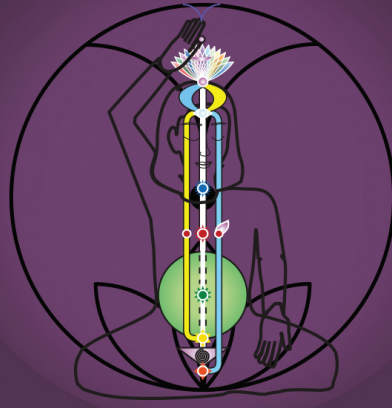


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Journey Into Spirit

poetry of pavan



pavan

Journey Into Spirit

by Paul 'Pavan' Keetley

a poetry collection written
over the 30 year period between
1982 and 2012 whilst Shri Mataji was alive.

'Pavan' as he is known began these writings
when he was inspired to do so as a new
Sahaja Yogi and a disciple of
Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi
Nobel Prize nominee
21/3/1923 - 23/2/2011.

Pavan's Poetry here is arranged
as it was written over three periods
as Journey Into Spirit chapters

"The Early Years" 1983 to 1990 (Chapter 1)

"Transitions" spans 1990 to 1995 (Chapter 2)

"Freedom" June 1996 to 2011 (Chapter 3)

In 2022 Pavan was asked to write his memoirs
and wrote and compiled an account of
his personal life story which is called
"Looking For God"

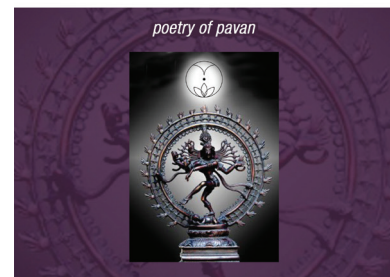
Recent poetry includes two collections
"Becoming" and "The Samadhis"

Pavan's poetry and writings website is

www.GODIS.au



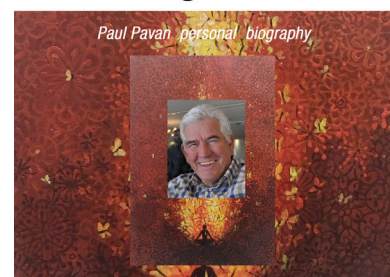
Journey Into Spirit



pavan



Looking For God



pavan





Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi

Our Holy Mother

1923 - 2011

at Brahmपुरi on Krishna River
Maharashtra India (circa 1986)
holding an illustration by Tarqa
of poem "La Lune" by Pavan

JOURNEY INTO SPIRIT

Part 1 the early years '83 -'89

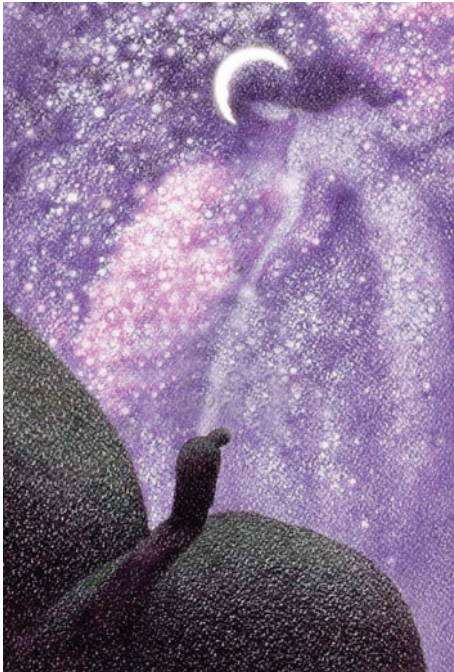
Prelude from late '82 - pre Realisation -

Look in the mirror, the face of a clown
Painted up, it won't show down,
Mask that's put on, a grimacing sneer
Fact of the matter, no innocence here



Remember the look in your face as a child
Face of a cherub so sweet and mild
I've cried for the Lustre, once there shone
Life Of Innocence, where has it gone?

*Poetry was an innate and natural expression all my life.
Seeking was sincere until the Divine Mother responded
on April 22nd, 1983, in Subiaco Western Australia,
was the date of my Self-Realisation, and the start of
an ever deeper Journey Into Spirit*



La Lune

La Lune, Oh Moon,
You bright hemisphere
cradled by these Alps so near
You seem in Face so much and dear

Halfway to Thee, high ledge i perch
and scan surrounding peaks in search
for signs of Play, Leela's great Mirth

Nearby is She, the Divine One
who encompasses both Thee and Sun
and Earth and Sky and all things done

La Lune, Oh Moon,
through night time's Sky
we both reflect Her, You and i,
Her Light so bright, will never die

So let us go, our nightly rest
in alpine climes tonight the Nest
Her Universe is at Peace, and Blest

Jai Shri Chandra Ma ~

*Written night before Ganesha Puja in Zermatt
next to the Matterhorn.*



The Blank Page

The blank page beckons us onward to see
the Formless take form in some poetry
the passing of moments inspired by Thee
their passage compounding Reality

But not just as author, or even deep sage
this image of 'i'ness does itself gauge
something more holy, or hollow, no age
does reckon this Self
 is just The Blank Page

The blank page knows all,
yet says nothing
could read an indictment,
charges could bring
and news of a life or death might fling
or psalms for beguiling our heart to sing

But no,
the blank page contains not a line
it waits and it watches with Patience Divine

its white Innocence is perfect form rhyme
encompassing all, nonlimits define ~



Joy - Spirit

All sorrows do cease
and deep is the Peace
when inside
You are known

Though sometimes loose thought
that we may have wrought
rises from whence
it was sown

Yet does She not seek
in Silence to speak
to answer the call
of Her own?

And does She not ease
with that Cooling Breeze?
all questing and karmas
have flown

Thus widens the Heart
Joy - Spirit does start
to ripen the Fruit
which She's grown



Shri Mataji

In Silence, You commune with us
beyond words, You explain

In Speaking, You effect in us
discretion ~ twixt and twain

In Glancing, You do shower us
with Grace, that ends our pain

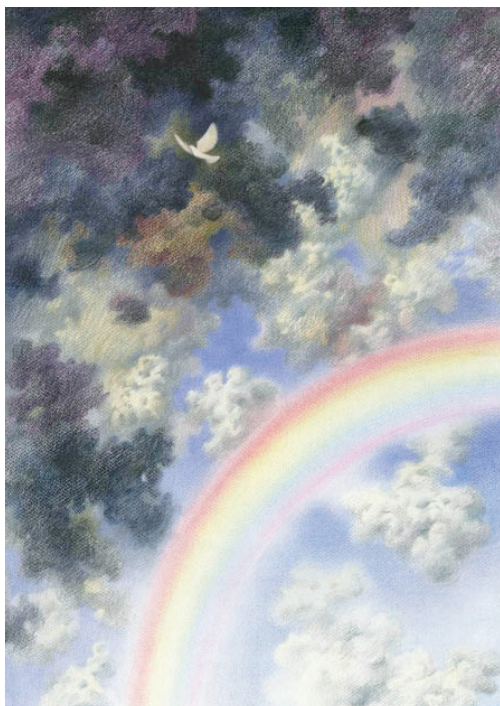
In Looking, You do lift from us
the grossly karmic chain

In blessing, You enlighten us,
expunge the subtle stain

In Being, You inspire in us
true Love we cannot feign

In Essence You make known through us
God's own pure sweet refrain.

Jai Shri Mataji.



In my Mother's House

(LON)

I sit in a roof-top garden
the flowers and buds i behold
speak in silent Beauty here
of a Plan and a depth untold

In my Mother's house
half-way up
there's a place
neath a cool grey sky

where to sit full of peace
with a bird's song
as the distant rush goes by

is a clear
and a Joy fulfilling
as Cool Breezes waft on past

that i feel that from
centuries seeking

I know
I've come Home
at last.



We Pray

'Poetic Genius' did Blake inspire
A higher Light, the coolest Fire

did rend the callous curtain hung
ignorance gone! thy knell is rung

So too,
sweet Luminescent Chime,
speak forth Thy Sound of Truth
through rhyme,

That That, etheric translucent thing
might take form through pen and bring

Her Light and Love more into Play
and hasten forth this dawning Day -

Shri Durga Ma, with Hands untold
let forth Thy Drama now unfold,

and whatever help that we may be,
Let us be That, Shri Mataji.



He Looked And Saw

When Blake the seer, did sit nearby
and contemplate, immortal eye

the future, the start
of the New Age to be
he looked and saw
what I now see.

Her house, in Milton, he saw remade
in Kensington this Maya was played

where the Holy Spirit immersed in flesh
lived in this land, Her work to thresh,

By clearing the ignorant husks from grain
to open this Heart, enlighten the brain,

then raising their consciousness on high
that newly Realised, these souls might fly

Toward perfection and in their wake
make Joyful roads the mass could take

to bring at last The Golden Age
wherein That Peace can hold the stage.

In the House of the Goddess

In the House of the Goddess, deep stillness, no sound
in the quiet of Her own rooms, that Stillness is found
and the sense of Divineness is felt all around

As i sit and i wonder
how it could be
that i should be granted
this boon just for me
i realize again that
Compassion is She



In the House of the Goddess there's many a treat
of fine lace and gold paint and figurines sweet
of woodwork and satin, silk carpets at feet

Yet the finest most subtle things to explore
are the Vibrations that everywhere seek to adore
the Queen and the Goddess who'll reign evermore

In the House of the Goddess that Silence remains
and nothing is changed much with poet's refrains
except that in this heart there's feeling not pains

This world in delusion it comes and it goes
the force of Creation in both ways it throws
yet always in splendour is She when one knows

In the House of the Goddess, deep stillness, no sound
in the quiet of Her own rooms, that stillness is found
and the sense of Divineness is felt all around

That Silence

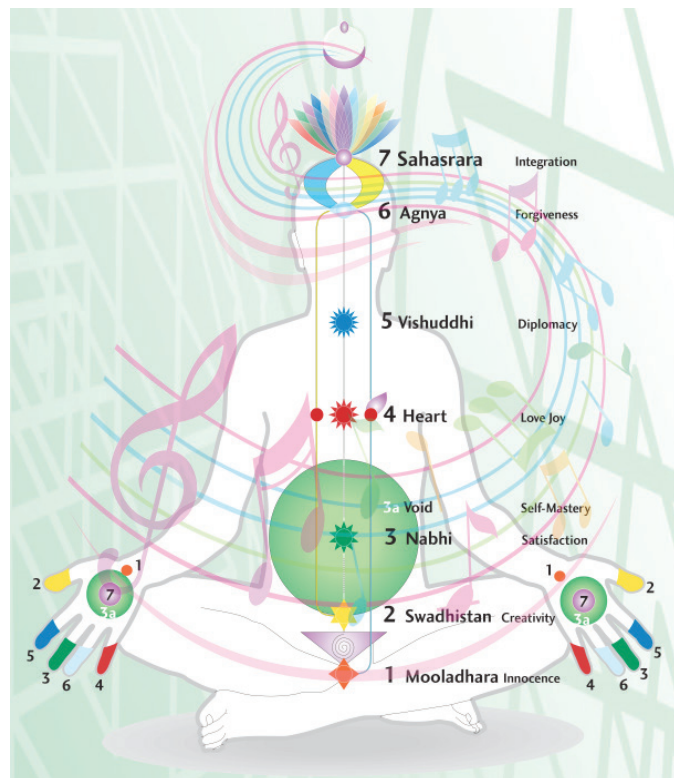
From deep within our hearts is yearning
Desire for Thee, for Beauty, Learning
Response flows, realised souls through
as insight, wisdom and music too

Melodic sounds, celestial chimes
reflect deeper spiritual rhymes
poetical nuances of chakras seven
play innermost chords,
echoes of Heaven

And now in turn
synergy these
notes in quaver
combine and please,

then pause in pulse
for near the Word is,

Joyful Peace
That Silence ~
heard
is





I Would That You

I would that you would Wake
dear one,
to a Cooling Breeze divine

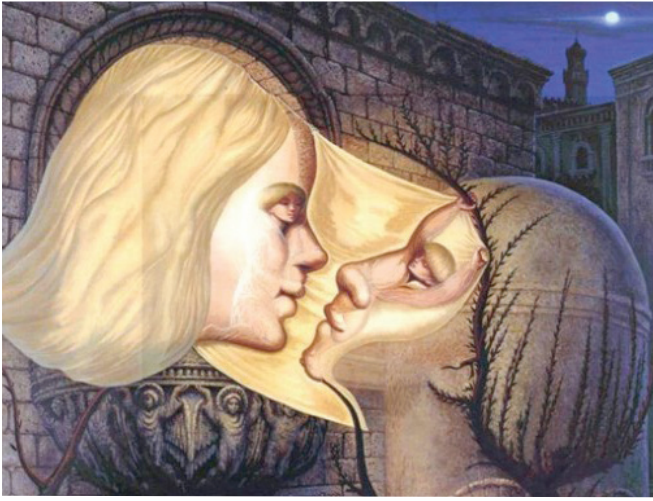
I would that you would Drink
sweet heart,
Eternal Nectared Wine

I would that you would Know
God's child,
your own Unfettered Being

I would that you would Be
Atma,
that Essence that I'm seeing,

I would that you would Flow
as One,
a River to the Sea

I would that you would merge
in God,
Eternal Ecstasy



The Fruit of One

Heart that knows That
its Self declares -

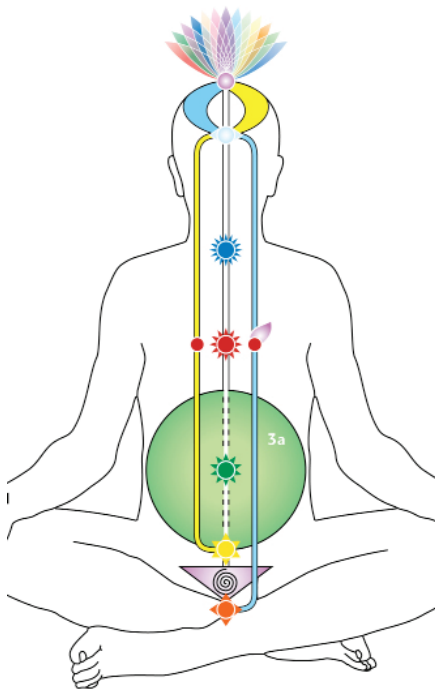
By the word and deed
It shares -

Heart that knows not,
Love ensnares -

Is brought through trials
'till despairs

do yield
The Fruit of One,
from pairs,

As that heart,
saved,
Its Self declares -



In Truth

Whose place in the world?
with whom would i swap?

Whose station?
or portion?
could climb far atop?

of That Space
and That Joy?

Eternal won't stop ~

Material welfare?
i have all i need

Stature in office?
a humbler creed

Perspective and vision?
She's there all around

Wisdom and knowledge?
in Truth there's no sound.



As Well You Know

Dearest Mother, as well You know
often within Life's ebb and flow

of up and down, the gunas three,
struts an ego, its called me.

Identity? 'tis a balloon
that often plays an off-beat tune

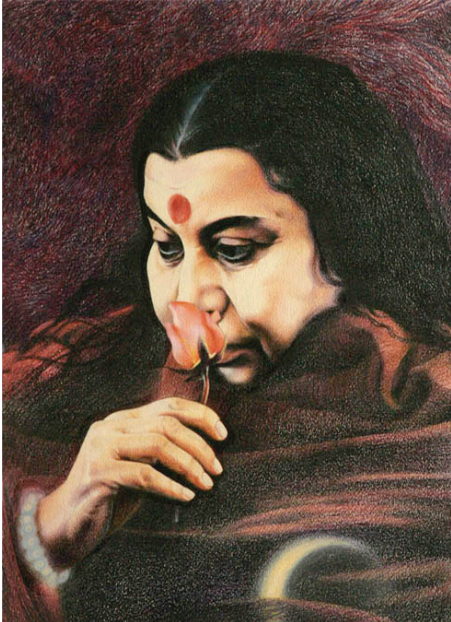
and i caught up think it is real,
i lose the thread, Vibrations feel~

It's then that i stupidly dance,
an awkward manic crazy prance

until I see that that's not me,
and how i've been so awfully.

At times like these, ego is humbled
and the Self sees where it stumbled,

so with Your help, yes as we grow,
we'll stumble less, as well You know.



We Bow

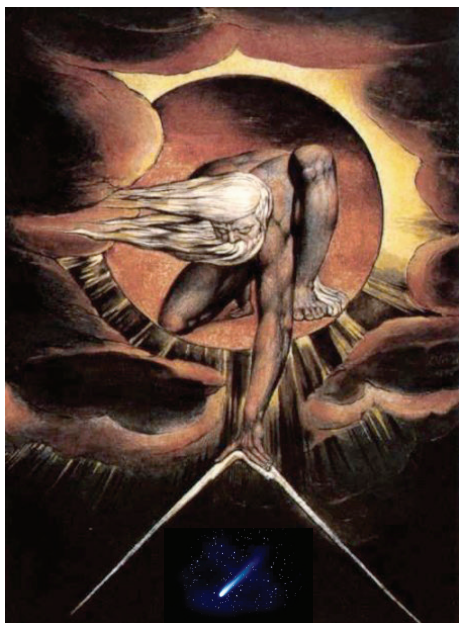
Beyond Time is the Spirit
that You've helped us become
For now we know that we are
and what it is You've done

We bow to Thee, Shri Mataji
the Voice of God who speaks
from far beyond Duality
You guide the one who seeks

Evolving thus through many lives
fighting what must be fought
with Your help the seeker wins
the victory he's sought

In winning, he surrenders
desires that come to him
he withdraws all his senses
in Yoga goes within

There he finds in Love with God
hearts peace and Joy, indeed
becomes the Bloom and the Fruit
You planted as a Seed



How We Grew

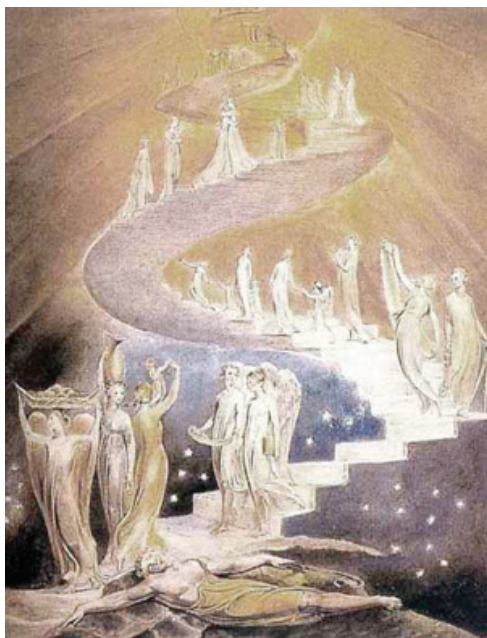
When God first thought to Paint
upon His firmament a Play
The first idea He needed then
for Leela was The Day

Then God did Think
“I’ll make a Stage,
these Acts to place somewhere,
It shall have great length and breadth,
Infinity house there” :

Into this Void then He did loose
His Spark, Adi Shakti ~
and She came forth in Light and Love
She was Shri Mataji.

Through Time and Space with Energy
She then began to Dance
to create Multiplicity
for His Joy to enhance

And so it was that we were made
and in His Image too,
She gave us of That Spark from Him ~
and this is how we grew.



May I Ascend Mother

May I ascend Mother?
to That Space past tribulation?
to where the all is Single?
where the Star is the constellation?

No need have I for Duality
it dances a merry tune
for it fires with heat from the Sun
and chills with light from the Moon

Clear and empty would I rise
to a place that is past these
to the heights of the Rishis and beyond
to the Space that does God please

And yet don't I know that i have the key
to unlock that Door at will?
She gave it to us, we stay for the Play
to help work it out is a thrill

So stay just for now
and play your part
that others here might see
how joyous we rise in Surrender
at the Feet of Shri Mataji.



Shri Bhaswarasuri

Shri Bhaswarasuri, in radiance You shine
You are the Holy Spirit, all adoration Thine
Mother, You are the Devi, and demons You do slay
You protect the devas, and those to You who pray

Creatrix of all that is, of all this Maha-Maya
You guide and help all those who have Spiritual Desire

Transformation You have wrought Your Chaitanya does blow
This Breeze Divine does integrate all things in us we know

In others too we see the Change and as all things work out
we see the Truth and feel the Joy which leaves us in no doubt

That now, at ease, surrendered, whole,
we feel that we're in You
we've found again our innocence
there's little left to do
except proclaim to one and all....
'You too can know what's True.'



Auspicious Synchronicity

Auspicious synchronicity
reflects all things
in Harmony

When everything to move or pause
has its place from Divine Cause

So that this multiplicity
is seen in Singularity

Then somehow we see behind
the Leela play that keeps most blind

Yet only when we're clear enough
can we see beyond
this Maya stuff

And then in constant Joy
are we~

we see Thee all:

Shri Mataji



Brahmapuri

The Krishna river flows on by
reflecting Moon and starry Sky

Depth on depth, no asking why
this Universe is but God's Sigh

The moonlights path, reflecting sheen
reminds us that we're not what's been
for from this peaceful view we glean
we're not the transient image seen

And as this Realization flows
the deepest Joy within us grows
for this Creation reflects and shows
an inner Peace,
the Spirit knows

The Krishna river flows on by
two trees stand out
against night sky
inspired hopes and feelings fly

we watch a falling star
and sigh.



Sometimes I Think

Sometimes i think of Thee, Mother
and words flow forth in rhyme

as if in meditative peace
to punctuate the time

But then i see that Thee, Mother
need nought to break that Flow

i see that what is happening
is just from me and so

Its then i know that Thee, Mother
Commune best wordlessly

so now i'll think no more in words
but seek Thee thoughtlessly ~

JOURNEY INTO SPIRIT

poetry of pavan

book 2

Transitions '90 - '95



Day One

We were there for the turning of the page
And to share in the dawning of the Age

For we saw there the end of the darkest night
And we joyed in the coming of the Light

As the Yuga of Kali lay finally dead
We lifted our eyes saw Sat Yuga ahead

And we laughed that the start had begun
And we danced in the Light of Day One.



The willow

Look out upon the heath, a bower
In winter's frigid clasp, no flower
It graces o'er the chilly pond
It's budless arms hang down a frond.

The look and feel are grey and bleak
The sense of warmth and life are weak
The sky is full of formless cloud
No bird or beast sings out aloud ~

And now breaks through this seeming dead
Sunlight streaming upon my head
And lo!
The willow bower awakes!
In just one moment Spring o'er takes
Exploding Mother Nature's Light
And turns the boughs to gold so bright
That luminescing it now stood

Proclaiming God's Song,
Great and good.



A Rapture Comes

A rapture comes that clouds the eye
and slows the heart by Breath

Beyond the space that we live in
beyond this realm and death

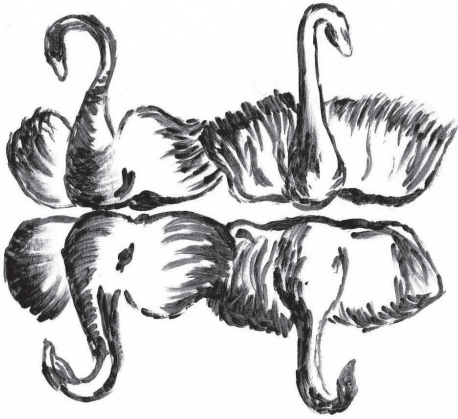
To a space wherein all near seems far
yet the colours seen are bright

Though the day seems grey,
its so clear this way,
its neither day or night

I have scarce interest in this world
of men and sights and sounds
i long again for my Father's Feet
eternal Amrit abounds

Thankyou Mother
for this special time
I scarce recollect who I am

My heart open wide
transcends self inside
Kinship with the Son of Man.



The Grace of Hum-Sa

Two pure white swans
glide by in Grace
Both whiter than
the whitest lace~

He, regal in paternal bearing
She sublime, maternal, caring

His name is “Hum” proclaims existence
And she is “Sa” yielding acceptance

And in their balance they do form
Discrimination and the norm

Their presence here a blessing real
For in that essence we can feel

The hand of She evolved us all
The One restored us from the fall

To that State white, as whitest lace
Wherein we all dissolve in Grace

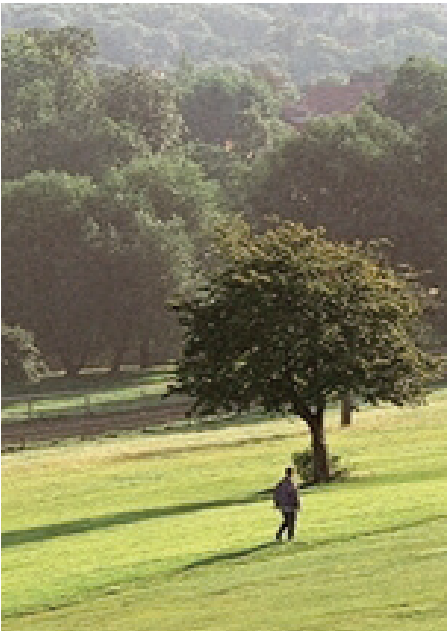
In Silence

In Silence is the Essence found
where Light and Love and Truth
confound, resilient ego.

Be there, Aware, without desire
except that She should take us higher,

Let go, let God, fill up these hearts
And take away offending parts.
Be clear, be bright, open and true,
Let nothing keep us away from You.

Heart be open, bliss endure,
Become That, which is all pure.



We Walked

We walked upon the Heath today
We walked as if in Heaven,

The Light of God upon my face
In step with saintly brethren.



Come Into The Light

Come into the Light my child,
Your seeking days are done

The mystery now answered
is that we all are One

So touch it now this truth inside,
It was always will be

The Spirit's Spark,
the light of God,

Is inside you and me

And when you know
for sure it is,

this Light of Love within

You'll start to grow,
begin to know,

in God you've always been.



Paradox

Misfortune and good fortune refer to loss and gain,
Humiliation and elation we think are joy and pain.

So someone seems, to lose or win, and someone seems, to rise or sin.
Because the Paradox is there, illusion haunts us everywhere.

“Over spilt milk, don’t you weep, Just look before you leap,
Yet he who hesitates is lost, buyer beware, look out the cost!”

So Paradox is paradigm of you and yours, and me and mine
And everything we do and say, from One appears a funny play.

Yes, the Moving Finger writes, and the ego jumps and skites,
Creation is there to please, the Watcher, is the One, who sees

That we’re walking down a pathway That leads us up to Light
We are learning of our real Self That was with us through the night.

So, don’t look at me in half-light, as friend or foe or brother,
but look inside, God cannot hide, you’ll see there is no other.



The Spark

God's great eye
is in the sky,

in every face I see,

The Spark is there,
in every hair,

in hope and joy
and in despair,

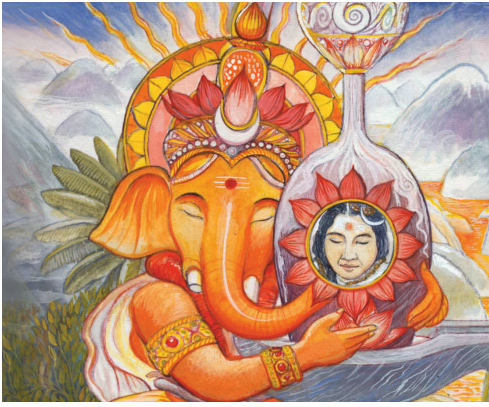
In child and sage,
at every age,

in quiet times,
in thought and rage,

Yet closer still,
if you so will,

He's closest in the Silence -

Still.



YOU ARE

Before Time was, You were my Lord
You are, always will be
You are the Lord of everything
Jai Jai! Shri Ganapati

You are first principle of all
All innocence, undefiled
And all that is, is part of You
You are That - Divine Child

You are pure thought, You are the scribe
You are the tusk and hands
You are the words, You are the ink
You are That, which understands

Yours is the circle and the square
Yours is the movement too
You are auspiciousness itself
And You are all that's true

You are the Spark in every child
In every girl and boy
You are their smiles and laughter
You are their endless Joy

And You are Love the base of all
That river ever flowing
That washes clean and renews,
That orchestrates our growing



YOU ARE 2

And You fix up, remove, refine
as we become Your brothers
You lead us ever upward to
Her Lotus Feet ~ our Mother's

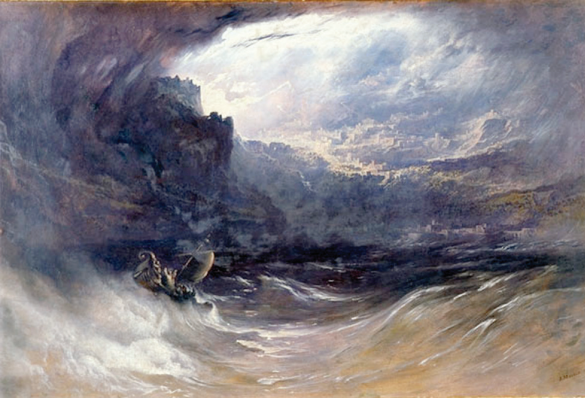
Yes You my Lord are Path and Goal
You are the Sun each day
You are the Dance, You are the Moon
You are the Music ~ Play

Jai! Jai! Ganesh! You are Guru
Your path is Pure Desire
Yours are the rope and goad to use
Please lead us, ever Higher

Maha Ganesh, You are our Lord
You are, sweet Jesus, mild
We pray, become, humble like Him
The One, Eternal Child

Nought is there Lord, You cannot do,
Nought is there not in You
You are my Lord, this very Earth
All this, is only You.

Before Time was, You were our Lord
You are, always will be
You are the Lord of everything
You are Shri Ganapati



The Way Of Kundalini 1

In innocence lies our support
with wisdom too our brother,
Whilst just above, coils of pure love,
abides our Holy Mother.

When pure desire to take us higher
calls Her to evolution
Then movement starts, towards our hearts
spirals in revolution.

So first must ask, most Holy task
for knowledge pure and true
The Way to see, become and be
begins as we find You.

And so we grow,
begin to go
across the Void with You
Encounter storms,
master the norms
we sail with our Guru.

Until at last,
through tempest's blast
we reach that farthest shore
Heart's Peace secures, Dharma endures,
and Joy flows evermore.



The Way Of Kundalini 2

Oh blissful flight, aflame in Light
We soar, heart's wings afire
Still up above, we find the Dove
She's come to take us higher.

My God did You, see such a view
we see the whole Virata
We see the Play, of Night and Day
This Dance of Holy Mata.

Now through the Door, we pass in awe
to blend with Christ in Oneness
We see that He, humility
is Light, that now becomes us.

To take our Seat,
Her Lotus Feet,
we prostrate low before Them
Her Holy Powers
have made us Flowers
She offers up before Him.

We are Flowers
in the Garden
of Her Holy Sahasrara
Created by the Shakti,
In Sada Shiv Puja.



Witness

When things go wrong
as they sometimes will
can you stay in the Centre
and be there still?

Or are you at the beck and call
Of things that on your senses fall?

Can you detach your self
from ebb and flow
Refrain from where
reactions go?

Can you rise and go
beyond what's been?
Can you be the Seer
and not the seen?

Can you live within your higher Self?
Can you lift beyond your lower shelf?
Can you still yourself
in Silence see?

Can you just the silent Witness ~ Be?



I Declare

I'd been speaking of Her speaking
How She responds to seeking
And how She'd changed a word for you
Twas such a perfect thing to do

I said "You know She's really there"

Then She touched me ~ I declare

She touched me there, upon my heart
I felt Her hand, I gave a start
I whirled around to look and see
I wondered who that it might be

But not a soul did I see there
Just I alone sat in that chair

And yet
Her hand did touch me
I swear
Her hand did touch me

Jai Jai Shri Mataji.



Love's Play

Love's an investment with no return,
just give it away and do not yearn
for refunds or interest over time,
sufficient to give - just never you mind

For sending love with strings attached
means love can't fly - its not detached

And who is the giver?
and who receives?
When Love is flowing
our thinking deceives

Its Loving that loves
and Loving that lives
Its the Love of our true Self
inside us that gives

So, we're not the authors
of Love's Divine Play
for Love gives to Love -
To Love let us pray.



Our Mother Bore Us

Our Mother bore us, it is true,
and took Herself the pain,

She did it not except to give,
and in this is Her gain,

And so it is that we would live,
to gain and grow unhindered,

To do so means, accept and give,
in love, we are Her kindred,

And what is higher good than this?
that we should sing Her praises?

Except that we,
should come to Be,
in Silence,
as She raises.



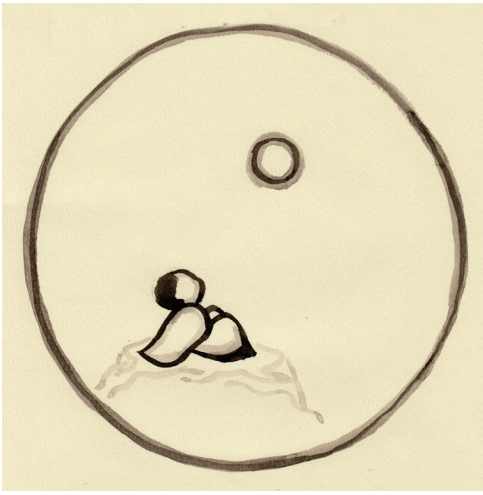
Be

Be happy
with the happy,

Be Compassion
for the sad,

Be Joyful
in the Goodness,

Be Detachment
from the bad.



Into Meditation

Enfolded and enmeshed am I
in mind and past and story
The will and flow are weak and so
I cannot touch Thy Glory

Attention's bogged, the brain feels clogged
this heavy heart feels down;
so I await, that higher State
that lifts us to the Crown ~

The dawning hour, gives of its power
as birds now talk and sing
The light of day begins to play
just feel night-time shifting

Attention moves, the brain now soothes
the heart refreshed, does widen
As all is washed
and doubt is quashed
there's Peace with Joy to hide in

Without my will,
in Silence, still ~
I sense the One within us ~
My mind is blank ~
I only thank
the Source
that did begin us



No End

As Gunas go
The All we know,

And everything,
is Silence.

No space apart
is felt in heart,

Sahaja state,
of Oneness.

I look awhile
and stop, and smile,
no end to You and me.

Jai Jai, Shri Mataji.



Oh Mighty Hand

Oh Mighty Hand,
in me Thou movest,
As gentle Breath,
You waft me onwards,

Stage by Stage, Ascent,
discarding grimaced faces,
these in turn their time be done.

What image I
last moment was, was not me -
'though I was, as always,
in Thy tender care.

Oh Mighty Hand,
precious, stillness, keen,
of clarity becoming,
so that Self there may be seen

Wipe clean, and clasp,
and hold aloft
this mirrored image - me.

For seeing You,
in all that is,
I too - am One -
in Thee.



I am Shiva

Beyond the ebb and flow and strain
Beyond the waxing and the wane ~

I am Shiva, ~ I am Shiva

By billowed Breath,
the causeless Cause
I am the great Eternal Pause ~

I am Shiva, ~ I am Shiva

Oh joyous Font of endless Bliss
Nought is there more,
or high, than this ~

I am Shiva, ~ I am Shiva

Transcendent,
Far beyond and pure
I the One; alone;
endure ~

I am Shiva, ~ I am Shiva

JOURNEY INTO SPIRIT

book 3

Freedom June 96 to 2011



This Day Eternity

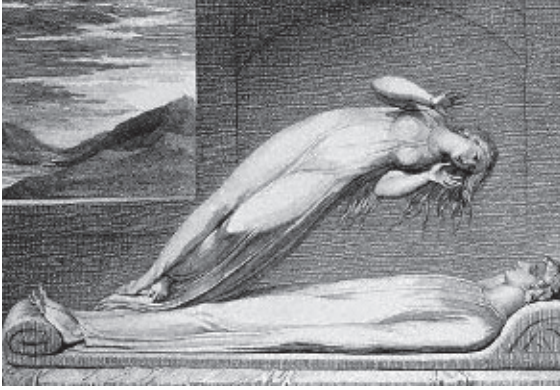
When God first thought to paint upon His firmament a Play
He gave us first the night and dawn and also eve of Day

So in His Joy, to know Himself, He made us you and me
And so we grow and grow and grow, Become all we can Be

So what to do, how best to use, this day Eternity
Evolve yourself, witness the All, transcend Duality

Just seize the Day, Be in the Now, live like this Day's your last
Yet live it like you'll never die, in Flow, not slow or fast

Allow your Self, to live it Full, enrich your Self, give Love
And Laugh and Joy at every ploy, as One does from above.



ETERNAL WEALTH

part 1

The question of material wealth
a spectred myth that haunts by stealth
the minds, desires of mortal man
consumes the heart and thwarts the Plan

For what is Man, what explanation?
and what The Path, his destination?
and what our Seeking, what our Need?
and why this vast material greed?

These gross desires for more and more
are but a shadow I am sure
of that deepest Primordial Fire
that raised us all in Pure Desire

For we are not just low and base
our Source is from a higher place
and as we grow, evolve together
our Worth is not our fiscal measure

Our needs are truly very small
yet wants go on, o'ershadow all
and yet our greatest need is not
fulfilled by all these things we've got



ETERNAL WEALTH

part 2

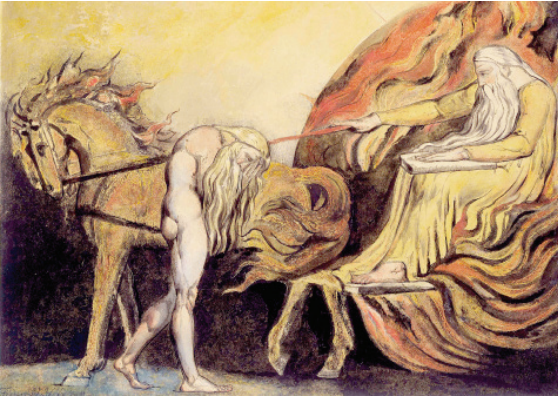
Aversions are the things that scar
attachments are the things that bar
us from That Moment ~ in the Now
Freedom is free of these somehow

So no, 'Not This', to all impure
let go, let God, and so endure
silence desires when they shout,
your Self's within, even without

Yet burdens might a blessing be-
are undulations rocking thee?
Or are you Rock, unmoved, unbound
as these illusions crash around?

A measure of our selves you see
is just how peaceful we can be
when pushed about by our inflations
by myths and Maya ~ Life's undulations

We've come to Earth to Learn to Love
Her Grace is raining from above
as empty Cups we can be filled
yet in God's time, as She so willed



ETERNAL WEALTH

part 3

And when at last we let it go
commit ourselves to God and so
relinquish the myth of self-control
then God takes over life and Soul

And when our Spirit becomes the Doer
when we do nothing, we are pure
immortal hollow reeds we'll be
then as He plays us we will see

That all that's gone and been before
and all the myths that we endured
were there because we had false need
tormented by insatiable greed

And yet alone untouched and true
that Pure Desire that slept in you
witnessed desires that made you bleed
lay dormant as your Silent Seed

Until that great and promised day
when you awoke to truly say
“My God, I am Thy grateful son -
surrendered now - Thy Will Be Done”



ETERNAL WEALTH

part 4

The myth of having more or less
was just a drama now confess
for in your Self, you'll truly see
Source always was protecting thee.

This was no shortage you have had
these undulations, you'll be glad
have tempered you, so with a grin
you've found without your Wealth within

Our whole life's purpose is Divine
sometimes we Grapes are pressed to Wine
that He may quaff our Bliss to see
how Shakti, the Shiva, shines in thee ~

To Realize God, our Spirit pure
full Freedom, choice, we must endure
until at last, when truly Free,
God's own Reflection, we can Be

Then money matters not to thee
thy Heart open, always will be,
as She full fills : Eternal Youth ~
Eternal Wealth ~ Eternal Truth ~.

The Pain of Separation

The pain of separation, God Him Self did make
For in that parting two is formed and it is for the sake
of Creation, of separate selves, like those of you and me,
why here abounds this separateness - this multiplicity

So when you know that feeling of being far apart
take time again to introspect and go into your heart
the only way to find your Self is by diving deep within
as stress and strain turn you inside its there you can begin
to see that God wants you with Him, not unreality
including most of all that dream, your separate entity

And why decry your separateness?
you are uniquely One
your made in His great image,
you really are His Son
yes whilst you have a body
- its just an empty shell
Just like your personality
- your soul can go to hell
But not your Holy Spirit,
The Light, alone and true
The very truest part is God,
the Light of God's in You.

So Know Thy Self,
Affirm your Self,
you are The Spirit True,
there is no other separateness,
this One and All is You.





The Spirit Thought Resists

This Day does come, we all welcome, =
the moments each brand new
Unfolds the Is, just like showbiz,
we wonder how we grew

We Live and Love and Learn and Laugh
and sometimes curse our fate
Yet all the while Spirit does smile
and watches as we wait

To tire of small and passing things
to search for deeper clues
To why we're here and what for dear
and ways to beat the blues

And so at last, the gaze within,
sees now the why and wherefore
Goes past the sun, becomes the One,
beyond whats next or before

There is no way to truly say
why we the all exists
Just leave behind
your questing mind ~

The Spirit thought resists.



Tao & Zen

In the midst of Change
just Be, in the Now

Just stay in the Centre
This follows the Tao

In seeking the Pathway
for finding out how

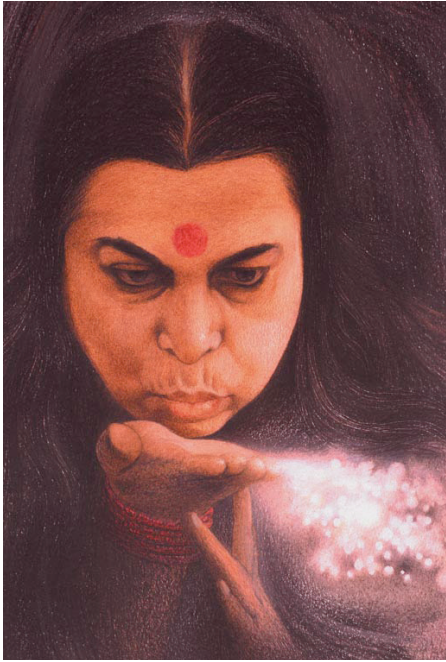
Just wait for the answer
This follows the Tao

In Being, in Silence
Stillness - allow

Give up the struggle
This follows the Tao

Life's fraught with frustrations
and many a row

Surrender agendas
This follows the Tao



In The Divine

I sit in silence and wait to see
which thought arises, what can it be?

At best these thoughts are echoes next
that come from mind when it is vexed

But mind itself, unreal untrue
is bound by Maya - cannot see You

And so Her Dance keeps us all blind
we think we are this trick of mind

Yet beyond all that thinks and is
the perfect Silence still is His

We go now to Her place beyond
we choose release, unleash the bond

I always was, always will be
I am the Silent Watcher - see

Cool Breeze
now opens Vaults of Space
Light streams and falls,
by God's great Grace

The self is gone, its finest line
dissolving Now ~ in the Divine.



Dark Divine

Beyond the vaults of Space and Time
Beyond ideas, thought and rhyme
Beyond the One, is Dark Divine

Beyond the image I am seeing
Beyond the concept of my being
The Dark Divine Is ~ ever freeing

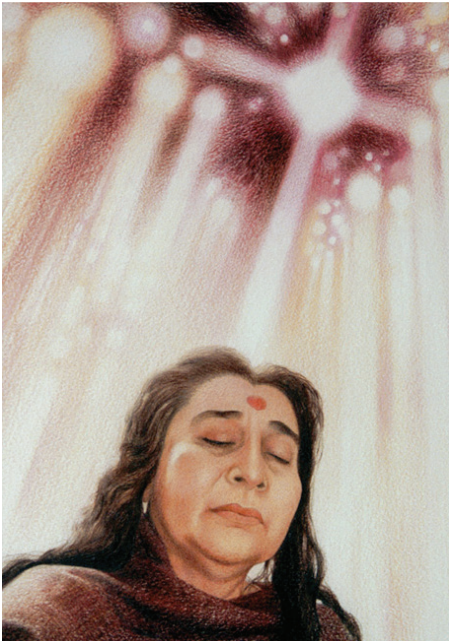
Unspeakable is this quality
Unnamable identity
The Dark Divine ~ Infinity

No - Dark Divine cannot be said
'Tis far beyond our hearts and head
Yet part of all, alive and dead

Beyond the realms of Moon and Sun
Beyond the Bindhus half and one
The Dark Divine has causes none

The Dark Divine transcends all
Its Self contains the rise and fall
Yet to its Self it does not call

The Dark Divine Is, Was, Will Be
Is Consciousness itself you see
This Silence Is ~ Eternity.



FREEDOM

Freedom seems a glittering prize
that's always dancing 'fore our eyes
Yet close your eyes and you will see
that Freedom is - completely Free

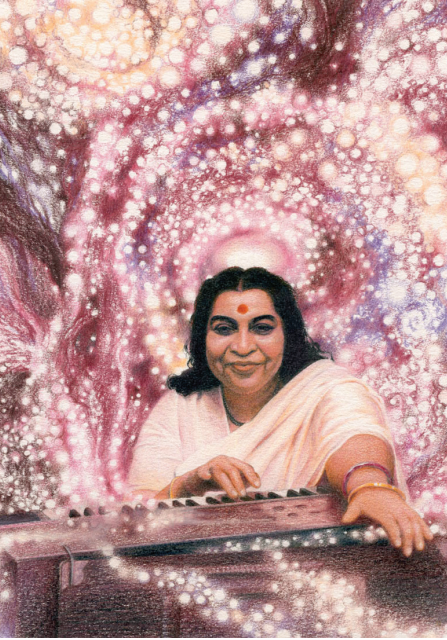
with Freedom it's an inside job
then there is nothing that can rob
us of the Joy each moment brings
when through our heart our Spirit sings

for Freedom is beyond the notion
beyond torment and emotion
beyond our concepts and our mind
yes Freedom's free and Freedom's kind

and Freedom is desireless
no calls for more our wireless
is clear and switched on to receive
no outbound calls that can deceive

and Freedom is content to wait
until that inner voice does state
spontaneously the way to go
for those in Freedom always know

yes Freedom is self-mastery
and so the Guru, now is thee
now nothing disturbs that inner peace
the Aries ram wears a Golden Fleece



FREEDOM 2

Yes and Freedom is an open heart
that never worries, feels apart
nor closes off that part of you
which is Eternal, ever new

yes Freedom is, without a doubt,
connecting to our God, without
a worry in the World, we see,
that God is looking after me

Yet freedom is much more than this
beyond the all, a state of Bliss
we lift our eyes within to see
that God is looking back in thee

Then Freedom's innocent and pure
with no agendas to endure
no obstacles get in the way
and everything is just Her Play

Yes Freedom is this quiet hour
when we are One in that great power
when we do nothing we are Free
to realise God, and simply Be

Full Freedom is God Realisation
no gap exists, no tribulation
yes Freedom burns Her light in you
and only Freedom's ever true.



Seven Deadly Blind Spots 1

PRIDE

We have a blind spot called Pride
That takes us off for a ride
Its so big we inflate
We think we're so great
It causes our Spirit to hide.

ANGER

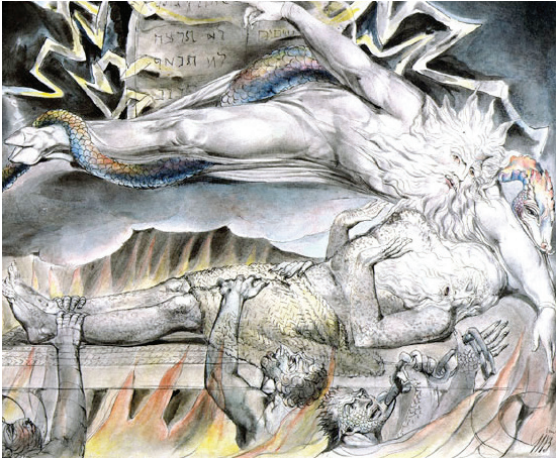
We have a blind spot called Anger
With repercussions of danger
It makes us see red
It heats up our head
And ruins the Joy of our Sangha

LUST

We have a blind spot called Lust
That causes Attention to rust
At each bump and curve
It looks twice, to perve
Exchanging our Gold for dust

ENVY

We have a blind spot called Envy
That resembles a fever from Denghi
Each time that we spot
Something nice that they've got
It whips our Peace into frenzy



Seven Deadly Blind Spots 2

GREED

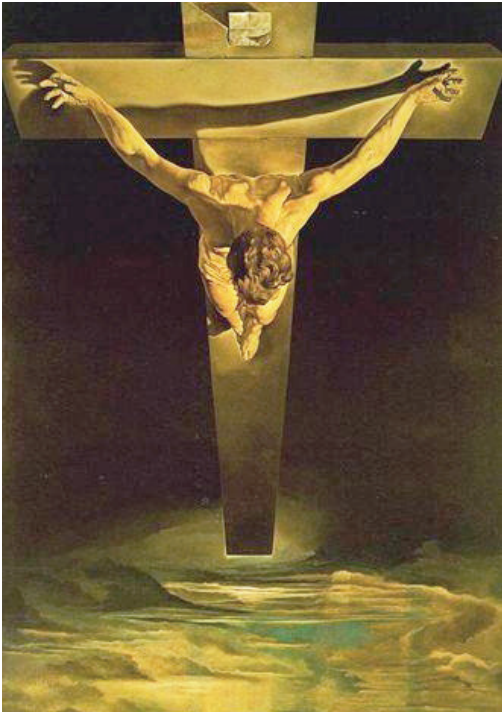
We have a blind spot called Greed
That's based on the Maya of need
Every time that we score
It thinks I want more
Thus causing our Soul to bleed

SLOTH

We have a blind spot called Sloth
It calls like a flame to a moth
From work we retreat
Our goals we defeat
It covers our Lives like a cloth

GLUTTONY

I have a blind spot called Gluttony
Its enlarging the size of the gut on me
I've now grown so big
I resemble a fig
And my Guru Tattwa can not button me.



The Crucifix of Time

We all are nailed upon this Cross
The Crucifix of Time

Incarnate in a human form
To find our Self divine

And when we do and when we are
And when we have Become

We'll realise and know the Truth
We're Christ and we are One

And so like Christ we may be
scourged
Man may not be so kind

And we in our purgations must
Forgive and pay no mind

For all and everything that comes
In rough and tumbled life

Is there because it ought to be
We earned this Grace and Strife

And when we see behind the Play
The unchanging Source of Time

We'll resurrect, remove the nails,
And find our Self, Divine



Consciousness.

What are we ?

Are we everything?
a play within a Play?
Are we the cause
of this Great Day?

We are miracle
Sparks within a Fire
and consciously
we seek the Higher

And consciousness
the mark and measure
and Consciousness
God's only pleasure

And Consciousness
the Way and Means
and Consciousness
is all that Gleans

Oh Consciousness!
Oh Spark! Oh Fire!
Oh Light! Oh Quest!
For ever ~ Higher!



The One You See

In all the known Universe,
there's only one like you
In all this vast Humanity,
this Truth is always true

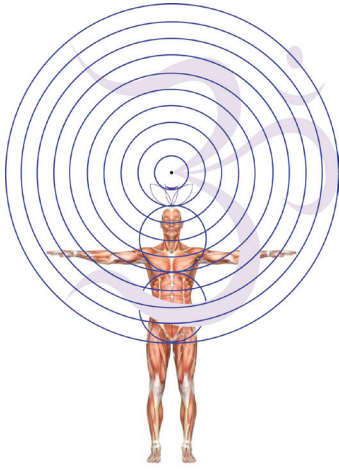
The One's become the many,
the vast thronged multitude
Yet each and every single one
exists in Solitude

So know the Truth in Essence,
each one is of the One
Each hue of Man is many,
yet each one is a Son

And every single Person,
is a Universe unique
And every one is Blessed,
their Light within must seek

For this is Why we all exist,
the One its Self to know
And you my Son must find It,
the One within must grow.

Fulfill your Self, Become the One,
this is your Destiny
You are the One, and many,
You are the One you see



One Can Only Wonder

One can only Wonder at this Universe Divine
One can only Witness.... the Spirit, yours and mine

From far beyond a concept - Thy Freedom did distil
To Manifest Thy Bindhu - the Point of Divine Will

This Point, that has no other, felt the pull of Pure Desire
Did manifest Your Power - The Dance - Oh Mahamaya!

And then the Great Explosion* spake The Multiplicity
Wherein a myriad Beings - by Grace Adi Shakti

One can know Valaya, from whence this All has come
Yet one can only wonder ... Thy Mystery, how done?

That One's become the Many by Grace of Mahamaya
That You and I are both One, the One of Pure Desire

And so Thy Breath has made us, in the Image of our Source

And by Thy Power of Pure Desire we can Divine our Course

For this Light, that is our One Self, is both Source and Destiny

And this Journey we are making, leads us only back to Thee.



ps

You've heard the words
of saint and sage,
enlightened books you've read,

Yet without Joy that burns within
these words do all seem dead

There is 'no thought'
sublime, enough,
to take us to the top,

Surrendered now
we go beyond,
to where the words all stop

