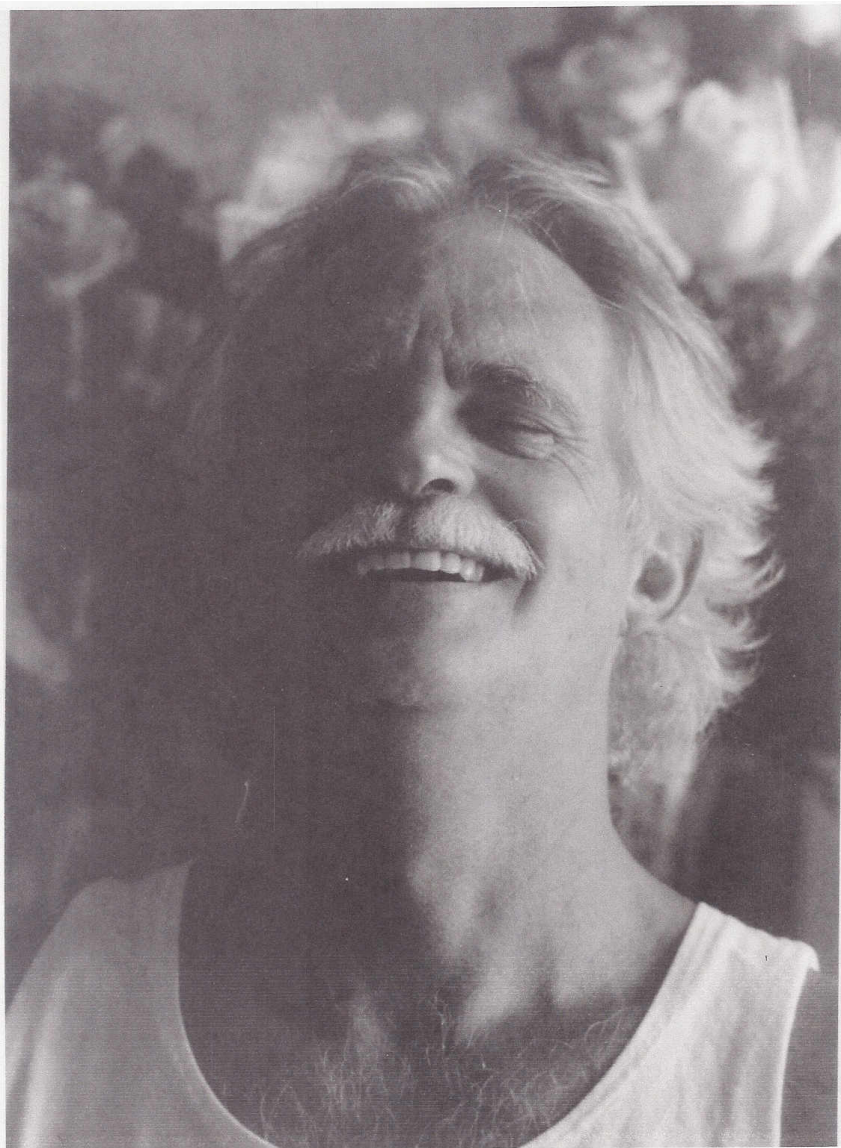


*the life and times  
of a mystic and a poet*



*by Lee Timmerman*

The Life and Times  
of a  
Mystic and a poet

Lee Timmerman

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Artwork and poetry by Lee Timmerman

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## Dedication

*Namaste*

“I bow to the divine light within you”

I would like to dedicate this book to all the souls who have been part of my life. I would like to say thank you, for my life has been enriched by all of you.

I have had multiple visions of holy ones, saints, and sages throughout my life. I would like to emphasize that the majority of the visions happened after I started meditating consistently and regularly, and happened in my meditations. I define a vision as the appearance of a realized soul that I can see both with my eyes closed in meditation, and with my eyes open. Each experience brought light, knowledge, energy, bliss, and joy.

I am mentioning the names of those holy ones who appeared to me, as an acknowledgement and a sincere thank you for being a part of my life, and also as an inspiration to any sincere person, as to the possibilities on the inward journey. I would like to say *Om namo ari hantanam, Om namo siddhanam*\* to: Osiris, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Christ, Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, Babaji, Mataji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswar, Paramahansa Yogananda, Daya Mata, Mahavira, Gurudev Sri Chitrabhanu, Swami Rama, Osho (Bhagwan Rajneesh), Donald Walters, Buddha, Ralph Calabria, Roy Eugene Davis, Hazrat Inayat Khan, Pir Vilayat Inayat Khan, Maharshi Ramana, Swami Satchidananda, Swami Sivananda, Sai Baba, Ananda Moyi Ma, Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Mahatma Gandhi, Agastya, the Dalai Lama, Sri Swami Brahmananda, the Ancient Ones. I would also like to say thank you to the many saints and sages for whom I have no names, but who came and shared their knowledge, beauty, and joy.

Once again, thank you to all of the souls who have been part of my life, for the love, joy, and enrichment of my life, especially the holy ones, my family and friends, and all the people who have been part of my life, from childhood on. Thank you to all of those who have passed through my life, and thank you to those who have made up this human family, all six billion-plus.

I hope my poetry can begin to express the beauty, the love, the joy that I have experienced being part of this wondrous human experience.

*when i think about my life  
and the grace of each and every day  
thank you for the beauty*

---

\* *Om namo ari hantanam, Om namo siddhanam*: “I bow to the conquerors of their inner enemies, I bow to the realized souls.”

*and thank you for the joy  
and being in love with you*

*and thank you for the music  
and every dance i have ever danced  
for every smile and every kiss  
and every gown you ever wore*

*and thank you just because  
there are no roads to nowhere  
just a song and another dance  
another dance with you*

*days of laughter moments of sorrow  
thank you for the daytime  
and thank you for the night  
and thank you for the delight*

*oh thank you  
for the fragrance and the flowers  
and the springtime blossoms  
the birds and the bees  
and the warm summer nights  
oh thank you  
for all the delight*

## Author's Note

My poetry is an attempt to express the mystical experiences I have had, most of which happened in meditation, but some happening while I was active. These experiences would give me a glimpse of some aspect of *Om Satyam* (eternal love) *Om Shivam* (eternal virtue/harmony), or divinity. As Christ said, "Let Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." I would get a glimpse of the harmony, manifested all the way from the formless to the physical. Each stanza of a poem is a personal satori (mystical experience), and is a record or journal of my mystical experiences.

I chose poetry as a way to record my experiences because it was a medium that allowed me to best express a wholistic experience that included both the mystical and the physical. Neither my poetry nor the explanations given are a complete defining of the mystical experiences and I would hope you would spend a little time to gain a deeper experience of each poem or mystical experience. They say that a picture is worth a thousand words. If this is true, then poetry is as close to creating a picture as words can come to. Also, poetry allows me a personal liberty of language and symbolism needed to express the mystical. It allows me to bring a subtler experience or vibration into a grosser language for the purpose of sharing that which I believe is a universal aspect of the human experience.

The poetry in this book is a reading and a brief explanation given at spiritual retreats where the emphasis was on the mystical. As an analogy: the physical part of the poem is like the tip of an iceberg, which is visible. The mystical aspect of the poem is the rest of the iceberg, which is hidden from our physical eyes, but is the majority of the iceberg. Both that which we can see with our eyes and that which lies below the surface are the same iceberg, or the same divine wave. With all of my poetry, the emphasis is on the wholistic\* experience, of which the physical is included.

The wholistic experience includes the triune nature of God. There is the pure Satyam Conscious nature that always has been, is now, and forever shall be without form. This is God Consciousness without form...Satyam Consciousness. Another part of the triune nature is the Word, the first form, or "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was from God, of God, and is God." This Word is the pure Satyam Consciousness now manifested (Shivam). From this Word, the Christ/Krishna Consciousness, or the Shivam

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\* I use the spelling of "wholistic" throughout my work to emphasize "the whole"; the one; beyond the idea of separateness.

Consciousness (all synonymous), manifests as an even grosser vibration known as the Holy Stream, Holy spirit, Sundaram (all synonymous) as it is moving into motion, into creation.

All my poetry is committed to the expression of the experiences with my beloved, the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature. Most of my experiences happen in meditation, including holy ones appearing in visions, but some mystical experiences happen in my active times, when something in the physical seems to trigger an experience. The wholistic experience is then what my poetry is about.

To truly understand and relate to the mysticism I experienced, and try to express with my poetry, one must work on the poems. You have to read them, think about them, meditate and focus on them. If you focus and meditate on my poetry, pretty soon it will take you to an experience similar to what I had.

This book, and the poetry within, is a journal of my mystical experiences. Although this is a journal of my mystical life, it is not a complete record of my life. I have not included in my poetry my limited or worldly activities. It would be misleading of me to suggest or imply that the great majority of my life was spent immersed into the mystical. However, I can honestly say that a great part of my life was spent *trying* to see or understand the mystical. It would also be misleading to suggest that because of my many mystical experiences I led a saintly life. Let it just be said that I did strive to become a better person, a better human being, with weaknesses to conquer, and failings along the way. I did not record much of my physical life, although legitimate, because my interest was in striving to experience a more wholistic view of life, which included, but was not limited to, the physical.

Most of my poetry can be taken literally for the physical aspect of the poem. Although I have not given complete explanations of each poem, I have shared a small part of the mystical part of my poetry. A few of the poems have been repeated in the book. I read them at different retreats, and talked about a different aspect of my experience, so please allow for this seeming indulgence.

Why I had so many mystical experiences and visions of the holy ones, I cannot say for sure. Perhaps it was because I knew we are all created in the image of God, and I was interested in and open to my wholistic nature, *and* I had a willingness to learn. I feel truly thankful for all of the grace that I received from the experiences, and I feel a desire to share with others what was shared with me. Hopefully, these experiences will inspire others to be interested in, and open to their wholistic nature.

I also need to mention that these mystical experiences were like seeds, and my understanding of them has grown over the years. Although I began to talk more about my experiences in 2004, some of the early experiences took place many years ago. My early poetry expresses experiences that I have had 30-plus years to work on and understand. The clarity of the wholisticness and the depth of my understanding was not there in the beginning. I do not want to imply that my life was a continuous state of bliss because of these experiences. There was plenty of struggle and hard work between the mystical experiences, and many times it would take years for the experience to unfold into a clarity that I could see and live. Nor do I want to imply that true spirituality is about having mystical experiences. True spirituality is about how much *Om Satyam* (unconditional love) we experience, rather than a collection of experiences.



*love*  
*is the source*  
*of life*  
*beauty*  
*the energy*  
*of eternity*

I would also like to say that I have had mystical experiences which I have not been able to express in words. Some were too expansive and some too personal to share at this time, but I do hope that I will be able to find the words to share these experiences some day.

And lastly I would like to say that I know that the title *The Life and Times of a Mystic and a Poet* is a pretty bold claim, but I would like to acknowledge, in all modesty, that modesty has never been one of my predominant qualities.

May you have love, light, blessings, and joy in your life.

Lee



## Introduction

I was born August 21, 1948 at 11:42 pm in the small town of Waseca, Minnesota, and raised in the even smaller farming community of Otisco, MN (population: 60). My life began to unfold mystically at an early age.

I have certain brief memories of before the age of three, but at the age of three, my life began to be transformed. I had contracted rheumatic fever and my father was taking me to the doctor. As he was stopping the car, I left my body and hovered about 25 feet above the car. I watched him parallel park the car, get out, come around to the passenger side, and lift my body out of the back seat. I watched him carry my body about a half-block to the doctor's office. The whole time, "I" was hovering about 25 feet above, observing this.

A number of things happened while I was out of the body. One thing is that I went from feeling the aches and pains of a disease and illness to feeling bliss, light, and intoxication of consciousness, or a lighter body. I identified, not with my physical body, but with my spirit body or soul, as my 3-year-old consciousness interpreted it. I also had communion with a larger Spirit, which my 3-year-old consciousness referred to as God. This "voice" or communion stated that I would not be coming home at this time because I had things to do. After this communion ended, I went back into my body, which was by then in the doctor's office, being held by my father.

With this first mystical experience, a number of things were made evident and helped shape my life from that point on. The first thing was that I was not the physical body. I was a consciousness that had a physical body. Secondly, earth, and/or my physical body, were not "home." This larger voice, or heaven, was my home. Thirdly, I knew that one can commune or communicate with God. Even at a young age, I realized that I was more than just the body; rather I was a soul that wears the body for its journey through life. This began to define my life from the age of three. This also began to define my language. I found that the religious or spiritual language was sometimes the only language that included that which is beyond the physical, the metaphysical, or the

mystical.

The next marked experience happened during the summer of 1958. I was around 9 or 10 years old. I was walking in the woods, which were about a mile from my home. This experience came as a vision with light, energy, and joy. I saw myself in a much older body giving a talk about spirituality and wholistic living, and mentioned to the people that they should read my books. This experience let me know I would be alive for a while, that I would be talking with people about spirituality, and that I would be writing books.

I continued living my life in what I consider a normal childhood. I attended public schools, played with friends, and pursued my interests. However, around age fourteen, my interests began to include more spirituality, as well as athletics, socializing, music, dancing, and writing. At the age of fifteen, I remember having a conversation with my father, who told me that God had created us to work and fulfill our duty. I remember being shocked by this conversation, and being shocked by my response, because it was like it almost leapt from my consciousness. I said, "No, God created me for happiness and joy." This idea, and a young boy's mind without full discernment of what that meant, did bring me some poor choices and some suffering, I might add.

The accumulation of both mystical and worldly experiences brought me to this next milestone in my life. During the summer of '68, I was going to summer school in Winona, Minnesota, and I noticed that there was a transformation happening. I was realizing that my life was not fitting into society, but more importantly, I no longer wanted to fit into society. One day after classes, I walked down to the lake and sat under a tree and began to meditate. While I was meditating I had a vision of myself standing outside of a glass house and looking in at the people inside, who all seemed to be enjoying a rather large gathering or dinner party. And as I was looking in, it was like an attachment was disappearing and I felt I no longer had interest in joining in. Instead I stepped back and turned to face the sky and the stars and the heavens above. And as I did, I felt a wave of peace and joy wash over me. This vision only lasted a few minutes, but it seemed to summarize what I was experiencing that summer.

I began to develop more interest in the ancient mysteries, the metaphysical and the sacred. I began seeing the harmony in all life, rather than just seeing a college education and what was limited to my place in society, or even the current human and social conditions. This realization was the beginning of my inward journey. Although I did not renounce or withdraw from society, my focus began to turn towards the inner life.

The next milestone mystical experience happened when I was about 21 years old. A girl walked into a room and she radiated like an angel. The light was just emanating from her, and soon the light seemed to fill the whole room. I could feel the love, joy, and beauty with this experience. I interpreted this as being able to see the soul's radiance. It took me a while, maybe 9–10 months, where if I really made the effort, I could have this experience of seeing all the way to the soul with other people. This experience allowed me to see that everyone, myself, this girl, all other people, are all truly created in the Divine image. I felt the same joy, intoxication, and love that I experienced at age three when I was out of my body and communing with this larger Spirit, and at age ten with the vision of myself giving a talk. I was now able to see and have this experience with other people in everyday interactions and experiences. I realized that experiencing everyone

being created in the image of God was not something that could be experienced only in the quiet of meditation, but was also something you could actually see and experience on the outward journey. This was a turning point, or another milestone in my journey. This caused me to begin to look for the light or divinity everywhere, rather than just go along with life waiting for it to come to me in a sunset here or a mystical experience there. This experience also stimulated my search for actual meditation techniques. I began research in theology, philosophy, and Eastern and Western religions in a much more sincere effort.

When I was about 26, I was walking one night on a country road. As I was crossing a bridge over a small river, the whole night exploded into light. Everything became translucent and transparent. I could see through the trees, into the earth, through the bridge and the hillside. I could see leaf-like light floating and permeating everything. This prana,\* or manna, as I understood it at the time, was permeating the hillside, the trees, the earth, and my body. I began to experience what I called the Truth, or harmony, or the Christ/Krishna-consciousness; the harmony and the oneness of life were being revealed. This experience went on for around 45 minutes.

This motivated me to begin a more consistent inward journey. Shortly after this I encountered a few holy ones who were on the planet (and some who were not) and their books. I found books, books by Paramahansa Yogananda, like *Autobiography of a Yogi*, and books by Swami Rama of the Himalayan Institute. I was able to meet Gurudev Chitrabhanu and get his books and meditation techniques. I made more effort because this experience at age 26 was very similar to the feelings of joy, intoxication, and freedom I had at age 21 with the experience of seeing the soul radiating out of the girl. It was similar to the feelings I had with the vision at age ten, and the out of body experience at age three. They were all very similar in feeling. My interpretation and depth of understanding was the main thing that was different. After the experience at age 26, I began to sincerely pursue the spiritual practices of reading and meditating, and had many visions of different holy ones, including the ones on a suggested reading list, that I have included at the end of my books.

When I talk about *The Life And Times Of A Mystic And A Poet*, I am talking about a lot of metaphysical, or beyond the body, beyond the earth-type experiences that were throughout my whole life. The “poet” is from my desire to share my experiences, because between the age of three when I was still playing, and the age of nine or ten, I began to notice that people had suffering, fears, and anger. In my child-like view, I thought the main cause of suffering was this lack of personal knowledge that there was life beyond our own time and reality. These things became somewhat apparent to me in childhood, so striving to write about and express these things became a direction in my life, and part of the goal of this incarnation, which was to record the human experience from childhood, youth, middle age, and maturity from a more wholistic perspective.

My poetry is a journal of my wholistic experiences. Most of my poems started from the transcended or mystical experiences and reached down into the physical, the material, and then went back up again, like a wave. Even though my poetry doesn't explain all this, to me it is like keys or records of my mystical life, my mystical experiences. All of my mystical experiences have had a common feeling of lightness, joy, bliss, energy, and energization that lasted several days. Poetry allows me to record and share with those who are interested. I've tried to find the universality of language in

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\* *Prana*: life force, energy.

this expression. These first noticeable experiences were guiding directions in my life. They were mileposts or stimulants along the way.

To go back a few years, I am someone who has tried to be a follower of love. I have delighted in both the worldly and the mystical delights. I went to public schools and had mystical experiences, but did not share them at the time. I tried to tell a few of my experiences when I was younger, but my parents and others threatened to have me locked up or de-demonized, so I felt this was not the conversation I wanted to have at that time in my life. This year's retreat (in 2004) was about *The Life And Times Of A Mystic And A Poet*. I began to talk about my mystical experiences and my poetry in a public forum.

In 1985, when I was asking different holy ones what should be done, what I should do, what I should work towards, I had Swami Rama, Hazrat Inayat Khan, and Babaji\* all appear separately, but in the same meditation, and give me a different answer, seemingly contradictory. As this caused conflict, I just said, "I can't do this anymore. Only You Divine Mother, only You, only You will be my Satguru, my guide." With this came the experience of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram that I had experienced in each of the powerful experiences, only this time everything turned to white. Then the white turned into formlessness and out of the formlessness manifested this pure white rose. The intoxication that came with this was beyond description.

These experiences are not my total life, rather like milestones in my life. They have certainly shaped how my life has unfolded. I have had many mystical experiences throughout my life, from early childhood on, which are not mentioned in this introduction. Most are recorded in my poetry. Some experiences happened in concentration; and in later years, in meditation. Some experiences just happened when I was walking or sitting. I have tried to make a journal, understand, and express the universalness of the human experience and the human spirit. I have recorded this journey from the perspective of someone who has had both material and mystical experiences throughout life. This is why I refer to my life as *The Life And Times Of A Mystic And A Poet*. I have tried to record a more wholistic view. My poetry, whether starting from the mystical and including the physical, or starting from the physical and expanding out to include the mystical, is how I have tried to express the wholistic experiences.

I have had what I consider a normal human life. As a child, I played, got hurt, had diseases, got healed up, went out and explored. I have had to work hard for some things, and have been disappointed in other things. I have the joy of falling in love, marriage, and being part of my children's life. I have the hopes, dreams, and even the seeming contradictions of the human experience, which also includes my mystical experiences. My poetry is a journal of my experiences, a journey and expression of the human spirit.

The idea of incompleteness brings about all human suffering. It brings about all suffering of the human spirit. The soul will call out for more until there is a completion. The completion of the soul is its union with the whole or God. While we are seeking this union, we have to understand our purpose and goal, understand what interests us and what work we want to do so that we will continue to grow and be happy and healthy. Our journey, whether on earth or in the heavens, must have perspective and balance. The triune nature of person-to-self, person-to-God, and person-to-other people has to be

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\* *Swami Rama*: Founder of the Himalayan Institute; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*: Founder of the Sufi Order in the West; *Babaji*: The head of the Self Realization Fellowship lineage of gurus in *Autobiography Of A Yogi* by Paramahansa Yogananda.

learned and taken into consideration. This is all part of the journey, the sharing, the inhalation and the exhalation. To truly delight in life we have to realize that we are *incomplete* standing *amongst the fleeting subtleties of our completeness*, and strive to make our awareness complete, strive to be wholistic. *candlelight flickering in the dark of the dancing night*. We must strive to make our self-realization complete.

I wrote a poem in 2003 that ends with:

*it is the love  
within life  
that makes the heart sing  
and it is the  
beauty of life  
that allows  
the soul to dance*

This is talking about two different things. One is the finding of delight—the reason we wake up, fall in love, see the beauty, have the goals and the desires that make the heart sing. It is what brings about the happiness, joy, and enthusiasm. But, we must also find the love of life itself, the beauty of the cosmic wholeness, of the karma, of the triune nature and harmonize with the Satyam nature of life. This allows us to delight in everyday life. We cannot delight in everyday life unless we have a more wholistic picture of life. I give talks on meditation; it helps me to share that there is more to life than the four primal instincts,\* more to life than the material world. I share, not just my experiences to help inspire others, but also share the meditation techniques, the sacred sciences of how to calm down the mind, body, breath, and ego so others can have their own experiences.

My life and poetry are a reflection of the delight I have had this lifetime, with a little sorrow sprinkled in, which has deepened my compassion for all those who are suffering.

*when the flame  
becomes  
the fire  
and the fire  
becomes the flame  
the dance  
and the dancer  
are one*

This is about seeing that we are created in the image of God, about realizing our divine nature and about experiencing the oneness of God. My whole life I have strived to see *the dance* (the creation) *and the dancer* (God) as one; to see and experience that *the flame* (soul) comes from *the fire* (God) and *the fire* creates *the flame*.

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\* *Four primal instincts*: the instincts for food, sleep, procreation, and self-preservation.

## One

*The Life And Times Of A Mystic And A Poet.*

*I REMEMBER  
the life and times  
of a mystic and a poet  
six white roses  
and the sky above  
lay upon that altar*

Life itself becomes an altar, and an altar is a place you go to worship. *six white roses and the sky above*, symbolized my love of beauty and my devotion to God. *white roses* is the beauty, and *the sky above* symbolizes God. The *six white roses* is also symbolic of the six levels of creation.

*there was music  
and there was wine  
dancers with only flowers  
in their hair*

Music is a celebration of love. *there was wine*, this is the intoxication, the enthusiasm of being alive. *dancers with only flowers in their hair* is the beauty of the openness to life, the beauty of celebrating, dancing, and living within the harmony of life. *flowers in their hair*, is about the physical beauty and also the thousand-petal lotus\* unfolding.

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\* The thousand-petal lotus symbolizes the crown chakra, the seventh chakra, which opens to the God-consciousness.



*we are all pilgrims  
on our way to the holy land  
on our way  
to the holy land*

We are all seeking happiness, love, freedom, and knowledge of our immortality. We are all striving to feel complete and the only place we will feel complete is the holy land, or in our wholisticness.

Another poem that symbolizes my whole journey, rather than a specific revelation is:

*WELL I have walked on golden mountains  
rose up to touch the sky  
and saw eternity  
who had been looking for me*

*well i have walked on golden mountains* is the earth, the yellow, the symbol of the first chakra, the material creation. *i have walked on golden mountains...rose up to touch the sky and saw eternity*. From the earth, from the material body, the devotion rose up to embrace God, to have that experience and to have or see the formlessness, and realize *who had been looking for me*, that it was my nature, was the grace of God. This happened at the age of three and at the age of ten. It happened every time I meditated and had that union with my wholistic self. It happened every time I was on a walk and was able to see the harmony. It was a wholistic experience, not just the beauty of the unmanifested; it was the whole experience.

*i have sailed on a silver ship  
seven sacred oceans and a sea of fire  
as my only guide  
and the journey as my goal*

*i have sailed on a silver ship*, silver is the color of the second chakra. *seven sacred oceans and a sea of fire*, the second chakra symbolizes the water, the fluid. *seven sacred oceans and a sea of fire as my only guide*—the passion and devotion as my only guide. I had that through my childhood until age 28 when I got the sacred sciences techniques of meditation. *and the journey as my goal*. This is the journey, the experience of being alive and mukti (free), to live and experience life.

*i have laid myself down beside you  
in a field of tall grass  
and embraced the earth  
picked wildflowers  
like so many jewels in the sun*

I have laid down in tall grass, that's simple. *beside you*, that is beside God, beside the earth, beside a woman and *embraced the earth*. I truly felt like I melted into the earth. *picked wildflowers like so many jewels in the sun*. I have been in a field filled with wildflowers, the physical. *like so many jewels in the sun*—jewels symbolize the third chakra, the third ocean, the third sacred seal. To see the beauty of the causal, to see the beauty of divinity in a flower, or a jewel, or a soul *like a diamond's reflection in a sea of light*, to see the beauty of divinity in your meditation, to see it when you are walking, or in a bouquet of flowers. This is the pursuit of beauty and divinity. You pick *wildflowers like so many jewels in the sun*.

*i have even walked up to heaven  
on a stairway of light  
it wasn't quite as thrilling  
as a chariot of fire  
but it got me there just the same*

*a chariot of fire* is symbolic of the kundalini rising up; *a chariot of fire* is intensity. *i have even walked up to heaven on a stairway of light*, one chakra at a time, one sacred seal at a time, doing chakra meditations: *Lam, Vam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Om, Om*. The yogic practice or process is about both the devotion or surrendering to light, and the methodical practical everyday effort to attain heaven. *i have even walked up to heaven on a stairway of light it wasn't quite as thrilling as a chariot of fire but it got me there just the same*. It is scientific, which is why they call it the sacred science of meditation. No matter who does it, if done properly, it will take you up that stairway.

*i have seen a smile in the morning  
that i could feel  
all the way to my soul  
and i want to wake up  
to a sunrise that touches my heart  
i want to be a part of each day*

*i have seen a smile in the morning that i could feel all the way to my soul*. I have seen a girl smile at me in the morning when she just woke up that truly just opened things up. The girl and the smile just disappeared and only the Christ/Krishna-consciousness

was there. Once again, the soul, the divinity. It is important to understand that although the girl was beautiful and naked, it was the smile, not the rest of the body, that took me to heaven. *and i want to wake up to a sunrise that touches my heart i want to be a part of each day.* I want to wake up each morning to something that stimulates and enthuses me, that excites me, that allows me to sing. I want life to be something that will touch my heart. This is a desire that I pursue, to experience the grace of God. *i want to wake up each morning to a sunrise that touches my heart.* I desire to look for the beauty, the new start, the new day, that resurrection, the ever-newness of beauty. *i want to be a part of each day.* I want to come to the moment, to live fully, wholistically.

*and i want to be in love  
for a long long time*

This line is self-evident. I want to be my nature of Satyam. I want to be in my nature of seeing the beauty. I want to be in my nature, like when a girl walked in the room when I was 21 and I could see the soul and the divinity, the Satyam, the harmony and beauty. If I make the effort to look and be open, I will *be in love for a long long time.* *i want to be in love for a long long time,* that becomes my desire, my focus, and the purpose.

*i want to walk hand in hand  
in the evening sun  
and see the wind  
blow through your hair  
i want to feel that touch  
on my skin tonight  
and i want to feel it  
in my soul*

*i want to walk hand in hand in the evening sun.* When you think of walking hand-in-hand, it is a youthful thing. Young children, high school kids, romantic lovers walk hand-in-hand. They want to touch, to share, to be part of the other. *in the evening sun.* In the evening of my life, I still want to be in love. I still want to have as much enthusiasm for people, for sharing, for touching in my last days as I had in my first days. I want and desire this. *and see the wind blow through your hair.* I want to experience the senses, the delight. *i want to feel that touch on my skin tonight.* I want to have the wholistic experience. I don't want to get old and just sit in a meditation chair saying, "Om Satyam, Om Shivam, Om Sundaram, Om Shanti." I want to live each day and experience each day wholistically. *and see the wind...to feel that touch.*

We have done the fourth, fifth, sixth chakra: fourth chakra: *walked up to heaven;* fifth chakra: *seen a smile in the morning*—spatial perspective; sixth chakra: *and i want to*

*be in love for a long long time; seventh chakra: i want to walk hand in hand.* I don't want to be just unmanifested. I don't want to grow old and just wait to get another incarnation. If you aren't enjoying today and aren't looking forward to tomorrow and the day after that, you must begin to change your life. If you can't embrace the next 24-hours, how can you look forward to eternity?

*i want to walk hand in hand.* I want the wholisticness, and only with the thousand-petal lotus being open could you possibly want more time here on earth. Only then could you possibly enjoy walking hand-in-hand in the evening sun. *i want to feel that touch on my skin tonight and i want to feel it in my soul.* It isn't enough just to have the five senses and their delights, it has to be all the way to the heart, to the soul, to transcendence. It has to be wholistic. *and i want to be in love for a long long time.*

*well i have seen the sky on fire  
and i have drank my share of wine  
i have kissed the newborn child  
and i've walked down to the river*

*i have seen the sky on fire.* I have seen the sunsets, the sunrises, the northern lights where the whole night sky was on fire. I have seen the kundalini rising, and the heavens on fire as I rose up like the phoenix, embracing the sky, as I rose up through the heavens, through the fire, intensity, and passion for the idea of separateness, through this creation until I embraced the sky, the formlessness. *i have drank my share of wine.* I have had the intoxication of love, the intoxication of beauty, of athletics, of alcohol, the bliss of the mystical and the divine. *i have kissed the newborn child and i have walked down to the river.* I have been there for the birth of my children. I saw the whole room turn to light when they were born. I've watched them grow. *i've walked down to the river.* I walked down, immersed, and baptized my self in light, baptized my self in spirituality.

*i have prayed in your temples  
and danced with the moon  
all the way to the night*

*i have prayed in your temples...* I sat there and went into samadhi as the monks chanted their sacred chants. I've done it out dancing at night, sometimes with others and sometimes with just my self. *i have danced with the moon all the way to the night.*

*even bathed in fire and light  
when i desperately needed you*

*when i desperately needed you. “Only You Divine Mother.”\** An early poem: *it is better to call out to Divine Mother in your aloneness than to seek shelter in someone else’s arms.* We can use the mantras: *I am Om, I am Om Satyam, Om Shakti Ram Rama Shiva Om*, or the seven chakra mantras<sup>†</sup> of the seven seals, to bathe in the passion, and intensity, and light of our nature, and the nature of God.

*i have seen a perfect rose  
and i’ve heard the perfect song*

*i have seen a perfect rose and i’ve heard the perfect song.* I’ve talked about the rose before, about seeing that perfect rose, that gift of being one-pointed towards my nature, towards God. *and i’ve heard the perfect song.* I hear the perfect sound all the time, the *Om*. I listen all the time, and bathe in it all the time.

*and just like  
the singer and the song  
i want to be in love  
for a long long time*

*and i want to be in love  
for a long long time*

The perfect singer, singing the perfect song, is the unmanifested and the manifested. *i want to be in love for a long long time. and i want to be in love for a long long time.*

Only your own knowledge and experience will free you. Like the poem says, *i have walked on golden mountains rose up to touch the sky and saw eternity who had been looking for me.* This is the grace of God. This is the way it is, and once we have discovered that within our self, we will realize that it was always there waiting for us to unfold, get a glimpse of, and come to our nature. The soul calls out for more, and it rises up to the sky and sees eternity *who had been looking for me.* That is mukti, and then we are free into life, free into sailing the sacred oceans, the fields of tall grass, the stairways to light, the sunrises, free into living our wholistic life.

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\* It can be very difficult to relate to a formless God, so most people find it easier to relate to or worship a personal God. For some people, the personal relationship is with God as the Heavenly Father (masculine qualities of wisdom, strength, provider, protector), and for other people, the personal relationship is with God as the Divine Mother (feminine qualities of love, compassion, nurturing, protector). God encompasses all attributes of both Father and Mother.

† Chakra mantras: *Lam, Vam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Om, Om.*

## Two

I would like to go back to when I first started recording my mystical experiences. I would like to talk about some of my early poetry, which was written in the early-to-mid 1970's when I lived in Minnesota. In my early poetry, I was trying to keep it as simple as I could. I felt if I kept it simple, it was more universal, whereas the more detailed the poem, the more ego was involved, like a personal preference. As this was a time in my life where I was trying to go beyond my ego, it was also reflected in the style and content of my early poetry.

*within  
the beauty  
of the  
dance  
and the love  
of the  
dancer  
is you*

This is where I found myself most of my life, like a relative identity. This is where and what we hope to attain, to discover our self *within the beauty of the dance*—the creation, *and the love of the dancer* — our very nature of Satyam, or God.

*when the flame  
becomes  
the fire  
and the fire  
becomes  
the flame  
the dance  
and the  
dancer  
are one*

This unfoldment into our nature is where we hope to arrive, at this oneness with our wholistic Self; this ever-in-union with God, this oneness with all of life.

*if you can laugh  
you can embrace  
the mysteries  
if you can love  
you can carry  
laughter  
in your heart*

Ironically, this poem was the last one written for the *Some Mad Schemes and Desires* poetry book. It seemed to sum up what I had learned by 1976, so I put it at the beginning of the book, like an introduction.

*if you can love.* If you can come to your nature of love, then the joy, the laughter, the bliss will be bubbling over at all times. *if you can laugh you can embrace the mysteries.* If you can truly come to your heart and be in love and have laughter through the night and the day, through the good and the bad, then you can also see and enjoy the dualistic nature of the creation. You begin to see the light and dark, which it takes to make this cosmic play, and you can begin to embrace the mysteries of existence.

*i wish to  
share with you  
some  
mad schemes  
and desires  
i think i would  
truly enjoy  
overthrowing*

*the world  
with a poem  
yes i think i shall*

Knowing that I wanted to bring about change in the world, this poem symbolized not just my record of mystical experiences, but also my decision to only record my wholistic experiences in poetry. I no longer used poetry to express personal thoughts and feelings. Now the poetry had to be wholistic and based on actual mystical experiences of the kind that changed me or overthrew my world, overthrew ideas and beliefs.

By sharing the mystical experiences and the satoris\* that helped me go beyond the idea of separateness or idea of incompleteness that comes with the maya sheath, I hoped I could inspire others to go beyond, by sharing what was possible, thereby bringing about change.

With this next poem I was trying to express how my life would go from the bliss of feeling connected to all of life, to the loneliness of not feeling connected at all. It expresses how I would have an enthusiasm for life even when it seemed like I was riding a cosmic roller coaster.

*with  
the delirious intensity  
of losing control  
i have danced  
on the mountain tops  
insanely high  
and crawled across  
the desert floor  
dangerously low  
desiring  
more mountains  
and deserts*

This is about one of the keys—passion, *with the delirious intensity of losing control i have danced on the mountaintops insanely high and crawled across the desert floor dangerously low*. We must have a passion; we must have a passion that almost consumes us in everything that we do. *there is a wind that puts out the fires of selfishness inflaming the real and the pure* and this is what we must find within our self. When we have this passion, we will be able to fulfill our wholistic life, or our physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual desire, and purify our self along the way. Then we will want life, and life more abundantly.

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\*Satori: a spiritual understanding or illumination.



*i rode down  
the rapids  
of my mind  
in an unseaworthy  
craft  
it was a very  
humbling ride*

We have all done this. We have all watched our mind drag us down. We have to understand the nature of the mind in order to help us express our divine nature. We must also learn not to analyze and dwell on the negative. This very next experience is what I did as a solution to my mind dragging me down.

*it might be  
worth your time  
to take yourself  
to the country  
introduce yourself  
to a tree  
and spend the afternoon  
talking  
or maybe  
watching a river  
go by*

Whether you actually go to a place in the woods that has a river, and you embrace a tree or nature, or you are within your own nature, *maybe watch a river go by*, listening to the sound of rushing water in your meditation, do whatever it takes to help you get back to your true self that you lost in *the rapids of your mind*. It is always worth our effort to come to our true nature.

*sometimes i think  
that this craziness  
i feel inside of me  
was put there  
for a purpose  
so if you  
see me coming  
look through your mind*

*and you know  
who i am*

*this craziness* is referring to the intuitional knowledge that the soul keeps calling out for completion with God. It is also a reference to my memories of living before, both on earth and in the heavens.

*maybe  
i am just  
a barbarian  
who sometimes  
feels a need  
to bring a little  
civilization  
to the land*

This stanza is a reference to our lower nature—*barbarian*, and our higher nature—*civilization*.

*maybe  
i am just  
crazy  
  
it is a  
possibility  
you know*

Each of us feels that somewhere inside of us we have something to offer life, and each of us also question whether we are *just crazy*. We each have to sort it out. We have to come to that glimmer of light, that seed of hope, of faith, of what we have to offer, then nurture it into maturity and begin sharing with life.

*as i looked around  
everything  
was coming  
down  
and damn  
it was coming down  
hard*

Sometimes it seemed like my mind just stepped into an avalanche of negative and

limited ideas, and life looked bleak. To not dwell on the negative is the ideal. However, sometimes that is easier to do than at other times.

*as i stood there  
looking around  
wondering if i was  
lost  
the clouds started  
changing colors  
and the sky  
came down on fire  
then i knew  
it was evening*

This will happen to all of us along the way. Sometimes life, or our efforts in life, just doesn't go well. Life gives us our little tests and we may come up short. But if we pay attention and look around, expand our self beyond our own tiny reality, then *the clouds started changing colors and the sky came down on fire then I knew it was evening*. If we are only concerned with our self, we won't be looking at the sky, we won't be looking up to divinity, we won't be looking for beauty, but if we are willing to get past our self, then we can see, *then I knew it was evening*. Well, if you know it is evening you are no longer lost, you are beginning to see life outside of your small self. When we begin to look past our own ego, life begins to change.

*adrift  
on the sea  
of tranquility  
a calm  
before  
the storm*

Sometimes it seems like life is a series of ebbs and flows, and the best you can do is say, "This too shall pass."

*you started out  
so strong  
i was so handsome  
and now  
i'm down  
on my knees  
wondering*

*why you  
waste my time  
painting pretty  
pictures  
of poetry  
on the wall*

For most of my life, I was pretty confident in my external nature and my journey. It was a mixture of mystical experiences, intuition, and just plain ego. The conquering of the inner weaknesses wasn't always easy, and it wasn't always pretty. When it comes to the ego, this always seemed to be the rule rather than the exception for me. When I would stumble along the way, it felt like it was a long way down. This poem is the expression of those times in my life. Or as previously mentioned, there could be storms of self-doubt when trying to integrate my mystical experiences, feeling they should help me fit into life, yet not always seeing the harmony in life. I had those times of self-doubt, questioning, and getting caught without answers to the three basic philosophical questions. Who am I? Why am I here? What is the purpose of life?

*hey  
don't you love me  
just  
a little bit  
couldn't  
you show me  
you care  
enough  
so as not  
to throw  
so many stones*

We have to learn to be compassionate and gentle with life, especially with our self, our inner friend. This poem was just a reminder to myself, a little about not being accepted by others, not fitting in, but mostly about not being able to be comfortable with my own mystical life and my *dharma*.<sup>\*</sup> We have to quit beating up on our self each time we have a doubt.

*i am the one  
who rides  
the wild horse  
called love*

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<sup>\*</sup> *dharma*: Purpose; duty of one's soul; harmonization of one's uniqueness within the universal God-consciousness.

*an outlaw  
wild  
and free  
overthrowing  
any tyranny  
i find  
in my heart*

This poem was a result of an experience in meditation, of seeing that if you focus on Satyam (eternal love) that it will take you past what society calls “normal,” and it will also take you beyond your own ego and false and limited beliefs to a state of mukti (freedom), where you may or may not be accepted by society.

If we are going to have love and freedom in our life, we must realize that ultimately, it is something we find within our self. We must each conquer our own inner weaknesses if we are going to live with love in our life. This is truly going to be our salvation, *to be a follower of love, to be an outlaw wild and free overthrowing any tyranny we find in our heart.*

There is an innate desire in each person to be free. This desire is the inspiration of all revolutions, whether political, social, or personal.

*there is revolution  
everywhere  
kinda makes you  
wonder  
about the pain  
how many people  
have been set free*

We must be mindful that our freedom is also beneficial to the international community. Then we make our striving after freedom a service in helping others in their efforts to attain freedom.

*and how many people  
have been set  
on fire  
are you helping out  
your brother*

*or feeding the demons  
in your soul*

In this poem, as in so much of my early poetry, I am having a dialogue with myself, a higher nature/lower nature dialogue. It was an observation that so much of what was passing as “for the benefit of others,” was in reality a selfish motive. This can also be seen in revolutions throughout history.

*when the ice  
comes in  
i must have my fires  
ready  
you tell me  
you are the  
chosen  
i'm telling you  
i am just cold*

Sometimes when I listened to people, they were so assured they had the truth, even attempting to convert me. But mostly this was an inward issue, with the four primal instincts\* of my lower nature, trying to convince me of their truth. This is my lower nature talking to my higher nature, as well as in the next few poems.

*please  
won't you help me  
search  
for a  
teardrop  
to wash away  
the pain*

My compassion for others, who were suffering around the world, would sometimes get to be incredibly painful. The only thing that I was able to do in those times was accept that I could not change it. This always brought tears, but with the acceptance I was able to let go of the pain.

*the leaves  
they have all  
fallen  
and now*

---

\* Food, sleep, procreation, and self-preservation.

*i desire the snow  
to be gentle  
with her  
touch*

*the leaves* are symbolic of hopes and dreams that were based in my old views and ideas of separateness. As they were falling away, there seemed at first a barrenness before the wholistic ideas began to bring in a joy. It is like the winter may seem barren compared to the life and growth of springtime. These are poems about being caught in the separateness, in the incompleteness, a dark night of the soul.

*cloud fire  
burning in  
the eastern sky  
raging  
through  
my heart  
intensifying  
my love  
of you*

Once again I sought salvation in divinity, *the eastern sky*, the eastern eye, the spiritual eye, literally trying to find the light. There was a beautiful sky also, it seemed on fire that morning. There was the beauty and there was the effect that the beauty had on me, of that sunrise. Mostly the effect was to go inward and experience my connection with life, with my wholistic self, with God. This process of surrendering to the beauty, surrendering to the divinity is what I learned to do—to experience the love and beauty of my nature and the nature of all life.

*within  
the beauty  
of the  
dance  
and the love  
of the  
dancer  
is you*

We must realize that whenever we see beauty, whenever we can feel beauty, whether it is watching a sunrise, seeing a person, seeing a flower, we are halfway there. Now we just have to take it into our heart. We have to open up our heart and experience

our whole self, *the love of the dancer*, our very nature.

*i am not  
offering you  
the promised land  
simply  
my heart  
and my home  
so don't look  
for more  
than sagebrush  
and sand*

One evening in late fall 1972, I was staring out at the night. A fire was going in the wood stove, a few candles were burning, and I was reflecting on what was truly valued in my life. There was a feeling that everything external was growing dim, and only love, or Satyam-consciousness, seemed bright and fulfilling.

We should quit expecting others to fulfill all our desires or all our needs. *i am not offering you the promised land. i am not offering to fulfill all your desires, all your beliefs. simply my heart and my home so don't look for more than sagebrush and sand.* This is the higher nature or Satyam consciousness saying don't look to find your happiness in the material world, it is temporary and empty, like *sagebrush and sand*.

One morning, in the summer of 1974, I was riding home from work. I worked the night shift at a canning factory, and rode my bicycle approximately seven miles to work and rode home in the morning. This poem is the result of that journey.

*in the early  
morning fog  
i stepped  
into a dream  
if i had been  
a painter  
i might  
have captured  
some  
of the beauty  
resting  
in a pasture  
or  
a new born calf  
standing*



*on shaky legs*  
*or*  
*a wild horse*  
*stepping*  
*through*  
*the mist*  
*head thrown high*  
*in defiance*

*wake up Maggie*  
*i love you*

The beauty of the fog on that pasture and a newborn calf is still clear, like a beautiful picture in my mind. I was riding through the fog with probably 20–30 feet visibility, when right in front of me comes a horse, running down the road towards me. He sees me and rears up with a wild look in his eyes and then takes off running back into the fog. If it had only been that physical beauty, it would have been worth the poem, but it woke me up to the true Satyam (love), the true Sundaram (beauty), that I had lost the night before while working in the canning factory. The dullness and the drudgery of that job had begun to wear on me, but this experience awakened the beauty, awakened the human spirit, awakened the soul. I could feel the energy rushing through my body, permeating every atom in my being. *wake up Maggie i love you*, was a half-hour later when I got home. She was still in bed sleeping and all I thought was, “*Wake up Maggie i love you.*” I felt the need to express all of this overflowing beauty and joy, so I wrote it down in the poem.

*in the early*  
*morning light*  
*you welcomed*  
*me*  
*into your embrace*  
*with the intensity*  
*of a nomadic*  
*lover*  
*who understands*  
*his journey*  
*is timeless*

I could say the physical part of this poem is about being welcomed into my wife’s arms, embracing and making love, but it is about so much more than that. It is about meditating all night long, about fighting through the dark night of the soul, until *in the early morning light*, when I could see the light in my spiritual eye begin to pulsate, begin

to get brighter. *you welcomed me into your embrace*, I began to feel the *Om* and the light washing over me, felt the *Satyam* fill me, even felt the bliss, the sensation of prana throughout my body.

*with the intensity of a nomadic lover who understands his journey is timeless.* I understood that this was just a moment, and that it would be sweet but it would not be permanent, and that made it all the more beautiful to have the experience. Once I had that experience and bathed in it, it truly was wholistic because then my wife awoke and we embraced.

If we truly have a desire for something beautiful, something wholistic, then we can enjoy the creation, have a passion for, and it will awaken us to life. It creates a purpose for living, a purpose for getting up in the morning. Like this poem:

*love  
is the source  
of life  
beauty  
the energy  
of eternity*

It gives us that inspiration and it also helps us to have a rebirth, because it is harmonious and beautiful. We will naturally open up to our larger Self, to our wholistic self and begin to feel the love and the beauty that is all around.

This next poem is about a mystical experience when the Christ/Krishna-consciousness was revealed.

*incomplete  
i stood alone  
amongst  
the fleeting subtleties  
of my  
completeness  
candle light  
flickering  
in the dark  
of the dancing  
night*

I wrote this poem to remind me to keep remembering this summer of '74 experience. This was not an experience that I had in a temple, or in my meditation. I was just walking along at night through the woods on a back country road. I was walking to

town to meet my wife after she was done with her waitress shift. It was about two-and-a-half miles of gravel road, through the woods. As I crossed over a bridge, the night transformed into light. Prana, or manna, began to flow through me. The trees became translucent and I could see through them. I could see the small hometown where I was raised, about two miles away. I could see the lights of the town through the hill and forest. As magnificent as this was, the truth of divinity was being revealed in one realization after another. I couldn't seem to hang on to any specific truth, because another one would push it away. This went on for about 45 minutes. I had no concept of time while this was happening, but walking to town that night took 45 minutes longer than it usually did. It was truly delightful and transforming, reminding me of my wholistic nature.

This next poem is about one step further from *the delirious intensity of losing control*. A partial transformation happens with the *Om Sundaram*, the beauty and bliss of life, and with the vision to see the attachments to the idea of separateness...

*insanity  
came  
instantly  
and bold  
possessing  
my  
body  
and soul*

This is about that type of experience where you are walking along or sitting, and your wholistic nature is revealed, the wholeness of life is revealed. The beauty, the joy of divinity is revealed and none of what you are doing in everyday life makes sense. It seemingly has no purpose, no significance. It is about having a mystical experience and then going off and doing something in the world that has no significance, but there may still be a desire for. It is like being caught in two worlds, one is the mystical and the other is the material. You wonder whether you are just crazy and why there is a strong desire for one thing or the other at the time. It didn't always make sense, and it didn't always feel comfortable, but my life had times or experiences like that.

*let me stand  
naked  
before you  
and let you  
see  
that i am  
thee*

This is a revelation that everyone is created in the image of God. This revelation

that we are universal, that if I *stand naked*, bring down the walls or the veils, the self-defenses and open my self up, that you will see that I am just like you. We are all universal. We are all created in the image of God. We all have hopes and dreams and desires. We all have weaknesses and strengths. We all go to bed at night and pray for a better day. We are all making our way to the Promised Land. That is what this revelation was, seeing the universalness.

*the ducks  
are again moving south  
i must be  
some kind of savage  
for you see  
as i stood there  
admiring  
their beauty  
i managed to eat  
one or two  
and then compliment  
the cook*

This is about seeing the divinity everywhere. It is about this craziness, this insanity that *came instantly and bold possessing body and soul*. I remember being out in the early morning, in the cold and the rain on a lake, watching thousands of ducks and geese circling, flying. I was so in awe of the beauty, so in awe of the harmony as they were making their way someplace south. I was watching them come together in their perfect formations, with their all their beauty. Then to have a few fly over and shoot them, take them home, dress them out, cook them up and say, “Yum, that tastes good. That is good!” Back to that earlier poem...

*maybe  
i am just  
a barbarian  
who sometimes  
feels a need  
to bring a little  
civilization  
to the land*

Sometimes I felt like I was just hopes, dreams, and contradictions; an uneasy revelation about lofty ideals and lower nature weaknesses yet to be conquered.

*today i made  
an excellent  
pot of coffee  
it takes so little  
to bring joy  
my mind  
must be wasting  
away  
or else  
i've found some  
happiness*

This was a much more delightful experience, just the bliss overflowing when you are standing there having something as simple as a cup of coffee. It overwhelms you, overwhelms your senses, overwhelms your spirit, overwhelms you with the beauty of life itself.

*we adopted  
three young kittens  
seems their mother  
lost touch  
with herself  
and abandoned  
her young  
but at least  
she didn't call it  
freedom*

No matter how blissful I got, I just couldn't forget my compassion for others who were suffering, and that gets back to, *sometimes i think that this craziness i feel inside of me was put here for a purpose.*

*oh you know  
i was so much  
in love  
when i saw  
the yellow moon  
walking up the lake  
stepping over trees  
and standing tall*

*on top  
of the night*

This poem is a favorite because the evening didn't start out that beautiful. It started out with feeling alone, empty, and unappreciated. I was outside getting some air because I couldn't feel connected with the people that were inside, and I was not feeling appreciation. I decided that I really didn't like this feeling, so I just began to withdraw from my external expectations. I looked up and there was the moon, a full moon rising, big and yellow, coming up over the lake, and I just felt this love wash over me. What I couldn't feel inside the house with people, I felt outside with nature and God and harmony. It takes a little while for the moon to move that far, so I was out there for a while appreciating, enjoying, and bathing in this love.

*if you see  
the four winds  
blowing  
you tell them  
i'm getting by  
just fine*

This poem is about when I came to my self and realized that I was created in the image of God. We are all created in the image of God and if we take control, accept responsibility for our happiness, for our joy, for our fulfillment, for our love and make the effort, then we will also get by *just fine*. *if you see the four winds blowing*, this was the four winds of the earth, the material body, the four primal instincts, that which rules the material world and the material person. *you tell them i'm getting by just fine*, this is when I took control and decided that I would be in love with life, that I would be responsible for the love, the joy, the fulfillment.

Going back a few years, when I was five, I was out playing hide and seek with other kids at 9:30 – 10:00 at night. It was dark and my father and a friend of his came close to my hiding place. At first I didn't really listen to what they were saying because they talked about adult things that I really wasn't all that interested in, like work and people and stuff like that. But then they started talking about the Bible and about God, and they started talking about the "end of days," and then they had my attention. They talked about the Book of Revelations and how it was prophesized that the world would come to an end when the moon and the stars were in a certain conjunction. It was way over my head, but it had my attention because I was only five years old and I felt I had just come here. I came here for a purpose, but now it was going to end, and I wouldn't be able to fulfill my purpose. I wasn't personally afraid, because I already knew that my home was not on earth. I knew I was infinite and eternal, my body or earth, wasn't home, but it had my attention because I would not be allowed to fulfill my purpose for coming here. I listened to their conversation, and I heard that the world was going to come to an end because man was evil and God would strike it down. I will say it had an impact on my life, because from that moment I started researching truth, the truth of God, the truth

of Satan, the truth of humanity. I would say my childhood ended on that summer's night because now I had to understand good and evil. It was a strange childlike understanding.

As the revelations and the insights and the mystical experiences happened throughout my life, I would try to share them and mostly they weren't well received. When I was young, most people pretty much came to the conclusion that I was possessed by the devil, or insane, or just a liar. When the minister called my parents and said, "This boy is possessed by the devil. We need to do something about it," I quit talking about my experiences.

At the age of 9 or 10, I had a vision, one of those times when I was walking through the woods. The woods were only a mile from my home and I spent a lot of time during summer vacations there. In this vision, I was older, even older than I actually am today, and I was talking to people about divinity, about love, about being wholistic, and I was telling people that they should read my books. It was one of those experiences where as I was walking along, I saw the trees, the birds, the squirrels, and suddenly I saw a vision of myself in an older body. I stood there for a while having the experience and then I continued on. When I came home that day I told my parents that when I grew up I was going to be a minister and a writer. My parents seem relieved after I quit telling them about my experiences and only spoke in a manner that they found understandable, like what I was going to be, and not *how I knew* what I was going to be.

The first poem in my journal is:

*i wish to  
share with you  
some  
mad schemes  
and desires  
i think i would  
truly enjoy  
overthrowing  
the world  
with a poem  
yes i think i shall*

It was with this innocence that as a five-year-old child I accepted the responsibility of *overthrowing the world* so that I could do the work I was supposed to do, whatever that was. I was just a child, but I had *some mad schemes* along the way and that is what this poem is about—all the *desires* and all the *mad schemes*. Some of them were beautiful and some were truly ignorant, and they happened from childhood into realization. That is why my first book was titled *Some Mad Schemes and Desires*. It is universal.

Each of us come to earth, and once a soul has been born we each will have *some mad schemes and desires*, things we would like to do, things we would like to complete, things we would like to share. This is the purpose of our life and this adds purpose to our

creation. We have been created and sent out, sent out from the Garden of Eden, sent out from the heavens for the sole purpose of journeying, to have our experiences, to be a unique expression of divinity, of God, to be a unique vibration amongst the whole. It is our responsibility to uncover our unique expression of divinity, our responsibility to realize and become that. This is what this poem is about, the universalness of this journey. It started for me at the age of three, and was reinforced at the age of five. I was a pretty serious child for a while.

My poetry has been written in an attempt to express what is universal. I wrote it with the intent to both express the experience here on earth and to open the door to the experience of our higher nature. My poetry is written about body, spirit, and consciousness. When you read my poetry you must look for the wholistic experience, because it is there.

An example of this wholisticness is a stanza from the following poem. It is talking about the physical, but also talking about the spirit body, even the causal body and how it awakens latent desires.

*I REMEMBER when i was  
a young boy barely fourteen  
there was this girl  
and a jar of homemade wine  
well I'm not sure if her kisses  
were really that sweet  
but it sure had an affect on me*

Oh, this girl was truly a delight. She was like an angel, a friend, like when you first meet. Meeting her and being around her opened up the whole mystery-of-life thing. She had come with her family to a gathering. We were sneaking sips of homemade rhubarb wine that my family was serving. We were getting thoroughly intoxicated with the joy of the wine, with the coming together, with the celebration of family and friends, with the gathering on a summer's day. There was the music and then there was a moment where we looked into each other's eyes and we kissed – *it sure had an affect on me*. It awakened the passion. It awakened the passion for love, awakened the passion for connection with another, awakened the passion for sex. It was an awakening.

Someone asked me a while ago if I had a problem dealing with the sex desire and I said, no, it was never a problem for me. During the 60's and the 70's, during this promiscuous time, there was a, "Make Love Not War" attitude, a social, sexual awakening. I felt that unless I had appreciation, love, and transcendence, then it wasn't worth having sex with another person. Without the appreciation, love, and transcendence there was really nothing being shared and I wasn't interested. But every once in a while the transcendence and the prayer and the love would be there, and the intoxication of the meeting was there. At that point, before things got carried away into a sexual expression, I would ask them, "What is the meaning of life?" For the most part, when they didn't have an answer to that question, it took the passion away. Sex is part of the material body, part of the material world. It is empty without the love, appreciation, and



experience of transcendence. Without the spirit being awakened there seems no point, there is little joy, little fulfillment here on earth. So we must make the effort to find that passion, make that effort to find the joy of living wholistically. The next line of the poem:

*i remember when  
as a young man  
this girl appeared  
like someone who had  
just stepped down from heaven  
she touched my heart  
like an angel would  
then she touched my body  
like you would imagine  
the devil could  
oh she sure has had an affect on me*

Here I was beginning to experience the love, prayer, appreciation, and the transcendence. It was the beginning of my unfoldment into “more.” When I asked this young lady what the meaning of life was, she said, “I’m not sure, but it probably has something to do with God.”

The spiritual life is about embracing our wholisticness. We must come to our self and realize our self as consciousness, the absolute God-consciousness without form, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, the Holy Stream, our soul, our unique individual consciousness (the soul once born lives forever). The spiritual life is also about our beliefs, our desires, our senses, our journey, our memories, and our life here on earth as well as heaven. I was experiencing all of this at the age of three, and again at the age of five, when I was hiding in the tree and they were talking about the Book of Revelations, and the moon and the stars being in conjunction, and how the end of the world had been prophesized. In my early experiences there was a dichotomy, with moments of experiencing the union, and days of experiencing the idea of separateness. Now I will skip to the stanza where I learned to go beyond this dichotomy...

*i remember Swami Rama  
who taught me how to breathe  
and Paramahansa he brought me yoga*

There will be no yoga (union) unless we first take control of our breath. We have to understand that even the poem is a stairway, one step leads to another.

*Lahiri Mahasaya showed me  
the love behind the stars  
and how to share  
Maharshi Ramana taught me to laugh*

Maharshi Ramana taught me to laugh by appearing to me, and just being there smiling with eyes half-open/half-closed. The bliss, the joy, and the love of his presence were just overwhelming. After that moment, after that time, I was able to laugh more, the seriousness of life was removed for the most part.

There were still times when I was driven to find a solution to heal the pain in the world, until one time when I was half-crazy and prayed to Divine Mother. “Please, there has to be a solution to this problem.” Her presence appeared and in a voice said, “Yes, the Satya Yuga.”\* I just laughed and said, “I knew that!” But after this it was different because previously I only intellectually knew it. Since that moment I have not felt that incomplete desire to heal the world. I have worked towards sharing, worked towards helping people overcome, but I have not felt the need, the incompleteness, the driving force that kept me unfulfilled.

Throughout the book I will be referring to different poems, explaining different mystical experiences, and tying them in. We might have different preferences, but we are all universal; we are created in the image of God; we have taken on similar samskaras and veils. We all have the spirit body, causal body, and the soul and are created in the image of God.

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\* *Yuga* (Skt): Age; cycle of creation of approximately 24,000 years. This cycle is made up of the Satya Yuga, Treta Yuga(s), Dwapara Yuga(s), and Kali Yuga. The Satya Yuga is the most enlightened age.

### Three

I will continue with this poem written in 1999...

*I'VE STOOD beside  
golden fields  
watching you move  
within the wind  
and i was in love  
with you then*

This poem has a theme...*and I was in love with you then*. I've included the physical, *i've stood beside golden fields watching you move*, watching the wheat fields, watching the golden aura, the halo around a person, seeing the golden light in my meditation, moving. The key to this stanza of the poem is, *i've stood beside*—there was an idea of separateness. I was in love *with* my beloved. I was seeking the joy, the beauty, the light.

When I was fifteen my father told me that God created us to work, to do our duty, and it sounded very familiar, sort of like when the holy ones say that we are here to fulfill God's purpose, our karma, our dharma, that we need to fulfill our duty to everyone. I responded back with, "God created me for happiness and joy." I felt creation was for being in love, being in joy, and then to go and explore life.

*i've seen you naked  
in the lakes  
glimpses of shimmering  
sunlight and beauty*

*and i was in love  
with you then*

*i've seen you naked.* I have seen naked bodies. I remember seeing a naked girl swimming in the lake. I saw her soul, the pure soul beyond the samskaras.\* There were no samskaras, no sin, just the beauty of the soul radiating through. *glimpses of shimmering sunlight and beauty.* The soul, the light, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness were all there.

*and i was in love with you then.* I didn't get caught up in the beautiful body swimming in the lake. I didn't get caught up in wanting to take pictures of her because she was so beautiful. I didn't get caught up in wanting to go touch and caress the body because it was so beautiful. I simply enjoyed the beauty of the physical. I saw the radiance, *shimmering sunlight and beauty,* all the way from the Christ/Krishna-consciousness to the soul, to the form in the lake. I saw all this because I looked for it. I was looking for the wholistic experience. *and i was in love with you then* is what made me look for it. I was in love with life. I wanted to see God everywhere, so I looked to find my beloved.

*i saw you silhouetted  
against the night sky  
embracing the stars  
as only the young can  
and i was in love  
with you then*

Whether it was trees, or children, looking at the night sky, studying the stars, whether it was the devotee<sup>†</sup> wanting to experience the formless, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, or that light that appears in the spiritual eye, no matter what phase I found myself in, I was looking for the essence of divinity within every form that I encountered. No matter how physically beautiful, I did not allow myself to stop searching and looking for the essence.

In the early eighties I read a book by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh called *Neo-Tantra*. Whenever I read any of the holy books I would focus and meditate on the author, before I would even begin to read. One day I meditated on Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh for a half-hour to an hour and then sat down to read *Neo-Tantra*. By the time I finished that book an hour-and-a-half later, everything was just shimmering light. Nothing appeared solid, and it did not appear solid again for almost two days. Sometimes it was easy to see the essence within the form, yet other times I had to make a more disciplined effort. If we make the effort we *will* see it. What motivated me to make the effort from childhood on was that I liked the feeling of experiencing love more than what I felt when I was not experiencing love.

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\* *Samskara*: a mindset; a view of reality that is incomplete.

† *Devotee*: One who is devoted to God.

*i watched while you played  
with the ocean  
an ancient ritual of  
awe and intoxication  
and i was in love  
with you then*

I have watched people play in the ocean, watched storm waves beating on the shores. One is people playing with the ocean, and the other is nature playing. I was looking for the essence in both.

*i walked with you  
in the forests and meadows  
in deserts and mountains  
in the sunshine and in the rain  
and i was in love  
with you then*

I walked with my lover. I walked with my children. I walked with my friends. I walked with the light. I walked with the holy ones. When I was younger, before I learned any of the Sanskrit mantras, I would sing and affirm, “Oh, Sky Mother, I love you. Oh, I am in love with you my beloved Sky Mother. Oh, I love you my beloved Sky.” At those times I would just be intoxicated with devotion for God—in the sky, in the essence. *i was in love with you then.*

*i've danced with you  
beneath the moon  
with the snow falling  
and on the mountains  
and i was in love  
with you then*

This is to experience the light, the *Om*, washing over you, your body swaying in the energy, in the Holy Stream. *i've danced with you*, is to dance with God or another person. To dance and feel the connection with life, with another person, with the music, with the light, with the joy, with energy, to constantly look for your beloved, these are the things you do when you are in love. You can always tell when people have just fallen in love. They have a certain look about them, and you know they are thinking of their beloved.

We need to be in love, *and i was in love with you then*, with God, with the whole, not just a person, and not just an activity. Begin to expand your vision by looking for your beloved everywhere, from the very beginning of *Om*, all the way to the mountains

and trees, the manifested earth.

*i've touched you  
in the spring and summer  
in the fall and winter  
in the daylight and in the night  
and i was in love  
with you then*

Sex–Love–Prayer–Transcendence, Transcendence–Prayer–Love–Sex\* is the connection, the union with your beloved. When you are in love you are always trying to make that connection, you always want that experience, day and night, no matter what the season, no matter what the age. You don't have to be young and youthful to want to be in love, you just have to want to be in love.

*i sat with you  
beside the river  
hearing our tears  
our joy our laughter  
and i was in love  
with you then*

Our nature is love. When we attach relationships to that feeling of love, they can sometimes become enmeshed. When this happens, it is no longer just pure Satyam because now we have added our ego and desires. Love isn't always easy, love isn't always pain-free, but love is always love. Once we get past some of our broken expectations and our disappointments, we can get to our laughter, *and i was in love with you then*.

Now to return to some earlier poetry...

*there is a wind  
that puts out  
the fires*

---

\* *Sex–Love–Prayer–Transcendence*: the journey that a soul makes as they mature into their divine nature. First they are only interested in the physical (sex), then they want to feel connected (love), they then desire to appreciate all life and see the harmony in existence (prayer), they then wish to experience the absolute God-consciousness (transcendence). *Transcendence–Prayer–Love–Sex*: the breath of God-consciousness, coming back to the physical with bliss-bestowing hands. When you have Sex–Love–Prayer–Transcendence and Transcendence–Prayer–Love–Sex, this is referred to as the Tantric dance or Tantra. See also page 293.

*of selfishness  
inflaming  
the real  
and the pure*

That *wind* is the Word, *Om*, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness. The manifestation of that Word is the Holy Stream. Once you feel it, once you experience it, once you immerse into it, it *puts out the fires*, all ideas of selfishness and truly inspires and inflames *the real and the pure*, the eternal *Om Satyam*.

*like tracks  
on the sand  
there is a madness  
that touches my soul  
i stand within  
searching for shelter  
like a man too lonely  
to cry*

Even after you experience bathing in the *Om*, after you know your beloved is there, still there will be times when you are caught in the idea of separateness, *like tracks on the sand there is a madness that touches my soul*. Obviously *tracks on the sand* are temporary. They are not permanent; they are not etched in stone. They shift with the wind, the very *wind that puts out the fires of selfishness*.

*when a teardrop falls  
flowing untouched  
to the sea  
better to be a dewdrop  
on a desert morning*

*i say to you  
thirst deeper  
than the moisture  
of someone's lips*

*come draw  
of the wine  
that lies untouched  
within their breast*

This poem acknowledges the desire for completion. The soul wants union with our wholistic Self, while our lower nature wants someone to love. The *wine that lies untouched* is the pure Satyam-consciousness that is the very essence of the soul.

We are created in the image of God and when we take a physical manifestation, from Transcendence–Prayer–Love to Sex or the physical, then the soul has been cast out, either from the Garden of Eden or on its journey. Whichever way you look at it, it must make its return back, and the primal force assists in that return journey. When the kundalini (primal energy) flows or the sushumna\* flows, it wants to flow all the way back to our wholistic or God-like nature. We want to make that connection; the soul wants that connection with the thousand-petal lotus, with God the absolute. But the human being, under the influence of maya,† desires the connection with whatever idea or belief they have at the time.

*if you've learned  
the secret  
of a smile  
you know  
the secret  
of a poem*

Life giving unto life, in a pure and simple spontaneous expression of the heart and soul, is *the secret of a smile*, is the joy bubbling out, is the wanting to share, wanting to commune, and is the same thing with a poem.

*who can walk  
down to the sea  
and not long  
to be a sailor*

Here *the sea* is symbolic of both knowledge of the creation and the God-consciousness. Whether you want to continue growing and exploring, or you want knowledge of your eternal nature, if you walk to the ocean, you want to continue on, to sail on to new discoveries. Once you begin to experience the divine consciousness, you want to sail into the *Om*, into the Holy Stream, into the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, the whole God-consciousness itself. You want to *be a sailor* in a sea of revelations and ever-new love and joy.

*beauty  
like the wind  
is not for the eyes*

---

\* *Sushumna*: Largest of three energy channels rising from the base of the spine to the crown.

† *Maya*: Illusion; cosmic veil that makes the One appear as many.



*rather for the heart  
for one must  
stand within the wind  
to be touched*

Beauty is not a “thing,” not a visual event. It is an *experience* and is of the heart and mind. It is of the *Om Satyam* and *Om Shivam*. When we can feel the *Om Satyam*, then we can experience all of life as beautiful, and then we are standing and experiencing *within* life.

*i awoke this morning  
to sunshine  
the smell of the sea  
and my lady*

It was one of the most beautiful moments I have had at the ocean. Literally, I woke up that morning and could smell the sea. I was in Port Orford, Oregon. The sunshine was coming in this tiny little motel room and I could smell the sea. My wife was laying there asleep, naked, and beautiful, and I was still feeling the experience of communion with God that I just had in meditation. *i awoke this morning to sunshine*, I could still see the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, the light. I could see the sunlight shimmering. *the smell of the sea*, I could smell the ocean. I had the sweet fragrance of samadhi,\* the nectar. When you are in the sweetness of the nectar, the bliss actually permeates all five senses. It is not just an idea, it is truly a permeating sweetness, which is why it is sometimes called the “wine” and the “nectar.” *and my lady*, God unmanifested and God manifested. It was truly delightful. I didn’t have to work at this poem; it just was there and I was able to put it down. Reading the poem takes me right back to that moment, to the sharing. Just like with a smile, a smile isn’t something you have to evaluate; someone smiles and you respond.

*like ripples  
washing in  
on the shore  
you will be changed  
by someone’s  
touch  
like meadow grass  
moving  
in the wind  
you will bend*

---

\* *Samadhi*: Union with God.

*before the touch  
of love*

The experience of the power of transforming energy of the Holy Stream in meditation brought about this next poem. Love (Satyam) is the nature of God, the nature of our soul, and the source or essence of all life. Everything in life cannot help but respond to love. Plants, animals, humans, angels, and devas\* all respond to love.

*the fragrance  
of a flower  
can be shared  
by bringing it  
into your breast  
and love is shared  
by releasing  
that breath*

Truly, love is shared by sharing the feelings or vibration of the *Om Satyam*. There is releasing of the love inside of us when we exhale out and are willing to share. It is not sharing our ideas, our body, or our house, but just sharing that pure *Om Satyam* that lies within our breast.

*when it hurts  
to pick a flower  
or warmth  
spreads inward  
touching a tree  
your eyes become misty  
watching a kitten  
and laughter  
are the words you use  
to a puppy  
when sunshine  
fills your body  
and raindrops  
warm your soul  
when a smile  
brings tears*

---

\* *Deva*: Sanskrit – literally means “a shining one,” usually used to refer to a divine being or spirit.

*and a teardrop  
breaks your heart  
when your breast  
must surely burst  
to reach out  
and touch  
of these  
is life*

This poem was experienced and written after a meditation during which I had spent a couple of hours in samadhi. Our life can be like this poem, each moment of every day. *and i was in love with you then*, in love with the raindrops, the tears, the puppies, the kittens, the trees, the sunshine. If we are looking for God, we will open up into life and experience the delight in living.

*only the strong  
of heart  
would dare to see  
the promise  
of beauty  
that lies hidden  
within your eyes*

This poem is about both the inner friend and having the courage to do the inner purification, and also about the outer friends and having the compassion for other people. This is something we all deal with every day. We look at a person and we know they are created in the image of God, but we may not want to be open, we may not want to take on any pain. We don't want to lose our transcendence, our joy, even though we know they are another divine wave. When we make the effort to open up our heart to life, we will find an abundance of love.

*sometimes i feel  
your eyes taking me  
into your heart  
where love fills me  
like the sea  
fills the shore*

Once again, this is about both the inner "eyes," the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, and the outer "eyes," another person. Sometimes it just comes easy and seemingly takes no effort at all. When we have the courage and strength we want to be in love. We override the fears, the insecurities and we *dare to see the promise of beauty*, and love will

overwhelm us.

*you asked what i wished  
i say to you  
after a good day's work  
to sit with my lady  
before the fire  
talking  
and holding hands  
to touch the wisdom  
of a good book  
maybe write down  
a few lines of poetry  
this is my wealth*

This poem was written with dual meaning. *after a good day's work* means the inward journey as well as the outward journey. *to sit with my lady* meant my divine nature as well as my wife. *before the fire* meant the Holy Stream as well as the wood fire.

What I valued in life is written down in this poem. *you asked what I wished*, what I valued, what I wanted from my life here. *after a good day's work to sit with my lady before the fire*, to truly be able to sit with my lady, my beloved, with God. *before the fire*, before the passion, the intensity and enthusiasm for love and beauty. *talking and holding hands*, touching another person, holding hands, walking hand-in-hand with the fire, with the light. *to touch the wisdom of a good book*, to read the sacred scriptures. *maybe write down a few lines of poetry*, maybe record it, leave a journal of the human experience. I don't mean the human experience of, "life gets hard and then you die," but the human experience of someone who is aware of their wholistic nature, someone who knows they are created in the image of God, someone who is awake into life so that others know that it is possible.

*you asked if i was well  
and i say to you  
i have words  
that i will not allow  
to gather dust  
on some forgotten shelf  
i have dreams  
that i will not  
keep locked*

*inside of  
a poem*

Poetry was a record of my mystical experiences, which were like seeds that I knew would grow into a harvest someday. When that day came, I knew I would go out and share that harvest. I knew this even though I was unsure of exactly what form that harvest or sharing would take.

*you asked if i was happy  
i say  
i have seen some trees  
overlooking  
a quiet stream  
the grass of a meadow  
moving before the wind  
a small cabin  
made of stone and log  
and the sweat  
and toil  
of love and friendship  
i have come a few  
more steps  
along the way*

Lao Tzu\* said, "The greatest miracle is to chop wood and draw water." This stanza is about seeing that perfection in the physical, which includes the love, harmony, and cooperation to help build a better life and a better world.

*you asked if I was comfortable  
i say to you  
my pain will not  
clothe a child's nakedness  
from the cold  
or satisfy the hunger  
of an empty stomach  
my protest  
will bring no comfort  
to the mother*

---

\* Lao Tzu: c. 604-531 BC; Chinese philosopher; considered the founder of Taoism.

*whose son lies crushed  
beneath his war horse  
my anger  
will not stop  
the flow of tears  
as my sister  
lies dying  
in the gutter*

This was the realization that it takes more than my empathy or reaction to the suffering of humanity to bring about change. It would take a real transformation that started with me changing myself, which would then vibrate out and begin to change others.

*rather i would give  
that someone who lives  
in darkness  
may see the sunshine  
i will give  
that someone  
who has been hurt  
may touch again  
i would give  
that you and I  
may hear the laughter  
again*

Back to sharing the *Om Satyam*, if you don't have the light, if you don't have the *Om Satyam*, you have nothing to give but your anger and your protest and your pain. But when you have the love, when you have the joy, then you can truly give, then you can help someone sitting in the darkness. If we are open to our wholistic nature, we are living in harmony, and life is filled with joy.

When we are closed toward life there will be discord and suffering, this revelation is expressed in the next poem:

*if one walks  
with his eyes open  
life has a way  
of humbling you  
with her beauty  
and if one walks*

*with his eyes closed  
life has ways  
of awakening you  
with her pain*

Our first child was born with Down's syndrome, lived only three months, and then died of heart failure. It was truly an intense time in my life and I recorded this next poem, which is fairly universal to anybody who has ever experienced a loss, especially the loss of a child:

*you only stayed a moment  
that's not the way  
it's supposed to be  
what about all the meadows  
we never ran through  
or the flowers  
i never put in your hair  
where will i get  
all the kisses  
you never gave me  
and what am i  
supposed to do  
with all  
of your smiles  
how am i to build  
a rocking horse  
with no riders  
i didn't even get a chance  
to give you a puppy  
it seems like years ago  
i stood crying  
beside your grave  
it wasn't supposed to  
be like that*

We all have hopes, we all have dreams and when they don't come true we all have pain and tears. What I did was embrace it and basically say, "it wasn't supposed to be like that," and then I began to move on, continue to live and grow.

*if you have  
laughter  
and love  
must needs you ask  
for more*

This was an experience in meditation of the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram\* nature of the soul. There was the realization that the going outward is either directly or indirectly our desire to attain happiness and love. By accepting our nature, we can truly simplify our life.

*the rhythm  
of butterfly wings  
shakes  
the mountains*

Our small efforts, just like *the rhythm of butterfly wings*, will make a difference. Our efforts to be in love, *and i was in love with you then*, help us make it through the day, and the night, and the broken expectations. Every effort we make towards our happiness, helps in the attainment of our happiness until our continuous efforts bring about a transformation from our lower nature to our wholistic nature. This is similar to the larva within the cocoon transforming into a butterfly.

*your presence started  
as fire  
as lightning comes  
into the night  
so you came  
as the soft fragrance  
of morning  
touches my senses  
so you have  
touched me*

This poem is talking about another of those samadhi experiences in meditation, a communion with God, and the transformation that experience brought to me.

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\* Satyam (love), Shivam ( virtue, harmony), Sundaram (beauty, joy)



*i am  
the flame  
you are  
the sacrifice  
most beautiful*

Just like the flame melts away the wax from the candle, here *the flame* of pure *Om Satyam*, our true nature, *i am the flame*, melts away the wax or samskaras. *you are the sacrifice most beautiful*, is the ego-self.

*in the quiet  
of the early dark  
with the fire burning  
and the sound  
of the wind  
beating at my soul  
the love inside of me  
was released  
and a tear  
was sacrificed  
to the gentleness  
overwhelming  
my senses*

This was an experience of sabikalpa samadhi, then nirvikalpa samadhi.\* It was a meditation experience of seeing and experiencing the harmony, the experience of a snowstorm, the experience of a quiet evening, and it all had the same results—the *Om Satyam* (love) was overflowing, overwhelming me.

*love  
is the source  
of life  
beauty  
the energy  
of eternity*

---

\* *Sabikalpa samadhi*: a superconscious state where one will still feel a slight separation from God. *Nirvikalpa samadhi*: a superconscious state where there is no sense of separateness from God as one realizes fully his identity as Spirit. The *superconscious state* is a level of awareness where one is free from the delusion that “existence” depends on the body, senses, and breath.

This was an experience in meditation with the absolute God-consciousness, experiencing the Satyam, and then coming slowly back to the physical and experiencing the Shivam and the Sundaram in the manifestation.

*so quiet  
within a snowfall  
quiet enough to hear  
all of the love  
inside of me  
quiet enough  
to make me weep  
for all of the quiet i need  
to hear*

To have that experience filling you with joy, but a touch of sadness, because of all the times you have been distracted, all the times you got caught up in other things. It is knowing you want to be with your beloved, but also knowing that you just got distracted, and knowing how quiet it has to be so you are not distracted.

This next poem is about the birth of our second child, a truly amazing night.

*there was so much love  
in the air  
teardrops  
were all around  
there was laughter  
beneath  
the moon and the stars  
and there was you  
within my arms  
filling up my soul  
overflowing my senses  
with your touch*

To feel the wholistic connection in a moment, to experience the soul, a child, and God, a wave of light from formless to form.

*we stand beside the water  
with the tides  
moving between us  
yet the sea  
is more than the distance  
between two shores  
it is what bonds  
you to me*

*the sea* is symbolic for the consciousness. We must understand that no matter what the diversity, what the difference, there is *the sea* that connects us, which is the consciousness. We are all part of the whole. If we make the effort, if we want to be in love, if we want to see our beloved, then we can experience all the way across the ocean. We can feel the other shore and the sea is no longer a distance separating us, rather it is a connection between us.

*when you sow  
the seeds of love  
know  
there will be a time  
of the harvest*

Just a short little poem, or satori, from a vision in meditation, about the principle of faith, and the science of manifestation.

*i am the one  
who has come  
to remove your chains  
as a locksmith  
who knows the secret  
of your locks  
i shall release  
the shackles  
from my heart*

This poem is talking about the law of karma. The walls of Jericho will come tumbling down when we remove our own inner walls. Life cannot help but respond to whatever we give it. Once we understand this secret we are like *a locksmith who knows the secret*. *i shall release the shackles from my heart*, the shackles are the ideas, the samskaras, the limitations, the imprisonment, that which keeps me hidden away from my true self. Life will respond to what we offer.

*the tender caress  
of a lover  
becomes dim  
before the soft  
touch  
of a teardrop  
moving down  
my face*

The 1960's were a time of free love, promiscuity, people coming together or as Bhagwan Rajneesh's book, *Neo Tantra*, says, "Sex–Love–Prayer–Transcendence." *the tender caress of a lover*, which is the sex, the physical bodies touching, caressing, the sensuality, and the whole delight in it. *becomes dim before the soft touch of a teardrop*, before the experience of something greater, whether it is with a puppy, a child, a mystical experience, or with a holy one. Love–Prayer–Transcendence are larger than a physical touch and are beyond the material world. When you are looking for God, when you are looking for your wholistic nature, life becomes quite full.

*i walk the path  
of a  
thousand nights  
within  
your arms*

This poem is a commitment, a vow to be consistent in my practices so that I could join that order of folks, who want to *be a follower of love*. I made the commitment that nothing would stand in my way, nothing material, nothing mystical, nothing incomplete. I did understand that it would not always be easy, but I made the commitment to make the daily effort to realize my oneness with God.

This next poem was a memory flash—part visual and part feeling. It was a re-experiencing, maybe just nostalgia, while I was walking one evening in 2003...

*SOMETIMES  
i look around and i miss  
the summer rains  
dandelions and butterflies  
and the warm starry nights  
and fireflies*

This is about memories of my youth, growing up in a small community of less than 60 people, with the innocence of youth in summer times of the 1950's.

*sometimes  
i miss the crisp fall morning  
    colors of autumn  
and northern lights  
    splashed across the night sky  
    the beauty  
of the first snow  
    a country-side  
    covered in white*

This stanza is about memories of high school, college, of starting a new school year, meeting new people. Each year like another new beginning, like a fresh snow. I began to appreciate the beauty of nature and the beauty of life.

*sometimes  
i miss the laughter  
    and the innocence  
and the walks we took  
    the springtime  
    and the flowers  
and the love we shared  
    when it was just  
    you and I  
    and younger days*

This is about the time when I was getting to know girls in high school, dating, and finally meeting my wife. It is about the simple joys of walking, laughing, and getting to know another human being, another traveler along the way. It is about the innocence of that time in my life and my relationships. Sometimes when I look back in my memories, I can feel the longing of those days of innocence, those days of passion, those days of youth, those days of being a seeker walking that *path of a thousand nights*.

*it seems like  
its been such a long time  
since i first saw you  
    standing there  
    looking like an angel  
    maybe even before the moon*

*began to travel  
between the stars*

Between 1970, when I first met Maggie, and this experience, I went through a few transformations. It was a time when the majority of my mystical experiences happened, and I identified with my eternal nature. This stanza is about seeing other times. *it seems like a long time*, lifetime after lifetime I've been sailing on this ocean. Sometimes *it seems like it's been* since the beginning of time, the beginning of the creation. Sometimes eternity feels like a long time, and sometimes it feels like just a moment. It's also about youth, seeing a girl standing there looking absolutely beautiful, somewhat ethereal.

*was it honey and roses  
the fragrance  
you wore in your hair  
that night  
or was it musk and passion  
i just can't seem to remember*

Was it the soul, was it the beauty, was it the divinity that made her look so beautiful or was it the physical? *was it musk and passion*, looking back it seemed both elements were there.

*but I do remember  
the color of your hair  
was like a sunrise  
and a smile  
that lit up the daytime*

As physically beautiful as this girl was that I fell in love with and married, I also had to see *the sunrise*, the soul. Both body and soul were truly beautiful, still I questioned whether it was the purity or if it was the lust.

*did we learn to dance  
in Eden*

Was it innocent, was it arranged in the heavens, was it two souls coming together, two travelers to fulfill their dharma?\*

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\* *Dharma*: duty of one's soul; the harmonization of one's uniqueness within the universal God-consciousness.

*or was it in ancient Babylon*

Or was it just the desire for the sensual delights, and a more earthly purpose?

*and did we dance  
on the water*

A dance into eternity, a dance to the formless.

*or was it just a kiss  
we stole  
somewhere between  
the brothel and the temple*

Was it truly Transcendence–Prayer–Love? Did I walk across the water, both with this girl and with my mystical experiences, and with my goals and dharma as a natural evolution of the soul?

*it all seems kind of hazy now  
all except you standing there  
looking like an angel  
and the promise of a dance  
down to the water  
a dance to the edge  
of time*

Throughout everything my wife and I have been through, the death of a child, the birth of three children, different religious beliefs and different religions, conflicts about different goals, different ideas, different friends, at the time of this experience, still I was seeing the beauty of the soul... *you standing there looking like an angel*. Look to the soul with *the promise of a dance*. Friends and devotees come and go. When they come, I see the beauty and the promise. It is not up to me how long they stay, how long they dance. It is only up to me to enjoy and share.

*sometimes  
the lines between yesterday  
and today  
come and go  
like the tides on the shore*

Sometimes my lifetime here seems like a moment, and other times it seems like an eternity. I guess it all depends on what I am identifying with, which will bring another set of learning experiences in how to integrate one's wholistic nature. Sometimes feelings of the past come in, sometimes memories of other lifetimes, and you must come to the

moment. Sometimes it all becomes kind of hazy and you have to take a few moments to look around, pay attention.

*sometimes  
the lines between yesterday  
and today  
come and go  
like the tides on the shore  
still the mockingbird whispers  
songs into the night  
like desires  
of days to come*

There are still hopes, dreams, love, days, and eternity to come.

*sometimes  
when i look around  
i see you dancing  
within the sunlight  
and i hear the laughter of your voice  
in the wind  
and i fall in love  
all over again*

This stanza is about God, but also about the unique expression of God in each soul. This is also written about my wife, my children, and friends. I see people dancing within the sunlight, the divine light. Last summer I was in California recording the ocean and a girl roller-bladed by me. I took her picture. She was truly beautiful. I didn't stop to talk to her, just thought, "This is so beautiful," so I took her picture. *i see you dancing within the sunlight*. I saw the soul. I saw divinity. A little while later I saw a 12 or 13-year-old girl walking down the sidewalk, long blond hair, cut-off jeans, carrying a skateboard, "Delightful!" She was another soul radiating the divine beauty, so I took another picture. There have been times I have had to put my camera away because everywhere I looked there was nothing but the divine beauty, and I simply could not afford the cost of buying and developing film.

*sometimes when i look around i see you dancing within the sunlight*. I see that God is the absolute nature of all humanity and of each soul. If we look and fall in love all over again, then that light, that sunlight, that beauty, that soul, that radiance just keeps expanding out to include the whole.



*sometimes*  
*when i look around*  
*i see you dancing*  
*within the sunlight*  
*and i hear the laughter of your voice*  
*in the wind*  
*and i fall in love*  
*all over again*

*Namaste*—“I bow to the divine light within you.” When you see the radiance of the soul, you feel connected to all life and have gone beyond the idea of separateness. When we make the connection at the heart, at the soul, then race, creed, age, and gender make no difference. We are all connected by the Satyam-consciousness.

*and sometimes*  
*i feel*  
*like i am just racing the devil*  
*to the finish line*

Sometimes you spend too much time appreciating the devil’s song, appreciating the beauty, appreciating the form, appreciating the idea of separateness in this cosmic play. You become attached. You have desires, *like a mockingbird in the night*. “Oh I would like to experience this. Oh, I would like to experience that. Oh, I want it to happen this way. Oh, my beloved, you are so beautiful. Please dance with me for a while longer.” Sometimes there is joy and sometimes there is disappointment. Sometimes I feel like if I take in too much beauty, too much love, too much appreciation in the cosmic play, and if I don’t hurry and do *Oms*, I am going to get caught, then I will be crying and writing sad poems.

This brings me to the story of Adam and Eve. Anybody who is serious about love, everybody who is serious about *mukti*,\* and liberation must understand the Garden of Eden story, understand the tree, the serpent, Adam, and Eve, and our divine inheritance. We inherit the heavens and the earth; it is all ours and we can have the experience of everything. We can appreciate everything and we can touch everything. We can smell and taste and see and enjoy, except for the one tree, which is called the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. The knowledge of good and evil was the temptation.

The serpent said, “This is the tree that the Lord doesn’t want you to have, because the fruit will give you the knowledge of good and evil.” This is about the knowledge of duality, not the knowledge *about* good and evil, but the knowledge gained from the *experience* of the positive and the negative, of stepping into the positive and the negative.

This one tree in the whole Garden of Eden, in the whole creation, is something from which we can’t eat the fruit without the consequences of being cast from the pure garden, from the oneness, out into our journey. The fruit is not “sex,” as so many think it is; neither is the fruit “sensual delight,” as so many think it is; nor is the fruit enjoyment, or love, or laughter, or being in love. The fruit is the “expectation of a certain result”

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\* *Mukti* (Sanskrit): freedom into life; liberation.

from our actions, expecting a certain condition. The fruit from that tree is in believing we are incomplete, and expecting something or someone outside of our nature to complete or fulfill us. The fruit is the harvest of the ego, the ownership aspect of the maya sheath.

If we understand that our pain and suffering come from our broken expectation in the ideas of incompleteness, we can make changes. Once we realize we are *racing the devil*, once we realize that sometimes we win and sometimes we lose, we understand that we have embraced the idea of separateness and left the Garden. This is what the last stanza of this poem means.

*and sometimes  
i feel  
like i am just racing the devil  
to the finish line*

Sometimes I feel like it is that close. This isn't about the mystic. The mystic is never tempted. The mystic wants only God, experiences only God. But the poet wants to sample that tree so he can write about it, because the tree is there. The poet wants the sweetness, the flowers, the wine, wants the intoxication, the love, and touch. The poet wants the whole experience. So sometimes the poet is *racing the devil*, and while the mystic never does, sometimes you can't always switch horses in the middle of the race. That is what this poem means.

I am never concerned about wanting the devil and living in the devil's world. That never enticed me, but I am certainly concerned about *racing the devil to the finish line*, sometimes getting caught short, having to suffer until I can get back to the Garden of Eden.

My mystical experiences, which began in my youth, have allowed me to experience my nature of love, harmony, and joy. I also realized that it was possible to live and experience one's nature of love, harmony, and joy in daily life. The experiences also allowed me to be acutely aware of when I was not in harmony with my wholistic nature. I was not always able to see what took me away from my wholistic nature, but I was always able to feel the pain when I was not in harmony.

The feelings of wholisticness (love, harmony, beauty, and joy) became the standard that all activities were measured by, or compared to. With my many mad schemes (beliefs) and desires (actions), I found when they were pure, virtuous, and for others, they brought me love and joy. When they were selfish and ego-centered, they brought me pain and suffering.

Looking back at my life, it sometimes looks and feels like a long experiment in "trial and error," which is what this stanza is about...

*and sometimes  
i feel  
like i am just racing the devil  
to the finish line*

## Four

*Yesterday I got an empty banana  
it reminds me of  
when I worked as a banana tree  
and would trick the monkeys  
by growing empty bananas  
it was such a good job*

This poem is from a collection of children's poetry and short stories I have been working on over the years. The mayac sheath,\* the idea of separateness, is like the empty banana...it is an illusion. It promises you one thing and gives you something else.

Where we find our self in manifestation, whether it is just the soul first being born, or whether it is our thousandth incarnation, it really doesn't matter because somewhere...

*within  
the beauty  
of the  
dance  
and the love  
of the  
dancer  
is you*

We are created in the image of God, so that is *the love*. Even if we haven't realized that part of our nature, we are still in *the beauty of the dance*, the creation. We have a form and we have pure unmanifested Satyam-consciousness. It is our responsibility to enjoy, experience, and appreciate the journey. Our happiness is our own nature, and does not come from an outside source.

I know I have talked about the devil, but I want you to understand that the devil or the idea of separateness, is part of our life. We have both positive and negative. This is

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\* *Mayac sheath*: The sheath or cosmic veil that gives the illusion or idea of separateness.

the yin/yang. There is only God so the idea of separateness is part of that. We have to be able to discern and separate. My journey, somewhere between *the beauty of the dance and the love of the dancer*, had all sorts of stumbling along the way. Like the poem:

*tree lines  
dancing  
against the distant  
horizon  
of a lonely night*

At this time I had what most of the world would call abundance—healthy body, beautiful and loving wife, living in a resort in a rural area with lakes, trees, and wildlife all around. But I did not have transcendence regularly. I was still under the influence of the maya sheath. With the idea of separateness, even beauty may leave you feeling lonely.

*teardrops bring  
new life  
and growth  
into our world  
welcome them as  
seeds  
of love and beauty*

There are all sorts of experiences of *racing the devil to the finish line* and losing, and *then you can hear that ol' devil laughing*. My poetry is about my experiences. If one stanza or poem is talking about the pain, the next is talking about the solution. If one stanza is the poet, the next is the mystic.

*incomplete  
i stood alone  
amongst  
the fleeting subtleties  
of my  
completeness  
candle light  
flickering  
in the dark  
of the dancing  
night*

Each of us will find our self somewhere in the dance or *the beauty of the dance and the love of the dancer*. From the moment we wake up and say, “I want more,” our

journey begins.

Now I will move to the 2004 retreat poem...

*IN THE evening of the night  
i stared into the fire  
i saw lovers embracing  
and mothers holding their babies  
children were dancing  
in the candlelight  
and old people sitting in the dark*

Like many of my poems, this reflection is a wholistic memory with the feelings like I was re-experiencing each image or picture. I was once again out walking when the memories began to happen. This particular night while walking I was reflecting on humanity and the state of things that I had experienced throughout my life, throughout my incarnations, and it all looked the same. There were lovers walking hand-in-hand and embracing. There were children dancing in the candlelight. There were old people sitting around in the dark, they didn't want any more activity, any more joy. They just were waiting around to die. I thought, "Oh, it is going to be one of those nights."

As we get older we should truly have more joy, more happiness, more delight to share with people rather than the idea that "life gets hard and then you die." We should not be sitting around in ignorance when we are old. We should have learned from playing with the devil. We should have learned from being evicted from the Garden. We should learn which fruit is poisonous and toxic, and learn to quit eating it. We should truly have some light, joy, and wisdom about our wholistic nature to share and pass on to the next generation.

*men were counting their gold  
and women of the night  
were counting their days  
children were being sold  
into the night  
like they didn't count at all*

This is about the people who think life is for accumulating gold. This is about every person who thinks of themselves before they think of others. Some may even be willing to be generous with their money and their time, *after* they themselves are provided for.

*and women of the night were counting their days.* There is nothing quite so sad as when you begin to sell your body or your self, just to get something from other people. You sell your body, you sell your heart, you sell your mind, just so you can get a

compliment, just so you can feel good about your self, just so you can find some self-esteem. This is a devolving of the human spirit.

The only thing sadder is the children that are being sold into prostitution in Eastern Europe and other Third World countries, and sadder still is that so few seem to care. It barely makes the news. It rarely makes the news when they are selling the children from Africa, from China, from South America. It barely made the news when they were selling the children from Eastern Europe. Only once in a while do we have something being mentioned in America. Occasionally some reporter has a story and you see it on the news for a day and a night and that is all you see of it even though the selling of children into prostitution continues to happen daily.

*prophets were crying out  
while the people walked by  
pretending to talk to the sky  
and a thousand singers  
with songs  
who never even mentioned your name*

I have met a number of prophets and realized souls who were here to share the light, share the truth, show people how to find the joy in living. The majority of people just walked on by pretending to believe in a God, pretending to have religion. Swami Rama once said that it scares him when people's Gods are so far away in heaven and not right here in their everyday life.

There are thousands of singers, the Top 40, the Top 100, country or pop, Rock and Roll, or R&B. They are all singing about getting together, all singing about Eros, love, and sex. They are singing about broken homes, broken ideas, but very few are singing about love. Very few ever sing about the virtue and the joy and the selflessness of being a follower of love, but they are counting their gold and selling their souls into the night.

*i felt the tears and the sorrow  
and the darkness  
i felt that winter's rain  
almost to my soul  
i knew if i could reach the fire  
your embrace  
would comfort me  
on that dark night of the soul*

If you stop, look, and see this situation, it is going to hurt. It is going to bring pain to our heart because humanity, whether we embrace them or not, is still our larger self. When you see the suffering and the selfishness and the starvation, it is going to bring tears and sorrow. And if we look at it long enough, we are going to feel it almost to our

soul.

*i knew if i could reach the fire your embrace would comfort me.* I knew that if I could get that spark of Satyam (love) going, and focus on divinity, focus on my wholistic nature, that I would be comforted. I could rise from this sorrow, but the key word there was “if.”

*on that dark night of the soul.* What was happening to me wasn't just a news broadcast of children being sold. It wasn't just 12 or 13-year-olds selling themselves and adults buying them. It wasn't just people starving to death, or even genocide taking place. It was all of it—the slavery, the ignorance, incarnation after incarnation. It was the whole darkness of mankind's inhumanity towards children and humanity. It was the Kali Yuga\* that I struggled with for three years in my own life. I was stepping back into those memories, plus a couple thousand years of humanity's history. I was once again getting lost in the idea of separateness, the darkness *on that dark night of the soul.*

Speaking of that dark night of the soul, there have been other times and poems about it. This is one of the early poems...

*like tracks  
on the sand  
there is a madness  
that touches my soul  
i stand within  
searching for shelter  
like a man too lonely  
to cry*

*on that dark night of the soul* it will be like you are *too lonely to cry*. There may even be too much pain to call out. It may seem like too much effort. You may even want to die, want your *bed of snow*.

*when the ice  
comes in  
i must have my fires  
ready  
you tell me  
you are the  
chosen  
i'm telling you  
i am just cold*

You can feel when you have stepped into that avalanche. You can feel it coming. *when the ice comes in*, you can feel your self closing off, and it seems there is little you can do about it. So this wasn't just one night in 2004. This is what happens when you follow Satan out of the Garden into the idea of incompleteness.

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\* *Kali Yuga* is the darkest age in the cycle of creation.

Now back to the retreat poem:

*somewhere in the night  
i thought i heard your voice  
but it was just a stranger*

*it was just a stranger*, it was still the idea of separateness. Anything in the idea of separateness will always be *a stranger*.

*still i heard him say  
he would always be there*

A thousand lemmings before me have marched down to the sea, but for me, “I am going to swim across the ocean and maybe even get gold medals.” The ego always thinks, “Especially for me it is going to be different.”

*but have you seen him lately  
have you seen him  
in the ancient books  
have you seen him in your dreams*

This stanza is about the devil, the idea of separateness, the one that we blame. “That other person seduced me. This other person influenced me to do this thing. The devil made me do it.” Even though we have never personally seen the devil, we still believe in him. We heard his voice promising us that we were special and anything we wanted we could have. *he would always be there* for us, our dreams could be fulfilled. Why do we blame others when we are not happy?

The idea of separateness is always promising that things will be good, but when you are in pain, he never comes to help you. He promised *he would always be there*. He said it was going to be beautiful, “Just try this. Have the knowledge of good and evil and you will be like the gods.” We even judge the holy ones, the messengers. We say, “Look at that. People are scorning them. I don’t see where that is so great.” We take our darkness and we project it on to life. We blame others and we do not accept responsibility for our pain, sorrow, disappointment, or even for our own happiness. We say we need another person to make us happy, to allow us to experience love, or to make us feel good. We get caught in the idea of incompleteness.

*i know he may even be  
a friend to you  
at least that’s what you say*



We all have said this, “Yes I need this. It is old and familiar. I know it is not necessarily the whole truth. I know it is not necessarily enlightenment or God, but I just need this object of my desire because I’ve always wanted it, because I am familiar with it. It is what I know will bring me at least temporary joy. If I had a temporary friend while I am seeking out my permanent happiness, then I would be fine.”

*you could romance him  
all night long  
even dance to the edge of time*

All the way *to the edge of time* and space, all the way to the causal.\* We have this idea that if we just do something or have something, we will be fulfilled, we will be happy. We can go all the way to the causal mind, where the very reason that we took an incarnation lies, or all the way *to the edge of time*, or the mayac sheath where we find the cosmic idea of time and space.

*you can lay your body down  
right here next to mine*

This is the most dangerous of all because this stanza fits everybody. The idea of separateness implies we are separate from everything outside of our self, and yet the soul is calling out for “more,” which we interpret as someone or something outside of our self. We want union, we want to join another, and on earth we pick out a partner. It is the old friend, “God created a man and a woman that they be one.” Even the ancient books seem to be promoting this idea.

*you can lay your body down right here next to mine.* There is something truly beautiful and sacred about a man and a woman lying down next to each other with the energy and the sensuality and the beauty of their union. It is capable of bringing a soul down from the heavens, and still there is nothing quite as lonely as a man and a woman laying together, realizing they don’t feel that connection.

We all have the illusion, the idea of separateness. The *stranger* has promised us completion if we just have this “one more thing” that promises to give us our wholeness, our completeness. It never does, but it promises and when it doesn’t deliver, we either blame the other, or our self, or the night, or whatever.

*we can even pretend  
it’s never going to end*

Most of us have done this one a lifetime or two. “I will love you forever. We will be happy forever.” Of course, we have to overlook things that bother us; we have to overlook that it is not exactly what we want, but we are willing to pretend everything’s

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\* *Causal*: Consciousness of ideas. The causal realm is the realm of consciousness. The causal body is the subtlest of three bodies (physical, astral, causal) and host of the mind.

okay because it gives us temporary comfort in the night. It gives us a little temporary shelter.

*and have it sanctioned  
with holy sacraments  
and angels*

We can go to the church, to the priests, to the temples, and they are all saying, “Yes, a man and a woman are meant to be together, to bring children into the world.”

*even pray as we walk beside the river*

We can even walk hand-in-hand, like Adam and Eve, outside the garden saying, “Oh Lord, thank you for providing me this beautiful partner. I know this is what you meant for me to do with my life.” But unless we experience our wholistic nature, we will continue to feel incomplete.

*you can run with the wild ones  
even chase those old hellhounds  
all the way home  
to Pandora’s house  
maybe sleep in Aphrodite’s bed  
even awaken the scarlet beast  
if you want to*

There was a song in the 1960’s, “*Wild Thing, I think I love you.*” A lot of people loved the song, and it has been redone a few times. Every one wants to *run with the wild ones*, to be free, to be one of those wild ones. *you can run with the wild ones even chase those old hellhounds all the way home to Pandora’s house.* We can all chase our fears and our demons back into Pandora’s Box.\* Our fears and our insecurities are the things that stop us from being the *wild thing*, from being free into life.

*maybe sleep in Aphrodite’s bed.* Aphrodite is the goddess of love. We can truly immerse into love. *even awaken the scarlet beast.* The scarlet beast is the sex desire. When it swells with desire, the primal instinct seeks fulfillment. In ancient scriptures the scarlet beast symbolizes this promiscuous desire, lust, sexuality without responsibility. This desire is so strong people will even dream about it at night. When sex isn’t all that fulfilling on earth, we believe and fantasize it will be better next time. The procreation instinct is powerful.

We all want to *sleep in Aphrodite’s bed.* We all want to be in love. We all want to find that perfect mate. We all want to let go of the ida and the pingala<sup>†</sup> and go find the

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\* In Greek Mythology, Pandora opened a box letting out all the ills of the world. Pandora’s box symbolizes that place within us where we hide our fears, doubts, and insecurities.

<sup>†</sup> There are three main energy channels, or nadis, in the subtle body: the ida (cooling channel/feminine), the pingala (heating channel/masculine), and the sushumna, the middle and largest of the channels, which rises

perfect Adam and the perfect Eve. When they are not quite perfect, we want to awaken the passion. Then we might not see the soul, but as they say, “Love and passion are both blind.” And that is what it is – blindness. When we allow our self to *awaken the scarlet beast*, we have surrendered to the idea of incompleteness, seeking our happiness, our fulfillment, our completion in the arms of another. Which brings me to a better choice or solution, the poem/affirmation, “*it is better to call out to Divine Mother in your aloneness than seek shelter in someone else’s arms.*”

*you could study in Babylon  
for a thousand years  
maybe even release every secret  
from that holy tower of Babel  
like so many doves  
still pure and untouched  
or even be a dealer  
in sacred antiquities*

Babylon was known as the city of knowledge, not just worldly knowledge, not just science, but also esoteric knowledge, sacred secrets, knowledge of the creation. It was known as the place where you could *sleep in Aphrodite’s bed* and *release the scarlet beast* in erotic delight. It was known as the place where you could learn the sacred sciences and develop the siddhis (mystical powers) and turn water into wine, where you could glimpse the future through clairvoyance or astrology. It was the seat of knowledge at the time.

*like so many doves still pure and untouched or even be a dealer in sacred antiquities.* These are some of the current yoga teachers, these are the New Age teachers. They are teaching a sacred science that they have only heard or read about. They are teaching it, dealing it, and charging an exorbitant amount of money for their classes. They are making a living in dealing *in sacred antiquities*. However, many of them have not yet realized their own wholistic nature, or even experienced the personal truth of their teachings.

*but you’re never going  
to change the night into daytime  
no matter  
how beautiful the moon*

The *moon* represents an illusion because the moon is only a reflection of light and not a light itself. I have poems about how beautiful and bright the full moon is. I have seen full moons where the sky looks blue, almost like daylight, with a fresh snow, white clouds above, bright stars, where it was unbelievably light and beautiful, but it was still

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from the base of the spine to the crown of the head. The life force energy moves through these channels and also through many minor channels throughout the body.

the nighttime. I have been so much in love that it felt like it was sacred, but it was still the moon, still a reflection. The love was coming in association with another. It was truly beautiful, and then the moon set, then the other person walked away. “Oh, it will be great when they come back.” *no matter how beautiful the moon* or the experience, we have to realize that unless we first have it within our self, it is borrowed and like the moon, it will set. If we don’t have it within our self, our love will set with it, and then we will cry another sad song.

*and you’re never going to  
change the devil  
no matter  
how much you love his song*

This is the most important part. We need to understand that if we are going to play in the idea of separateness, we are *never going to change the devil*. It is going to have an affect, both positive and negative. It is going to have the pleasure and the pain. No matter how *beautiful the moon*, no matter how beautiful the reflection of love or goodness, or how good our intentions are, if it is within the idea of separateness, if it is within the devil’s realm, you are not going to change that at all, but it will change you. The idea of separateness is, and will remain, the idea of separateness.

*and you’re never going to change the devil no matter how much you love his song*— *no matter how much* you want to write down the poem, *no matter how much* you want to know the sacred secrets, *no matter how much* compassion you have and want to heal someone of their disease. If it includes the ego, the ownership “I”, then there will also be suffering.

*but you can hear the ol’ devil laughing  
on that dark night of the soul*

I could *hear the ol’ devil*. I could laugh and say, “Oh, he got me that time. I am sitting here in this winter’s rain, almost touching my soul. I can’t find the fire. I know where it is, but I am feeling so heavy it is unbelievable.” I knew it wasn’t just that I wanted to write a poem to share with people that had gotten me caught in the idea of separateness. It was the idea that the children were somehow innocent and pure and karma must be false. It was a choice. It is easy to seek out a lover to feel good, compared to going inward and rising up to the crown, letting the soul reach out to God and experience God, and come to our *Om Satyam* nature. It is easy in the dark and in the night to reach out to someone and say, “Comfort me for tonight. Touch my body, touch my heart, touch my mind.”

*and in the darkest part  
of the night  
when every breath seems to be  
just like Solomon's sword  
promising one for the devil  
and one for the Lord*

Two women came to Solomon because he was wise, he was king. One of the women said, "This is my baby," and the other one said, "No, this is my baby." So Solomon thought it over and couldn't figure out which one was lying, which one was telling the truth, which one was *for the devil*, which one was *for the Lord*. So he took his sword and said, "Well, I will cut the baby in half. I will give you each half." *one for the devil and one for the Lord*. The real mother cried out, "No, wait! She can have the baby." She did this so the baby would live. Solomon then knew she was the real mother. When you let the devil win, it kills the childlike nature. *one for the devil*—and the illusion continues on.

That is the way it seems to go sometimes, "I must get out of here. I must seek shelter. I must find someone to hold me. I must call out to a friend. I must call out to my lover. I must find some temporary shelter here." *promising one for the devil*. Then thinking, "No, I know better. I know better. I will chant the sacred name of the Lord." *promising...one for the Lord*. Then, "Oh, this pain is too much. I just need some help. Maybe I will put on a CD, maybe I will listen to a little music." Then, "No, I know I need to go inward and allow the soul to rise up and embrace God. I know that." You go back and forth.

*i'll be looking for that freedom song  
that will lift you  
from your grave*

This is what we are looking for—the mantra that will help us identify with our wholistic nature, the reason to go on living, the reason that makes life worth living. We look beyond the idea of, "If there was just something I could do, just something I could be enthused about, it would bring me some life."

*looking for that  
pure perfect dove  
they say i have locked away  
in my soul*

We need to look inward for the soul. We have been told by the holy ones that we have it locked away in our heart, and if we go there and unlock those shackles, we can have that *pure perfect dove*, love. We are *looking for that freedom song*, something to chant or affirm, something that will help. "Om Satyam, Om Satyam, Om Satyam." We

are looking for something that will help calm the mind and help us experience our Satyam nature.

*i can bring a drum  
you can bring your song  
we'll grab a bottle of wine  
and make a run on Jericho  
tumble us down some walls*

Here is the resurrection; here is where the decision was made. *i can bring a drum you can bring your song*. At that point, I decided I would get the rhythm or discipline going, get the vibration going, begin to call out to my wholistic nature. *we'll grab a bottle of wine*—get a little intoxicated, do some Hrimis,\* to invoke the indwelling energy, get that bliss going again. *and make a run on Jericho tumble us down some walls*. We have got to find out what it is we are hiding from. What are the demons that keep dragging us down, day after day? We rise up, and then they come and drag us down into that *dark night*. We need to *tumble us down some walls*—remove some veils, conquer some inner enemies.

*and when you hear that rooster crowing  
at the break of day  
then we will see  
if we're standing naked in Eden  
and all those walls  
stay down*

When we are desperate, when we are drowning, we will do anything we can for a breath of air, for bliss, for love. We meditate or we chant with emotional fervor. We do it because we don't want to drown anymore. When we are feeling good again, and feeling in love or healthy again, then we can see where we are. We will see if we stay *in Eden*, in the oneness, in our nature and unveiled. We will see if *all those walls stay down*, or if we say, "Well there's that devil's song. I am tempted to go out and *dance with the devil* again." But in order to go out and dance, we need to bring the walls up for protection.

*and just like every pilgrim  
who has traveled through the night  
we will offer up our thanks  
for the daylight  
on the morning of what seems like*

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\* *Hrim*: Sanskrit mantra meaning: "I invoke the indwelling energy." This is an audible mantra done as "HUH-reem."

*our first sunrise*

Before we go, we will be so thankful for the light, thankful to be able to breathe, to be able to see, to be able to feel love again, and we will give thanks, “Oh, thank you Divine Mother for being so generous,” like everyone who has journeyed through that dark night.

*and  
in the early morning light  
of what seems like paradise*

When we are standing in the *early morning light*, we are truly thankful because we worked our way out of the darkness and came to *Om Satyam*. We are thankful.

*i want you to know  
just like the mountains  
that touch the sky  
or the desert  
that prays for rain  
just like a meadow offers  
flowers and butterflies  
like the beauty of a sunset  
that embraces the ocean  
and inspires the earth*

All of these things that delight us, the love and the beauty that we see all around when we are in our nature, when we have resurrected our self, we can once again see.

*or a full moon  
that dances you into the night  
just like a kiss and a smile  
you add love and joy  
to every moment  
around you*

When *a kiss and a smile* will add to and fill your life, you know you are feeling good. You know you are there experiencing *paradise*. You have come to the moment, you have come to your nature. One of the most precious things you can ever have is the knowledge of how to come to the moment, how to come to your nature and experience your Satyam nature.

*and just like a glimpse of eternity  
you make me forget  
every teardrop i have ever had*

Just like a glimpse of God, when you come to the moment and your nature, the past is wiped away. The tears, the fears, Pandora's house, the hellhounds, the disappointments, the frustrations, the pain and sorrow of the *winter's rain almost to your soul* is all wiped away.

*and let me say from another time*

This poem was written in 1974 about a meditation, in which I had a memory of another incarnation where I was also meditating and feeling very similar.

*in the early morning light  
you welcomed me into your embrace  
with the intensity  
of a nomadic lover  
who understands his journey is timeless*

This poem is about coming from one of those dark nights, traveling through the night, meditating, and chanting. *in the early morning light you welcomed me into your embrace*—the soul, in calling out for more, rose up and embraced *Om Satyam*. That is what I was looking for.

*with the intensity of a nomadic lover who understands his journey is timeless*—eternity, Satyam, God-consciousness, that which is eternal, always has been, is now, and forever shall be. *just like a glimpse of eternity you make me forget every teardrop I have ever had*. There is no lover, activity, idea, or belief that will do that for you. But if you come to your nature of *Om Satyam*, you will experience eternity. You will know that it is your eternal nature because it will remove every teardrop you have ever had. The rest may be fun, may even be a temporary shelter from the storm, but if you look, *you will be able to hear that ol' devil laughing*.

Now, after I was able to experience my wholistic nature, there were changes. My memories became more uplifting and enjoyable.

*I REMEMBER when i was  
a young boy barely fourteen  
there was this girl  
and a jar of homemade wine  
well I'm not sure if her kisses*



*were really that sweet  
but it sure had an affect on me*

This is about a family picnic on a Sunday afternoon. I was bringing food back and forth from the house, and getting beers and drinks for the adults. There was a girl helping me and we were having a great time. Every time we would go into the house to get something, we would take a little sip of rhubarb wine and laugh. One time we went into the house, had a little more rhubarb wine, and we just looked at each other, embraced, and then kissed. It was like a glimpse of love, filled with thankfulness and appreciation. *it sure had an affect on me, and the walls came tumbling down. well i'm not sure if her kisses were really that sweet but it sure had an affect on me.*

*i remember when  
as a young man  
this girl appeared  
like someone who had  
just stepped down from heaven*

Literally, I was at a party, drinking beer and I looked around and thought, "There is nothing of interest happening. I think I will just go home and go to bed." Then the door across the room opened. This party was in the basement of an old church that had been turned into housing for college students. The door to the basement opened and in came a girl walking down the stairs. Out of everyone in this big basement, she was the only one radiating an aura, just *like an angel*. It was the first time I had truly seen the soul radiating out of anyone, and my first thought was, "Just like an angel."

*she touched my heart  
like an angel would  
then she touched my body  
like you would imagine  
the devil could*

We did get together. We dated for three-and-a-half years, fell in love, and got married. It truly was an expansion on my experience at fourteen.

*then she touched my body  
like you would imagine  
the devil could  
oh she sure has had an affect on me*

Now we involved more than just the material world, the material body, a little rhubarb wine. Now it was heart, and soul, and angels, and heavens, and it was maybe dharma. "Does this fit within my dharma? If I get together with this person does this fit

within my life journey?" It truly had expanded from a mere gathering to something much more mature.

*i remember  
a smile overflowing in my heart  
every time i held you  
and such a delight in your every motion  
the laughter and the happiness  
in being next to you  
oh the blessing and the joy  
overwhelming me  
oh you sure have had an affect on me*

Every parent knows the joy, the overwhelming feelings in holding their child. This is every parent who is so in love with their child, seeing their every motion as beautiful, graceful, athletic, something just to be delighted in. *the laughter and the happiness in being next to you*, just having that child there. The first few lines are about my daughter, and just being close to her and holding her. *and such a delight in your every motion*, was about the athletic grace in my son, the second child. Our children were allowed in the family bed for the first few years of their life. My youngest son would be asleep and laughing in his sleep, night after night, all night long. He would wake me up with his laughter and his giggling. Sometimes I would wonder if he was awake and just playing games with me—*the laughter and the happiness in being next to you*.

So this poem is the appreciation, the Love–Prayer–Thankfulness of the connection with other human beings, other infinite spirits, the appreciation of the sacredness of life and the family unit. *oh you sure have had an affect on me*.

*i remember when  
i first reached out  
to touch the universe  
embracing  
body and soul  
a union of fire and light  
into essence  
in every rose petal  
and every wave on the ocean  
in every smile  
and every perfect touch  
it sure has had an affect on me*

*i remember when i first reached out to touch the universe, I was a child of three. I*

had rheumatic fever and my father was taking me to the doctor when my soul, my spirit lifted out of my body. I actually watched from 25–30 feet above as he parallel-parked the car. He went around and lifted my body and carried it into the doctor's office. It was a strange phenomenon, but the whole time I was out of my body, I was also communing with a consciousness that says that I won't be coming home yet. Then I went back into the body in the doctor's office.

*embracing body and soul a union of fire and light into essence.* I realized that I was not the body. I realized the body and soul were connected, like the body was clothing but it wasn't the soul. There was a union of the two. They were together, but one could be separate without the other.

*a union of fire and light into essence.* This was experiencing the union of the small spirit with the large Spirit. It began with my communion with God at the age of three, and from that age on there were times when I could have that experience, feel that union with *every rose petal*, in a flower, in nature, in *every wave on the ocean*, and in *every smile*, in *every perfect touch*. To see it in the beauty of life was the easy part. *in every rose petal and every wave on the ocean in every smile.* To see and experience the soul, to see the soul radiating through in another infinite spirit, in another person, that took a little bit more effort for me because I had to get past their ideas and my own ideas.

So we went from Sex\* at fourteen, to Sex–Love in my early twenties, to Sex–Love–Prayer in my late twenties, to Sex–Love–Prayer–Transcendence in my thirties. Even though I had experiences of Transcendence at the age of three and throughout my life, I didn't have wholisticness, Sex–Love–Prayer–Transcendence. I had made the journey back home for the first time by the age of three, but just like with the inhalation and the exhalation, it took me thirty years to have daily experience of my wholistic nature.

*i remember  
the life and times  
of a mystic and a poet  
six white roses  
and the sky above  
lay upon that altar*

*i remember*, I had memories of other incarnations. I had memories of being someone studying to be holy. I had memories of being someone writing poetry. I had a vision of myself talking about spirituality and telling people to read my books at the age of eight.

*the sky above*, is the unmanifested. *six white roses* isn't just flowers. *six white roses*, symbolizes the purity, the unselfishness of each chakra, of the physical, astral, causal, soul, holy stream, Christ/Krishna-consciousness levels or realms. You see the essence within, so you offer up *six white roses*. At each level you see the beauty—the

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\* I did not literally have sex at the age of fourteen, but this experience did awaken the sexual desire, and the delight in flirting with the primal force.

flame has become the fire and the fire has become the flame and *the dance and the dancer are one.*

*six white roses and the sky above lay upon that altar.* For me it always had to be from the earth (manifested) *and the sky above* (unmanifested). The sky and the roses imply the wholisticness, and that was the altar upon which I worshipped, that was the altar upon which I sought spirituality.

*there was music  
and there was wine  
dancers with only flowers  
in their hair*

*there was music*, the devil's songs, the divine songs, the songs with your name in it, and the songs of intoxication. *and there was wine*, there was the rhubarb wine, there were the beer and wine nights at bars in college. There were live bands, there was dancing, there was walking home at night with the world spinning around. There was the bliss of my nature that I experienced both in meditation and in activity. *dancers with only flowers in their hair.* There are times I will be chanting and I can see a campfire or a temple and I can see people dancing, sometimes with clothes, sometimes without clothes, naked bodies. In this stanza the *dancers with only flowers in their hair* symbolize both, the nakedness and the beauty of the human body and soul, as they dance and adorn themselves with the beauty of earth, and the opening of the thousand-petal lotus, the nakedness of the true wholisticness nature, the true divinity.

*we are all pilgrims  
on our way to the holy land  
on our way  
to the holy land*

We are each making our own effort in life. No matter where we are in our spiritual evolution, we are all seeking the promised land, we are all seeking after happiness. We are all striving to get there.

*i'm just another traveler  
who has set out on his journey*

I don't feel I am any different than anyone else. I am just like everyone else. We are all created in the image of God.

*i believe it was  
the ancient banks of the Nile  
from which i set sail  
but there are some who say  
it is heaven that i sailed from*

Some of my memories take me back to Egypt. They take me back further, but I can't place it. I have a couple memories of being approximately eight-feet tall, a different time, a different place. The earliest memories that I can place take me back to ancient Egypt. The holy ones and some of my own experiences say, "I come from the God-consciousness and took manifestation."

*it's been such a long time  
that i have been upon this ocean  
that i really don't remember*

I don't remember. It's not so important what my past was. It is more important that I sail in that sea of love, in the *Om Satyam*. *i really don't remember* much of my past, the facts, the history, the things that well-if-this-is-true-prove-it-type stuff that the world wants. There are only glimpses of the past, just enough to know that I have lived before, both on the earth and in the heavens.

*but i remember playing sweet music  
with Krishna  
and dancing with all the gopis*

I remember that clearly—whether I was actually there in a body watching, playing, and dancing, or whether I was there in the Krishna-consciousness with Krishna and the gopis.\*

*and drinking wine with Jesus  
talking of days gone by  
and being a follower of love*

Again, whether I was there, or there in the Christ/Krishna-consciousness. When we identify with the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, all knowledge is available, past, present, and future.

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\* *Gopis*: "Cowherd girls, maids." Krishna is depicted in his youth as playing his flute and dancing with the gopis. This is symbolic of the unconditional love and innocent lila (play) between Krishna, an avatar (divine incarnation) and his devotees (gopis).

*i remember Abraham  
who taught me to separate  
the wind and the sand*

This is learning to discern between essence and form. I learned to discern, to discriminate the real from the unreal, the pure from the impure. I learned that love was *Om Satyam*, and is everybody's nature. I became a follower after love. Love is the same. Look for love, be *a follower of love*. Don't get caught up in the relationships. Love and relationships are different. One is the pure, one is always there. One is within and without, but the relationship always has to do with the other. There is only love. There might be a thousand different kinds of relationships, but there is only one love. But if you believe it is the relationship that brings you the love, then you are in love with the devil's song.

*i remember Abraham he taught me to separate the wind and the sand.* Abraham symbolizes my past, both there and this incarnation when I realized that it was love I was after, not the relationship. The relationships brought *Solomon's sword*. If you are going to have a relationship with Solomon, he will bring his sword with him, *one for the devil and one for the Lord*. With Abraham, I learned to *separate the wind and the sand*.

*going for long walks with Moses  
learning about the law*

More visions, more memories of my past. This is about wandering around the desert, or the idea of separateness, looking for freedom, striving for enlightenment.

*tasting the sweet nectar with Mahavir  
singing his song of amity  
be a follower of love*

The pure bliss of *Om Satyam* from Mahavir\* is truly amazing, sitting with him or I should say sitting with maybe the incarnation of Mahavir, and also a vision of him and having dinner and drinking juice together, and just being in total intoxication with bliss. *tasting the sweet nectar with Mahavir*, the bliss, the divine nectar, *singing his song of amity be a follower of love*, feeling his effect for days afterwards.

One must make the effort to spend time with the holy ones, have reverence for all life, *be a follower of love*. If you have the opportunity to sit with the holy ones, sit with them. Even if you cannot be in their physical presence, they are wholistic and you are wholistic. We are all created in the image of God, spend time sitting with them. If you wake up and it is a rough morning, just say, "Here is a cup of coffee." Pour one for yourself, pour one for Mahavir, and it can be truly delightful. Just say, "Hey, Mahavir, how is it going today?"

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\* Mahavir, (also Mahavira): an avatar (divine incarnation) and considered the founder of modern Jainism.

*i spent a few nights  
drinking beer and wine with Buddha  
we talked about everything  
oh sweet Karmananda  
to be a follower of love*

With everyone I have ever met, to be in their presence and experience the love and the bliss was good. However, being in the presence of Buddha, or an incarnation of Buddha, I truly delighted in the nights we spent talking, sharing, and learning. *oh sweet Karmananda*. Buddha is Karmananda. Buddha represents or symbolizes the knowledge, the true Jnana yogi, the one who connects, sees, and can translate, interpret, and explain to you how the creation works.

*and i remember Hazrat walking me up  
that stairway to heaven  
showing me all the sites  
along the way*

The visions of, and the time spent with Hazrat Inayat Khan, brought an understanding of the different stages of the prophets, saints, and masters, the understanding of the different evolutionary states of the whole creation, the spiritual hierarchy. It was an invaluable amount of knowledge.

*saying sometimes the sacrifice is great  
sometimes the sacrifice is small  
but everyone will sacrifice  
so it is best to go willingly  
to be a follower of love*

Sooner or later, no matter what we are attached to, we are going to be sacrificing it. Death will come to us all, and unless we sacrifice, unless we seek first the kingdom of God, all else will not follow. Sometimes the sacrifice may seem large or great, sometimes it may seem small, but if we don't sacrifice it for the kingdom of God, don't listen to the soul calling out for our wholistic nature, we won't attain our nature. The depth of Satyam I felt with Hazrat took me all the way to God the Absolute, *walking me up that stairway to heaven*.

At a talk Swami Rama was giving, someone asked him about renunciation and the path of a renunciant. He said, "The true renunciants are those who don't give up their ego world, because they renounce their eternal, infinite inheritance, for a few paltry material gains. Those are the true renunciants." This is what Hazrat meant, *but everyone will sacrifice so it is best to go willingly to be a follower of love*.

*i remember Swami Rama  
who taught me how to breathe*

I have often talked about the breath and the importance of breath. I learned from Swami Rama that: “Those who know breath, those who know prana,<sup>\*</sup> know God.” It is about discipline and practice because we have to learn how to breathe. The breath is the connection between body and soul that leads to the breath of God. We have to learn *how to breathe*, to have the pure prana, to have our wholistic life.

*and Paramahansa he brought me yoga*

Through the many visions of Paramahansa Yogananda,<sup>†</sup> he helped me to get to that samadhi state consistently, with the discipline and the willful effort to be disciplined through yoga or meditation.

*Lahiri Mahasaya showed me  
the love behind the stars  
and how to share*

Lahiri Mahasaya<sup>‡</sup> came to me one night in my meditation, in my room, and initiated me into Kriya Yoga.<sup>§</sup> He also told me to go teach it to whomever needed it. Sitting in my house, the roof had disappeared and I was sitting under the starlight, and from the starlight you could see past to the heavens, see the manifestation all the way to the unmanifested. When I say Lahiri Mahasaya showed me *the love behind the stars*, he truly did. After he initiated me in Kriya Yoga, as I looked up through the ceiling, which became transparent, I just saw the stars. Looking through the stars, I saw light and saw the heavens, and through the heavens I saw and experienced the formless God-consciousness.

*Maharshi Ramana taught me to laugh*

The bliss of just feeling his<sup>\*\*</sup> presence, overflowed, brought the joy, and still does. Every once in a while I will get together with Maharshi Ramana or just look at his picture and feel his presence, and feel the bubbling over of bliss.

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\* *Prana*: Life force.

† *Paramahansa Yogananda*: Founder of the *Self-Realization Fellowship*; author of *Autobiography of a Yogi*.

‡ The *Self-Realization Fellowship* has the lineage of: Babaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswar, Paramahansa Yogananda, Daya Mata.

§ *Kriya Yoga*: A specific set of disciplines and practices given to an initiate who has prepared to receive the instructions. Lahiri Mahasaya was ordained by Babaji to teach Kriya Yoga to sincere seekers.

\*\* *Maharshi Ramana*: also, Ramana Maharshi; 1879-1950. A great and highly revered Sage of India.



*Bhagwan showed me the sacred dance*

He was truly delight itself. Neo-Tantra: Sex-Love-Prayer-Transcendence, Transcendence-Prayer-Love-Sex. *the dance between wind and sand*—the dance between essence and form. Bhagwan Rajneesh delighted in the cosmic dance and shares that delight with anyone who, through sincere focus, connects with him.

*and Babaji guided me  
through many a night  
saying only  
be a follower of love*

Babaji\* and Christ are supposed to be working together on this Yuga cycle, this 24,000-year cycle. I would call out to Babaji at times when the night got too long, times the storm got too intense, because in *Autobiography of a Yogi*, he promised that he would respond to any sincere devotee who called out to him. It was a promise. Many a night he helped me through the storm and he would always say, “Be a follower of love. Just feel the love, the connection.”

*i remember the night  
Mataji† took me for a ride  
we talked about love and beauty  
from flowers and angels  
to oceans and devas  
we laughed and smiled  
held on to each other tight  
the delight of another traveler  
a follower of love*

For whatever reason, I had another dark night of the soul back in the early 1980's. It was cold and I didn't feel like walking in the cold, so I got in my truck and started driving. I decided to get on the freeway so I could just drive on cruise control. I had just started out on my drive and there was a girl hitchhiking, maybe in her early twenties. She was dressed like a homeless person, all ruffled and whatever. I thought, “Well it is a cold night. She looks like she is in need of help so I will give her a ride.” I picked her up, and to my amazement, her dirty rumpled clothes and her hair smelled sweet and fresh. “Oh, this is interesting,” I thought. I asked her where she was going and she said that she didn't know, but she thought maybe she would go to St. Cloud, and was I going that far? I said I wasn't going that far, but I would give her a ride for a ways.

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\* *Babaji*: Self-Realization Fellowship lineage. Known as the “deathless saint.”

† *Mataji*: Known as sister to Babaji. Both Babaji and Mataji are mentioned in *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramahansa Yogananda.

We started talking and she asked me what I thought about angels. She asked me what I thought about flowers and the whole time the glow and the beauty of this girl was truly delightful. As I am giving this homeless girl a ride, she is reading my mind. At one time I was thinking, “Those clothes look kind of dirty,” and she said, “Oh, I know you don’t judge a book by its cover.” I would think, “I wonder if her body looks as sweet as her fragrance,” and she responded with, “Oh, I am not that kind of girl.” We did this telepathic dance, and the more we were interacting, the more I realized that she was a fellow traveler and it was truly enjoyable.

We were driving around talking and sharing and doing this dance of heart and mind, of verbal conversation and telepathy. I said, “You must be Mataji,” and she said, “Oh, no, you have got me confused with somebody else.” She laughed and then said, “If she is a friend of yours, maybe we can all get together sometime.” It was delightful. This night of restlessness, this dark night of the soul had turned into a thoroughly intoxicating, blissful, and joyful night. This experience wasn’t just a vision; it was more like a manifestation. And the most delightful part of the whole thing was here was another traveler – a follower of love.

*and i remember how it is  
to lay down beside you  
and immerse into your perfect love  
finding that peace and laughter  
within the day and the night  
oh to be a follower of love*

This was to *lay down* and experience the peace and the love of the Christ/Krishna-consciousness and the God-consciousness which began to happen regularly in my mid-to-late thirties.

*i really don't remember  
when this journey began  
but I do remember  
to be a follower of love  
  
a follower of love*

What I hope to share with this poem is that this wholisticness is available to anyone who makes the sincere effort to look inward. We can develop the ability to go from the dark night of the soul and playing with the devil’s song, to running with the hellhounds and the wild bunch, to running with the holy ones and Sex-Love-Prayer and Transcendence and Transcendence-Prayer-Love and Sex. To experience this, you just have to be a follower of love, and be willing to come to your wholistic nature.

## Five

*it is the love  
within life  
that makes the heart  
sing  
and it is the  
beauty of life  
that allows  
the soul to dance*

Everyone understands the first part of this poem, *it is the love within life that makes the heart sing*. For the poets, artists, and each one of us, love brings happiness and joy. Love makes us want to sing and dance. We see it all around us. Hollywood is filled with it. In schools, colleges, and work places, everybody is falling in love, everybody wants to be happy, and everybody wants to sing when they are in love.

*and it is the  
beauty of life  
that allows  
the soul to dance*

This is what makes the difference between everybody who wants to fall in love and everybody who wants to *be a follower of love*. It is to be able to be in love in the world, to be in love in the heavens, in the Kali Yuga, the Dwapara Yuga, the Treta Yuga, and the Satya Yuga,\* individually and universally. The second part of the poem, *it is the*

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\* Creation goes through cycles, known as yugas. A complete cycle is 24,000 years in duration. Half of the yuga is known as the “descending” yuga, and half is known as the “ascending” yuga. The lightest, or golden age, is the Satya Yuga, and the darkest age is the Kali Yuga. The Yuga cycle is: descending Satya Yuga (4800 years), descending Treta Yuga (3600 years), descending Dwapara Yuga (2400 years), descending Kali Yuga (1200 years), ascending Kali Yuga (1200 years), ascending Dwapara Yuga (2400 years), ascending Treta Yuga (3600 years), ascending Satya Yuga (4800 years). We are currently in the ascending Dwapara Yuga. *The Holy Science* by Sri Yukteswar (publ.: Self-Realization Fellowship) details the Yuga cycle.

*beauty of life that allows the soul to dance* is to see divinity, see the essence of Satyam, of God everywhere. This is the second message of the holy ones. The first message is that we are all created in the image of God; we are all universal. The second message is that when we identify with our wholistic self, we can realize our oneness and live within this nature. This is what is referred to in spirituality as sadhana, the practices or the path or the journey. Everyone is a traveler on their way to the holy land – everyone. Then it is just how much of our wholistic nature we want to experience.

These poems are about the journey. It is about the *love within life*, and also about seeing *the beauty of life*. If we expand our vision to include the wholeness of life, we can perceive the *beauty of life*.

This next poem was written to also be lyrics of a song. A friend said he was invited to sing at a church Christmas program, but he didn't know what to sing. While he worked on the music, I worked on the lyrics and we finished it that same evening.

*there is rain falling on the mountains  
like a whisper of divinity  
there is fragrance rising off the trees  
like an offering of purity  
there is mist coming from the earth  
like a flower of thankfulness  
there is sun shining through the clouds  
like a smile from you my Lord*

*let the flames of love burn pure and bright  
let my heart overflow from rejoicing  
in your name my love  
a candle lit for you  
a candle lit for you my Lord*

This poem covers everything from the earth to the Word, the rain, the fragrance, the thankfulness, and the light, Sex, Love, Prayer and Transcendence—our wholistic self, physical body, astral body, causal body, and soul or God-consciousness.

*there is rain falling on the mountains  
like whispers of divinity  
there is a fire burning for El Salvador  
a candle lit for you my Lord  
there is a light showing in eastern Europe  
a candle lit for you my Lord*

At the time this poem was written people in El Salvador were struggling for freedom, trying to throw off the shackles of oppression. When we are imprisoned in our

own ideas, whether it is by a government in El Salvador, or a tyrant like Saddam Hussein, or that ol' laughing devil, we must take that spark of freedom and light a candle for our nature, light a candle for our whole self. At first it will be just a candle, but we must make that effort to begin to add more light to our life—a *candle lit for you my Lord*. We must remember that we are not just doing it for our self, we are doing it for everyone around us, for the wholeness of life.

*there is fragrance rising off the trees  
like an offering of purity  
there is a fire burning for black and white  
a candle lit for you my Lord  
there is a light showing for the homeless and the poor  
a candle lit for you my Lord*

There is the fire between *black and white*. Obviously there is racial tension. Race prejudice is one of the oldest meannesses in history and it still plagues humanity all over the world. We have our prejudices and our ideas that come from fear, from Pandora's house. What we don't know or are not familiar with, can cause us to be fearful and condemning. We need to light a candle, we need to light up Pandora's house in order to conquer our fears and "burn down that house."

*there is mist coming from the earth  
like a flower of thankfulness  
there is a fire burning for mother and unborn child  
a candle lit for you my Lord  
there is a light showing for our children  
a candle lit for you my Lord*

*mother and unborn child* can be seen on the earthly level as the abortion issue. People are split 50/50 on this. Some say the mother has the right, it is her body. The other half says the child has the right, you have to do for others. One is the person-to-self, one is the person-to-other people. We need to light a candle so we realize that the soul once born can never die, but abortion is an act of violence, an act of imposing your will on someone else, and there will be a price for that. But more importantly, the bond between mother and unborn child is being weakened, the unconditional-ness, the surrender to love that a mother will have when she is carrying a child. *for mother and unborn child* also symbolizes the unborn awareness of the soul, the true child of God within us.

We need to become aware, to have more appreciation, and be able to surrender or unfold into our nature. This is done through meditation where we can calm down the body and breath and begin to experience our self, not just as a physical body, but also as a spirit body, a causal body, and a soul. Meditation allows us to begin to see what nurtures the soul, the mind, the heart, and the body, *a candle lit for you my Lord*.

*there is sun shining through the clouds  
like a smile from you my Lord  
like a smile from you my Lord*

*let the flames of love burn pure and bright  
let my heart overflow  
from rejoicing in your name my Lord  
from rejoicing in your name my Lord  
a candle lit for you  
a candle lit for you my Lord*

There is the wholistic connection. The sun has symbolically represented God in many cultures and many religions. We call them primitive religions, but in reality it is a sacred symbol. We prefer sunlight to darkness. We all prefer sunny days to cloudy days, and we prefer wholisticness to incompleteness.

*let the flames of my love burn pure and bright let my heart overflow from rejoicing in your name my Lord.* This is how we do it. We surrender to our nature of love. We surrender to the pure nature of love, not the conditional love, but the *Om Satyam* part of our nature.

*let the flames of my love burn pure and bright let my heart overflow from rejoicing in your name.* Repeating the name of the Lord, repeating the name of our nature, *Om Satyam*, Om. If we repeat the name of the Lord, we should be able to feel that overflowing, that bliss as Shiva and Shakti\* overflow into the thousand-petal lotus.

*let me light a candle for you my Lord let me light a candle for you.* Let me make the effort to be disciplined, to do my practices each day. Let me do *Hrimis*, let me do *Om*'s. Let me sing out in the name of love each day, add a little more light to the planet. Light is the only thing that will bring freedom. Love is the only thing that will resolve the conflict of racial tension. Love and light are the only things that will resolve all the issues of *Solomon's sword*. We must make that effort.

*let me light a candle for you my Lord.* Let me do the sacred practices, call out the sacred names. And if we do not have the experience of God the Absolute, then call out in the name of *Om Satyam*, call out in the name of love, but call out and light that *candle for you my Lord*. If we do this then El Salvador, Darfur, Iraq, and racial tensions will not break our hearts. We will not have to lock our hearts away from our day, and not want to be aware. We will not have to hide from life. We can add our effort to not only speak out against injustice, but also to bring change to the injustice and inhumanity. We can say, "Okay there is a problem here. I can light a candle for this. It is time for growth, a time for love." One of the keys to finding the beauty, and being in love with the beauty of life, is that we make our effort to make it a better place.

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\* *Shiva and Shakti*: Shiva represents the unmanifested *essence* of God, and Shakti represents the manifested *expression* of God. Though different, Shiva and Shakti are ever in union.

“The Sacred Fire” section of my *Rhythm of Butterfly Wings*\* book is about experiences that I had with my wholistic nature. Each poem is what I would call a mystical experience (satori) or a communion with God. It is an aspect of what happens, of how to surrender, from where I was on earth, to the experience with God or my wholistic nature, and back to earth and seeing the Divine wave.

*to the  
flower  
and the  
butterfly  
are given  
the love  
of  
fragrance  
and flight  
to you  
is given  
the beauty  
of  
their presence*

If you look inward for appreciation while looking outward at the beauty, if you allow the senses to overflow and just surrender to the beauty, you can and will be surrendering to the essence of *Om Shivam*, to the Christ/Krishna-consciousness. It will take you to the absolute God-consciousness, *Om Satyam*.

*the essence  
of your  
beauty  
is unveiling  
in the  
dance  
of the wind  
and sand*

Discernment between what is temporary and what is eternal is the *dance of the wind and sand*. *the essence of your beauty*, this is the *Om Satyam*, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, the *Om Shivam*, the *Om Sundaram*, and it *is unveiling*—we can experience it by calming down, by discerning, by dancing between Shiva (formless) and Shakti (form, creation).

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\* *The Rhythm of Butterfly Wings* is a book of my early poetry. It is the combination of three smaller books, which were originally printed as, *The Harvest*, *The Rhythm of Butterfly Wings*, and *The Sacred Fire*.

*every time i see  
your face  
my heart steps into  
a holy war  
embracing the raging  
beauty  
of your love  
surrendering  
to the sweet  
breath  
of the dragon*

The *holy war* is the struggle between our higher nature and our limited beliefs, or our lower nature. Every time you immerse into God-consciousness or God and come back, it will be a holy war. You will have experienced the true reality, then you come back to the identity that you used to live in, and you will now have to decide how or what you are going to change. There will be a holy war, and now you have to use your free will to choose, to begin to bring about changes.

*embracing the raging beauty of your love surrendering to the sweet breath of the dragon.* *the dragon* is the kundalini\* rising. In order to have the kundalini rise all the way up to the crown chakra or thousand-petal lotus, we have to be able to surrender. The kundalini starts at the first chakra, at Pandora's house. Unless we embrace it and all that is there, the kundalini, the serpent, will not awaken and rise up to reach the crown to see the face of God.

*in the still  
of night  
you come to me  
with a touch  
that bathes my soul  
in fire  
until  
the perfect union  
of my body  
with yours  
i whisper your name  
then morning comes*

As we meditate and calm down— *in the still of the night*, seeking the stillness, “Be ye still and know that I am God”— pretty soon we begin to see the astral heavens, the lights coming, touching us, washing over us, until finally the Christ/Krishna-

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\* *Kundalini*: The primal energy rising from the gross physical to the God-consciousness.



consciousness, the holy stream, washes over and we begin to immerse into it...*bathes my soul.*

*you come to me with a touch that bathes my soul in fire.* We can feel it rising up our cerebral-spinal system, *until the perfect union of my body with yours,* until we are right there on the edge of the absolute God-consciousness and begin to immerse into that pure consciousness of Satyam. *i whisper your name then morning comes,* as soon as we have a thought of appreciation, thankfulness, love, whatever. As soon as we have a thought, *i whisper your name,* we leave that absolute stillness, that God-consciousness. *then morning comes,* we come back out and continue our journey in the creation.

*to accept your  
love  
is to know  
the beauty  
of  
fire and ice  
desert winds  
blowing  
in the night  
of our  
embrace*

Once again back to the holy war. You have just been to the absolute God-consciousness and you come back and life begins to make demands. *to accept your love is to know the beauty of fire and ice,* we need to integrate the duality of the creation, realize the beauty of the creation as the body of God, and to accept the love, accept our wholistic nature. We need to find that balance and embrace it.

*enjoying the way  
lightning  
transforms  
the night  
i give myself  
to the  
intensity  
of our union*

This poem is about the kundalini experience, and how we must surrender, which sometimes is difficult because of the intensity of the energy rushing through the body.

*to  
experience the joy  
of your  
naked beauty  
is the love  
i live  
for  
naked forms  
dancing  
on the desert sands*

This is about the willingness to be open and surrender to the will of God, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness. There is still the idea of separateness, still the small spirit/large Spirit, still the devotee and his beloved, but at least they are dancing. They are dancing with another person. This is our inward experience in deep meditation. *dancing on the desert sands*. They don't need anything more than love and each other. It is really hard to talk about these poems because they are about my experience of union with God, and I feel they are so personal, and so self-explanatory.

*enjoying the way  
lightning  
transforms  
the night  
i give myself  
to the  
intensity  
of our union*

We surrender to our practice with a passion, with emotional fervor, with devotional concentration. We surrender to our goal and the joy of living within the pure soul, the nakedness of Adam and Eve in the Garden.

*to  
experience the joy  
of your  
naked beauty  
is the love  
i live  
for*

What inspires us through the day, is to have this experience of our Satyam,

Shivam, Sundaram nature at all times, from meditation to meditation, knowing that this is the very nature of our soul, this is the nature of God. We are created in the image of God, and we can live with this awareness if we make the effort.

*the beauty of you  
is in the way  
you come to me  
the joy of you  
is in the way  
you transform me*

Each experience, each mystical union, each time Shakti rises to Shiva, will truly be beautiful, and when you come back there will be joy radiating out of you. You will be different; you will be transformed. It may not be a great amount of difference. You may come back and notice, “That old worry that I used to have doesn’t seem to be there. Things that used to disturb me, don’t bother me now.” It may not seem like a lot, but when you look to the joy, look to the divine experience, and feel the transformation, then the joy will begin to grow.

*the mystery  
of a flower  
is revealed  
in its unfolding*

You must remember that each experience is like a flower seed and a new flower that will grow. The mystery of that experience will unfold. It may take hours, it may take days or even weeks, but it will unfold.

*your essence  
is released  
to those who are  
willing to receive it*

You must not tear the flower apart. You don’t tear the satori or experience apart looking for the meaning, looking for the understanding. I have talked to many devotees who have experienced an aspect of God and said, “Ah, I thought it was going to be beautiful. I thought it was going to be sacred. I thought it was going to save my life and transform me.” And I said, “It will. It has. You are just not patient enough, but it is happening.” These experiences happen beyond the mind, and if we are attached to our mindsets, the unfoldment is slow.

*your essence is released to those who are willing to receive it.* Those who are willing to stay in the presence will find that there will be little of the old ways or habits

that they really want to be re-attracted to. Sometimes this may be uncomfortable, because these ideas that leave have become like old friends, *he may even be a friend to you*. But if you allow your self, *the mystery of a flower is revealed in its unfolding*, to think, “I will trust the holy ones. I will trust that the mystery of this experience will unfold,” pretty soon you will feel the Satyam. You will feel this love, your nature of Satyam, then the revelations will begin to unfold also.

*the real beauty  
of a desert  
flower  
comes with  
you  
enjoying the unfolding  
soft wisps of fragrance  
dancing  
within the wind*

Truly, the enjoyment of spirituality is not an experience here and there, but is about you enjoying the journey. There is enjoyment in allowing your nature to unfold, allowing the mystery to unfold, allowing the joy and the love to unfold, one petal at a time, being patient.

*to see you  
in the morning  
light  
with beauty all  
around us  
is why i long  
to be with you*

To come from that meditation, to come from that experience of absolute God-consciousness, *to see you in the morning light with beauty all around*, to come with new eyes and see nothing but beauty, to see the radiance of the soul in every person, to see divine essence everywhere, to see beauty everywhere *is why i long to be with you*. For these experiences that uplift you, fill you, complete you and allow you to see the beauty and the joy, is why the devotee loves his beloved, *why I long to be with you*.

Even after having these many experiences throughout my young life, there came a period when I felt dissatisfied. I felt life wasn't going the way I wanted and I wasn't appreciating life. Then one day I sat down and thought, “That's it. I am done. I have been here 33 years, I have done my best. No one wants to hear what I have to say.” I kissed my wife and children, and went to meditate. I calmed down, and as I calmed

down, I mentally said, “Okay, I am calling in favors.\* I want out of here.” Then, I left the body. My spirit body traveled through the astral plane, where a girl from my hometown who died in a car accident at 18 showed up and said, “Lee if I would still be there, you know I would be studying with you.” Another one showed up, “Lee, you know I come to your talks when you come to the astral level and you know I appreciate that.”

Then this next part of the experience was more mental communication rather than verbal. I encountered other beings, but it did not influence me. I was leaving the body, going home. Then this bright light came. I said, “Hello, what are you doing?” He said, “Well, I have come to invite you to the party.” I thought, “Party? That is why I am leaving, because there has been no party. What party?” We were already past the causal and I could even see the formless, that is how close I was to home. He communicated, “The party of those folks who wish to have your request denied.” My first thought was, “I didn’t think it was a request,” but I guess it was. My second thought was that this group of realized souls, both young and ancient, were requesting I stay in the body, so I just surrendered and came back. That was when I wrote this next poem:

*when you  
call out to  
me  
i will come  
to you*

This is a poem to God the Absolute. Instead of me saying, “I am coming now,” I surrendered and said, *when you call out to me i will come to you.*

*you come dressed  
in all your beauty  
as your gown  
slips away  
it is  
you and I  
dancing  
in the night*

This poem is about when I experienced the formless Satyam-consciousness, and then I came back out and experienced the sheaths being put on all the way to the physical, and then going beyond them again, back to the Satyam consciousness without form, then again back to the physical and again back to the pure consciousness. It was a beautiful cosmic dance between Shiva and Shakti.

I realized that it was my responsibility to see the soul, to see the Satyam, to see God, the divine wave behind the gown, behind the form. *you come dressed in all your*

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\* “Calling in favors,” was referring to calling on the realized souls. It was a two-fold request, wondering if I had done anything beneficial, and if I had, then I must have some unseen benefits due.

*beauty, all your diversity, your ideas, your beliefs, your wants, your desires, your bodies. as your gown slips away it is you and I dancing in the night. It is the essence, it is the Om Satyam, the mystic and his beloved dancing in the night.*

*you are the  
one  
i choose to spend  
my days  
and my nights  
with*

*you are the one*, is referring to the wholeness of God, like the experience in the previous poem. The wholeness is not just the formless, not just off away from earth, and it definitely is not just on earth, but the wholeness of life, both the form and the formless.

*to the beauty  
of the  
sacred fire  
i offer  
my love*

The *sacred fire* is the pure Satyam-consciousness in form, the Word, or the Satyam/Shivam-consciousness that permeates everything in form. I love to experience love, and this seems to be my one priority in life, the rest come in a distant second.

*i love the way  
your touch  
inflames  
and consumes  
me  
leaving only  
your essence*

This poem expresses the joy I experience when I feel the union with Satyam, this unconditional love that overflows with each unique wave of divinity I encounter, and just immerses into pure Satyam-consciousness.

*i love  
the way  
you  
come and fill*

*my life  
with love*

This experience started with a vision of Christ, experiencing him as an overwhelming incarnation of love. That took me to the pure Satyam-consciousness. *the way*, is a reference to Christ, and the Christ/Krishna/Shivam-consciousness, which permeates all life.

The *Om*, the Holy Spirit, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness is the essence of every rock, every tree, every flower. It is in the fragrance. It is in the sound of the birds singing. It is in every word, every sacred touch, every perfect smile. *i love the way you come and fill my life with love*. It is the essence of every form; it is the nature of the soul, of everyone you come in contact with, not just the holy ones.

*whenever  
i feel your  
presence  
next to me  
my heart  
overflows  
with joy*

When you feel the oneness, or even the union, you feel the Satyam. When you are in love, you are overflowing

*the beauty of  
you  
is in the way  
you bring  
laughter  
to me*

*the way* is the Shivam-consciousness, or the grace of God that permeates everything, and the process of looking inward to see the harmony or beauty of life. *the way* is filled with so much joy, so much love, so much beauty, you just have to laugh. *laughter is the words you use to a puppy*, or children or your beloved. *Om Sundaram* is the beauty and joy bubbling over.

*to be naked  
with you  
dancing  
within*

*the sacred  
fire*

*to be naked* is to go beyond the ideas of incompleteness, to bring down those walls, ideas, and self-protections, bring down the desires within, the idea of separateness itself, the veils that keeps us hidden from our true nature. To immerse into the love of all of life, we must begin to light the candle. We must begin to light up the dark and see beauty. We begin to look in *Pandora's box*, *chase those hellhounds* home.\* We must look at the devil, the ideas of separateness and go beyond them, and then begin to celebrate all of life.

These poems from *The Rhythm of Butterfly Wings* are about my experiences of calming down in meditation and seeing the perfection of form and formless, and then going out to experience that oneness in my active time.

*when the flame  
becomes  
the fire  
and the fire  
becomes  
the flame  
the dance  
and the  
dancer  
are one*

When the small spirit purifies and is able to immerse into the large Spirit, then God can be channeled back into the spirit without the ego diverting the will of the purity. We have a soul that has realized its oneness with God. This poem or satori also came in meditation, and I have been striving to have this oneness at all times—both in meditation and in my active time.

This next poem starts out as ancient as time itself, the idea of separateness. A memory flash of my incarnation, as I was walking along one night. A memory flash of my personal journey of leaving the Garden of Eden, and a partial view of what I experienced walking my way back. I was walking and trying to energize myself by balancing the ida and pingala with the 1-4-2 technique. I knew if I could harmonize the male and female energy channels, the sushumna could flow and I would feel complete. I laughed as I thought that just like Adam and Eve, I've been evicted from the Garden, I wondered what was my temptation. And with that laugh came a clear visual memory of the aspects of my life, which I recorded in this poem.

The Garden of Eden is the story about Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit. The forbidden fruit is the fruit of our efforts, our actions. When we want a specific fruit, a specific condition, then we will suffer. If we surrender and harmonize and see the beauty and look for it, then the beauty of life, the beauty of divinity allows the soul to dance.

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\* See page 64



Sometimes it is naked in meditation, and sometimes it is with clothes in our daily activities, but we still get to dance when we surrender and embrace life.

*I WENT for a walk  
the other night  
i wondered where you were  
there were a thousand stars  
overhead  
and the moon rising  
in the sky above  
i wondered about all the years  
and all the nights  
and why i was  
the only one standing here*

As I was walking, I did not feel complete, and I began to wonder, “How have I lost that connection with my wholistic nature.” Why was I the only traveler, the only follower of love there that night? This was both an outward and an inward reflection.

*please if you would  
let me take a moment  
to talk about those days*

Memories can be a double-edged sword. While I am working on letting go of or resolving past issues, I am always very cautious about walking down memory lane so as to not get caught dwelling on the negative or incomplete.

*days of love and laughter  
of flowers in your hair  
talk of peace and change  
and revolution in the air  
there was making love in the grass  
and demonstrations in the streets*

This is a reference to the 1960's, also a reference to where people gather and celebrate, where there is hope, where there is a desire for love, joy, and happiness. *days of love and laughter of flowers in your hair*. This is our youth, when we have the hope and the dreams. It was just the childlike nature bubbling over, the youth, the hopes, the dreams, wanting to explore, wanting to experience, to be in love.

*talk of peace and change and revolution in the air*. Yes, we need to make those changes. Let's begin to throw that revolution. *there was making love in the grass*,

personal coming together, *and demonstrations in the streets*, let's bring about change in society. Let's go from the Kali Yuga to the Dwapara Yuga. Let's go from the tyrants that have a hold of our heart to overthrowing them and celebrating.

*oh and there was music everywhere*

The music that came out of the 60's was a throwing off of the old and embracing and creating something new. The same happens with the music that comes out of the Kumbha Mela,\* or any true celebration of the human spirit. Although the music of the 60's and the Kumbha Mela are quite different, both are about the celebration of love, the celebration of beauty, the celebration of life.

*there were rumors  
that the gates of hell were opened  
and those hounds of hell  
would be loosed on me  
i don't know much about the hellhounds  
but i do know  
when there is no love  
it still makes me cry*

In my youth some people talked about Armageddon, and Bible prophecies, and Satan. They said that the devil was going to loose those hellhounds on me. *well i don't know much about the hellhounds* because I don't believe in a personal Satan. I believe in the mayac sheath. But *when there is no love*, we have begun to experience hell.

Don't misunderstand, there are evil people who are so self-centered they will do anything to get what they want, no matter how many people or hundreds of thousands of people have to die and suffer. We have historical examples of them, and when they leave the body, they don't automatically turn good. *but i do know when there is no love it still makes me cry*. This is the whole thing about evil—there *is no love* for others, only self- or ego-centered consideration.

*oh it sure was a time  
to be alive*

This transition between the Kali Yuga, the old way where people can only perceive the material reality, to the Dwapara Yuga, where they are beginning to perceive what lies behind the material. As Einstein said, "There is nothing solid, it is all energy appearing in a form." Even scientists are beginning to perceive that it really isn't just a material existence, but an energy field, a collection of energy. This is the Dwapara Yuga. It is *a time to be alive* because it allows for change and revolution, it allows for us to live within our wholistic self. It allows for us to *stand naked* and not be killed because we

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\**Kumbha Mela*: A major spiritual celebration, which takes place in India every three years; each celebration is held in four different and successive cities to complete a 12-year cycle. It symbolically represents the renewal of spirituality, love, joy, and harmony.

have a different opinion, *oh it sure was a time to be alive.* This freedom of expression is still not available in many parts of the world. We need to keep overthrowing the inner tyranny so that our inner vibration of freedom goes out to help bring freedom to others.

*there was the quiet sound  
of rain outside my window  
there was the wind  
blowing across the wheat fields  
like waves on a sea of gold  
just as if it had been written  
in some ancient holy book  
waiting to be revealed*

As a child, I would sit and look out my second floor bedroom window at the fields below, watching the rain and the wheat fields moving with the wind. If you truly begin to see the essence, it is like sacred secrets, it is like reading a book. God is communing. The Christ/Krishna-consciousness is the harmony, and if you learn how to read that script, learn how to meditate, you can see the sacred in the wheat fields, “Let thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.” If we learn to hear the holy stream it is like reading sacred scriptures, reading from ancient holy books.

*there was the roar of a freight train  
in my body and my soul  
until the very earth itself  
began to tremble*

I love parts of my youth, because there were wheat fields outside my bedroom window. My window screen had a hinge on it so I could just step out and sit on the shed and watch the wheat fields, or sometimes it was corn fields. It would be like a *sea of gold* and it would take me to the causal. Sometimes it would be the stars that I would gaze upon at night that would take me to the causal. I felt I could tap into ancient secrets as a child, *just as if it had been written in some ancient holy book.* When I would tell the ministers and my family about these things, they said the devil was going to send those hellhounds after me.

*there was the roar of a freight train in my body and my soul.* My house was fifty-yards from a railroad track. Passenger and freight trains used to come through there at about 50 miles per hour. The whole earth trembled, it was great. It was loud. It was like the *Om* and like the roar of the kundalini. A few times in my youth I experienced the roar of the kundalini.

*oh it sure did thrill  
a young boy's heart*

There was the *thrill* of getting a glimpse of the heavens and the law, seeing how it applied to the earth, seeing behind the gown or the mask of God, seeing the holy ones, and seeing the wholistic nature of the self. Parts of my youth were definitely thrilling.

*there was you and there was i  
there was dancing in the streets  
there was a whole world  
coming together  
some for the very first time  
some were nervous  
and some were shy  
and some said no  
they would rather die*

*still they were joining hands  
around the world  
singing hallelujah  
oh hallelujah*

As a child, everywhere I went there was music and there was dancing. My folks owned a tavern, which we lived above. There was a jukebox and I went to sleep at night to music, either to the sound of the jukebox or in my teenage years to my own radio.

*there was you and there was i there was dancing in the streets.* This dance of sadhana started at the age of five. I always felt this dance; I just didn't feel I had to do the practices much before the age of five. But this dance of devotee and beloved was there. I was always looking for God, looking for love, trying to see the harmony between heaven and earth.

*there was dancing in the streets,* there was dancing in the tavern. During the summertime, people would sometimes be outside in the streets dancing to the music, drinking, and celebrating. The tavern was in a small town of 60 people but there would sometimes be a 50 – 100 people coming to the tavern on a Saturday night.

When I was in high school, (bused to a town of 7000–8000 people), there was an athletic director at the high school that I appreciated. From seventh grade through tenth grade when we had Physical Education, this man allowed us the sports of track, touch football, softball, basketball, tumbling and gymnastics. Plus, for a few months each year, he had us learning to dance. The boys and girls from each grade would get together and learn dances from around the world, folk dances, square dances, and rock and roll. To give the kids chaperoned activities, we had dances at the school on Friday nights. There was dancing my whole life, there was celebrating. There were good people in my life coming together to celebrate and make a better world.

People danced and laughed and *some were nervous, some were shy*, as they came together. *there was a whole world coming together*. This is also a reference to the New Year's Eve event in the year 2000 when there was concern that the end of the world was coming. Around the world they had news crews so they could catch this celebration of a new year, a new millennium. From time-zone to time-zone, country to country, they showed people celebrating, dancing, singing, and coming together. It truly was delightful.

*there was you and there was i  
there was dancing in the streets  
there was a whole world  
coming together*

This stanza is also an accumulation of my life, my memories of other incarnations of people coming together, my memories of gatherings in the heavens, my memories of high school and coming together at dances. The town also started dances at City Hall on Saturday nights, and on the tennis courts in the parks during the summer. We had dances Friday and Saturday nights all summer long. By the time I was old enough to drive, I would occasionally drive to other towns for even larger dances in ballrooms. *There was dancing and people coming together* to celebrate. This glimpse of the celebration included visual images of my infinite life.

*there was dancing in the streets  
there was a whole world  
coming together  
some for the very first time  
some were nervous  
and some were shy  
and some said no  
they would rather die*

There are those people who refuse to change. There are those ideas and beliefs that will cause us to die if we will not give up our attachments or our beliefs. And there are people who will not change, *they would rather die* than embrace something new. *They would rather die* than shake the hand of someone of a different race or a different creed or a different gender or a different religion. It is sad when most of the world wants to come together, there are still a few who would rather die, and/or cause death.

*some for the very first time*. Some people do not live in a modernized society with satellite TV, some don't have electricity, some don't have computers. They are still living like they have for thousands of years. So when the Year 2000 celebration was brought to them and they got to see the whole world celebrating, you could see the delight for them, meeting for the *first time*. When you dance with somebody that you never talked to

before, there was a delight, *some were nervous and some were shy*. But there was a *coming together*. My whole life, there has been a *coming together* of essence and form, a coming together of people, a coming together in times of change. I seem to take incarnations in times of transition.

In the last 100 years we have seen more technological advances than in the previous 2000–3000 years because it is a new lighter age. When dawn comes you can see further than in the darkness of night. That is what the Dwapara Yuga is, the dawn of a new age.

*still they were joining hands  
around the world*

*singing hallelujah  
oh hallelujah*

To have appreciation and gratitude is truly a sign of spirituality and love. The joy of a new age, the joy of coming together and sharing with people, truly beginning to love and be open and share and delight is the *joining hands around the world*.

*oh the music was everywhere*

Music is a universal language that can transcend and bridge time and cultures. The music began to become more open and free, expressing the upliftment and the hopes and dreams of the human spirit.

This poem started with:

*I WENT for a walk  
the other night  
i wondered where you were  
there were a thousand stars  
overhead  
and the moon rising  
in the sky above  
i wondered about all the years  
and all the nights  
and why i was  
the only one standing here*

And it brought me to:

*there was a whole world  
coming together*

It brought me to going beyond my individual ego and idea of wanting what I wanted, with an opening up to life, remembering, and connecting to history, to humanity, to the angels, to the devas, to all of life—my *whole* life. It started with my ego, *let me take a moment*, which is simply let me take a moment to say, “I am not in a good space. What is it I believe? Where is it I hope this journey takes me?” and it brought me to an opening up to life. Continuing on with the poem...

*a warm summer's night  
with the moon  
and the stars above  
must be to the  
fountain of youth  
like the shore  
is to the sea*

The fountain of youth is the enthusiasm for beauty, seeing the beauty in the moonlight, in people, in the *world coming together*, feeling the interwovenness of all life.

*it is the love  
within life  
that makes the heart sing  
and it is the  
beauty of life  
that allows  
the soul to dance*

We need to open up. We need to begin to go to Pandora's house and take the shutters off the windows and clean it out. We need to recognize that we cannot change the devil. We cannot change the duality. The duality will be positive and negative. It will be light and dark. It does not have to be good and evil. When the fruit tree is still a sapling, it is not evil because it doesn't bear the fruit that nurtures us. We need to nurture the sapling and allow it to grow until it does bear fruit. We need to embrace the whole world, embrace the diversity.

*and it is the  
beauty of life  
that allows  
the soul to dance*

*it is the beauty of life* that allows us to enjoy the journey, to want to make the journey, to truly embrace our wholistic nature. We must make the effort with our

sadhana, or practices. We have to want to dance and want to be in love. We must want to see the essence behind the form, want *to separate the wind and the sand*. We have to be willing to stand alone within that wind and realize that the wind and beauty are very similar. You must stand within both, you must feel and experience both.

There was a time in the mid-80's when I was having conflict in my life. I prayed to the holy ones. I prayed to God, "Oh my beloved One, please tell me what to do and if not you, send one of your holy ones." Hazrat Inayat Khan showed up and said, "They must have discipline." I said, "Thank you." Swami Rama then appeared and he said, "You must remember what Mahavira says, 'Those who are ready will learn through understanding and those who are not will suffer for awhile longer.'" I said, "Thank you." But now there were two responses and I had to choose. Then Babaji showed up and he said, "Be a follower of love. Just be a follower of love."

Now I had three responses and I thought that I couldn't choose between them without being disrespectful to one or two of them, or all of them. So I just said, "That is it. Only you Divine Mother, only you." Then I saw a beautiful white rose, manifested from the formless. That was the answer to my question, that was my blessing, that was my anointment, *each flower will unfold in its own time*. She didn't say, "Life is rough Lee, come on home." It was more like, "Here, life is like a flower, a beautiful white rose." This experience I have never written about until now. It happened over twenty years ago and I can barely talk about it now without being overwhelmed with joy. There are others like that, which I have not written down.

You will all have your experiences with God, but you must be open to life. You must be able to listen to the holy ones, and even if they seem to give you different messages, they will help you find your own path. Allow the flower to unfold, allow each petal of the thousand-petal lotus to be the light, blessing and joy in your unfolding journey.





## Six

*within  
the beauty  
of the  
dance  
and the love  
of the  
dancer  
is you*

This is where we all find our self at any given moment if we make the effort to see our true nature. From there we try to work towards being in harmony with our wholistic self, the unfoldment of our wholistic self, so that *the flame becomes the fire and the fire becomes the flame and the dance and the dancer are one*. This is our goal; this is our love and joy, this is truly the beauty of life.

Before I talk about the next poem, I want to share an experience. This was back in the mid-80's on another one of those troubled nights. I seemed to have had a few of them and my solution to a troubled night or a troubled time was always calling out to Divine Mother. I sat down in my meditation and prayed, "I know I can't come home, but I just want to see You. I just want to be with You. I just want to experience You." This was how I started my meditation. I patiently did my 1-12 breathing technique, and I patiently did my 1-4-2 technique, and I patiently did *So-Hums*, and I patiently did my *Oms*.

I was sitting there, feeling kind of sad and blue and praying, "Oh, Divine Mother, I want you to appear. I want to see You. I want to see You. Oh, Babaji, you said if I called out, you would help, put in a word. Oh, Divine Mother, I don't even want to see your saints and sages, I just want to see You." Then I just started mentally repeating, "Oh, my beloved One, oh my beloved *Om*," over and over again. Pretty soon I saw this beautiful, truly beautiful, green hill with forest and meadows with flowers. I thought,

“Oh, I am cursed with these visual meditations. Oh, Divine Mother.” I just kept repeating, “Oh Divine Mother, oh my beloved One. Oh my beloved *Om*. I just want You to appear.” More visions of oceans, forests, meadows, villages, people dancing, beautiful bodies dancing naked, and all this time I was becoming disappointed because all I was seeing was this stuff that I considered worldly. I wondered if this was all I could attract at the time.

This went on for a half-hour. “Oh Divine Mother,” and then another scene and, “Oh Divine Mother,” and another scene, seeing people making love and people dying and people being born. I was seeing ancient temples, new churches being built, recreational centers, kids playing basketball. “Oh, Divine Mother.” I am getting more and more desperate and more and more frustrated. “Oh, Divine Mother!” Pretty soon a holy one shows up and just smiles. “Oh, Divine Mother, oh, Divine Mother.” Another holy one shows up and I said, “Please put in a word for me. I want Her to appear.” There were just more visions of slaughterhouses, supermarkets, carnivals. Another hour or two of just picture after picture. It wasn’t just still pictures either, some were live, taking place at that moment. “Oh, Divine Mother I just want to see You.” After a while it began to dawn on me, “Oh, I *am* seeing Divine Mother.” So then I changed my mantra, “Oh, Divine Mother, yes I know You are behind that gown but I don’t want to see You in your gown. I want to see You.” And I kept going on and on.

With each picture, each vision that came, I was becoming more intoxicated, and it is hard to be desperate when you are filled with love. “Oh, Divine Mother, I just want to see You.” And another vision, and another, and another until two to three more hours had gone by. There was an abundance of Satyam I was experiencing, I just sat in silence and the visions finally stopped. I felt uplifted, at peace, full of love, but still a little disappointed, because I didn’t see Divine Mother in the form that I wanted, however, I really was just too intoxicated to pay much attention to it at this point.

I went about my day, no longer disgruntled and no longer disturbed. A couple of days later, I was having a meditation, just doing my techniques. I was getting through the *So Hum* technique just beginning the *Om* technique and then I saw the formless, “Oh, here is the formless, here is the God-consciousness.” A structure began to manifest, it was opening up. As it opened up, I could see clearly into the formless and this beautiful, beautiful form manifests, came out and said, “Lee, this is one of the most unreasonable requests you have ever had.” I thought, “Oh Divine Mother, thank You for being so generous.” Then she unmanifested and went back to formlessness. When I came out of my meditation a couple of hours later, I realized how ridiculous I was being, to hold Divine Mother to a certain image or a form, and reject the rest. But in a sense this is what we all do with our ideas of separateness, our beliefs, and our sacred holy shrines. We think, “This is what true religion is, and this is what God is, and this is what I need to be happy.” I had not fully surrendered to the wholeness of God, the wholeness of life.

It took me days, maybe even a week before I really got to thinking about what she said. “Lee, this is one of the most unreasonable requests you have ever had,” and it just filled me with joy. I didn’t need to know what the other unreasonable ones were, because I knew that whenever there was trouble, I was calling out, “Oh, Divine Mother, Oh Divine *Om*. Oh Divine Mother help this person. Oh Divine Mother, send this saint. Oh, Divine Mother.” My solution was never to try to change the devil but to call out to see

God, to see the whole so I could change myself, so I could change my vision, so I could understand or feel or experience differently. This was my solution from the time I was a young child, always calling out to God.

Another experience...when I was about 8 years old I felt I was being persecuted by the minister and others for saying that I knew about miracles. These people were telling me that I was possessed by the devil or just insane. I knew that if I could get the energy flowing I could perform the miracles that I felt I knew how to do, but I just didn't have the energy to make them happen. You have to imagine Minnesota in the summertime, with thunderstorms and lightening storms and this eight-year-old child going out there believing that if I could channel lightning, then I could perform miracles. I would try to call lightning down on my head. "Oh Divine Mother, right here. It is time, unless they see signs and wonders. Oh Divine Mother." And lightning would always move in, getting closer until it was 25-15-10 feet away. I could hear, feel, even taste the crackling of it. I thought if I got struck with lightning I would have the energy for the miracles. This idea was not my *only* foolish thinking in childhood. No surprise that I called my earliest book of poems, *Some Mad Schemes and Desires*

Throughout my whole life, I never asked for worldly gain. I never said, "Oh, Divine Mother, help me catch this football. Oh, Divine Mother, help me win the State Track Meet. Oh, Divine Mother, give me an athletic scholarship." That was always play, that was always my effort, my enjoyment. My prayer was always to understand, to see and to experience the Satyam, the love, the joy, the beauty, and the harmony because I knew there was only God. Myself, everybody, and everything were a part of this oneness. There had to be a harmony, there had to be a truth, one God, one harmony, *only one sky*. This does not mean that I had no earthly desires or ambition, but my process for attaining worldly goals was different.

In my poetry I talk a lot of lightning. Lightning symbolizes that brilliant insight, that brilliant flash of satori or samadhi, but also the kundalini, and of course literally lightning. The following is the 2002 retreat poem:

*THERE IS lightning racing across  
the mountains tonight  
thunder off in the distance  
there will be rain  
falling in the forest  
and flash floods  
rushing for the desert floor*

With this flash of lightning came a vision, and the vision is the rest of this poem. Although the vision came and went over a couple of hours, between the vision and revelation and more vision, still it took me six weeks to write down and express what I felt was universal about my life, of the human life, of the human spirit. Any satori or revelation will have a feeling of the spirit being replenished, just like the earth is replenished by the rain. Sometimes it will seem like there is too much bliss, and an overflowing of love and joy outwardly. The understanding or revelations come slow.

Just be patient and enjoy the unfoldment.

*and i'm sure  
there is an ocean somewhere  
washing in on the shore  
young girls will give  
their hearts away  
to the boy  
who can win her smile*

Obviously there is an ocean washing in somewhere because the world is three-quarters water. Literally, the ocean *washes in on the shore*, and *lovers walk hand in hand*; people are drawn to the ocean. But the ocean also symbolizes consciousness, there is an awakening *washing in* somewhere. Someone is having a satori, someone is having a samadhi, someone is experiencing God.

*young girls will give  
their hearts away  
to the boy  
who can win her smile*

Here on earth, unless we balance out the ida and the pingala, girls will be submissive and boys will be competitive. It is the nature of the female and male principle. Until we balance out the ida and the pingala, we will not be balanced as human beings, and will try to seek this balance in our life externally with someone of the opposite sex.

*lovers will walk hand in hand  
and the moon will cast its shadow  
over the land  
adding mystery to the night*

Adam and Eve again. Until we balance the ida and the pingala and allow the energy or prana to rise past our five physical senses, past the fifth chakra, into the doorway of the Christ/Krishna-consciousness and into the thousand-petal lotus, we will seek our fulfillment and happiness in the arms of the opposite sex. The procreation desire is the self-preservation instinct for humanity. It arises within the causal mind, where we go to every night in alpha rest. We can go beyond that level of consciousness in samadhi, but until we can be in that state of samadhi, we will be influenced by the male/female attraction, the procreation instinct.

*and the moon will cast its shadow  
over the land  
adding mystery to the night*

The *moon casting its shadow* will be the idea of separateness, the reflection of true light, the reflection and the illusion. The procreation desire is a limited form of the soul calling out for more. It is Shakti, or kundalini energy, beginning to rise up, wanting to fulfill itself by embracing another, wanting sex, wanting a partner, wanting marriage, wanting love, wanting a family, and it is an illusion that this will fulfill us. The truth is, the soul will call out for more, both with and without a partner, until it experiences the oneness.

*somewhere an old man will sit  
remembering younger days  
not quite sure about accepting  
the ongoing tides*

It is fairly universal that people don't accept aging well. Even when we die we go to the astral heavens and live in an astral or spirit body that resembles our physical body when we were about 25–30 years of age. In our minds, we think we are 25–30 years old. As we age we find it extremely frustrating when we try to do things and our body doesn't respond as it did when we were younger.

Years after the experience with the white rose, I remember playing basketball first with my young son and then with high school kids. So here I am 40 to 45 years old playing with 16 to 19-year-old kids and sometimes it bothered my ego because I didn't have my 25-year-old athletic body. I had a 45-year-old body, which I realized could not compete with kids, except for a moment here and a moment there. *the boy who could win her smile*. No one accepts growing old gracefully.

*and the drums  
they will still beat in Africa*

*to a rhythm  
we know so well*

The procreation instinct is the strongest instinct, and everybody has it. It strikes the males with the desire to have sex. It strikes the females with the desire to have a family. So we have this dance, both with the same urge, but with different desires. They want this union – together, the primal force, the primal beat. Females want to know that if they bear offspring the male is going to be around to support them, and the males want to know that if they are around to support them, they are going to have some sensual delight from time-to-time. When we dance together, one starts with the left foot and one starts with the right foot. We have to find this balance within our self so that we are not

enslaved by the four primal instincts.

*someone will be dancing  
in the sun  
laughing  
surrendering to the fun*

We see children playing and dancing before puberty. They truly delight in playing and there are times in most people's lives when they feel and share unconditional love, temporarily putting the ego aside.

*someone else will be  
dancing in the dark  
bodies glistening  
beneath the moonlight*

*moving to the rhythm  
of the summer heat  
moving in the rhythm  
of a primal beat*

After puberty, most people find a lot of their attention is spent on this male/female connection. Some even get lost in it when it becomes their only goal, their only joy.

*somewhere sailors will go  
down to the sea  
with a longing and a smile  
embracing the ocean  
like a lover they never knew*

Obviously there are sailors in every port, no matter what century or what lifetime. If there are oceans, there are going to be people who sail on it. They want to go to a new land, want to get out on the water. There are people who want new ideas and new adventures. They want something new, and I am not talking about just a new skin for an old drum. I am talking about a new adventure, a new idea, a new land, a new consciousness, meditation, spirituality, new experiences. *embracing the ocean*, embracing the consciousness. *like a lover they never knew*, it always seems more exciting with a new lover, new ideas, new experiences.

*somewhere people will be together  
with music bread and wine  
there will be talk  
of days gone by  
butterflies puppies and apple blossoms  
children running  
laughter and singing  
ringing in the air*

We see this in every community. People get together and have family reunions, maybe drink *a* little rhubarb wine and kiss that sweet young girl. People gather, they *come together*, it is a universal experience. Humanity itself is a social being. We are all part of one God, and we are meant to be together, just having some space in that togetherness. But, *with music bread and wine*, we are celebrating and dancing. We should be coming together to share the best that we possibly can. We shouldn't be complaining, or expecting others to lift us from our depression, our sadness, or to solve our problems. We should come together to celebrate, and there are people around the world, coming together, celebrating.

*somewhere someone will die tonight  
and someone else  
will be reborn*

Birth and death happen at the physical, but also someone gives up their hope, they give up on love, they give up on beauty, and they begin dying. They lose their enthusiasm for looking for God, they begin dying. *and someone else will be reborn*, someone will take another incarnation. Someone else may have a transformation. They may come to a retreat like this and be transformed and start a new life, want to leave the old behind. Begin to look for the beauty and the love, begin to call out for God. We call out to God to have a greater view, a greater appreciation.

*there will be bells ringing  
for the wedding feast  
and the funeral pyre*

Every situation can bring more growth because the *bells ringing* symbolize a gathering of people. Whether it is a celebration or a funeral, there *are bells ringing*. The sound of bells call to people, to gather. The sound of bells is also a sound of the fourth chakra, a calling to the heart.



*for the man on his knees  
asking for  
forgiveness  
and for those  
who are seeking  
grace*

*for any who are weeping  
and for all  
who are rejoicing*

*the bells go on ringing—the bells are the Om, the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, the grace of God, the calling to humanity to remember their wholistic nature.*

*somewhere a soldier will sit  
struggling with his courage*

The warrior class must truly be appreciated because they protect us. They protect us from the invading barbarians. They protect us from the thieves in the night. They are the firemen, the policemen, the soldiers. They are the ones that teach us the martial arts. The priestly class teach us how to have courage and conquer the hellhounds, teach us how we can become a warrior and fight for our self in our own holy war. It will always take courage, whether we are facing down the devil or facing down the thief.

*and a family will sit down  
and give thanks  
for their daily bread*

We should be thankful for this miraculous experience we call life. Science honestly admits that just about everything is still a mystery, they have just made some observations along the way. We should be appreciative, here on earth or in the heavens. *if you have love and laughter must needs you ask for more.*

*somewhere there will be a poet  
with songs  
of love and sorrow  
flowers  
and sweet tasting wine*

The poet seems to love the Shiva and Shakti principle. Sometimes he is intoxicated with love, other times with sorrow's song. It is always going to be the *sweet tasting wine* and flowers and tears. That is just the nature of the poet.

*somewhere there will be  
a young woman  
with a baby at her breast  
and a man will stand  
in a field  
praying to the sky above*

People get together and have a family; they pray to God for the crops and they pray for rain; they pray to bring new souls to earth. They provide a family environment so souls can come down and continue their journey. This is all a part of the natural unfoldment of the human spirit.

*somewhere there will be  
rivers and meadows  
birds flying in the air  
snowstorms and draught  
and the winds may blow  
whispering your name*

At some point, everybody will look around and say, “No matter how beautiful the world is, no matter how beautiful my spouse, my family, my friends, my hobbies, no matter how much I enjoy it, it just is not enough.” At some point it is just not enough. Unfortunately, in this country and around the world, when we reach that point, it is misinterpreted as time to change partners, time to change jobs, time to find a new skin for the old drum, but this isn’t what that *whisper* means. The *whisper* means that the material world, the material body, and the material desires no longer fulfill us. Now it is time to begin to expand inward to go beyond the limited and embrace our wholistic nature.

*and the winds may blow whispering your name.* The *wind* is the sound of the fifth chakra. You will hear the sound of the wind and when you hear this sound, it is calling out to go up to the spiritual eye, go up to your crown and begin to explore your eternal nature.

*and the bells will go on ringing  
for the unborn child  
and those beyond  
ringing for the rain forests  
and the polar cap  
and the bells will go on ringing  
for those who are willing  
to light the candles*

*ringing for those who would  
feed our children*

We strive to fill ourselves and our earth with love and harmony to attract or call beautiful, bright, unmanifested souls to earth, to incarnate and share our love. Once we have heard our name called, once we begin to know that our personal desires are no longer enough to satisfy us, we don't change partners or careers, we begin to change ourselves. Instead of thinking that we have not done everything we wanted to do, we begin to see the universalness, the wholisticness of our life and begin to offer help, to do what is beneficial for the individual and the international community. We send money to foreign lands, to charities. We stop beside the road and help somebody out. We give our time to help charities or support groups.

We begin to give to life. We have changed. We begin to save the earth, realizing that it is our Garden of Eden. We no longer tear up the earth, we begin to save it. We begin to feed the children that are starving to death. We begin to ask governments and corporations to be responsible for our children and our children's children and our children's children's children, which by then could be us, because we may incarnate back. So we need to begin to act in a wholistic manner.

*and let the bells go on ringing  
for the pilgrimage  
and the prophet  
and for those  
who make us smile  
and let those bells ring out  
for love and life  
for the love of the journey  
itself*

Let the celebration go on, let the calling go out, *for the pilgrimage and the prophet*, for Shakti and Shiva. The prophet or the Satguru is not the body or the person. Only God, only our wholistic nature is the true guru. The prophet is just the guide that keeps pointing us towards that direction of our wholistic self, keeps pointing us towards Mecca, keeps pointing us towards the holy land. They provide a map of where the oases are, so we don't get wasted in the desert of our earthly desires, becoming just more bleached bones of dead devotees who got lost along the way.

We need to celebrate our efforts, our pilgrimage, just like this weekend at this retreat. We celebrate coming together, we celebrate our journey. We *tell stories of days gone by*. We tell stories of our experiences, who we saw in the heavens, who appeared to us out of nothing, what inspired us, what uplifted us. We don't talk about how much of a struggle life is, how old we are getting, how much life feels like a drudgery. We begin to share that which is uplifting, that which is uplifting for the human spirit.

*and let the bells go on ringing for the pilgrimage and the prophet. Om namo ari*

*hantanam* – that is the pilgrimage. *Om namo siddhanam* – that is the prophet. *and for those who make us smile*. You notice I play some CDs of comedians to bring some laughter. We need to be able to laugh. We need to be able to laugh at the human folly, the human condition, and comedians truly have a unique perspective. They take an everyday situation that is universal to all of us and they just add a little twist to it, and we can see ourselves. We see the ridiculousness of our tiny little realities and our tiny little life in their words and it makes us laugh, which is what we need to do. We need to appreciate and thank those that make us laugh.

*and let those bells ring out  
for love and life  
for the love of the journey  
itself*

If you take one thing from all my poems, I want it to be that I kept looking to be a follower of love, to have the joy, to have the laughter. Whenever I fell short, I called out to the holy ones and I called out to Divine Mother. I called out to the keepers of love, the ones who have it all the time.

There is a story of a holy man who was being burned at the stake in ancient times. He was laughing and telling them to, “Get more wood! Get more wood, this isn’t hot enough.” He was laughing, “Bring more wood, this isn’t hot enough. I need a good hot fire. I need to purify myself to go to my beloved, bring more wood.” Then someone came and threw a rose on the fire and he started crying, started weeping, and the crowd didn’t understand. They said, “We bring wood and burn this guy to death and he laughs and celebrates. This guy comes and throws a rose at him and he starts crying.” Someone asked him, “Why would you cry? Obviously this person didn’t want to hurt you. They loved you, they wanted to give you a flower, why would you cry.” And the holy man said, “Because you people didn’t know any better. But that person did, yet he still threw something at me.”

We must protect our inner guru, our intuitions, and our experiences from doubt and skepticism, both outwardly and especially inwardly from self-doubt. We can have this joy and love of life when we keep our focus on that which is uplifting to the human spirit.

We also have to realize that the holy ones, whether on earth or in the heavens are still the keepers of the light, the keepers of the torch. They are the bridge-builders between the small self and the large Self. Whenever there is a struggle, we call out to the holy ones, we call out to Divine Mother, we call out to the keepers of love.

This is what I would like to share with my poetry. I rarely talk about myself, but I felt that there was one aspect of my life that was worth sharing and that was how I was able to get that divine nectar, how I was able to laugh, how I was able to be in love. How I do it is that I am in love with the journey, I am in love with the wholisticness, the one God. I have defined my journey as the journey from earth to the heavens and to pure consciousness, and then back again. The earthly part of the poem although literally true, is more about the universal human experience, rather than just my personal travels here and there.

*somewhere there will be  
angels singing  
in the heavens above  
and saints will be  
dancing on the shore*

*and the moon will stand above  
the darkness  
and call out for more*

This is the nature of the creation. The earth, the material body, the astral body, the causal body, and *the soul will all call out for more*. The physical body wants more physical nutrition, it wants more activity and life. The material body wants more experiences for the material life. The astral body wants more sense delights, more beauty, more joy, more loving experiences, more poetry, more music, it wants more. The soul is calling out for more pure Satyam. Because the body and soul are part of our wholistic nature, we feel the pull for “more,” until we experience our self as whole.

In order to nurture the astral body, we need love, we need beauty, we need celebration, we need music, we need the arts. We need those things that inspire and overwhelm the senses, not dull the senses. We don't need alcohol, perfume, sex, and those things that make us tired and dull. The astral body wants the things that overwhelm the senses. The astral wants to share in the love and beauty. The causal body wants to understand the harmony, wants to understand its place in God, wants to understand “Who am I? Why am I here? And what is the purpose of life?” This is the nutrition that the causal body is calling out for. We need to accept that there is a calling out for “more,” on all levels.

The soul is calling out. The only thing that nurtures the soul is love. I am not talking about the love between two people, that is a little taste, an appetizer. To have love every moment, day and night, together and apart, when you are young, when you are old, then we are beginning to nurture the soul. The soul wants to experience its nature of Satyam because we are created in the image of God. There is a tiny golden web wrapped around the *Om Satyam, Om Shivam*, and that is what the soul wants to experience. The only way to have love at all times is to come to our nature, to unfold into our nature.

*somewhere the dawn will choose  
between night  
and morning  
and the soul will call out  
for more*

*and the soul  
will call out  
for more*

Each moment we choose between night and morning, just like *Solomon's sword, one for the devil and one for the Lord*, each moment. We choose whether we are going to go meditate and call out, "Oh Divine Mother, please commune with me," or whether we are going to go outward for our fulfillment, *one for the devil and one for the Lord*.

If we are seeking fulfillment outside of our self then we are playing the devil's song. We are chasing *the hellhounds, sleeping in Aphrodite's bed, racing the devil to the finish line*. Sometimes we will win, sometimes we won't, but each time we play that game, it gets a little bit harder to go inward.

We have to begin going inward with consistent effort. Each time our hopes and our dreams are disappointed, it gets to be a little bit harder to be enthused about finding love and joy, until pretty soon we begin to build up walls of self-protection, we don't let anybody in. We become skeptical because we have not found in our self a love that is complete.

We have to know where to look. We allow the soul to *call out for more*, but we understand that the physical body, the astral body, the causal body, the soul all need different nutrition. We don't renounce the world. We don't say, "Oh, I am off to a cave in the Himalayas." We don't walk away from our families. We don't walk away from our jobs. We don't change partners. We begin to grow and expand and we begin to call out to God. "Oh, My Beloved."

I am sharing my experiences to show that it is possible to live and experience beyond the material world, to experience God, to have the holy ones come, as the retreat poem says, *i'm just another traveler who has set out on his journey*. I don't see myself as special. I see myself as a pilgrim who has set out to sail, looking for the holy land, and every time I wreck my ship upon those rocks, I call out to another lighthouse, call out to Divine Mother. I don't curse the rocks. I don't even curse the lighthouse attendant who couldn't get my attention. I don't make it their responsibility for my joy or enjoyment of life. This is what I wanted to share with my poetry—*the life and times of a mystic and a poet*.

We have to embrace our whole life. We have to be able to see the positive and the negative, not as good and evil but as positive and negative. We have to recognize that it is a maturing, growing process and that we will not be able to heal the world. One person at a time will reach realization. One person at a time will make another step along the way. One person at a time will add a smile that will affect someone else. Another person will tell a joke, make someone laugh. Another person will stop from condemning, sharing a little love and grace. We need to embrace our life, by unfolding into our wholistic nature.

My poetry is my journal. It is how I did it in all of these different situations. When I looked at El Salvador, when I watched the news about children being sold into slavery, I didn't curse the rebels, I didn't curse Saddam Hussein, I didn't curse the people in Eastern Europe, I just said, "This has got to stop. More light has to be added, so this doesn't continue." If we do that, then we don't have to go to bed at night afraid or ashamed. We can say at a minimum, "I can *light a candle*. I will say a prayer. I will say

a prayer—*Om namo ari hantanam, Om namo siddhanam, or Om Shanti Shanti Om Shalom Shalom.*” We can say a prayer that actually allows us to go from a state of sadness and crying and sorrow, to a state of thinking, “Yes, if I add a little light, if I add a little love, that will influence another person and they will be inspired too, and then we will move from night into morning into the Dwapara, Treta and Satya Yuga.”

Now we will continue on with the second part of the 2004 retreat poem.

*I REMEMBER when i was  
a young boy barely fourteen  
there was this girl  
and a jar of homemade wine  
well I'm not sure if her kisses  
were really that sweet  
but it sure had an affect on me*

I have talked about the physical and emotional parts of this poem, but I haven't talked about the mystical part. This girl truly represented beauty, truly represented angels, truly represented all that was pure and holy. The *jar of homemade wine* was the intoxication with the unconditional love. When I looked at the form, the kiss, *well I am not sure her kisses were all that sweet*, it was a doorway into heaven, a doorway into *Om Satyam*.

*but it sure has had an affect on me—be a follower of love—be a Bhakti yogi.* Be someone who wants more love, goes seeking more love everywhere...in the flowers, in the forest, with your lover, with your children, your family, with your neighbors. Be someone who seeks to have that *Om Satyam* experience.

*i remember when  
as a young man  
this girl appeared  
like someone who had  
just stepped down from heaven  
she touched my heart  
like an angel would  
then she touched my body  
like you would imagine  
the devil could  
oh she sure has had an affect on me*

The girl wasn't just a physical being, wasn't just someone I was attracted to. There was so much more that I was experiencing inwardly. Like a spark, there was someone who inspired me to want to experience God. There are people who inspire us, and when I saw the radiance of this girl's soul, it just inspired me to want more *Satyam*,

more of the mystical.

*i remember  
a smile overflowing in my heart  
every time i held you  
and such a delight in your every motion  
the laughter and the happiness  
in being next to you  
oh the blessing and the joy*

When I am around my children, family, friends, devotees, I can feel this wholeness, this completeness overwhelming me. I can feel the appreciation Lao Tzu alludes to when he said, “The greatest miracle is to chop wood and draw water.” To go from this pure perfect Satyam-consciousness with no motion, all the way here to form and beauty, is truly delightful. *i remember a smile overflowing in my heart every time i held you*, every time I embraced the Satyam. Especially with my children, it was so easy to experience the Satyam.

*i remember when  
i first reached out  
to touch the universe  
embracing  
body and soul  
a union of fire and light  
into essence  
in every rose petal  
and every wave on the ocean  
in every smile  
and every perfect touch  
it sure has had an affect on me*

I realize that what I am looking for is *Om Satyam* or God, the pure God-consciousness, the pure Satyam that is my very nature. This is what satisfies the soul and I have learned to see and experience it. I have done the practices. I have meditated and calmed down the mind, breath, and ego. I have learned to be able to separate the *wind and the sand*. I can stand within the beauty on the desert (essence), rather than stand in this tremendous dust storm (limitation). I have learned to do this by recognizing the essence that is within all life, all forms. I know it is not the form that I am in love with, and it is not just the form that I find so beautiful. It is the dance between the essence and the form that I find so beautiful, it is the love itself, radiating from the form.

*love is the source of life.* It always has been, is now and forever shall be. *Om*



*Satyam*, you can have it at all times by being a follower after love. This is the message of all of the holy ones. It is the message of this poem, and I hope by sharing this with you, you realize that the roller coaster of your life, of positive and negative, has its limitations.

You can have a grander journey of calmness and activity with one hand on Divine Mother and one hand on the creation. One hand will be *the fire*, the other hand will be *the flame*. It will be a dance. To truly celebrate life you need both partners, the essence and the form to have the wholeness, to make a dance. To appreciate the dance, only an awareness of love and beauty is needed; nothing else is necessary.

I would like to mention a learning experience I had about appreciation. When I was in my early thirties, I would ride my motorcycle to St. Cloud, Minnesota. I would visit the monastery at St. John's University and meditate. Then I would go to the restaurant at the Holiday Inn for lunch and sometimes spend the night. I would spend most of my time at St. John's reflecting, meditating, and listening to the monks chant, then get something to eat. There was a waitress at the restaurant that was beautiful. She just made my heart soar, but for some reason she would not wait on me. Each week during the summer I would make the pilgrimage and would eat the restaurant's salad bar. She would not wait on me, but it didn't matter because her unique vibration allowed my heart to overflow. I just kept going back. On the nights I would stay over, I would go to the bar and listen to live music and there was another waitress. She was also beautiful, and made me laugh, but also would barely talk to me. I didn't even find this too unusual or strange that there were two people whose vibrations brought me joy, yet they seemed repulsed by mine. This was a regular event for about a couple of years. I even joked about them not waiting on me. I called them, "Thing 1" and "Thing 2."\* Still it didn't stop me from appreciating them and feeling the bubbling-over, because I didn't need anything from them. They were, in my mind, the grace of God. I was able to feel and experience my nature, and to be a follower of love.

Intuitively, I think I knew that if I got to know them, their limitations would somehow interfere with the easy way I could experience the *Satyam* vibration of their soul. They inspired me to look for the soul in everyone, and to overlook or see past the limitations that people have identified with. This is *Namaste*—to appreciate by experiencing the Divine light in everyone. I am still grateful and appreciative for the grace that seemed to flow so beautifully through these two young ladies. Incidentally, shortly before I moved to Arizona, both of these young ladies started talking to me, and it did not interfere with my appreciating their soul. Somewhere in my journey I'm sure I will encounter them again. When you can appreciate the beauty of life, you look forward to eternity. Like the poem says:

*somewhere sailors will go  
down to the sea  
with a longing and a smile  
embracing the ocean  
like a lover they never knew*

---

\* From *The Cat In The Hat* by Dr. Seuss.



College years – 1969



College years - 1971



Puppy named Freedom – 1973  
Resort cabin



Resort cabin - fall of 1976



'55 Dodge panel truck – December 1974



Sitting next to the bridge I went into samadhi on,  
also I sat here beside the river on these rocks in  
my childhood – spring 1975



The river and bridge, in background, that I had  
my samadhi experience in 1975



Farm house that I lived at in the spring and  
summer of 1975, and an Irish Setter named  
Autumn Song - 1975



Dog named Freedom – winter of 1975



Kitten – fall of 1975

These pictures were all taken at the resort cabin in northern Minnesota



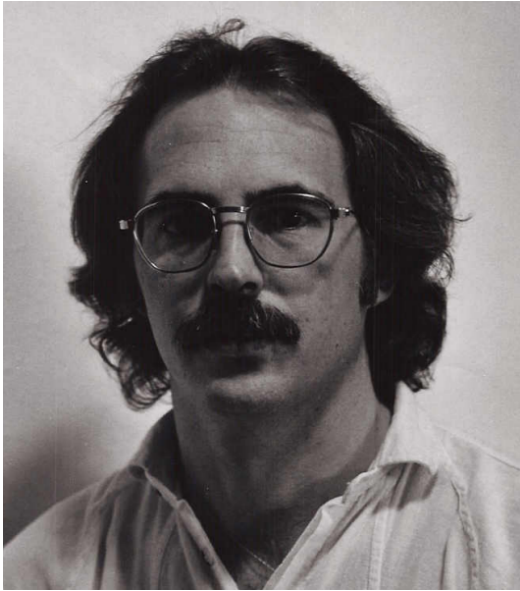
Taking a bath in the wintertime – 1976



Wintertime attire in northern Minnesota – 1976



Working as a fishing guide at the resort – 1978



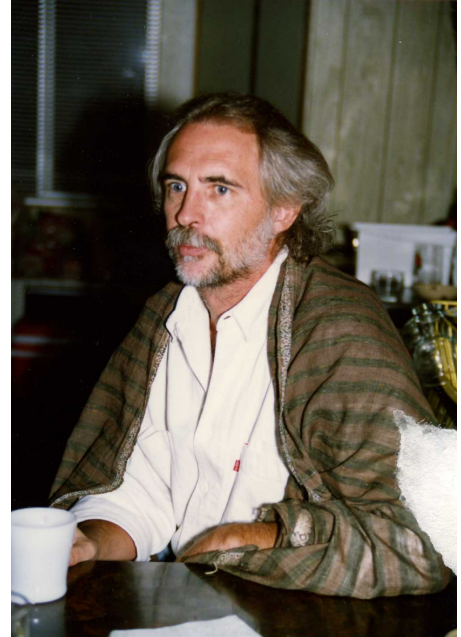
1982



At home in Phoenix – 1986



Strawberry Retreat – 1989



Strawberry Retreat – 1989