul did crown his Mind with hallowed light
To cleanse the dross of ten thousand sorry lives.
Praise be unto the Treasury of Light,
The golden garden of the mystic sun.

Little Lea Of The Soul

My beloved is like a garden fair
Abundant with dew-washed flowers and fruit,
Date and plum, peaches soft, and nectarine,
Sugar-apple, pear and pomegranate,
Sweet yellow mango and the clustered grape.
Giver, she, of oil and butter and honeycombs,
Blossom and bud, seed and mystic branch of paradise.
Thurible of frankincense and myrrh,
Attar of rose, essence of mignonette.

I rise to her like a bird escaping
On the scented breath of a spiritual dawn;
Or like the pilgrim 'mid the corn of heaven
I answer her call with righteousness.
Though her Name was the name of Mystery,
With an angel's voice in the starry night,
She fed my ailing heart with hope
And offered me the darling cup of Day;
Jewelled treasures piled on jewelled treasures!

Ah, she, my ease, my comfort, my content,
She, who doth bathe me in living waters,
She, my foundation, my crown, my glory,
Beam of Light from the Sacred Heart of Life,
Eternal flame, refiner's fire;
Lo, a tabernacle of Love is She.

New Age Wedding

The risen lark pours out its liquid hymn,
Calling footworn pilgrims to the Dawn.
The fire-crowned cockerel breaks the night,
And strikes the heart of sleep with dim-remembered fear.
Rejoice, O happy band of wedding guests,
Embrace your kith and kin of light and life,
Congregate in love, send forth hallelujahs,
For the Morning dons her flame feathered cloak
To greet the Sun enrobed in majesty and power.

Hail Babylonian, plotting on your inner chart
The burning path of Shamash, your King of Light.
Greetings, purest fire priests of Persia,
Kindlers of the heart's own holy flame,
Servers of the mighty throne of Mazda.
And Brahman, mediator of the morning,
Smearing thy lustrous face with butter,
And opening the golden eye of Self
To the living chariot of the Sun.
Druid, secretive yet radiant browed,
And wise in the mystery laws of Love,
Gathering spiritual fruits and flowers
As the first rays of the summer Day star
Penetrate deep within the forests of your mind.
And you Delphic archers, slayers of Death,
Lighting your torches at the blazing wheel of Day,
Shaking the dew from your fair locks
As Phoebus, the Prophetic, the Brilliant,
Rises to flood the mountain tops with waves of light.

Royal Priests of Egypt, greatest of the great!
Builders in the Spirit, renewing Now,
The solar flame of unpolluted Truth;
Beholding the morning boat of Ra
Proceed in radiant peace and glittering splendour
Across the turquoise ocean of the sky;
Minds raised to the dazzling Palace of the Sun,
From where His rays descend to waking Earth
Like stairways for the Salvation of his seed.

Where, O happy band, have the ages gone?
Since last we gathered here for the Dawn.
Where now the whirlwind, and where now the storm?
As we follow this procession of perfect Peace
To the Tabernacle of the Lord.

The Awakening Elements

Rejoice!
For dewy Earth doth stir from deepest sleep
And the scents of tintured May float heavenwards
From all around her gentle form
To blend with bliss and joyfulness
Within the hallowed gardens of the Sun.
And drought is banished from her blighted land
As ancient springs pour forth their splashing life
To brim the mystic cup of self
With sacred draughts of Revelation,
Saving the lives of thirsty men
Who, like flaming nuclei of love, combine
In living constellations, bright and all ablaze,
Yet peaceful as the starlit night
Through which we pilgrims tread towards the Dawn
To gaze in wonder at the Symbol of our Lord.
And when distant kin reach out to touch our souls
From behind the veil of material life;
Or when healing airs that usher in the Day
Gently stroke our care-worn brows
And out of calmness, Self is born;
Then will pilgrims sing the songs of inner birth
And fill the holy ether with their hymns
And swoon amid the music of the spirit,
Chants of harmony which rise like incense
To the Glory of the One.

The Milky Way

Forgotten now the earth and all the dust of day,
We lay beneath a moonless summer sky
And sailed the starry oceans of the Night
To disembark on distant mystic shores
Where some have heard fair Lyra's sweetest chord
Bring beastly men to love and gentleness
Within the unlit forests of the world;
Or glimpsed the graceful wings of Cygnus,
A symbol of the sun-changed self
And purest swan of Paradise
Where all is utter Peace and joy enthroned.
Some have seen close by those shores, the Dolphin,
Delphinus, who ever bears the self away
From spirit-slaying selfishness and sin
To the sacred regions of the Soul.

...Perhaps if all those constellations bright
That crowd from rim to rim the Milky Way
Shone at once upon the mirror of our minds
And shed their inner light upon our path,
Then would our being burn and blaze
Within the incandescent Mind of God.

Extensions Of The Light

Seed of Self, fire crystal of Consciousness,
Jewelled mandala of immaculate Light,
Rising, falling; folding and unfolding
In blissful oceans of Father-Mother
Amid the eternal Breath of Peace profound.

Yet beneath the gaze of Deity
There issues from out that radiant seed,
On dark and silent wings, a spirit
That takes the shadowed shape of Death,
To shatter the spotless mirror of Self
Into ten thousand fractured images.

And thus begins the slow descent of Ishtar
Into the charnel houses of the flesh.
And thus is burning-teared Prometheus
Bound to the cross of suffering and sin.
Thus does blessed Osiris, royal spirit, become
The dismembered victim of fiendish Seb,
And thus too is Orion made Hungry for the Morn,
As blind and stumbling on his Way
He treads the troubled heavens of adversity.

And so Death does scatter Self in falseness and delusion
Grinding jewelled treasure to dust
Red ruby, emerald and aquamarine,
Cast on icy winds of ignorance,
Or buried in watery graves within the ocean's depths;
And God-like diamonds, molecules of purest Light,
Are planted beneath the crushing weight of earth,
Or hidden below the desert's burning sands.

Though down through all the dreaming centuries
A flame of highest Truth is kept alive:
A gentle living flame in sacred Silence
Within each heart of purity and peace;
A saving grace and golden salve of God,
A pool of ever-tranquil radiance
To bathe the plunging mind in wakefulness
Before the sunny doors of paradise,
A single ray, a nucleus of Love,
A lamp, a guiding Light and lodestar of our Life.

"Awake thou dreaming Self, the Sun is here,
Behold, O Blind Orion, thy inner Dawn is nigh,
And Ishtar, the comely, the beautiful,
Return, for thy Beloved awaits you yet
In the shining palaces of the Lord.
Arise, Prometheus to reign in heaven,
And rule the cruel earth with selfless Love.
And Osiris, re-membered Self and Victor
Come thou forth by Day unto Ra thy King
From out the shadow of the gates of Death

On Peace

Enwrapped in mystic thoughts of light and love,
I pondered on all those blessings that Peace
From before the dazzling throne of heaven brings
To save our souls from the perils of the world.

For She had often smiled from purpling Mossbrae Heights
As I lay amid the holy harebell
And ever-remembering forget-me-not,
On the gentle bank where Settlement Wood
Sighs in the arms of the open hill.
And her breath of wild rose and meadowsweet
Had sometimes dimpled the waters of Dodhead
As majestic Ra with all his entourage
Embarked upon his journey in the West
And turned the bluest skies to Isles of Gold and Fire.
I have seen her dance, all pink and violet,
Between the Scottish pines which with me climbed
Above the fairy Dell whose splashing burn
Flung gems on mossy banks as green as emeralds are,
And silver-veiled and slender limbed
She has graced the shimmering birchwood,
Or bathed herself within rainbowed sheen
That floats above the flowers of the meadow
As fresh as any dew beneath the rising sun.

But mostly, I have accompanied Her
To breathe the breath of silent Hyndhope nights,
Rising far above this world of greedy men
To gaze upon the softly flaming stars,

Who together join in one harmonious chord
To fill the deepest space with praise of Her,
Our Sacred Mother and Holy Queen of All.

All Subsists In All

Happy pilgrim walked through the wintry night
Toward the altar of the rising sun
While Soma glanced across the sky to Venus
Transmuting snow to jewels beneath his feet.
And as day dawned amid the gentle hills
He breathed the electric breath of God
Blending his little spiritual light
With the blazing beacon of our Lord
Until his thoughts as pure as pristine snow
Reflected jewelled light within his mind.
And lo, how burning night and burning day
Rose like pillars of fire from the burning earth
To lift the blessed throne of perfect peace
Unto the shining palace of the sun
Where Remembrance bears the self away
On flashing oceans of enchantment
To shores divine where wisdom dwells with love
And priests of light compose their flaming prayers
Amid the sound of angel alleluyas
That echo soft as whispers of the Soul
When exiled mind is chained to lower earth.

The River Of Honey*

Beneath the gaze of the pitying stars
A lonely caravan winds its mystic way
Towards the golden East - Oasis bound
To fill their empty water flasks with Life.

And on the way, amid the stinging wind
A child arrives, an hour before the Dawn.

Rejoice! And Praise be to the Treasury!
Tomorrow we will deck our tents with turquoise
And sprinkle honey and water on new sown corn.
We will feed on honey cakes and honey bread
And feast with kin on heaven's ripened date.
We will smear the new born's lips with honey
And hide virgin honey beneath his tongue,
Rub all his limbs with ointment from the Sun
And keep away the chilling winds of heartache
With salves of honey and wine and butter bright.

* '...and the angel brought me to the river of
honey...' (Apocryphal New Testament)

Inspiration

Who will raise a mystic hand to the stars above
And send forth the single ray of Mind
To worlds beyond deceit,
Where Truth instead is 'shrined'?

Who will carry to earth my golden seeds of hope,
Loving gifts to the righteous few?
Who will lift up their tearstained eye?
Who will come forth by Day, and the ancient pledge renew?

Where among you is the peace, and where the simple joy?
Where the bonds of love,
Those sacred ciphers of the sun
Reflecting here below their home above?

Those among you who are far afield,
Come dream the dreams of our dim-remembered yesterday.
And those whose tongue still lives,
Let them sing the songs of the sunny ray.

Have them stir the heart of everyman,
And put to flight the shadowed horde
Whose race is all but run.
And let them fear not, for the Light is soon restored.