

Fourteen

The next poem is another flashback of my life, so I need to preface the poem with a little personal history, and some information on some of my somewhat unorthodox practices.

As a young child I had time to myself. We lived in a small town of about 60 people in a rural farming community in southern Minnesota. My folks owned a tavern. My father worked outside the tavern and my mother tended to the tavern. We children were allowed to wander around this small community. Since the age of 4 or 5, there have been times where I have been out walking and calling out, "Oh, my Beloved One, oh my Beloved One." This practice was just an overflowing of devotion that began in childhood and came more into focus when I got the Yoga practices.

In 1972, with my long hair and 1955 Dodge panel truck, I went to live in northern Minnesota. The resort community I moved to did not welcome me with open arms. That fall, Maggie moved up with me and we got married in February. We weren't received well, except by one couple. Maggie worked at the restaurant/bowling alley in the town. This couple loved her, as most people did. The strange part was that they actually enjoyed my company too. One night they invited us out for supper. I was talking with the children and they asked if I wanted to see their puppies. I said sure, and we went to their barn. They were beautiful, a mix of white German Shepherd and Alaskan Malamute. They asked if I wanted one, and I said yes. I picked one of the puppies from this beautiful litter, and I named him "Freedom."

I named him Freedom to remind myself of why I was withdrawing from society; to remind myself to go inward to free myself of the old chains, the inner enemies, the opinions of the world. I was striving to reach a state of mukti. I would stand outside and call, "Freedom. Freedom!" Sometimes I would just yell it out. This song of freedom was to remind me that even as I was getting closer to freedom, there were still others who were in shackles. As beautiful as my life was in northern Minnesota, with the lakes, trees, and meadows, with the snow falling, the tiny cabin, the candles, the music playing, with

me writing poetry and having mystical experiences, I was still trying to be socially aware. Bangladesh was happening, Eastern Europe was happening, communism was still going strong. As I called out, “Freedom,” it was a two-fold process. I was able to remind myself of a goal or purpose, and I was vibrating the desire for freedom for the benefit of the individual and the international community, as I was calling out to my dog.

Another story of my somewhat strange sadhana, or practices, happened a few years later. It wasn’t quite constant remembrance, but it was a devotional and emotional calling out. I wasn’t sure where I was or what I was supposed to be doing at that point in my journey. By now I had moved from the country to a small apartment in Moorhead, Minnesota. I had already been through the death of one child and now had a year-old child. This was during a period in my life that I call “the lesser and greater tribulation,” or what the East calls “the period of great doubt.” I had the sacred sciences and was practicing daily. This particular day, when I sat to meditate, it began with, “Okay, Divine Mother, I have been here close to 30 years and I still don’t know. I need some answers. I want to experience You in Your totality.” That was my mantra—“I want to experience You in Your totality.” That and *So Hum*. An hour or two passed and I was still focused. Every once in a while I would throw in an *Om*. Then suddenly I was immersed into the God-consciousness. First there was the Holy Stream, then the Christ/Krishna-consciousness, then the absolute formless. I’m not sure how long I was there, but when I came back I could barely talk. I had little desire to talk for three days, which was kind of frustrating for my wife. I could not recognize or relate to the small-self relationships. I knew who the people were; I just felt totally non-attached and expanded. It took me close to three weeks to use the term “Divine Mother” again. Even this old familiar term of endearment no longer felt familiar. It no longer felt like the personal relationship I had before. It was such a powerful expansive experience that it took me three weeks to even begin to function in a somewhat normal level.

This is what the line of the poem is about...*and like every lover before me i will dive into your ocean*. At some point, we all have to choose to dive into the God-consciousness, our absolute nature. It will alter and change us.

Ramakrishna once related an analogy to his student Vivekananda: If God is like a plate of honey and Vivekananda was like a fly, what would Vivekananda do? Vivekananda said he would stop at the edge of the plate so he wouldn’t get stuck, and sip the honey. Ramakrishna shook his head and said, “No. It is God. Just dive in. If you get stuck in God, what better place to be.” This is what we must realize. It isn’t how well we function in society, but how much Satyam, divine nectar, we have. We were created in the image of God and our goal and journey is to dive into that divine nectar, our divine nature.

I had another experience with God-consciousness a few months later. That day, I had walked about three-quarters of a mile to the Moorhead State University deli to get some sandwiches for lunch. I think the Fargo/Moorhead area has the second highest daily wind velocity in the nation, something like an average of 11.7 miles-per-hour. On this day it was more like 20 miles-per-hour. I was walking home with the sandwiches and I had the thought that I needed to know I wasn’t going to “lose my way.” So, I just sat down in the grassy field facing the wind, and began to meditate. I started with a prayer: “I need to know I am on the right path. I will sit here and wait for a sign. If the wind stops

blowing for at least 10-minutes, if it is absolutely still, I will take that as a sign that I am on the right path, even though it doesn't seem that clear. If the wind does not stop blowing, then I will give up this foolishness." I began to meditate and after 30-minutes I thought, "Well, this seems clear enough. I think the wind has actually grown stronger." But within a few minutes, the wind began to calm down until there was an absolute stillness, which lasted for 20-minutes. I felt reassured and said, "Thank you for being so generous, Divine Mother." I walked home feeling blissful and secure.

With these two experiences of God-consciousness, it was another beginning for me. I started calling out to the holy ones and asked them to come and explain their books and messages. It started my summer of intoxication, visions, little sleep and food. I lived mostly on prana for about 3 ½ months. I drank a little coffee and occasionally would have a little food. I would lie in bed and meditate, but I think I only slept a couple days during those months. I'm not sure what caused me to fall asleep at those times, but I had very little actual unconscious time. It was a period of 24-hour awareness for 3–4 months. For those months of my life I couldn't relate well to people, nor could people relate to me. I learned in those four months to go from the God-consciousness down to the physical and how to be functional. I was then able to function better in society in a manner that was enjoyable. However, how to perfect the outer life is still something I continue to work on and needs much improvement in.

We have to be willing to sacrifice our ideas and beliefs of who we think we should be for our family, friends, co-workers, and for our own ego. We need to dive inward to experience our wholistic nature. Until we can dive into the God-consciousness, we will believe we are separate and *incomplete standing amidst our completeness...candlelight flickering in the dark of the dancing night*. It takes a willful effort. It takes a balance of devotion, yearning for love and freedom, and the discipline of yoga and the sacred sciences to begin to explore our wholistic nature. It takes discipline to *Nahum** the inner enemies when they come. As Swami Rama once said, "The difference between saints and ordinary people is that the saints do not dwell on the negative." Each of us must define our own spiritual journey, our own time on earth. We have to make the effort to experience our wholistic Self.

I share my mystical experiences not because I am unique, but because I am universal. I can share that I have been to God and have come back. I'm married. I have children. The other day I did archery until my body was fatigued. I still delight in the cosmic play even though every day in meditation I experience the God-consciousness. This is the inhalation and the exhalation. I share my experiences in hopes that it will inspire others to go inward to find their nature. As the poem says...*and like every lover before me i will dive into your ocean*. Lots of folks have gone before me and experienced God. I am just another lover of Satyam, just like all the others before me and those that will come after me.

I start each talk, each meditation with *Namaste*, meaning: "*I bow to the divine light within you,*" to remind me to look for the divinity. It is like naming my dog Freedom, which reminded me to continue to work towards freedom.

By incorporating the mantras or chants into our daily life, we will begin to bring constant remembrance that we are created in the image of God. We are looking for the remembrance that there is only Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, which includes everything

* *Nahum*: A mantra meaning, "Not this; not that."

we could possibly see, hear, feel, taste, smell, and touch, and that includes our self; the experience that Shiva and Shakti are ever in union; and the remembrance to look for the essence of Satyam that permeates the creation and is the nature of life or God.

Now, on to the next poem, or satori.

*WELL HERE i am again
walking down the old roads
they're even playing some of the old songs
and it's bringing back the old memories*

Just as poetry has always been a journal of my mystical life, music has also been a journal of my physical, mental, and emotional life. When I listen to a song, it will take me back to what I was experiencing at that time in my life when I first heard it. I have put together approximately 40 CDs of music mixes that I can relate to as if I had written the lyrics myself. In fact, I would consider these music mixes my worldly autobiography. With these mixes, "I felt like every line was written in my soul," to paraphrase Bob Dylan.

*it seems like
it was just the other day
i was sitting here writing some poetry
and wondering how my life
was going to unfold*

I was in a Perkin's Restaurant in Alexander, Minnesota that I had often visited in the past when I wanted to write about mystical experiences, or needed to sort things out. To me, this area had a mystical feel to it, like it was a gateway between lower nature and higher nature, or maybe it was just that time in my unfoldment

*well it's been thirty-five years
marriage and children
a few scars on my heart
but i'm sitting here once again
writing poetry
still wondering about this ol' life*

This summer, after recovering from bypass surgery, things seemed disorientated. I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing or why I was here. Maggie was going

back to visit her family in Minnesota, and I said I would go with her. There were a few things I wanted to do. I wanted to go back to some of the old places and see if they struck any chords. I went back to where I grew up and went to high school and college. I went back to the small resort where I lived and wrote poetry. What I found was that old memories got stirred up. It stirred up some ancient memories also. When you look at the past, you may go back further than you want to. What I found interesting was that I was experiencing similar feelings to what I experienced 35–40 years ago, although now there was more depth and clarity. It was like seeing the seeds I had planted as a child had now grown into a mature trees, a strange mixture of difference and familiarity.

*some might call this nostalgic
but this moment
somehow feels a little too relevant
just to be old memories
i'm not sure if the wheel
is coming full circle
and i'm just taking notes for myself
or this is another step along the way*

it does seem vaguely familiar somehow

Most of my life, even when I have felt lost, I've had the experience of wanting to know and experience more of God. *it does all seemed vaguely familiar.* I record my experiences because I know it is a universal desire to know God. The satori experiences are revealed sometimes in a day and sometimes unfold over the course of months. As you unfold or have a new revelation or self-discovery, it may take a while to feel comfortable again

*there are clouds in the sky
and lush green trees
wildflowers seem to be in bloom
everywhere i look
the beauty and fragrance
seem overwhelming to the senses*

Minnesota can be truly beautiful in the summertime, and this was definitely one of those times when the physical beauty seemed so intense and *overwhelming to the senses.*

*my attention is shifting between
the moment and the past
with a few ancient memories thrown in*

*with feelings of being adrift
waves of time seem to be
washing in on my soul
i'm not saying i'm lost
just a little uncertain
in that old familiar way*

This stanza is important. *i'm not saying i'm lost just a little uncertain in that old familiar way*. If I say I'm lost then I could be stepping into confusion and then I would really be lost, so I do not cling to the negative or the incomplete. I can acknowledge it as just that. *i'm not saying i'm lost just a little uncertain in that old familiar way*. *i'm not saying i'm lost*, just struggling to get back to my wholistic nature. I never give too much power or attention to the negative. You have to be careful of that. Samskaras, ideas, and beliefs are also universal so even when you quit identifying with them they do not go out of existence because others are carrying them, discussing them, and vibrating them. Sometimes they will show up again at your door. You think you have dealt with something years ago, yet you open the door and here it is again. This time you say "Nahum." *i'm not saying i'm lost just a little uncertain in that old familiar way*.

*the people all seem a little younger
rivers are still flowing
and the four winds are still blowing
the colors of the earth
and the sunshine and the rain
all seem more beautiful than ever*

When I start looking for relation points, looking for divinity, looking for beauty, looking for the essence of Satyam within the form, I start with *Namaste*, with a view that life is perceived through the eyes of beauty.

*rolling hills and rock bluffs
an eagle soaring overhead
the Great Canadian Pacific railway train
just sitting along the banks
of the Mississippi River*

*stretching out for miles
opening another page of my past*

As I was driving from Winona, MN to Lacrosse, WI, there was a Great Canadian Pacific train just sitting on the tracks. The Mississippi River was sitting below it and this went on for miles. As I was driving along, it triggered a memory of a meditation I had where my past opened up. I must have seen about 3,000 different incarnations. Each picture came with a brief experience. Here I am driving at 65 mph and suddenly I'm dragging up the past. *stretching out for miles opening another page of my past.* Not every experience is something that you understand immediately. Sometimes you have to allow them to unfold. I'm not sure why this experience happened, but it did give a great perspective on my life and on the unfoldment of dharma.

*and like the water of that big ol' river
i feel like i am just passing through
on my way to someplace unknown*

*like a sailor must feel on dry land
or a gypsy at sea
i seem to be adrift
on the waves of my soul*

I was feeling somewhat non-attached from my current incarnation, not knowing where this day was going to journey to.

*dragonflies and clover
and sunshine for the day
and fireflies lighting the night*

Although I felt non-attached, there was a definite appreciation of the physical beauty around me. The physical seemed to have a soft glow like a mystical aura or mystical glow around it.

*if the Tao is the truth
and love is attained through surrender
then let the four horsemen ride
for their race must be run
before the sun can go down
on this day*

The way of Lao Tzu is the way of surrender. Surrender means surrendering to your nature. Utilize love, devotion, and discipline to surrender to love, to God. If that is the truth then the four horsemen of the Apocalypse must also be a part of that surrender process. *let the four horsemen ride for their race must be run before the sun can go down on this day. the four horsemen* start with the four qualities of the third sheath (causal body) and end with the four primal instincts.

*dragonflies and clover
and sunshine for the day
and fireflies lighting the way*

dragonflies and clover and sunshine for the day and fireflies lighting the way. We must realize that karma is the law of motion, the harmony. If it takes 2–3 incarnations for a pattern to unfold, then that is how long it takes. It isn't an injustice, or something that is either good or bad. It is just a continuation of the fulfillment of a pattern. Individuals have karma as do societies, countries, even yugas. Karma is the name given to the law of motion (patterns of living energy.) It is not a tally sheet of good and bad. *when you sow the seeds of love know there will be a time of the harvest,* this is karma. If you plant seeds of love, love will be the harvest.

My understanding of the four horsemen of the Apocalypse is an internal thing. It is atonement for sins or incompleteness past due. It is about cleaning out Pandora's box. It is the nature of these *four horsemen* to run their race. We let them run because they must in order for us to fulfill our karma and our dharma and be free. We end the patterns, mend them or go beyond them. We don't have to identify with them, but we do have to let it happen. *dragonflies and clover and sunshine for the day and fireflies lighting the way.*

Fifteen

*I WENT to a temple where it was rumored
God could be found
but they told me at the door
that no man
could see the face of God
and live
but if i would please follow them
i could develop the faith
that would please God when i died*

I used to go down to St. John's University in St. Cloud, Minnesota. It was both a university and a monastery. I would ride down there on my motorcycle and spend the afternoon. It was a beautiful university and I would wander around. In the early evening, the monks would chant Gregorian chants. There was a pathway to a garden, and a sign that said: "*Reserved for Monks Only.*" I would always go into the garden to meditate because it was peaceful and was truly a meditation garden. One day, I was in there and I felt a tap on my shoulder. A monk said he was sorry, but the garden was for monks only. I said, "I'm sorry, I thought this is where I could come to commune with God, but I must be in the wrong place." The monk said, "Excuse me. I'm sorry," and he walked away. This part of the poem is about how in every esoteric group it is not always the realized one that is the keeper of the temple. The keepers are the devotees that do the work, greet the people, clean the temple, and prepare things. They are the "organization."

In every organization, most devotees are striving to realize their wholistic nature. Every once in a while they forget they are a seeker and that there are other seekers out there. They begin to make the spiritual life rigid. They may have rules and regulations that become so rigid that the true essence of spirituality is almost lost. Be careful from whom you are receiving advise and what advise you are giving, and always be reverent. There is a whole chapter in Swami Rama's book, *Living With the Himalayan Masters*,

about Swami Rama encountering people and thinking it was his mission to educate them. They kept giving him lesson after lesson about going beyond his ego. A poem I wrote back in the late 1970's expresses this nicely...

*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 awaking you
with her pain*

I continued to go into the garden to meditate and no one disturbed me. Then I would go listen to the monks chanting the Gregorian chants and would meditate some more. Samadhi came easier when I had given all day to my Beloved.

*so i went for a walk by the river
stopping in a field of beauty
i picked a wildflower
to send it floating down to the ocean
it seemed like the right thing to do
but they told me the flower was protected
as they all wept
and turned their backs to me*

This aspect has been part of my life, but also part of my recovery from my heart surgery. I was trying to be more pure, heal up, and make certain offerings in that purity. I found that people couldn't always relate and would say, "Yes, but... Yes, you need to recover, but I still need you to be a certain way. Yes, I know you need to recover and can't do a lot of work, but I have this thing to ask you."

My whole life when I tried to share the beautiful and divine, when it didn't fall into the structure that others were familiar with, many would just turn their backs on me. It seems the rules of life are again changing as the light increases with the coming of a lighter age. Remember that those who are coming after you may actually be more evolved. Each generation of children will be a little bit brighter. You must be gentle and careful in helping to guide them to their unfoldment. Don't think that because you have spent a few more years on the planet that you always know best.

*so i went wandering in the wilderness
for so long that i forgot my name
well it seems this was the sin
that was unforgivable
and now i had to leave
i went down to the edge of the water
to cross to the other shore
but the river said to me
only drowning people or saints
could come in*

This is referring to a few memories of when they were repairing my heart in surgery. I was off experiencing, to see which way I would go. There was also a memory of 1983 where I meditated and felt that I didn't really fit in. I called out and said, "Okay, I'm calling in all favors. I'm leaving," and I left the body and was going to do my Mahasamadhi. As I was getting close to the formless, a bright being showed up and said he was going to invite me to a party. When I asked what party, he said it was a party to get my request to leave the body denied, and I did not cross the river at that time.

*well i went looking to the east
for i had heard the sun rises there
i met a swami who asked me
to sit at his feet
in the perfect posture
i practiced sitting
until i could no longer walk
and when he caught me looking around
he said i could not stay
i was not ready to become his truth*

There are people in both the East and West who claim to be realized, to be gurus. I have met a few of them myself. The message of the true realized souls is simple: We are all created in the image of God, and we can realize our Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature with the right practices. They then share the practices and techniques that help us in this realization. Their real message is not in their words, but in their presence, which is equivalent to sabikalpa samadhi. Their words and their vibration should help us and inspire us to go inward and discover our wholistic nature.

*when i left that inner circle of stone
i felt so all alone*

*but fortunately for me
there were those
who were happy to care for someone
and each in their own turn
lay their hands on my body
until I could no longer feel my soul*

Do not misunderstand, I am very appreciative of those who love and care about me, but there are times one needs the purity of God-consciousness to truly identify with, and come to, their wholistic nature.

This stanza is in reference to those people who believe that the affection of the human touch will complete them. It is also a reference to trying to heal from heart surgery. There were many people I knew wanted to touch me, pray for me, contact me, and wish me well. What I felt I needed was the purity of the God-consciousness. Also, this reference is about many other times in my life where it seemed some wanted to heal me, change me, transform me, or to help me be other than I was.

*they all gathered around me
singing and dancing
and promised i would get well
if only i had someone to touch
but i knew i would not be staying
when the touch of her body
just made my heart more restless*

This is the idea of separateness. Most who want to help, heal, and love you also have a personal interest or agenda. That is why with too much touch you will lose contact with your soul. You begin to take on more veils with too much touch. You must protect yourself at those times when you are vulnerable. There are times on the spiritual journey when a person may feel vulnerability, where they are very sensitive. They seem to be able to empathize and feel everyone's joy, laughter, pain, suffering, conflict, and confusion. At these times you must learn to seek shelter, either inwardly or by removing yourself from the environment. I'm not talking about withdrawing from society or joining a monastery. I'm talking about saying, "I just need to meditate *today*. I need to go inward." This is a temporary seeking of shelter inwardly, or may be better understood as having personal boundaries.

*so i went wandering once again
this time beside the sea*

*and i heard a young man in Galilee say
that foxes have dens
and birds have nests
but the son of man
has no place to lay his head*

The human being's natural home, or place of rest, is not earthly, but rather is the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram-consciousness.

*i was beginning to feel his pain
as his words rang in my soul
and then his eyes pierced the darkness
touching my heart
and resurrecting us both
like the transfiguration
of a big yellow moon on the night*

I don't talk about this too much, but I've had many visions of Christ and Moses. I don't usually talk about it because some people can get a little upset if you say you've had a vision of Jesus and Moses. The communion I had with both was always a delight. Sometimes the vision happened when I was calling out to Divine Mother, and other times it was when I was calming down in meditation and saying, "Thank you for being so generous." The reaching out to, and the communion with the holy ones is *upanishad*, sitting close in God-Realization, which is our nature. I might add that this upliftment or piercing of the darkness, and the experiencing of light, blessings, and joy occurred with all of my visions of the different holy ones, not just with Christ. In *Autobiography of a Yogi* Paramahansa Yogananda said that Babaji promised an instant blessing to anyone who called out to him sincerely. This is the grace of God through the realized souls. You will get an instant blessing by calling out sincerely to the holy ones.

Calling out to the holy ones must be made with reverence, focus, and devotion. You can have communion with the holy ones, sometimes subtly and sometimes quite powerfully. They will come with light, energy, and will transform you temporarily. It is possible to get together with the holy ones. This is part of the grace of God.

*i was beginning to feel his pain
as his words rang in my soul
and then his eyes pierced the darkness
touching my heart
and resurrecting us both*

To be in the presence of a realized soul's consciousness is called darshan, and is equivalent to being in sabikalpa samadhi. Sabikalpa samadhi is a superconscious* state where one will still feel a slight separation from God. In the nirvikalpa samadhi superconscious state, there is no sense of separateness from God as one realizes fully his identity as Spirit.

*like the transfiguration
of a big yellow moon on the night*

For someone who is living within their wholistic nature it is as natural to commune with the holy ones as it is to go out and see the beauty of the moon transfiguring the night. Strive to live wholistically, which is where we can commune with the holy ones, the heavens, and the earth.

*THERE ARE dark clouds
building up all around me
i think we may see
a little rain today
maybe it will be a good day
to stay inside
and work on breaking these chains
chains of sorrow chains of the past*

There are ebbs and flows in everyone's life and there are ebbs and flows in the mass consciousness. Sometimes there are *dark clouds* and storms coming in, which would literally be physical destructive storms, and figuratively would be storms of the mass consciousness like the crises of the Middle East, Darfur, and the abuse and violence towards children that are going on at this time. Sometimes you just have to go inward to find some shelter. It is *a good day to stay inside and work on breaking these chains. chains of the past* are our samskaras and our false ideas. *chains of sorrow* is about letting go of the pain and sorrow. Meditation, chanting, and prayer contribute towards both personal and global healing, of this 'crises of consciousness'. We can begin to break these chains by coming to our wholistic Self through meditation and chanting.

* There are three states of awareness, which are: *Conscious*: awareness of body, senses, and breath; *Subconscious* (active in sleep): associated with little or no conscious awareness of body, senses, and breath; *Superconscious*: state of freedom from the delusion that "existence" depends on the body, senses, and breath.

*fields of clover and wildflowers
heaven and earth coming together
like a lover's touch
rolling hills and flowers
and bombing in the holy land
rivers of beauty rivers of blood
with enough heaven and hell
touching the earth
to make anyone weep*

Once we begin to live wholistically and have a larger view, we can begin to see both the beauty and the blood. We can see that the atrocities being committed need to be stopped. The world needs a little bit more love and beauty. And just because we can see and understand why it is all happening (law of karma) does not mean we don't make our effort for a better world. We do not add to the hatred, but rather have compassion for the suffering, and work to become more virtuous, becoming better world citizens.

*awakened in the night
with the sound of rain
outside my window
thunder and lightning so far off
in the distance
i barely noticed it was there*

Sometimes after I meditate, I have become so identified with light and consciousness that the physical manifestations and all the turmoil and storms seem far off, like a subtle illusion.

*as i laid there listening to the rain
i thought i saw
tears of the saints
falling to the earth
but what caught my attention
was the laughter and smiles of the dervish
as they danced with their beloved*

There is a difference between the saints and the dervishes. The dervishes are the holy ones, the true realized souls, the avatars, and the prophets. They are the ones who have attained mukti or liberation previously and have chosen to come back to serve. The

saints are those who have attained realization this lifetime, and from that realization go on to be a master of their destiny, to full realization. From full realization we can begin to change or influence the environment around us. The saint is a living example of someone spiritual. They influence people by their lifestyle. A master influences people by his words and his works. The dervish influences people and the whole mass consciousness by his very presence on earth. Those are three stages of the pattern of spiritual adulthood. The saints are weeping for all the suffering and the masters are working to make a better world. The dervishes are dancing and celebrating with their beloved while bringing about change, all the time seeing and experiencing the perfection of God with attributes and God without attributes. People perceive different stages of this perfect pattern, but the dervish sees *Om Purnam*, the perfect beauty, the perfect oneness.

*just the other night
you came to me in a dream
and lay down beside me
in your naked body
and then you disappeared
back into the night
leaving behind only a trace
of your beauty and your freedom*

A dream or vision...*just the other night you came to me in a dream and lay down beside me in your naked body*...a young lady appeared and laid down beside me in her naked body. That transformed into light and then into the formlessness. It was the manifestation of God or divinity all the way to the astral (because it was a dream) and then back to Divine Mother. It was a unique experience. *and then you disappeared back into the night leaving behind only a trace of your beauty and your freedom*. To experience the Satyam-consciousness (both with form and formless), and realizing it is truly the nature of omnipresent consciousness that permeates all existence, is truly a liberating experience, Satmuktananda.

*and just like the beauty
of a rose and her thorns
the great whore Babylon
rises up from her bed with a smile
and in her eyes
the sunrise and the sunset
of our love
and just like Delilah and Jezebel*

*before her
she asks for my heart and my soul*

This part of the dream is about *Solomon's sword*. The naked body in the dream was beautiful, sensual, delightful, and asked for my attention, asked for my heart and soul, asked me to give it attention and forget about the light body, the essence, and the formlessness. But I chose to experience both the Sundaram of the form and the Satyam of the consciousness (formless), the wholisticness, rather than the temptation of just the form, chose Samadhi, rather than sensual delight.

*laying here in the summer night
with the memory of your kisses
and the touch of your breath
on my body*

*well i don't need you naked
in either your body or your soul
but i do love your heart
when it comes through your smile*

*wildflowers and rivers
and fields of clover*

This is basically saying that I don't want an incomplete view of God, either manifested or unmanifested. I want God wholistically. I want the form and the formless, but more importantly I want to see it in every smile and every person. I want to see it being expressed through the love of the heart. The manifested without the unmanifested is incomplete, as is the unmanifested without the manifested. We must realize that divinity is Shiva (the unmanifested) and Shakti (the manifested), and that they are ever in wholistic union. It is our delight to be aware of that wholistic journey as we are traveling back and forth, and are expanding our vision to include both Shiva and Shakti.

*laying here in the summer night
with the memory of your kisses
and the touch of your breath
on my body
well i don't need you naked
in either your body or your soul
but i do love your heart*

when it comes through your smile

*wildflowers and rivers
and fields of clover*

The bridge between the formless and the form is the heart chakra. It is where the soul resides and lives. Most people will point to their heart area when referring to themselves. They touch their heart. They have an intuitional sense that their true nature is the soul and that it resides at the heart chakra. This is the chakra where the sense of touch and love are. This love is for both the manifested and the unmanifested. Whether it is a bhakti yogi, who wants to be in love, or a jnana yogi who loves the wisdom and understanding, both must still pass through the heart chakra. And who's heart does not overflow from the beauty of *wildflowers and rivers and fields of clover*?

*LOOKING THROUGH the eyes of God
i'm not sure i'll ever tire of...*

Shortly after I got home from the hospital, Maggie came to where I was resting. She said she had talked to a few people who went through heart surgery, and they said that it was so brutal that if they had to do it all over again, they would prefer to die rather than go through that pain of surgery and recovery. She asked me if I felt that way; I said no, because I had things to do. Several other people asked me if I was ready to leave the body. Since my wife and a number of other people asked me about it, I thought about it. I understood that my karma had unwound, yet I was still here. What was I here for? Was it to work, or enjoy, or hang around? This poem was my response to that inquiry.

*LOOKING THROUGH the eyes of God
i'm not sure I'll ever tire of...*

*thunder and lightning in the night sky
or the sound of the wind
and rain falling to earth*

Since this is a response to being on earth, this poem is about the beauty and delight of life on earth.

*puppies and kittens
and young children laughing*

*summer days by rivers and lakes
blue skies and big clouds*

fields of gold at harvest time

*the color of autumn leaves
and frost on the trees
snow falling on the mountains
or snow covered fields and forests*

The poet or artist in me was always looking to see the perfect picture, and take the perfect photograph. In my mind, I was like a photo journalist recording the beauty and joy of the earth and humanity. My memory is filled with beautiful pictures.

*full moons and quarter moons
and any moonlit night
northern lights and falling stars
and all the stars in the sky*

*sunrises and sunsets
walks beside the ocean
and the smell of the sea*

*the feel of the wind on my face
and the sun on my skin*

*the fragrance of a rose
and the delight of flowers
or the fresh smell of the earth
after a rain*

*wildflowers and wildlife
and the rivers and the meadows
the ocean and forests
and the stark beauty of the desert*

*and i'm not sure i'll ever tire of
the smiles and the beauty
of the souls
that adorn both heaven and earth*

The key to this poem is the first line—*looking through the eyes of God i'm not*

sure i'll ever tire of. Once we reach transcendence, once we reach that state beyond the individual ego, when we realize that our nature is Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, then we are truly looking at everything through the eyes of God. Then everything is beautiful and delightful. As Lao Tzu says, the greatest miracle is to chop wood and draw water.

Before we attain realization there seems to be all kinds of distractions, or even that life is getting in the way of our happiness. After reaching realization, then it is beauty and delight. I never tire of the beauty and the delight. All of life, both positive and negative, is truly the grace of God. Life is neither good nor bad, this is simply a human value judgment we place on life, depending on how much of life we appreciate. The amount and quality of the grace we harvest is a matter of how much of the wholistic existence we are aware of. To put it simply, what you see is what you get.

*SITTING ON my back porch
watching the rain fall
and like so many times before
i'm just wondering about it all again
about the beauty and the wonder
and the grace of it all*

I do spend a lot of time wondering, reflecting, appreciating, and trying to understand and express the universalness of the human experience, not just in my poetry, but also expressing in the weekly talks on the utilization of meditation and attaining the wholistic experience.

*ancient scriptures talk about
a holy war we must wage
i'm pretty sure they're talking about
conquering our inner enemies
not becoming conquistadors*

The holy war they talk about in the scriptures is about conquering our inner enemies, not about becoming conquistadors. It isn't about conquering other people or other lands. However, we also have to say "no" to the genocide and the tyrants, which is different than becoming a conquistador and confiscating the materials or lifestyles of others. We are helping and working to allow others to live free.

*the devil has hands of fire
and a heart of stone*

*a touch that burns passionately
but leaves you cold and empty
and wearing shackles on your soul
so be mindful when he comes
to your door
with all his illusion and charm*

the devil has hands of fire and a heart of stone. The devil is about incompleteness, desire, passion, intensity, delight, and pleasure in the idea of incompleteness, but has no true love, nothing that lasts. *a touch that burns passionately but leaves you cold and empty and wearing shackles on your soul.* The moment the illusion of “this will complete me” comes in, with the object of our attention or in having union with another person, it may seem pure at the moment, but when it is over and done with, we are left feeling kind of cold and empty. Giving in to this idea of incompleteness is what places shackles on the soul. Each time we give in to the idea of incompleteness, we wrap another veil around our habit.

We have to be careful with the devil’s promise of incompleteness. “If I have this or that, it will make me happy. If I have this person loving me, I will be happy. If I have a friend with me I will be happy, or if that person would just leave me alone, I would be happy.” Satan told Jesus that he could have anything he wanted, even be king of the whole world. Many people have misused their power (their siddhis) for personal gain. Christ responded with, “Get thee behind me.” There are all sorts of temptations on the spiritual path when the devil shows up. “Oh! I know what it would take to make me happy.” When we give into this thought, we will feel a little bit emptier, a little bit colder, and a little bit more enslaved. You have to be careful when the devil comes knocking on your door with his charm.

*it is said that man
is made of clay and breath
and he walks upon this earth
between birth and death
with one hand reaching for love
and the other hand reaching for freedom
and the real tragedy of it all
he never quite finds the balance
for the fear
of being with himself*

The devil’s illusions go hand-in-hand with our beliefs, ideas, and fears. We may believe in the permanency of Original Sin, the idea of separateness. We do have to take on Original sin (or the idea of separateness) in order to cross from the formlessness into form, but we don’t have to keep believing it to be reality. We can begin to see it as an

illusion. We have to realize that even though we want to feel love and freedom, we must stop looking *just* externally for it. We need to find it within our self. I'm not talking about in our *activity*, or our person-to-self area when we are alone and happy doing what we like to do. I'm talking about coming to our nature of Satyam and just being at peace, *experiencing* that we are indeed *Om Satyam*—eternal love, *Om Shivam*—divine harmony, and *Om Sundaram*—the divine joy and beauty. It does not take activity to experience our very nature.

Most people will not attain love and freedom because they will not come to their self. They are afraid that if they are quiet and peaceful they may die, disappear, or worst of all, will find that there is nothing there, no Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram. To overcome this fear we need to come to our self by focusing on our nature. We do this by doing affirmations or chanting. "I am *Om Satyam*. I am the divine love." We can do the Buddhist mantra, "*Om Mani Padmi Aum*" which means: "*I am the jewel within the lotus*. I am the small spirit created in the image of God, the large Spirit. I am made up of the same God-stuff." When we do these mantras, we can begin to come to our self, and then our experience of love and freedom won't be coming from outside us, but rather will be the inward realization.

and the real tragedy of it all is he never quite finds the balance for the fear of being with himself. This is about the belief that fulfillment is in the activity, rather than being created in the image of God.

*as the raindrops fall
the children laugh and play
and the flowers open in the summer rains
sometimes it seems so clear
and then there are those
other times
like the moon across the water
so beautiful it takes your breath away*

When you are striving to be open and come to your self, this is how you will experience the external. Sometimes the revelations and insights will be clear, and sometimes it will be *like the moon across the water so beautiful it takes your breath away*. This is being submissive to the beauty and delight, and you will be overwhelmed with *Om Satyam*.

*and the night seems to have its secrets
hidden in the shadows of darkness
but just like a mirage
dancing on the desert sands
when the morning sun rises*

*it is revealed to all who can see
that the night
has no secrets after all*

A lot of people are afraid to go into Pandora's box. They are afraid to stir up the lower chakras because that is where the fears, insecurities, demons, and desires reside. It is only an illusion. If you add just a little bit of light in your meditation, you will discover there are no secrets, there is no power, there is nothing there but fear. The acronym for "fear" is: *False Evidence Appears Real*. It is all an illusion. It's like children at bedtime. The lights go out and they think there is something in the closet or under the bed. If you give them some light, they can go to sleep because they can see there is nothing in the room. This same thing works in meditation. When we come to our self in meditation, we are adding light and vision. Self-realization fellowship removes our fears and insecurities.

*there is mist rising off the mountains
giving the earth a look of softness
big dark clouds rolling in the sky
an ominous touch
to a horizon of beauty
a summertime feeling in this ol' life
maybe brought on by the rain
or the whispers of flowers
and the fragrance in the air*

Most people do not truly enjoy the physical. Teenagers want to be more mature. As they mature even more, they want to be young again. Very few are ever satisfied with this birth-to-death process. The soul or spirit that resides in the astral plane after earthly death has the appearance of someone about 25–30 years of age. Most people feel this is the ideal age. That is why most will take on that appearance when they are in the astral heavens. What we need to understand is that childhood, youth, and maturity are all states of consciousness and psychological processes. If we choose to be aware of our wholistic nature, no matter how young or old our body is, we can identify with our nature of Satyam, Shivam, and Sundaram. Then we can identify with our youthful state, the spring and summer of our life rather than the fall and winter. It doesn't matter whether we are a teenager or 70-years old, it only matters how we perceive life around us. Our age may affect what activities we participate in, but our activities should also mature with age. To paraphrase a Christian scripture, "When I was a child I ate as a child, spoke as a child, and played as a child. Now I eat as an adult, speak as an adult, and play as an adult." Our interests should naturally evolve as we grow and explore and mature, from action (Karma Yoga), to include love (Bhakti Yoga), wisdom (Jnana Yoga), transcendence (samadhi, or union with God).

*sometimes you come to me wild
and sometimes your touch is soft
i've even seen you dance with the sunlight
and when the moon is covered
and the night is dark
i hear your soft cries
and the whisper of your prayers
as we hold onto one another
beneath the stars*

sometimes you come to me wild and sometimes your touch is soft. The poet Tagore says we should “be vitally savage but mentally civilized.” We should have a passion for life, a passion for music, a passion for the senses, a passion for people, a passion for service, a passion for work. There should be times of intensity in our life. There should also be times of gentleness. We should always seek to see the essence, the Namaste, whether with people, the planet, a pattern of living energy, or in our meditation.

More importantly, this stanza is talking about the kundalini. *i hear the soft cries and the whisper of your prayers as we hold onto one another beneath the stars.* The kundalini begins to stir and awaken and will vibrate the first chakra. If there is anything left in there, it will show up like insecurities and confusion. As it begins to rise up, it will also begin to vibrate the second chakra. If there is any desire left there, the sexual union between male and female will show up. It then rises up to the third chakra and if there are any issues of power or control, lack of cooperation will show up. These things will show up and that is what this poem is about, *when the moon is covered and the night is dark i hear your soft cries and the whispers of your prayers as we hold onto one another beneath the stars.* We are trying to stay focused and not give in to the fears, insecurities, desires, fantasies, and the old sins coming back us, and we are trying to rise up.

*and i've seen the delight in your eyes
with each new lover
you invite to our wedding feast*

This is when it hits the fourth chakra. We have the delight of being in love without conditions. Everything is more beautiful. Colors are brighter, sounds are more pure, and everything is like being in love with a new lover all over again. As Shakti has union with Shiva, we go beyond our lower nature and rise up to our higher nature.

*well i'm not jealous of your beauty
nor am i Cain
wanting to possess you*

This is not the personal love of, "I want this. I have ownership," but the divine love (Satyam) without conditions.

*but i do love to be next to you
dancing on the earth
or rushing into your fire
in that way that allows
the heavens to open*

This is just the delight, bliss, and intoxication of the union with God, the union with our wholistic nature, through the kundalini experience, or through the serpent rising up through the seven golden temples. *waves of beauty and waves of bliss* come when we are open to life.

*as i lay down next to you
i surrender my body to the beauty
of this thin golden web
you have woven so delicately
around my soul
waves of beauty
waves of bliss
like a holy stream of ecstasy
as i touch your heart*

These are words I use to describe what it feels like when you have that wholistic experience, whether it is in a meditation or whether you have it throughout the day and night. Once you begin to transcend the causal, the descriptions are beyond words even though you use words. "Eternity" is just a word that has an intellectual definition unless you have actually experienced God-consciousness without form, and then you have an actual meaning. Words like, "bliss, wave of bliss, holy stream of ecstasy," are just words unless you have had the experiences. Once you have experienced them, they become a language.

It is important to be open in your life because you never know when the dervish will appear or walk by, or when the dervish, saint, or master will focus on you, or the grace of God will happen. When you remain open, the waves of bliss and waves of

beauty can happen. It doesn't take a physical holy one to give us shakti pati* because we are all created in the image of God. The holy ones have realized their wholisticness, and others who have yet to realize it, are still striving to experience their eternal nature. If we are open at the heart, waves of beauty, waves of bliss, waves of ecstasy can happen with the touch of a kitten, a baby, a lover, a tree, a sunset. It might be temporary when it comes with a touch, but a little is better than not having it at all while we are striving for the eternal.

as i lay down next to you i surrender my body to the beauty of this thin golden web you have woven so delicately around my soul. When you look for the soul in Namaste ("I bow to the divine light within you") that is what you begin to see. You don't just see the limitations, frustrated people, or wars and conflict. You see beauty, delight and waves of bliss. waves of beauty waves of bliss like a holy stream of ecstasy as i touch your heart

*and i awaken each morning
to find that you have gone
some memories
the sweet taste of honey
and a bottle of leftover wine
is all that i have left
to begin this journey back to you
looking for that love
that is so deep and pure
we can embrace eternity*

That is what it is like each time you experience that union with God. It lasts for a short while and then you come back. The union with God is absolute stillness, and when you awaken in the morning or come out of your meditation, you begin to be active, but still you have the memory or feeling of that bliss and ecstasy, then your day starts again. You become active again and continue to fight the inner war. You must begin to do your duty and fulfill the Royal Path of the Karma yogi, Bhakti yogi, Jnana yogi, then once again have transcendence at night. This is a daily process. This is why they say the true teachings of the holy ones are not their words, but their very life itself. As Paramahansa Yogananda said, their words are just generous redundancy.

*then we will laugh and wonder
about the beauty and the wonder
and the grace of it all*

We can always *wonder about the beauty and the wonder and the grace of it all* after we have had transcendence. Before we reach that state of transcendence, it is sometimes good and sometimes not, but it is still incomplete until we reach that state of wholisticness or transcendence.

* *Shakti pati*: bestowing of bliss.

Sixteen

The poems in this chapter are simply about the hope, faith, acceptance, and the joy and delight of the soul, once born, living forever.

*IN THE dark of the night
the moon and the stars
have taken their place in the sky
fulfilling their destiny
and that ancient river is running tonight
carrying my soul along*

There is a *destiny*. Once a desire has been set into motion, the desire seeks fulfillment. Only a greater consciousness or awareness can change a pattern or destiny. Free will is the choice, and destiny is the result of that choice. Here the *ancient river* symbolizes the Aum, Holy Spirit, and is the manifestation of the Christ/Krishna-consciousness. The *Om Satyam* permeates all life, all the way to the physical. *carrying my soul along* is the acknowledgement of my divine nature. The soul is *Om Satyam*, and the essence of divinity is *Om Satyam*.

*the orange blossoms have stolen the night
like the tide steals the shore
and the mockingbirds are singing those songs*

*that were written in the dark
where i kept all my secrets from you*

This spring the scent of the *orange blossoms* was so strong in the evenings that it was all you could do not to be carried away by the fragrance. The beauty of mockingbirds is that they sing at night. If you spend time listening to the night or *the mockingbirds*, you will begin to hear some of those secret thoughts, things from Pandora's Box that you have been trying to avoid. If we allow our self to get quiet, this knowledge of our self will rise up from the subconscious and need to be integrated. Everyone likes to think they have *secrets* that they can keep from life. The law of karma is such that whatever we think, feel, or do will vibrate out and will therefore attract a similar vibration.

*and here i stand
naked and bare at the edge of eternity*

When you calm down, you *stand naked and bare*, beyond the illusions, the ideas, the fantasies; you stand *at the edge of eternity*, beyond the ego or the cosmic sheath, at the edge of God-consciousness without form.

*the saints they have all gathered
to raise the chalice
and sing hallelujah
to dance on the grapes
of next year's wine*

If you do make that journey and go beyond the ego, there will be a celebration. You will feel the bliss and intoxication. Beyond the ego you may even see the saints and sages and join them for a short while. *to dance on the grapes of next year's wine*—you have to crush the grapes and allow them to ferment and age into wine. Today's thoughts and actions will create our future.

*and as i drink from that cup
of all that is beautiful
all of my sins
are being laid out before me
like a feast at the devil's table*

When you get to that blissful state beyond the lower ego, a state of the soul, everything is truly divine and beautiful. *the devil's table* is the idea of separateness, an illusion, the idea of incompleteness. As one realized soul, Sri Yukteswar, expressed it,

“None of us has a saintly past.” From beyond the ego, we can look and see both the positive and negative of our life, and then leave it in the past.

*oh take me down to that ancient river
and bathe my body and soul
wrap me in all that is holy
for tonight you are standing
naked and bare
at the edge of my desire for you*

My desire was to dive into the God-consciousness, to dive into *that ancient river*, that holy stream. *wrap me in all that is holy* symbolizes making the conscious willful effort to not get caught up in Pandora’s Box, not get caught up in my past. *for tonight you are standing naked and bare at the edge of my desire for you* is the ability to calm the body, the mind, the breath, and even the ego and see the formlessness or Christ/Krishna-consciousness, and at this point you then surrender and dive in.

*tonight we will dance on the water
to the rhythm of that holy song
and drink from the nectar
of a thousand golden flowers
all gathered beyond the moon and stars
for tonight we will dance in eternity*

The *dance on the water* is the Christ/Krishna-consciousness. *to the rhythm of that holy song* is that divine vibration. *and drink from the nectar of a thousand golden flowers*. *a thousand golden flowers* symbolizes the tiny golden net of the soul, and a thousand incarnations of striving to attain the fulfillment of your dharma, or the soul. *all gathered beyond the moon and stars* symbolizes the dharma rather than the worldly desires. *for tonight we will dance in eternity* means that tonight we will go beyond the cosmic ego, beyond the mayac sheath to that place where there is no beginning and no end.

This next poem is about a different perspective, that of coming back on the journey to perfect the outer life, as we continue to work on perfecting the inner life.

*SOMETIMES IT seems we walk
towards that far horizon
chasing the wind*

*like it was a holy shrine
a pilgrimage to sun devils and dust*

This symbolizes our journey from birth to death. When our illusions, beliefs, or desires are about striving to fulfill some aspect of our incomplete nature it is *a pilgrimage to sun devils and dust*—believing the external will complete us, and we justify and rationalize and say it is our nature. The fulfillment of our limited desires is just like that of the *dust*—momentarily getting caught up in the swirling wind before it settles back to earth (death).

*off in the distance
ride the four horsemen of the apocalypse
racing the sun to the edge of my days
i knew their names for a while
they were friends of mine
when we were all so very young
we prayed that the heavens would open
and grace our days*

The *four horsemen of the apocalypse* symbolize the results of living your life with only the desire for the improvement of the four primal instincts. Everyone must deal with the four primal instincts. Their natural place is in the protection of the body. The body must be protected because it hosts the spirit and the soul during our journey here on earth. *we prayed the heavens would open and grace our days*—when we are young we pray that something external, God or the heavens, will *open and grace our days*.

*but somewhere in our youth
something innocent was lost
and we drifted apart
maybe it was that dance of Salome
and the ghost of the Baptist
maybe it was written in the stars
or maybe we just wanted more*

something innocent was lost and we drifted apart...this innocence was lost at puberty. *maybe it was the dance of Salome*—this is symbolic of what happens when lust, greed, and coveting come into our life. The procreation instinct is legitimate and can be beautiful, and because the procreation instinct is for the preservation of humanity, we need to find a way of harmonizing this instinct in our life. These instincts are planted in the causal mind. *maybe it was that dance of Salome and the ghost of the Baptist*—

something beautiful is always sacrificed when you give in to the limited. *maybe it was written in the stars or maybe we just wanted more.* The soul is always calling out for more, however we want to interpret that longing. Desire is about free will or choice, and the fulfillment of that desire is about destiny, the patterns of living energy.

*we were singing and dancing and praying
and trying to see beyond tomorrow
living for today like it was
some sacred place of the heart
but with the coming of the sunrise
we let go of those ancient ruins
and went looking for a new day*

This is trying to see that there is more to life than just the physical, more to life than what the five senses tell us. In the '60s, a generation of children felt this dawning of a new age, the beginning of the Dwapara Yuga, and began calling out. They were willing to let go of the traditions that had been around for hundreds, even thousands of years, and break away. *with the coming of the sunrise*, the coming of the Dwapara Yuga, *we let go of those ancient ruins*. The *ancient ruins* are the traditions and habits that keep us locked into the Kali Yuga and the material world. *and went looking for a new day*—this is about making a change in our life, letting go of the old and bringing in the new.

*we were drunk with last year's wine
when we stumbled upon
some old hope for lost poets
something about God and nature
and things to come
but we could not wait for heaven
hell was knocking on our door*

some old hope for lost poets is symbolic for faith. Faith is like the archer who releases the arrow, not knowing where the arrow will land, but having faith and allowing the unfoldment into the mystical experience. *some old hope for lost poets something about God and nature and things to come*. It doesn't mean I knew what was ahead of me, or that anyone will know. It is a risk, a leap of faith into your higher consciousness. Sometimes in order to move forward, you have to leave behind the old beliefs and habits. *hell is knocking on our door* is about the crisis of consciousness that humanity is currently struggling with, this holy war between lower nature and higher nature, between the Kali Yuga and the Dwapara Yuga.

*we didn't want our fortunes told
we were just looking for a better way
it didn't have to be a sacred heart
just something we could keep
beyond our days*

We didn't want to be told what to do. No one does. We didn't want to be told what our life should be. We wanted to create it. We were looking for a better way, trying to live in the moment, and resurrect our consciousness. *it didn't have to be a sacred heart...* it didn't have to be God or liberation. *just something we could keep beyond our days*, something beyond materialism, something that we actually keep beyond our incarnation on earth. We were looking for the natural unfoldment and exploration of the soul, trying to harmonize with our wholistic nature.

*still there is shadows on the mountain
and the sweetness of summer
an eagle's cry of freedom
and big clouds in the sky
the fragrance of wildflowers and weeds
with butterflies and hummingbirds
a little closer to the earth*

One morning a couple of weeks ago while sitting out on the deck in *the mountains*, there was an eagle screaming, there were *big clouds in the sky* and *butterflies and hummingbirds*. All of this was happening at the physical while I was thinking about this journey between birth and death.

*it all seems like it could be
a satori in the morning sun
with that distant horizon
seemingly a long way off
and the edge of my days
has unfolded into
the sunrise of another day*

With any satori, the moment enlarges to include your wholistic nature. This enlargement which includes your wholistic nature also comes back to include the moment.

*THE RAIN is falling on the mountain
and in the valley below
the thunder reminds me
of a drum i need to mend*

This was another day while sitting up in the mountains. It had been raining all day. When I left Phoenix it was raining, I drove up in the rain, and it continued to rain up in Strawberry. *the thunder reminds me of a drum i need to mend*—somewhere in the trip, the thunder started reminding me of this drum that has been broken for several years, and I have been meaning to mend it. Also, it is symbolic of both a message and why I took an incarnation. The *drum* that needs mending is this message, this crying out, this calling out for love and freedom of our wholistic nature. I don't want to become too complacent in the enjoyment of the morning satoris and forget that there are people suffering because they do not realize that they are created in the image of God, which is truly the root cause of all suffering.

*like an iron dinosaur
standing alone in the field
that old rusty windmill
has got me thinking of the past*

Something will always trigger memories, and we must make the effort to see the harmony in our life, and see it as an unfoldment rather than dichotomized fragments.

*old gypsy poets
and the message of the ages
ancient warriors and golden slaves
silver idols and lust and illusions*

old gypsy poets is just a poetic way of saying messengers of God, the realized souls. *and the message of the ages* is the universal vibration of being created in the image of God, of realizing our oneness with God. *ancient warriors and golden slaves*—the warrior class must fulfill its dharma, to protect and serve the community, the country. *ancient warriors and golden slaves. golden slaves* are the slaves that are imprisoned by desire. They are golden slaves because we romanticize them...the lovers, the senses, the pleasures and desires of, "Yes, this is beautiful and legitimate and natural." *silver idols and lust and illusion...silver idols* is the worship of money, jewelry, gold and diamonds. *lust* is desire or wanting for ourselves. *Illusions* is the worship of our beliefs without questioning whether they are wholistic and beautiful or limited and incomplete.

*honeysuckle vines and long stemmed roses
youthful bodies in the sun
and a rebirth of love and beauty
that is beyond our heart's desire*

honeysuckle vines and long stemmed roses...both are plants that need the gardener. Long stemmed roses take more than just water and sunshine and nurturing. They take someone wanting to give them to someone they love. They take quite a bit of desire in the idea of separateness. *youthful bodies in the*—who doesn't appreciate youthful bodies in the sun? *and a rebirth of love and beauty that is beyond our heart's desire* is about once we truly focus on the beauty, not on the possession of it, but the appreciation of it, we will get to that point where we will have the satori, the mystical experience. This is what *the old rusty windmill* got me to thinking about, of all those memories and desires of this incarnation and of other incarnations.

*you know the sea remains the same
with the rising and falling of each wave
but the waves are the dance
that fills the heart with love*

the sea is the divine Consciousness. It does not change with birth and death. We are part of the ocean, the divine Consciousness, but the rising of the *wave* (the incarnation) is the soul's enjoyment. It is *the dance* within the cosmic play that allows us to delight in being alive.

*earth, wind, fire, and rain
can not sustain heart nor soul
the essence of love alone
will cause the flowers to bloom*

Nothing material or tangible can satisfy heart or the soul, therefore we must look beyond the limited for fulfillment. It is this divine Consciousness, the holy stream of Satyam that sustains life, and causes all life to grow and be beautiful.

*the hanging gardens of Babylon
and the angels singing above
the beauty of the sun
is in the song of the soul*

the hanging gardens of Babylon are considered part of The Eight Wonders of the World. *and the angels singing above* is literally angels singing, which is truly beautiful. *and the beauty of the sun*—the beauty of everything under the sun, within this cosmic play *is in the song of the soul*. The identity of *Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram* is *looking*

through the eyes of God. It is to truly hear and feel the song of the soul and appreciate the beauty under the sun, hear the angels singing, and appreciate the Sundaram.

*this old gypsy heart needs to remember
to laugh with the children
and dance with the dervish
and why we are here at all*

This is getting back to that drum that needs mending. We need to be able *to laugh with the children* and regain that innocence, laughter and joy of living. *and to dance with the dervish*, and the only way to do this, once the innocence has been lost, is to regain our wholistic consciousness and then *dance with the dervish* or the realized souls. *and why we are here at all* goes back to what is the purpose of our life, what is our journey all about?

*thunder rolling across the mountains
sunshine breaking through the clouds
rainbows beginning to form
like a promise of days to come*

To be in the moment is *thunder rolling across the mountains*, to notice the beauty of the sun rays breaking through the clouds, to notice the beginning of a rainbow. *like a promise of days to come*...the promise that if I come to the moment, if I come to my wholistic nature and live wholistically, life will be filled with beauty and joy, and I will experience the ecstasy of the soul.

*ONE MORE night looking up at the stars
another full moon shining on me
and lighting up the night
and still in love with you
with that feeling of a young heart
and its first taste of love*

Everyone knows what that first taste of love is, that first taste of something beautiful, when the heart becomes overflowing. I am always striving to experience more love and beauty in my life, so my view of life can have that ever-new aspect of youth.

*and a yearning for that freedom
that i know will be mine
when I give everything for love*

Here comes the risky part. *yearning for that freedom*, for the liberation, the freedom of not being concerned about the ego. *and a yearning for that freedom that i know will be mine when i give everything for love*. When you totally surrender to love, not for anything you might get, but for love itself, the freedom, the exhilaration, and the ecstasy can take you beyond the physical into the mystical, into the God-consciousness.

*like a warrior in an ancient world
or Jesus walking on the water
that cry for freedom
comes from every soul*

The warrior is fighting for freedom, for himself, his dharma, and for others. Jesus walked the earth and tried to help others be free through realizing their wholistic nature.* *that cry of freedom comes from every soul*. No matter what age we are, there is that cry from the soul for love and freedom, freedom to be in love, freedom to learn, grow, and explore our infinite potential.

*whether you have a gypsy heart
or you want to till the soil
that song of freedom
and the love in your heart
becomes the bride
and the grace of God
the honeymoon*

It really doesn't matter what our station in life is, or what our interests are—*that cry for freedom* is there. Freedom isn't limited to just physical freedom, but freedom to learn, study, and express your self, which is the nature of the heart/mind. *that song of freedom and the love in your heart becomes the bride and the grace of God the honeymoon*. The groom is your consciousness. Once your consciousness has union with the love of your soul, your Satyam nature, then *the grace of God* is the honeymoon. You have then reached the kingdom of God and all else is added.

* Man's natural evolution will go through four stages or classes: 1) those who serve with bodily labor; 2) those who serve society with the mind, as in commerce and business; 3) those in administrative or protective services, such as rulers/leaders and warriors; 4) those who serve through spiritually inspired and spiritually uplifting lifestyles.

*whether you have a gypsy heart
or you want to till the soil
that song of freedom
and the love in your heart
becomes the bride
and the grace of God
the honeymoon*

The love and devotion must be balanced with the discipline and reason. We can be vitally savage, but we must also be mentally civilized.* The emotions, devotion, and the heart are blind. If we don't balance it with the right practices and discipline, we will just get beaten up, "like things that go bump in the night," as Dr Seuss would say. We need to find the balance with the right yogic practices, then we add the energy and power of devotion.

The left hand and the right hand work together. *that song of freedom* is the right hand, *and the love in your heart* is the left hand. When the ida and pingala are balanced it becomes *the bride and the grace of God the honeymoon*. If the ida and pingala are the bride, then it is your soul that is the groom. The love and yearning for freedom comes together with the soul, and then the grace of God is all around...

*the embrace of bodies
the beauty and joy
and the rhythm of souls
and like every lover before me
i will dive into your ocean*

It starts with sex, the embracing of bodies, and expands to include *the beauty and joy*, the *Om Sundaram*. Then it goes to the rhythm of the souls, to the Satyam-consciousness, and then it evolves to diving into the formless. Then we come back out and manifest to the physical again. Sex, Love, Prayer, Transcendence—Transcendence, Prayer, Love, Sex.

*the moon dances tonight
with the grace
only angels could imagine
in the garden of light and shadow*

the garden of light and shadow is the cosmic play. *with the grace only angels could imagine* is when you can see the purity and beauty within the creation. Angels and holy ones have that innocence, and experience directly the *Om Shivam*.

* Paraphrasing a line from the India poet, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, 1861-1941.

*and while the music plays
some come to say hello
and some will say good-bye
some will give blessings
and some blame the stars*

In our cosmic journey we will meet people. Some will be new friends, some will be friends that are leaving or parting ways, *some will say hello and some will say good-bye. some will give blessings*, some will be more highly evolved and give their blessings give something that is uplifting and inspirational. *and some blame the stars*. There are all different ages of souls we encounter, and this is part of the beauty and spice of life.

*and the moon will dance through the night
with grace and perfection
will dance with the mountains
and dance with the trees
will dance with the tides
and dance with lovers
dance to the rhythm of heaven and earth*

The moon and the stars are perfect. They are part of the perfect oneness or the perfect God. When we see this perfection, we are coming to an awareness of our wholistic nature. The moon is the reflection of light. It is the Sundaram-consciousness. *the moon* symbolizes the delight and enjoyment of our wholistic nature in the cosmic play. It is interacting with and has union with the mountains, trees, tides, and lovers. *dance to the rhythm of heaven and earth*, meaning it has a dynamic interaction or wholistic relationship. It enjoys, appreciates, and delights in the divinity or essence of love that permeates everything from the heavens to the earth.

*and i long to embrace you beneath the light
of that beautiful moon
and dance one more time
dance across the water
maybe even dance across eternity
to the other side of night*

Even with all this beauty, the soul is still calling out...*and I long to embrace you, I long to have union with that Satyam-consciousness*. If we pursue all that is beautiful, it will not be enough. It may be delightful, beautiful, and blissful, and we will enjoy it, but it will not be enough. No matter how beautiful life on earth is, there is a desire to dance

with God, dance with Satyam. *dance across the water* is the union with the divine Consciousness. *maybe even dance across eternity* is the realization that even when I dive into the formless, into eternity, I will come out again *to the other side of night*.

The soul, once born lives forever. The realization that we are eternal Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram is the liberation into life, the liberation into God. This is what this stanza is all about.

The realization of mukti, Om Satyam, or our wholistic nature is what this poem symbolizes. This poem is simply about the hope, faith, acceptance, and the beauty, joy, and delight of the soul, once born, living forever.

Seventeen

*I WATCHED while the clouds rolled in
like some majestic ocean of white
then i watched as the clouds rolled past*

I was at the cabin in Strawberry, and was watching the clouds rolling in and rolling past. I was also watching this memory of my life, glimpses of my dharma, of the activities I was doing. It was calling to me like a memory of my youth, of when I had a young hope and inspiration, a freshness, an innocence of wanting to come back to serve for the journey towards God. I seemed to have lost some of that enthusiasm this past winter. *as the clouds rolled in* was about my memories rolling in and rolling past. It was also about trying to glean from them some inspiration and passion again.

*and there was thunder on the mountain
calling to me like some old memory
of my innocence
and my youth
both a long time gone past*

On my dresser at home, I have pictures of my children, my wife, and all around the edge of the mirror I have pictures of myself. My children and my wife just laugh at me. They see it as very narcissistic that I have pictures of myself on my dresser. They are pictures of myself at different ages, and it reminds me of the inspiration and revelations that I had as a young child and at different ages. By looking at them regularly, I am

reminded of why I am here. Once we begin to go beyond the ego and immerse into our higher nature, sometimes we can seemingly get lost or stray from our purpose. We have to make contact with our purpose for taking an incarnation. We have to make contact with our unique dharma and what we are supposed to express. I use these pictures so I can come back and keep myself on track with my dharma. *calling to me like some old memory of my innocence and my youth both a long time gone past.*

*i went for a walk
up on strawberry mountain
in search of the holy spirit
i heard she had built an altar there
but some said it was just the beauty
that would quiet a man's mind
both voices were well traveled paths
that would lead me to the heart*

The beauty of nature is truly delightful and we should take the time to appreciate the creation. *in search of the holy spirit* symbolizes taking me past my appreciation of just the physical creation into a more wholistic view, into the expression of the Divine Will. *both voices were well traveled paths*—One is the Holy Stream, the Holy Spirit, which is what I went looking for during that week I was up here; the other is the beauty of nature. If you focus on beauty and allow yourself to be open, it should help you open up into the Holy Spirit...*both voices were well traveled paths that would lead me to the heart.*

*as the thunder rolled across the mountain
i saw a rainbow
that some men called heaven
where there was no loss
and there was no gain
where the heart laid unawakened
in a grave
that all men call hell*

Most people believe in a God that is far away. They are here living their life, and God is something that they worship in prayer, or in their synagogue, temple, or church, or in meditation. Their God doesn't come into their everyday life of appreciation and delight. It is not an *Om Shakti Ram Rama Shiva Om*. In a sense, the *heart lays unawakened* because we haven't opened our heart up to life itself, or God. *in a grave that all men call hell*—because their hearts are still closed, most people are dissatisfied with

life, and this dissatisfaction is a *hell*.

*in the eternalness of the moment
the birds were singing
and there were wildflowers and green grass
and buds on the trees
i became aware that spring
was awakening the senses
just like the thunder
was shaking the mountains*

If you allow yourself to be open, it is like springtime. All of our senses are awakened. It awakens the desire to be alive, awakens the passion to explore and experience life more wholistically.

*i heard the sweet sound of music
coming from the heavens
and then i heard it again
in the songs of the earth
sung from the tears
of children laughing
and the tears of lovers embracing
being sung from the tears
of the war-torn bodies
and the oppressed*

Music should be beautiful and poetic. It should also have a message and make us think, evaluate, and question. It should have a nice rhythm that makes us want to move and dance. If we can calm down, we can hear the music that comes from the angels and the heavens. That is truly the inspiration of the great musicians and poets. Then you can begin to hear how the music of the heavens is being sung in the voices and songs of the earth. If you allow your self to be open, you will begin to hear the music at a more wholistic level. The music I enjoy are songs that I relate to, and that are inspirational and uplifting. They are about laughter, lovers, pain, joy, suffering, and protests against injustice, which are songs about the human experience.

*there were songs being sung from the tears
of the joy and anguish
of love and hate*

*that flowed across every land
like a holy stream
that touched every heart along the way*

Music is a universal language because everyone shares the human experience and the delights of the heavens and earth. In music, both *the joy and anguish* become a shared bond or connection between the artist and humanity, touching *every heart along the way*.

*and as the thunder shook the mountains
i saw the soul
crying out to be free
too long held captive on its journey
by the chains of pleasure
and the illusions of love
in this paradise
that all men call the world*

When people take an incarnation, they get caught up in the illusion, and the soul is held captive on their journey or exploration of the physical. They get caught up in the illusions or chains of pleasure, and the illusions or ideas and beliefs of love, or what they think love should be. It happens here on earth. Once puberty hits, the great majority of humanity spends most of their time thinking about the male/female relationship. This lasts until they are into their late 50s and 60s. Yet, there are no male/female sexual relationships in the heavens. So if we get obsessed with this limited aspect of our nature, then we become chained to the pleasures and illusions of love. *too long held captive on its journey by the chains of pleasure and the illusions of love...*the male/female relationship is definitely legitimate, but it is only a legitimate 1/7th of our nature. We need to provide appropriate time towards nurturing the other 6/7th of our nature.

*by the light of the moon
beyond all the shadows and the ghosts
i could see a thousand dancers
naked in their beauty*

It was a full moon that night. *the shadows and the ghosts* of the forest were the past memories, issues, fears, insecurities, and everything in Pandora's Box, both personal and from the world. Once we can look beyond those things, then we can begin to see the beauty of the soul, the beauty of the heart, the innocence and the purity. *i could see a thousand dancers naked in their beauty*, symbolizes the thousand-petal lotus, the purity of the divine vision, and the awareness of being created in the image of God.

*and it was revealed to me that night
that when i awakened my heart
and attuned to the rhythm
of that holy dance
my soul would be set free*

This was the revelation or realization that somewhere I was getting caught up in the business world and the limited reality in general, and I had lost that dance, or attunement to my wholistic Self. I had gotten caught up in the limited, whether from distraction, compassion or duty, it didn't matter. I had quit enjoying the wholistic, the touching and perfecting of both the inward life and the outward life. *and it was revealed to me that night* that I needed to get back to Mecca, or my nature.

*and when i could look
into the heart of every man
i would see the face of God
and be set free*

Although I came up here for a personal retreat to get on track, the insight and revelation was that when I could see the soul, *when I could look into the heart of every man* and see the beauty and divinity, it would set me free. Coming to Strawberry for a retreat was definitely nice, but it wasn't what would set me free. Everyone has the ability to take time for a personal retreat. People say they have to work or cannot take vacation time, but they have created their life around their own schedule, beliefs, and ideas. I created my life and schedule so my priority could be to experience love, to know my wholistic Self, to know God. This poem is about touching and perfecting the inner life, which I was able to do because of meditation and the inward journey. I stayed here for a few days to appreciate the Satyam.

when I could look into the heart of every man I could see the face of God and be set free—when you can *see the face of God*, there is no discord, life is harmonious. It is about looking into the heart, seeing the *Om Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram* of the soul that resides in the heart chakra. Once you can do that, you can *see the face of God*, and delight, *and be set free*. Then I came back to Phoenix and continued on with what I was doing, and I appreciated, enjoyed, and delighted in it.

This next poem was written a couple of months later. I had no inclination or desire to write a retreat poem this year. Usually I have a desire to write poetry to share and express my experiences each year, however I didn't have that desire this year. But then this poem came on another night with a full moon. It came to me with appreciation because I was still intoxicated from *seeing the face of God* for the last few months.

This poem is a little bit more symbolic. It was written in the desert, with full

memory of times that I've spent at the ocean, of times I've lived in the forest, of my younger days when I lived in Minnesota with the four seasons. This was an experience of the full moon along with Radha, the Holy Spirit. Radha is the Eastern representation for John the Baptist. John the Baptist was, in the West, the forerunner, the gateway, the preparer for the Christ Consciousness. The preparation of the Holy Spirit, or the Aum, is our openness to the Christ/Krishna Consciousness.

*A BIG yellow moon
is rising above the land
or maybe it is
the golden hair of Radha
as she moves across the night*

It truly was *a big yellow moon*. When we are open to the beautiful, when we have an open heart, then the Holy Stream, the divine beauty also rushes in. When we open up our heart and mind to the *Om Sundaram*, we can also begin to see the mystical. Not only do we experience beauty with our senses, we also begin to be open to extrasensory beauty through our spiritual eye or sixth chakra.

*oh she is looking so beautiful
as she dances on the water
in a sheer white gown
and i can feel her desire
reaching out to my soul
and awakening my desire for her*

This is about the beauty of Divinity calling to me, awakening me. It is about my desire to share, to indulge in this ecstasy, this wave of bliss, wave of joy, and share it by writing it down. This is about the *Om Sundaram*, the delight and enjoyment of the divine beauty or the divine dance. *reaching out to my soul and awakening my desire for her*—even though I had no desire to write or express this beauty earlier, the moon and the Holy Stream were awakening my desire once again to share in this divine dance.

*sometimes i wonder
if she had ever gone away
for we have traveled together
for such a long time
and now i want*

*to dance once again
as we danced before*

This stanza is simply about wondering where this desire to write and express poetry had gone six months ago, and for the last month or two. My appreciation of expressing Sundaram had not seemed to be there. Yet with this poem, I realized it had always been there. *sometimes I wondered if she had ever gone away*—but she was always there. *and now my desire is to dance once again as we danced before*...this is about delighting in the ecstasy between me and *Radha*, between me and the Christ/Krishna Consciousness, with all that it brings: the revelations, the insights, the bliss, the memories, the visions.

*isn't it just like your gypsy blood
to wander on one path or another
chasing after that journey
that will take us beyond the sky
and the stars above
looking for that path
that all men can follow
looking for that path
that will take me home*

I sometimes get caught up in this *path that all men can follow*, the *path that will take me home* to the formless, home to the God Consciousness, the Satyam. When I say I was getting caught up in it, I mean I was looking for ways to help inspire others. I was calling out to Divine Mother for others rather than delighting in the cosmic play that is always being revealed. Sometimes we can lose our sense of balance and must once again refocus on our wholistic nature.

*and i think of her often
even called out her name a time or two
and wonder when we will meet again
will it be in the heavens
or dance here on earth
wanting to embrace her once again
so pure and so sweet*

When you are in this state of openness to life, it doesn't matter whether you are experiencing it in your meditation or out for a walk. It doesn't matter whether you are

experiencing getting together with someone in the heavens or meet them at the physical and feel connected. It truly is an interwovenness and a delight...*will it be in the heavens or a dance here on earth wanting to embrace her once again so pure and so sweet.*

*somewhere between the roar
of the ocean
and the quiet of the mountains
i remember the first time
she brushed my lips
with her naked heart
with a kiss so deep
it still touches my soul
every time i think of her*

between the roar of the ocean is symbolic of the universal aspect of evolution and of being created in the image of God, and also on an individual level, symbolic of the time when I crawled out of the primordial ooze and took an evolutionary step to *the quiet of the mountains*, which is when I was up here a few months ago and wrote the other poem about the cosmic dance and the formless. I had an overview or glimpse of my life with all the memories of those connections of meeting with Radha (Holy Spirit) and meeting with people. *i remember the first time she brushed my lips with her naked heart...*the connection you feel with someone, whether here on earth, or in the heavens, or with a holy one, or with Divine Mother, or with the Holy Stream; you feel the openness and are melting into it. These memories came flooding in as part of the moment that I was experiencing. *with a kiss so deep it still touches my soul every time I think of her...*this is the beauty of memory. If we focus on remembering the good times and that which is uplifting, we can re-experience them.

*there are a thousand stars overhead tonight
the scent of lilacs fills the air
a songbird is singing somewhere in the dark
i can feel each heartbeat
and the touch of your breath
and i can tell by your smile
and the fire in your eyes
that we will dance tonight*

there are a thousand stars overhead tonight is symbolic of experiencing the perfection of life. It is also about the stars I see when I take a walk every night. Up in the

mountains you can see thousands of stars. *the scent of lilacs in the air* is symbolic of the flowers, the freshness, and the beauty of life in almost any countryside, with the fragrance of grass, trees, blossoms, flowers, and the actual lilac bushes of my childhood home. *a songbird is singing somewhere in the dark* is symbolic of hearing the birds sing, and hearing the Om, hearing Radha, the Holy Spirit. *i can feel each heartbeat...* you are so aware of your self, of your breath, that you can feel your pulse, your heartbeat. *and the touch of your breath...* this is the breath of another and also prana awareness, and you can feel the harmony of the cosmic breath. *and I can tell by your smile and the fire in you eyes* is the bliss rising up and seeing the fire or light in your spiritual eye. *that we will dance tonight* is feeling the connection with all life. This stanza also refers to the dynamics of the male/female connection, with the feeling of excitement, the appreciation, the breath, and ultimately the union of the two.

*oh we will dance again tonight
like we have so many times before
oh dance me through the night
until we sink below the sky
then lay me down on the earth
as we wait for the dawn*

This is about delighting in and appreciating our wholistic nature *until we sink below the sky*, all the way to the physical creation. *lay me down on the earth* is about the union of the small spirit with the large Spirit, and being ready to go into transcendence or the oneness.

*then dance me as you rise
with your golden body on fire
and your mystical breath
touching my soul
all the way to my body*

This is about appreciating not only the moonlight, but also the sunrise and everything the sun brings with it. *with your golden body on fire* symbolizes the Christ/Krishna Consciousness as the union of two is now beginning to melt into Oneness. It is about the aliveness and the wholeness of life. It isn't about the isolation, or the cosmic dance between the full moon, Radha, and me. Now there is the sunrise, the daylight, the Christ/Krishna Consciousness. It is about the whole interwovenness of life.

*oh take me down
to the edge of that sea*

*where the sisters of the sun
dance naked on the sand
and dance me oh dance me
with your golden body on fire
and your mystical beauty
holding my soul*

This stanza is about seeing the soul with *the eyes of God*. We see the thousand-petal lotus. We see the beauty of the soul. We see everyone *naked*, beyond their samskaras, ideas, and beliefs. You appreciate, enjoy, and delight in all that you see. *where the sisters of the sun* is about the people who delight in, appreciate, and enjoy being alive. *oh dance me with your golden body on fire and your mystical beauty holding my soul* is about the perfect union you feel with another soul, and also symbolic of the small spirit (soul) being within the large Spirit (God).

*oh dance this gypsy heart
like sunlight on the water
and let me embrace your golden fire
until the sea comes for my body
and carries me away*

the sea symbolizes the God Consciousness. *oh dance this gypsy heart like sunlight on the water*...I want to delight in this cosmic dance between the inhalation and the exhalation. I want to touch and perfect the inner life in meditation and then come back and appreciate, enjoy, and be in love with love, in love with the ecstasy. *like sunlight on the water*...anyone who has been near water on a sunny day and has seen the reflection of sunlight on the water can feel the beauty, the tingling, the ecstasy of the prana. *and let me embrace your golden fire until the sea comes for my body*...until it is once again time for me to go to transcendence, until the God Consciousness just takes me away, *and carries me away*.

*oh dance my golden body
until the sea is on fire
and carries my soul away*

until the sea is on fire and carries my soul away...until the God Consciousness absorbs my body and my soul back into the absolute God Consciousness without form; until that time I once again manifest out as a divine expression, whether after coming out of my meditation or in another lifetime.

I hope my poetry reflects the passion I feel and experience for the wholistic nature of life and my journey towards love and beauty and God.

*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*

Eighteen

*BUTTERFLIES IN the wind
hummingbirds and children
in summertime play
there are ripples washing in on the shore
and the sounds of joy and laughter
ringing in the air
blue skies and sunshine and smiles
are adorning the day*

This poem began with *butterflies in the wind*. This experience then began to expand out to include memories of other times of butterflies, and then expanded into *hummingbirds and children in summertime play*. The moment began to expand into my whole lifetime, from early memories of my childhood and joy of playing with other children at the lake, to memories of my life and my own children playing at the edge of the water. This day started with kind of an overview of my physical incarnation.

*lover's walking hand-in-hand
moving to a dance
as old as the tides
that come and go*

I saw a couple of kids walking hand-in-hand, like lovers often do. It reminded me

of times I walked hand-in-hand, and of all the lover's I have seen walking hand-in-hand throughout my life. The desire to be in love, and share that love, seems to be as eternal as eternity itself.

*but with a smile
and an innocence
as fresh as the sunrise
and the morning sun*

Most of us can remember the innocence of our first love, with memory of the purity of love before it gets tarnished with disappointment and hurt. The memory of the beauty and innocence of youth and young love was washing over me like the *ripples washing in on the shore*.

*there are clouds growing in the sky
flowers and trees all around
green grass and dandelions and lilacs
and summertime showers
and the feelings of youth
and excitement
are in the air
like each new wave on the ocean
or the look in the newborn's eyes*

When we look for beauty (Sundaram), we can recapture the excitement of the learning and growing of youth, and memories of youth.

*and i must embrace this beauty
and the rhythm of this day
like the only moment in eternity
that i will have with you*

We have to understand the preciousness of life, not just the preciousness of our physical life, but of our wholistic life. This moment comes, then the next moment will come, and then the next moment, and if we don't pay attention, our life passes us by. Lao Tzu says the greatest miracle is to chop wood and draw water. Anyone who has had to chop wood, or had to draw water from a well and carry it for a distance, knows it is a lot of hard physical labor, and is not all that enjoyable, unless we can experience it with our Satyam nature. We need to appreciate the preciousness of life because this present moment is going to come and go. *and i must embrace this beauty and the rhythm of this day like the only moment i will have with you*, is the appreciation and delight of each

moment of being in the cosmic play of this creation. And, ironically, because this was also a superconscious memory, it was my second time of having this experience.

*i saw the virgin Mary
just the other day
she was passing out flowers
with each new smile
like endless petals
flowing from her heart
and i saw tears and broken hearts
mended by the very mention
of the words and the songs of love
and i heard the sweet sound
of her voice singing hosanna
oh hosanna hosanna*

At the time of my superconscious memory, there was also a vision of the Virgin Mary, back when she was a Virgin, before the marriage, pregnancy, and birth of Jesus. I saw how she was in love with life, truly in love with God, and passing out flowers like a hippy child, 2000 years before hippies. *she was passing out flowers with each new smile like endless petals flowing from the heart and i saw tears and broken hearts mended by the very mention of words and songs of love and i heard the sweet sound of her voice singing hosanna oh hosanna hosanna.* Then the vision transformed into Mary pregnant with Jesus, and her celebrating the delight of being with child. With the love in her heart, you could see people brighten up in her presence; you could see the broken hearts and illnesses mended by the sweet words and vibrations of love and beauty. This happens not only with the Virgin Mary and saints, but also for anyone who vibrates love and beauty, which like magic brightens the world around us.

*a warm summer night
and the moon is rising in the sky
i'm walking on this old road
with my eyes
on you
on you and all your beauty
for this ancient journey back home*

That night I was walking and thinking about my experiences, and of what I was feeling. I was walking on the same old road that Max and I walk on every night when we take our two-mile walk. However, I was paying more attention to what I had experienced

earlier in the day, and less attention to the road. I was still overflowing with the bliss of the earlier experience. *with my eyes on you...on you and all your beauty for this ancient journey back home.* For me, the journey is about being created from the Word, and then sent out as an expression of the Divine Will, as a unique soul (individual), and an expression of the divine impulse (universal). Our fulfillment, our journey, is about unfolding our awareness into the realization of being created in the image of God, which is the *ancient journey back home.* This unfoldment of the soul is referred to as *dharma*, the learning and growing about our wholistic nature, and the nature of God.

*sometimes the journey has seemed long
and sometimes i can't wait for the next day
there have been times
i've had no place to lay my head
but still my heart was with you
there were even times when i wondered
if this old road was going anywhere
but still my heart was with you*

*and then there are those times
of love and ecstasy
and i know
my heart is one with you*

All of us have been on this journey, or are on our own journey, and have had times when we have felt lonely, and times of feeling the journey is too hard, that it is a great struggle. I'm sure there have been times everyone has wondered if they are lost. I had those feelings in 2006, after my heart surgery. I was wondering why I was still here, because I thought my karma had unwound. "What am I supposed to be doing? What is the next step on this journey?" I had these questions again this night in the summer of 2009. These questions arise sometimes, and when they do, I have to do the work to get back to the love. Most of the time *the love and ecstasy* are just there...in the butterflies and the children, in the young lovers, in hearing a song, and at those times the ecstasy just bubbles up. In *those times of love and ecstasy I know my heart is one with you.* This is how I know I am in harmony with life or God in manifestation, and communing with God. I know this when I am feeling the overflowing of love, harmony, beauty and joy.

*walking tonight under the stars
the moon is out
looking big and full
oh did i mention*

*it was full and blood red
i'm sure some are going to see that
as some kind of sign
of troubled times to come
or even troubled times
already here*

There are always those who are not enjoying life. They have a reason or rationalization for their lack of enjoyment. They want someone to blame. Religious people blame Satan. They have the theory of hope or Armageddon, when Satan will be defeated forever. From the yogic perspective, once you can go beyond Original sin, which is the mayac sheath and the idea of incompleteness, you have conquered Satan and are ready for a new life. There have been a lot of prophesies of the "end of days." Those dates of the "end of days" have come and gone, and to the joy of most people, life has continued on.

*but it just makes
my heart overflow
with the beauty of the night
that big red moon
and walking with you tonight*

From the age of three, when I communed with God, I've accepted responsibility to get to know and embrace God. When I wasn't feeling the love, harmony, beauty and joy, I looked to see what obstacle needed to be conquered in order to get back to the love and beauty. My higher nature's desire was to accept responsibility for the learning and growing, and to experience and share the Divine nature. With ego and Original Sin, this sometimes took more work than at other times, but it always took effort to rise above the lower nature to attain the higher nature.

*and maybe we will dance tonight
like lovers often do
beneath the moon and stars
to the music and rhythm
of both heaven and earth
maybe even dance on the water
to the end of the night*

This is the way a lot of my evenings end. For the last twelve years, my dog Max and I go for a walk through the neighborhood in Phoenix. As we are walking, my

thoughts are on the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of life, the soul, God. I am focusing on that because it is the end of the day, and I have time to bathe in the Sundaram, and prepare for meditation, and by the time the walk is over, I feel the bliss and joy of my nature. I appreciate the moment. Usually I can see auras around everything, and sometimes visions happen when I begin to meditate. I hear the different tonal aspects of the *Om*, so there is the *music and rhythm of both heaven and earth. maybe even dance on the water to the end of the night*...this is the dance with the divine wave (creation), and the dance with God, the unique soul immersing into the large spirit or the large Soul. *Water* symbolizes consciousness. This is the transcending of form to experience consciousness, and immersing into the wholisticness, and ultimately the formless for a while.

*dance on the water
to the end of the night*

In this stanza *the night* symbolizes the formless. *dance on the water* means I am starting from the perspective of the devotee and his beloved. The *dance* is to move myself up the cerebral spinal system, the ida and pingala, passing through each chakra as it rises up to the crown and the thousand-petalled lotus, with the continued progression of learning and growing.

Almost all of my early poetry was short poems, like: *the rhythm of butterfly wings shakes the mountains*. That poem was written after a mystical experience that I had in meditation about the power of the Word coming all the way down to the physical to transform you at the physical. In the mid-to-late 1980's, I decided to extend the length of the poetry so that each stanza of a poem is now the mystical experience. An entire poem could be from several, or even dozens, of personal meditations or mystical experiences, spread over days or even months. I take the experiences and try to express the harmony of them in a poem. It isn't like I just saw a butterfly and wrote the poem, although the poem did start when I saw the *butterflies blowing in the wind* that day. For the poetic expression, that experience has to be in harmony with wanting the ida and pingala to move into the sushumna. In order to be harmonious, there must be a balance of the form and the formlessness, of our energy and vision rising from our lower nature up to the attainment of our higher nature, and then diving in the formless. The seeking of more Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram is my journey.

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

This poem is about a similar satori that I experienced about forty years ago, and chose to express it in a much more condensed form back then.

The next poem was written for the 2010 retreat, and is about the life and times of my desire to be in love or in union with God (or my dharma).

*WITH THE stars overhead and shining bright
i'm walking down this old road again tonight
one of the thousands it seems
that i have taken
on this journey of a thousand steps*

There is a universalness to humanity, and the poet finds relation points within humanity to relate to. When you talk or interact with humanity, you are attempting to share some of your thoughts and experiences in the hopes of feeling a connection to humanity's thoughts, feelings, and desires. Old longings or feelings may even get stirred up. The poet records this experience, while the mystic works to feel connected to all life. Everyone must do the inner work in order to get back home to their divine nature. How I walk down this old road, the idea of separateness, and have the experience of Sundaram, and find my way back to Shivam and Satyam is what I hope to share through my poetry. My poetry is about how I walk down this old road (creation), and then find my way back to my true nature. Each day I get up, and go out to learn and grow, learning to appreciate and be in love with God in form; and each night I seek to find the way back to the Satyam Consciousness without form, which is the nature of the soul and the all-soul (God).

*just kicking stones into the night
and waiting on the moon
desiring her to be naked
in her beauty and her touch
like any good lover would be*

I had that feeling of separateness, not quite loneliness, but knowing I wasn't quite feeling in love. And I was kicking stones down the road that night with kind of a nonattached-to-the-physical feeling. Ironically, I was waiting on the moon to rise above the horizon of houses in the neighborhood, and kicking stones into the night; both were physically to help me feel connected to the wholistic. As stated before in a much earlier poem...I am hopes, dreams, and contradictions.

*maybe her touch will help me to feel
what i seemed to have lost
to some old memories*

and the teardrops of original sin

her touch...is seeking to feel connected to the Sundaram and the Shivam through the appreciation of beauty and harmony, which I seem to find in the moon and the stars above. *original sin* is defined as the mayac sheath combined with the individual ego (idea of ownership). And some old memories are just that, memories that were less than wholistic.

*or maybe i can just lose myself again
dancing in the moonlight tonight*

This is a practice I have used since childhood. Before I had the sacred mantras, I had the ability to focus or concentrate on some past experiences of beauty and love, or mysticism, and allow that focus and concentration to carry me back to that state of bliss, love, and ecstasy, to have a new experience. Sometimes this practice was easier to do than other times, and sometimes I didn't get there at all. But, when the moon is up, or I should say, when I am walking in the moonlight, I can usually feel connected to beauty, love, and God.

*it seems i've been walking
down this old road or another
on my way to somewhere
since I was a young boy
kicking cans down highway 13*

Highway 13 is an actual highway that was about half a mile from my childhood home. I would walk Highway 13 into Waseca, which was about 7 miles away. Waseca had a population of about 7,000, which seemed to have a lot more to offer a restless youth, like friends, relatives, parks, lakes, and a movie theater. There would be beer cans on side of the road, or litter as it is called today. I would grab one and just start kicking it down the road. If there were a couple of us walking, we would each be kicking a can as we walked and talked. But most of the time, I was by myself on the walk.

After the experience at the age of 5, I began wondering what my dharma was and what I was supposed to be doing with this lifetime. I have had that same feeling throughout my life, and can still have it when I do not feel complete or wonder what I am supposed to be doing. And here was that feeling again this night as I was once again *kicking stones down the road*. When I am not in my nature, or my dharma is not clear, I begin to wonder about how to get back to my dharma. I have experienced this drive to know about or live within my dharma since early childhood.

*with a restlessness growing in my soul
and an aching in my heart*

This drive to know my dharma was, and is, not always comfortable. It can grow into an all-consuming desire to know my dharma, until I attain some glimpse of it, or at least feel in harmony with my nature.

*i've walked beside the ocean
and beneath the trees of a forest
even made paths in the falling leaves
across snowdrifts and deserts
walked on dirt roads
and cobblestone streets*

The memories of the times I felt incomplete started flooding back. I was out walking and longing to have that connection with my wholistic nature. *i've walked beside the ocean, beneath the trees of a forest, even made paths in the falling leaves.* As I mentioned, the memories of those lonely days and nights kept tumbling out of my head while I was walking. Walking usually seems to bring some solace, maybe because it gives the illusion that I am on the move, because sometimes it seems like I am moving to nowhere. I should say that walking and introspection are practices I use to come to my self and my nature of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, and the great majority of the time it works well for me.

*searching for that love
that i knew would never leave me*

At the age of three, when I had the out-of-body experience and communed with God, I went from the diseased dying body, and the pain of that, and the loneliness of that, to communing with God and feeling the ecstasy of the Satyam Consciousness and the completeness of it. Then I went back into the body. It took me another 30 years to get back to that Satyam Consciousness at will, or regularly. So, there were plenty of lonely days and lonely nights, and a lot of walking and *searching for that love that would never leave me.*

*i have walked through fields of clover
and a sea of golden wheat
hand-in-hand with a lover*

*through meadows of wildflowers
and times of milk and honey*

*but my lovers always seem to move on
leaving me with some old memories
and an emptiness in my heart*

There were times when I felt connected to something external...a lover, an idea, an interest, an attachment, or some form of human affection. I would feel in love with something or someone, but because it was with form, it was always temporary, it always faded...*leaving me with some old memories and an emptiness in my heart*. I had to learn to accept that the creation, and everything in it, is temporary and will come and go, but that the nature of God and the soul is eternal. This is not just a revelation, but a realization that Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram can be experienced continuously.

*and i've walked in the rain
with the thunder shaking the earth
and lightning painting the sky
in the daytime and the night
while my heart was searching
to be in love with you*

I don't want anyone to think that my life was spent in a state of ecstasy of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, although the majority of my life was spent trying to experience that state, or missing not having that state. I went to public schools and college, dated, developed relationships, fell in love, went out for athletics, desired to go to the Olympics, and loved doing all sorts of things. While doing all those things, I believed I should be able to experience bliss, but those activities only brought me some temporary happiness. There was always part of me that was still aching or longing to feel that connection that I had at the age of three, or when I would have a seemingly random mystical experience. I was *searching for that love that I knew would never leave me*. From the age of three, I knew that Satyam was the nature of God. I also knew it was the nature of my soul, and I believed I should be able to feel that all the time. It just took me thirty years to get there. During those thirty years, I was looking here and there, sometimes in the wrong or incomplete places. But I was also working on developing devotion, positive affirmations, an appreciation for love and beauty, music and dance (harmony), concentration, discipline and willpower, and later on, using the sacred mantras as chants as well as for meditation, all of which helped me to attain identity with my nature.

*as illusive and coy
as you sometimes seem to be*

Before I had the sacred sciences, I mainly used willpower. I could not understand why sometimes I could focus on an experience, and re-experience it, and be in love, yet the next time I would focus on an experience, I wouldn't get anything, and seemed to be just empty and lonely. This is what is meant by *as illusive and coy as you sometimes seem to be*. I later discovered that although I thought I was focused, there were subtle or subconscious distractions that kept me from reconnecting to the experience of love and beauty.

*i've walked in a snowfall
where the moon was full
and the skies were blue
i've seen a big harvest moon
climb across the sky
and a quarter moon
hanging like a picture in the night*

All of these memories are as clear and easy to re-experience as they were on the night they originally happened. These are examples of how I would focus on beauty (Sundaram), getting a sense of a larger harmony (Shivam) that would lead to the feelings of love (Satyam), which is a practice I brought with me, for I have used it almost my entire life, from early childhood on.

*and i have danced beneath
every one of these moons
with you as my heart's desire*

Always, I wanted to be in love and feel that love, from the age of three on. No matter what my experiences were or what I was doing, part of my conscious attention and my desire wanted that feeling of Satyam. It took me thirty years to conquer inner weaknesses and develop one pointed focus, and discover and utilize the sacred meditation techniques, all of which helped me to attain identification with my soul. Just like every human being wants to feel that joy, that love, that happiness, which is the nature of the soul and God, so did I. I accepted or experienced at an early age that it was an inner state of realization that I had to see with or attain to. To paraphrase Christ... 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God within, then all else can be appreciated.'

*but just so you know
with all this talk
of nights and moons
how my heart really feels
i also love walking in the sunshine
with the warmth of the sun
touching my body
and white clouds and big blue skies overhead
adding delight to the day*

*but most of all i want you to know
i love walking with you
in either the daylight or the night*

The moon is symbolic of the Sundaram, the beauty, the appreciation of God in the creation. My poetry is about that beauty and appreciation and love affair with the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, the nature of God. But my true beloved is the Satyam Consciousness, *the sunshine*, with and without form. I love and worship God (Satyam/Love) whether in pure consciousness without form or whether I am walking and appreciating the Satyam in form, in the moonlight, with a lover, or writing a poem, or going into samadhi, or seeing someone beautiful as I am walking down the street. I want to always feel that love and intensity of falling in love and allowing that feeling of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram to begin to grow and bubble over. One of my favorite poems (in *Mad Schemes*) is like a self-portrait of how I identify with my journey, my dharma. That poem is...

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

In this poem, *but most of all I love walking with you* is also about feeling the union or connection with all of life, both with form and without form (consciousness).

*i have walked up on the mountain
and waited for the sun to rise
and i found it so wondrous
i came back in the evening
just to watch it set*

I was up in Strawberry, and early one morning, before dawn, Max was restless, so I grabbed my flashlight and took him for a walk up the mountain. I had been meditating, so while we were walking, I was just bathing in the *Om*. We were up on the mountain when the sun began to rise, and the beauty of it caught my attention, and started this whole blissful, poetic, and mystical experience. The feeling of being in union, in love, stayed there all day, and when evening came I thought, "Oh I should go back to that spot and watch the sun set." So back we went, and enjoyed the sunset and being in love.

*and it so inflamed my passion
i just had to write it down in a poem*

There has been the drive in my life to not only experience, but also to write or express the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram experiences that I have had, and to share with others the beauty of life that I have had the grace to experience.

*i have walked through
the fragrance of every season
through fields of butterflies and dreams
with everything beautiful and sad
touching my heart
sometimes we were hand-in-hand
and sometimes we were apart*

I do *walk through the fragrance of every season* because I spend a lot of time walking and reflecting. Like so many others before me, my life has been on the journey to commune with God, being in love with love. So *i have walked in every season* and have tried to develop appreciation for life, which is my understanding of worshiping God. *through fields of butterflies and dreams*...Monarch butterflies gather in a field near St. John's University in St. Cloud, Minnesota. Hundreds of thousands of them gather before they continue their migration. One day I was meditating in the chapel at St. John's University.* I often went for a walk in a field next to the university. This day the field was full of Monarch butterflies. It was amazing to be walking through a field of thousands of butterflies.

* St. John's University in St. Cloud, Minnesota is a beautiful university and also a monastery. From about 1977 until I moved to Arizona in 1985, I would regularly visit the campus and chapel. I would feel a very strong spiritual inspiration and connection there, especially when I was meditating there, either when on the grounds, in the chapel, or listening to the monks chanting the Gregorian Chants.

*and just like Cohen said
i'm just passing through
sometimes happy and sometimes blue
just passing through
and I'm glad that i ran into you*

This is about coming to the moment, appreciating the Sundaram, and knowing that the beauty of life is all around. If you can appreciate being alive at the physical, it will lead to the Om Shivam, to wanting to feel the harmony of "Let Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." This Shivam will lead to wanting to feel and experience the ecstasy of the Word that manifests all the way to the physical and back again to the formless. If you focus and allow yourself to have an open heart when you experience some form of beauty (Sundaram), like I did with the butterflies, it can take you back to the Word. The expression of the Divine Impulse goes all the way to the physical, and if you catch the ride at the physical through appreciation or focusing on something beautiful, you can ride that wave of beauty to the harmony (Shivam), and to the Satyam or love that goes all the way back to the God Consciousness. *i'm just passing through and i'm glad i ran into you*...is about the appreciation of the moment, knowing that the moment will come and go, and the sharing of that moment in thought, word, and deed, or even just sharing the vibration emanating from your wonderful heart/mind.

*and i remember a sweet summer night
there were fireflies and the milky way
to light up our way
as we looked for constellations
and counted all the falling stars of the night
we walked along
sharing our longings and our desires
as it rained down fire from the sky*

This stanza is about all the nights I walked beneath the stars, alone or with someone, and stared up at the stars, and talked about the meaning or the purpose of life. *as we looked for constellations* is a specific reference to Maggie because she was interested in the constellations; me, I just loved the starry nights and falling stars...*it rained down fire from the sky*.

*and i felt that fire
in my body and my soul
when we touched*

*and i watched in wonder
as we came together that night*

This stanza is about the tantric experience. When we are first born, we are at the physical, at the Sex or pleasure level, interested only in the physical. As children mature, they want to add Love, the feeling of being connected to others. As the soul matures more, they want to add Prayer or Thankfulness, or the appreciation of all life, both manifested and unmanifested. When the soul matures still more, they want Transcendence, which is that pure Satyam Consciousness that is eternal and beyond all form. After they experience Transcendence, they come back down with Prayer and Thankfulness, Love, and finally the physical, Sex. Tantra is the path of developing appreciation of the complete and wholistic cycle (the breath of God), which has both the inhalation and the exhalation.* The inhalation is Sex, Love Prayer, Transcendence, and the exhalation is Transcendence, Prayer, Love, Sex, which is another way of *looking through the eyes of God*. When you *see through the eyes of God*, when you have that Satyam nature, all of life is dynamic. Being in, or having an appreciation of, the moment happens when you have your Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature. This is what this stanza is all about. *and I felt that fire in my body and soul when we touched* isn't referring just to the physical lover I was walking with under the stars, but was also referring to that connection with Om Satyam (my beloved), which my soul was feeling connected to. *as we came together that night* was me coming together with Om Satyam, with form and the physical lover, as well as the pure Satyam Consciousness without form.

*and my heart awakened and touched eternity
in that dance with you*

When the heart is open, the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of the soul and of God is there. *Eternity* is the formlessness (pure Satyam), where you can experience God, that always has been, is now, and forever shall be. *in that dance with you...*the dance is looking to appreciate God, or desire to feel union, in both form and formlessness.

*i have walked and i have danced
and i have gotten down on my knees
and prayed
on this ole journey through my life
but i know there has been nothing
in the heavens or on earth
that touched my heart
the way you have touched me*

* Tantra: See page 36, and footnote on page 36.

It should seem obvious, but rarely is, that nothing touches the heart except Satyam consciousness. When one can focus on only this Satyam consciousness, one will experience the ecstasy of God, or Love. The relationships or forms in our life may be different, but the Satyam (Love) is the same Satyam as the God (Satyam) Consciousness that permeates all life. This poem is about being in love with Satyam..

*like a dance of fire and light
like a dance i would like to dance
through the night with you*

fire and light symbolizes both the creation (manifested), and the formless (unmanifested), and this has been what this poem is meant to express. My life has been filled with one common thread, which has been the strong desire and drive to be in love, and not to settle for anything less than Satyam Consciousness itself, both in the temporary and the eternal.

Nineteen

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

*LIKE A ghost from another time
you came walking through my dreams
in the middle of the night
there were sunrays glimmering
in your long strawberry hair
that became golden
as it cascaded down your shoulders
and went spilling across your breasts*

Hazrat Inayat Khan says humanity, or the soul, is the limitation of God, and God is the potential of humanity, or the soul. *like a ghost from another time, you came walking through my dreams.* This experience started as a light-form coming towards me. Then it began to manifest as a female form that turned into Maggie when she was young and had long strawberry red hair...*there were sunrays glimmering in your long strawberry hair that turned golden as it cascaded down your shoulders and went spilling across your breasts.* There was a golden aura that was radiating from her as she walked

towards me, very similar to the aura I saw around her the first time we met in college, *like a ghost from another time.*

*you were walking towards me
with a smile filled with sunlight and beauty
just like you were walking
through the Garden of Eden
for the first time
in love with everything you saw*

I was experiencing the energy of the light that had manifested in the form of Maggie walking towards me, in her youthful body. With the golden aura and radiance, she turned into a feminine version of someone I did not recognize, but that was equally beautiful, which I interpreted as the universal female quality. She then turned back into Maggie, who was now walking through a garden, with trees and flowers and a lot of green plants, blossoms, and sunshine, delighting in and *in love with everything you saw.*

*and when the moon finally arrived
so full and so swollen
we were standing naked in the water
with the soft light of a full moon
lighting up the way
helping us to unlock our hearts*

Once again we are back to the Maggie and myself, and now *we were standing naked in the water.* When we were first married, we lived at my parents resort on a lake. The summer nights could be hot and humid, and sometimes we would go down to the lake to cool down, *with the soft light of the full the moon lighting up the way. the soft light of the moon* was both literal, and also symbolizes the mayac sheath along with Original Sin, or the aspect that something external will fulfill you. This *soft light* showing us the way, is about how the illusion of the procreation instinct or the attraction of the male/female dynamics has an effect on humanity, or had an influence on me. Warm summer nights with moonlight shining from above and the young bodies naked in the water—this dream brought subconscious memories of my youth, of time when Maggie and I were naked in the water, which brought me out of the dream, leaving me with memories that began to trigger superconscious memories.

*i looked into your eyes
as we were surrendering to the moment
and i could feel the beauty of your soul
moving against my body
like a dance
that touched both heaven and earth
inflaming my desire
for more heaven and earth
and you*

Maggie was the first person that I saw the soul radiating through to the physical. Because of that experience in college, it was easy to see the soul's radiance from her the majority of the time spent with her. This allowed me to literally see our relationship as both mystical and physical...*and I could feel the beauty of your soul moving against my body...that touched both heaven and earth.*

By the time we had actually gotten married, I was meditating and working on expanding my understanding of the mystical. A lot of times, the material form would turn into shimmering light, or the shimmering light in meditation would turn into forms or visions. This was kind of an ongoing thing for me. This is what was happening. Once again, this experience was taking place in my meditation/yoga nidra^{*}/dream rest. *and I could feel the beauty of your soul...the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram...moving against my body like a dance that touched both heaven and earth.* The Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram Consciousness was there, the love, harmony, beauty, joy, bliss, ecstasy, but I also began to feel sensual or sexual sensations *moving against my body*. That was not unusual when I was younger, but very unusual in my sixties, especially with a dream lover, as beautiful and sensual as she was.

*and when i awoke
i could not tell
if it was day or night
whether i was having a dream or a memory
maybe even a time yet to come
yet it all seemed pretty real
like an ancient déjà vu*

This literally means that when I woke up from the yoga nidra/rest/dream, there was so much light filling the room that I didn't know if it was daylight, morning, nighttime, or what is it? As I became more alert/awake, *as I laid there I became aware of*

* **Yoga nidra:** The yogic sleep; the capacity to remain consciously aware during deep sleep; the superconscious state (turiya). The ultimate state of yoga nidra, in which the barriers between waking, dreaming, and deep sleep are lifted, revealing the simultaneous operation of conscious, subconscious, and superconscious mind. The result is a single, enlightened state of consciousness (turiya).

you laying next to me...and...I could not tell if this was just a dream, or if it was a memory, or a prophesy of a time to come.

*but as i laid there i became aware
of you lying next to me
and i could see the moonlight
touching your body
as if caressing you
was its only purpose
for shining down upon the earth*

When I woke up from this dream, Maggie was lying next to me, and the room was filled with moonlight. Then there were the memories of when we were younger, and also of approximately twelve years ago when Maggie and I were at the cabin in Strawberry. We had just gotten Max, and being a puppy, he didn't want us far away, so we couldn't sleep upstairs. We decided to pull the mattresses downstairs and sleep on the floor. Later that night, I woke up and there was a big moon with light shining in on Maggie's body. I just sat there for a while and gazed at her body being bathed in moonlight, and then stepped outside. That night was approximately twelve years ago, and on this night of the dream/yoga nidra, I also stepped outside and there was a breeze and it was moving the trees, plants, and bushes in our backyard, and the shadows were dancing, just like twelve years earlier in Strawberry. When I woke up from this mystical dream, simultaneously both the material and mystical were happening. It wasn't just a dream, but also it was happening in real-time, and was also triggering superconscious memories of events of my past. Simultaneously and harmoniously, all the events were happening, showing the interconnectedness of the soul, causal, astral, and physical.

*when i got up from the bed
and stepped outside
there was a sweet fragrance to the night
and there were shadows moving in the breeze
like dancers embracing their desire
moving in the rhythm of the moonlight*

the sweet fragrance was both the literal fragrance and symbolic of the bliss. The sweetness of experiencing Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, whether in meditation, or a sunset, or a beautiful person, or a relationship, however it comes, this divine nectar (bliss) has a sweetness to it. The mystical actually touches all five astral senses. It is hard to explain how it happens, but it does; I'll just leave it at that. *and there were shadows moving in the breeze like dancers embracing their desires.*

*and the Revelator was speaking
about the beauty and the love
and every step of the journey
that makes it all worth while*

The Revelator is the Christ/Krishna Consciousness. What I was experiencing was about coming to the moment. I was also having a deepening revelation about what really makes life worth living, which is coming to the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature. There is no greater purpose in life than to experience the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of life (God).

*as i stood there
bathing in that holy stream
once again i could not tell
if it was day or night
or even if it was heaven or earth
that i was standing upon*

It was one of those “half here/half there” moments. I was standing out there on my back patio in the summer of 2011. I wondered, “Am I still dreaming? Is this a vision? Is this a meditation? Am I literally here at the physical?” I’m sure some of you have had experiences where you are coming out of meditation and you don’t know what time it is, or where you are. This experience was powerful; it was also mixed with the memory of twelve years ago, and a few other things thrown in for good measure...like the *Garden of Eden* and *dancers embracing their desires*.

*i could only think about
what the Revelator was saying
that with every glimpse
of beauty
and the feeling of love
that beauty brought to my heart
is what the journey is all about
and if i did not want to get lost again
i would need to remember this*

As I was experiencing all this, I thought my life has been about trying to experience the love and beauty. When I was a teenager, my father said God created us to fulfill our duty. I told my father that God had created me to have fun. For me, to have fun

includes the pursuit of love, and beauty, and the freedom to do so. This stanza of the poem is just a more poetic way of expressing the feeling of love that beauty brought to my heart. If you pursue, or focus on the beauty of any experience, you will come to the moment, and by focusing on that moment, it will take you to Shivam and Satyam. This is one of the main reasons I switched from short poetry to longer poetry. The short poetry would take me 2–3 days or maybe a week to write, and that is how long I would focus on the experience. With the longer poetry, I am working on it for weeks, or even months, and part of my attention is always on this mystical experience—delighting in and bathing in this experience. The longer it takes me to write the poem, the longer I get to bathe in the harvest of that experience.

*it got me to looking at the past
and all those times of tears
and broken hearts
and the loneliness i felt
when i was just standing there all alone
with teardrops running down my face
wishing my life was different*

As I was standing there, in this experience, I was wondering why in the past there were times of sorrow, grief, and pain. As I am bathing in the Holy Stream of what the Revelator, or Christ/Krishna Consciousness is revealing, I realize that at those times I was just standing still, or I wasn't making the effort to move forward. I was caught up in the idea of separateness. It was similar to my prayer to Divine Mother, * "Please appear to me in the form of the Divine Mother." I was asking the formless God Consciousness to appear in a form. With all the other forms She appeared in, I just kept saying, "No, not that one. Not that one. Yes, I see you behind that mask, that face, that gown, but that is not the one I want." I wanted to see the form of the formlessness, which she corrected my thinking by saying, "Lee, this is one of your more unreasonable requests." As I was standing there in the bliss, I'm not sure why, but I was also wondering about the times I had suffered. I had the experience at the age of three of knowing that God is eternal Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, yet there where times I also seemed to lose focus on that knowledge. Looking back, I realized that at those times of suffering, I was making no effort to move forward. I was just expecting the external to come to me, transform me, or just give to me, rather than me making the effort to embrace the wholistic. *and the loneliness I felt when I was just standing there all alone...with tears running down my face wishing my life was different.*

*and i could see the joy
that overwhelmed my heart
with every step i took
when i was walking towards you*

* Prayer and experience described on page 103.

*and the love and beauty
that was inflaming my soul
when i was willing to open my heart
and feel your touch*

The intent and the willingness to have an open heart, or look for love, beauty, and harmony is the effort we all need to make if we want to experience more love, harmony, beauty, and joy in this world and the next.

*and i could not help but think
as i stood there
with the tears of love and joy
moving down my face
i would love another dance
and kisses in the moonlight with you
when the next full moon rises*

I got to thinking that my life has been *days of laughter and moments of sorrow*, and with the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, that I was experiencing, I wouldn't mind taking another incarnation; I wouldn't mind continuing to learn and grow from the physical to the formless, including *the kisses in the moonlight* of the male/female dynamics. Learning and growing are the first and second secrets of the mystic, and from this perspective, taking another incarnation seemed like it would be an enjoyable time. *i could not help but think...i would love another dance and the kisses in the moonlight with you when the next full moon rises. when the next full moon rises...* is symbolic of the transition into the next yuga, the Treta Yuga. I was thinking that in a couple of thousand years, when it is a little bit lighter, I would love to come back again—*i could not help but think...i would love another dance and the kisses in the moonlight with you when the next full moon rises.*

A similar experience of samadhi, Christ/Krishna Consciousness (Revelator), and Maggie was expressed many years earlier 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*

* See pages 23-24, and 70 for more details of this poem.

Twenty

With each mystical experience, I focus on the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of God and my soul. The Satyam is the ecstasy of the soul, and the Shivam is “Let Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” or the harmony of patterns of living energy. The Sundaram is the appreciation of the beauty and joy, and the revelations or knowledge I am experiencing. While most of my attention is bathing in this bliss, joy, and ecstasy, part of my attention is also on the words that could best explain what I am experiencing, like those revelations that happened that night on the bridge (in 1974^{*}) that I could not hold onto. I bathe in the bliss of being in love and in looking for the beauty of all life. I desire to stay in that state of being in love. I am also trying to expand the experience out to be more wholistic, to “Let Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.” I also work on how to express or share this knowledge, either in my poetry or talks.

*AS I walked out into the evening
i saw the sun beginning to sink
into that red gold sky
and as i turned my head
the moon was rising in fiery red
i noticed the whole horizon
from east to west
seemed to be burning
in a golden-red crimson fire*

* Experience on bridge in 1974, see pages 24-25.

This spring* we had a monstrous dust storm, and for days afterwards there were dust particles in the air, which made for beautiful sunrises and sunsets. This was one of those beautiful sunsets that I happened to notice. Then after staring at the sunset for awhile, I turned my head to the east, and noticed that the moon was coming up, fiery red. As I stood there, looking back and forth, I noticed different hues of red from east to west as I was looking from the moonrise to the sunset. It was truly awe-inspiring and beautiful.

*it got me to thinking about
the world's condition
and if this was a sign
of fire to come
or just another beautiful sunset
for those who had eyes to see*

As I was standing there, looking back and forth, I *got to thinking about the world condition*, because all the news of the summer seemed to be focused on the economic recession, the negativity of politics, the meltdown in Japan, and other opinions on whether Armageddon was coming. It has been a pretty rough 2011. That *got me to thinking about* the prophesy of 2012, the Mayan calendar, and Nostradamus, and the world coming to an end. In late 2010, someone asked me what I thought about the world coming to an end in 2012, I just laughed and said, "I can make it that long." All this stuff started coming in as I was standing there looking around. Then I *got to thinking about* the news and issues of the time, and that *got me to thinking about* the condition of the world, and if this is *a sign of fire to come*.

*earlier that evening
on the six o'clock news
a man and woman were commenting
that they could not help but notice
the economy seemed kinda depressing
and the color of one's skin
still seemed to be an obstacle for far too many
that the blame game
was still everyone's favorite sport
and there seemed to be so many teardrops
all around the world*

This is what I noticed the news people were talking about, which mostly they aren't really reporting the news anymore, but more accurately, they are reporting their opinion of the events happening *around the world*, which is contributing to everyone's

* Spring of 2011

participation in *the blame game*. Blaming someone else or blaming circumstances is making someone or something external responsible for our happiness, and will just lead to more suffering. With the wars, revolutions, pestilence, diseases, all the natural disasters, and the recession and unemployment...*there seemed to be so many teardrops all around the world.*

*the holy land was having another holy war
or maybe a civil war this time
but it really doesn't matter what you call it
blood is still flowing
in their deserts tonight
just like it always has
since that serpent introduced good and evil
to that Garden of Eden*

the holy land was having another holy war...Some were calling the middle-East events occurring in the summer of 2011 *a civil war*, and some were calling it a revolution, and some were saying that people wanted democracy and freedom, and were willing to fight for it. What I noticed, with every comment of what it was all about, were the reports of all the people being killed...*but it really doesn't matter what you call it, blood is still flowing in their deserts tonight.* I was also wondering about the ethics, in thought, word, and deed, of encouraging people to rebel peacefully against a tyrant or warlord who would have no problem killing peaceful protesters in order to achieve their ends.

*Abel was looking a little older and sadder
but maybe a little wiser he hoped
and still talking about
family values and brotherly love
but Cain still wasn't having
any part of that deal
and so the story goes on and on*

We know about Cain and Able. Able was the “good” son, and Cain wanted what Able had, including the attention or praise of others, so he killed his brother to get it. This is also symbolic of the many who are willing to sacrifice their higher nature to try to satisfy their lower nature’s beliefs and desires. When you look around the world today, the eight meannesses of the human condition,* and the same greed and self-centeredness

*The eight meannesses of the human condition are: hatred, fear, grief, shame, condemnation, race prejudice, pride of pedigree, narrowness of thinking.

still seem so prevalent. Humanity seems to be struggling with the ethics of the Golden Rule, which we teach our children, but seem to dismiss when we become adults. The coming of the new age (Yuga) must be initiated with a reverence for all life, or the golden rule, in thought, word, and deed. This allows the coming of the new age to be different from the last age. This golden rule will lead to another golden age for humanity.

*and on the subject of global warming
of earthquakes and tsunamis
an island in the pacific
had turned radioactive
some were saying it was from greed
others were afraid it was
a meltdown of the golden rule
and yes there were too many tears
everywhere you looked*

Literally, what happened in Japan (2011 earthquake, tsunami, and nuclear core meltdown) was an atrocity because it was a meltdown based on both greed and saving face. To save money they cut some corners when they built the nuclear plants. They also tried to cut corners to save money when they were working on shutting the damaged plant down after the earthquake. Then, to compound their greed with self-centeredness, they didn't tell their own people or the world how bad the radiation leak really was. They allowed people to stay in the danger zone and be poisoned by the radiation to keep the rest of the world from knowing how bad the radioactive fiasco really was. Yet, as bad as the incident was, there has still been no strong outcry from the world leaders, the United Nations, or even the people of Japan and others affected around the world. There has been no demand that nuclear plants, worldwide, have safety inspections that would insure the safety of the people and future generations. So, *others felt it was a meltdown of the golden rule.*

*and for the human interest story
ironically Adam is wondering
if the price for organic apples
is a little too high
and are they really building a fence
to keep him out of Paradise*

Adam is wondering if the price for organic apples is a little too high... This is about the procreation instinct and the male/female relationships, which seem to be struggling at this time (the high rate of divorce, babies being born out of wedlock, women and children being raped and molested all around the world). When we do not balance the ida and

pingala within we will seek our fulfillment externally in the opposite sex, thereby placing our happiness in the hands of someone else. *and are they really building a fence to keep him out of Paradise* is a reference to the border fence in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, and the racism and hypocrisy of that whole deal.

*while Eve is working on
letting go of the past
and looking for something new
she is still looking mighty good
in her designer clothes
and is that a touch of sorrow
i can see in her eyes
as she grows another day older*

The feminine part of the psyche is always trying to *let go of the past*. It is more interested in resurrection and finding something new rather than figuring out the past, or reincarnation. *Still looking mighty good in her designer clothes*, is about still being under the influence of the procreation instinct, and still wanting to look beautiful. *and is that a touch of sorrow I can see in her eyes as she grows another day older...* With the world condition the way it is, it is very difficult for the feminine nurturing nature to be at peace and not shed a tear. When life around you is suffering, you cannot help but feel some of that pain. Aging should be a process of gaining wisdom and sharing our harvest, while serving those that come after us, and should not be something we look at with sadness or regret.

*and we are all wondering
if maybe the devil is on the loose again
or maybe this really is the time for Armageddon
or just the same old merry-go-round
and those same old wheels
that just seem to keep going round and round
carrying us to that same old graveyard*

This is just a little tongue-in-cheek about all the prophecies of the end, whether it is the doomsday clock, or global warming, or *Armageddon*. I just get a little bored with hearing about how the end is always coming, and the solution is “the end of the world.” *the blame game is still everyone’s favorite sport...* is about how “life” is standing in the way of happiness. We need to address the issues and look for a solution, rather than accept that it is beyond our control. Humanity is responsible for and caretakers of the earth, not just ourselves, but everyone and everything on the earth. This is one of the

messages of the Garden of Eden story.

*until we are willing to make the effort
to find a way off this wheel
of birth and death
and discover a new way of life*

In the 14th century, 75% of Europe was wiped out by the Black Plague. Someone at that time said the end was near, yet we are still here. Some say it is worse now than it was back then. I'm sure that is not the case. I understand there are terrorists and suicide bombers that are killing twenty people here, and a hundred people there, or three thousand at the World Trade Center, and it seems beyond our control. There are also diseases and death, and close to one million young children being sold into sexual slavery every year, all over the world. This is not something new, or happening only in the current times, but has been happening since humanity moved into the descending Dwapara Yuga and Kali Yuga. It isn't worse now than it has ever been, it is just that with rapid news delivery we are more aware of what is going on around the world. However, we do need *to find a way off this wheel of birth and death*. Life is a continuum, whether on earth or on some other plane of existence, and we can be aware of our wholistic life. Unless we make the effort, with greater awareness, knowledge, and compassion, to improve our life and the life of those around us, we have missed the whole point of being here. *and those same old wheels*, our habits and beliefs, will *carry us to that same old graveyard*.

*and as i was standing there in awe
i got to thinking about me
for i was being so overwhelmed
with everything i was seeing
and it even crossed my mind
maybe i was being a little bit seduced
by the stark beauty of your nakedness
i really wasn't all that sure about
the state of my heart
with everything that was happening around me*

I was standing and looking at the phenomenal beauty of the sunset and the moon rising, and the beauty all around. There was the awareness and memory of the world events of the last year, of the news, and how that was affecting everyone. I literally saw the recession as being caused by greed and fear. I was thinking about how sad all this was, especially about building a fence to keep the Mexican people out America, when all they wanted was to work and provide food and clothing for their families. I even began to

wonder if maybe I should take up a more political stand or a verbal protest role. The thought of “*with everything that was happening around me*” let me know I was getting caught up in the ego and the idea of separateness.

The state of being caught up in the beauty of the physical was beginning to tempt me with memories of other moments of beauty I had been experiencing lately. *maybe i was being a little bit seduced* was recognizing the temptation to suppress the suffering of humanity, and focusing on the beauty of the sunset. Instead, I began to look for a wholistic solution. This allowed me to appreciate and delight in the beauty of the creation, and that allowed me to go beyond the either/or polarity of the beauty of nature, or suffering of humanity dualism, which I seemed so close to being drowned in.

*within the beauty of the night
the rising of the moon
and the setting of the sun
and that fire that was still burning
from horizon to horizon
i just started hoping and praying
i would be able to embrace it all
without losing my soul to the devil tonight*

All the thoughts and feeling were having an effect on me as I was looking at the beauty of the sunset, and thinking about the suffering of humanity, and thinking I needed to start doing something. So, I started chanting the sacred mantras or songs, for I felt I was once again *racing the devil to the finish line*. Instead of just *a teardrop* or two, I needed to be sure I wasn't getting caught up in this whole lower nature stuff, and it would be “crying time again,” to borrow from another poet (Buck Owens).

*it almost embarrasses me to say this
but i was so busy with myself
i almost missed Leela
dancing across the sky
pulling the curtain open for the evening show
and there were all of Pandora's dancers
poised on the stage
waiting for the band to play that opening number*

I was getting so caught up in the news and my impression of the reports on the world condition. Everyone I knew seemed to be struggling, not just economically, but also emotionally and spiritually. Thinking about all that, *i almost missed Leela*. “*Leela*” is the cosmic play, or known as the creation, which includes the mayac sheath, the idea of dualism, the knower and the known, the poet and his beloved, the lover and his beloved.

As I stood there chanting, I once again started becoming aware that this is a cosmic play, and that everyone does have free will. We can stand there and wish our life would be different, or we can make our life different by making the effort to look for more beauty and joy, filling it with more Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram. I made the effort to once again make the connection with the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of my soul and God, rather than drown in the great flood of the lower nature—in the thoughts, feelings, or actions of the lower nature...*all of Pandora's dancers poised on the stage.*

*well that evening's performance rolled in
with thunder on the mountains
and lightning across the sky
and i thought i could hear harps
and angels singing in the background
and the night seemed to be filled
with so much desire for more*

Soon there was lightning and thunder being added to the evening sky. *and i thought i could hear harps and angels singing in the background...*my superconscious began to open up, and I literally thought I heard harps and angels. I looked around to see if someone was playing a CD in their car, because it sounded like a choir singing, and it felt like it was physically vibrating my eardrums. The intensity of the whole experience began to expand, from the physical beauty to angels singing, and desire to experience more.

*as i was standing there enjoying the moment
the rains came down
and they came down so damn hard
they washed away some of my past sins
some of the sorrow and old memories
that i was willing to let go of*

My superconscious memory began to open up, plus I was also remembering all the flooding of this past year, from all the rains that seemed to occur everywhere. 2011 seemed to have more natural disasters occur than in the entire previous decade. The memories of the 2011 flooding reminded me of the transformation that can happen when we are *willing to let go of* our ego beliefs and embrace something new. I also understood that it was easier for me to see this philosophically, since I had no personal property, belongings, or loved ones washed away by the floods. With the ego, it is always a matter of ownership rather than just theory, sort of “it depends on whose oxen are being gored.” Still, we must take every opportunity to look for the love, harmony, beauty and joy in life, and I was able to do this when I let go of the limited and began to experience the wholistic, the beauty of the Holy Stream all the way to the physical.

*and I could see Leela was laughing
as she danced from horizon to horizon
changing gowns as rapidly
as the sun was sinking
seemingly wearing
every color of passion imaginable
expressing her delight with her every song
and the smile in her eyes
and the sheer beauty of her body
took my breath away
as she moved across the sky*

As evening was coming with the lightning and thunder, it was getting darker, and the shades of red were changing, getting more intense. I was getting more focused on the sheer intensity of the beauty and the joy I was feeling. *Leela* is portrayed as a woman. Although I'm not sure who first saw creation as feminine, I am sure some ancient poet used it as his imagery to symbolize his love affair with God in the form. This lover and beloved imagery also works very well for me, as a mystic and a poet, even though I do not limit God to any one form. The imagery of the lover and his beloved captures the intensity of my love for the triune nature of God (Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram) being experienced in the creation and the wondrous harmony and beauty of the form. Whether it is the wondrous beauty of this evening's sunset and storm, or the awe inspiring ocean beaches that I have walked on, or the sheer beauty of the human form, the "lover and beloved" concept of *Leela* works well for me. As Dylan said, "I've been sitting down here studying the art of love; I think it will fit me like a glove."

*as i watched her every motion
my desire began to grow
it seemed i could not help myself
for i was being caught up in her beauty
like it was some kind of magic spell
being cast on my heart
just like those kisses
and slow dances of my youth
that had carried my young heart away*

With the superconscious memories and the beauty of the sky, my desire was growing, my desire to experience the wholisticness of God, the wholisticness of being created in the image of God. The overwhelming physical beauty of the sunset, and the rising of the moon, and the thunderstorm had inspired all this. The thunder was powerful

enough that I could feel the vibrations against my body. I was getting caught up in the whole experience. Added to this were the inner senses, and the idea of the harmonious beauty of the creation. As Lao Tzu says, the greatest miracle is to chop wood and draw water...not to get caught up in my ego or my ideas of the way life should be, but in just the worship and appreciation of what is. You have to understand, I was not in the Garden of Eden, and I was not in an isolated spot in nature. I was standing on the streets of 104th Ave. and Monterosa, in the middle of a busy city, surrounded by human activity, but all around me was overwhelming beauty, which was triggering other times of overwhelming beauty...*for I was being caught up in her beauty like it was some kind of magic spell being cast upon my heart.*

just like those kisses and slow dances of my youth. When a person first begins to explore *those kisses and slow dances* and romances, something beautiful and innocent begins to happen in the heart and gives these overwhelming feelings of love and hope for happiness, and this night was turning into that.

*later that evening i found myself
walking in the summer rain
with the lightning and thunder
off in the distance
there was the smell of lilacs
in the air
and my heart was overflowing with joy
and i was feeling a little bit mesmerized
by the beauty of you on this night*

I had gone into the house to get dry and meditate, and remain connected to the experience of the cosmic play, and the beauty of the creation, of the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of the creation. When I went out again, it was still raining. The thunder and lightning were off in the distance. *there was the smell of lilacs in the air*, which came from my memory because there are no lilacs in my neighborhood. *and my heart was overflowing with joy.* I don't even question when I smell lilacs or other fragrances of my superconscious memories. Lilacs is a fragrance I grew up with and often smell. When I was growing up, there were a couple of giant lilac bushes around our house. One was outside my bedroom window. When I would play in our backyard in the summer time, or be lying in my bed at night, the smell of lilacs would be permeating the air. The smell of lilacs takes me back to my youth, a time of innocence, hope and laughter. This was very similar to the joy and purity of my appreciation of Leela on this night.

*it might have been a little presumptuous of me
but i got to thinking
that just like Elijah ascending
in his fiery chariot*

*or Jacob climbing up his ladder
i was walking in the summer rain
to the summit of every man's hope
that place where devils and angels gather
to sing hallelujah
and dance to that holy rhythm
that can be heard by those
whose heart is open*

When you ascend to the level of the heart chakra, the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of the soul, you then wish that for everyone. *just like Elijah ascending in his fiery chariot*, obviously Elijah transcended past the soul to the God Consciousness. *Jacob climbing his ladder* was transcended to his higher nature, or the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, God Conscious nature. Every man's higher nature hopes for peace and good will, where *devils and angels can gather together to sing hallelujah and dance to that holy rhythm*, This can take place when we have an open heart, or come to the fourth chakra, the level or the realm of the soul. This experience was helping me to attain an open heart. Having this open heart, and the willingness to surrender to the beauty of the evening, brought me to Shivam Consciousness (seeing the harmony of life). This ultimately led to the Satyam Consciousness, with the feelings of being overwhelmed by the love (Satyam).

*and from that lofty tower of the soul
i began to see
how you had tempted me
with the promise of each new virgin petal
of that pure lotus flower*

This stanza is a reference to when I was younger, and occasionally now, and seeking knowledge or wisdom. Meditating, and trying to understand dharma, life, and God, I would get to that place of bliss and joy, even samadhi, and the Christ/Krishna Consciousness would open up, and I would get revelations and insights. Then I would start evaluating them. *and from that lofty tower of the soul*, when I was *feeling* the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, *i began to see how you had tempted me with the promise of each new virgin petal of that pure lotus flower*. I left that space of love to try to "understand" with my limited mind. I went down to the mind to try to bring "Let Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." I left the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature to try to figure out how to bring a revelation and put it into practical everyday use. As soon as I activated the mind, I would lose that loving feeling. Sometimes I felt this was worthwhile, but I came to understand this was the illusion of maya tempting me to leave the state of Satyam, so I could do something that would bring Satyam. And this is the insidiousness of Original Sin, believing that we need something or someone to complete us or allow us to experience Satyam. So we go off romancing a lover, or an idea, or even our beliefs of an external God, in order to find something external to complete us.

*i could hear off in the distance
the music of the songbirds
acting like an aphrodisiac
that all lovers have requested
with every smile
and every kiss in the moonlight
and every beat of my heart*

This stanza is about the lover and beloved relationship, of the male/female dynamics, that so many seem to get lost in. Sometimes the experiences within creation have so much love and beauty within them they escalate. This is very similar to young lovers falling in love, with the feeling of falling head-over-heels in love, growing stronger every moment. Once again the lover and his beloved imagery fits so perfectly with the expression of *the mystic and the poet*.

*and i prayed for that touch
that would be so holy
it would burn like a sacred fire
that reaches my soul
as the union of my body and yours
surrenders into perfection*

It was raining and I was still walking and experiencing this wholistic experience, and I could hear a mockingbird sing. It reminded me of walking in the rain in my youth, of walking with lady friends in this incarnation and others, and ultimately with Maggie, and having kisses, having the passion and excitement, and wanting it to escalate into more passion and intensity...*music of songbirds acting like an aphrodisiac that all lovers have requested*. This is about the procreation instinct. This instinct demands an escalation of passion, an escalation of intensity, and an escalation into meaningfulness, from just wanting or desiring more passion, sensuality, and sexuality into wanting love, family, to be part of a community, and when those are not enough, to ultimately to have union with God...*the soul calls out for more*.

i prayed for that touch that would be so holy to burn like a sacred fire in my soul as the union of my body and yours surrenders into perfection. Because of my experience at the age of three, I did not look for fulfillment through sexual union with another person, or even family, or community, although it was a part of my life. I tried to bring the ida and pingala together, even though I didn't have terms for them in my youth. I tried to bring the small self, the soul, together with the large Self, God, so the soul (Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram) could be in union with God (Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram).

This is what this last line is about...*would be so holy to burn like a sacred fire in my soul...the passion or the fire to commune with God, as the union of my body and yours surrenders into perfection.* You go from sabikalpa samadhi and immerse into the Holy Stream, and the Christ/Krishna Consciousness, and ultimately, the absolute Satyam Consciousness without form.

oh Leela

*you tempt my heart so
i know there are some who say
you are the devil's favorite daughter
but i have seen the beauty of your soul
and i have looked into your eyes
and seen all the way to love*

Sometimes it seems so easy to get lost in the love and beauty, especially when it comes so easy, like this evening. However, the vibration of the mass consciousness will still pull you down to the lower nature of ego-mindedness (idea of ownership) if you are not careful about what thoughts and feeling find a home in your heart/mind...*there are some who say you are the devil's favorite daughter.*

*i have felt your soft kisses
and your sacred touch
on my body
as we danced in the moonlight
and i love how your passion and desire
washes over me
as we hold each other close at night*

Leela is the cosmic play. As a mystic and a poet, this is the view I have of creation. It is the lover and beloved, the cosmic play is with God in form. The delight in the beauty, joy, passion, and intensity of the wholistic experience is the true love affair. It can include physical lovers, family, and friends, the appreciation of the beauty of nature, the bliss of samadhi, and the union with God in form and formless.

In my early 20's I wrote a poem:

*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 poem expresses the seeking of more intensity of love, beauty, and joy within the cosmic play. *desiring more mountains and deserts* is not of Original Sin (the idea of separateness and ownership), but is about seeking the *feeling* of the connection of the lover and the beloved, of *feeling* the connection of the small self of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram of the soul with the large Self of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, the triune nature of God. I don't see the mayac sheath and the creation as Satan or the devil. I don't see the cosmic play as *the devil's favorite daughter*. I see the cosmic play, the Word, the creation, and law of karma all as God the Absolute in motion, *the dance and the dancer are one*.

oh Leela

*i know you are trying to steal my soul away
and i willingly give you this
you are the most exciting and beautiful lover
i have ever known
and everybody knows
i already gave you my heart*

you are the most exciting and beautiful lover is about Jnana Yoga, the love and joy of continuously learning and growing. *already gave you my heart* is the bhakti and karma yoga aspect of my worship or the mystic's and poet's appreciation of the form, but *my soul* belongs to the (Satyam) God Consciousness that is in both the formless and with form. *and everybody knows*...people who know me, know that I want to talk about my beloved, the triune nature of God, all the time. As Sri Yukteswar once said, "Where God is uninvited, neither do I want to go."

*so with the rising of the moon
and the setting of the sun
you got me hoping and praying
for a little more time
so we can dance with that fire
across the desert tonight*

By this time, the moon had risen and the sun had set, but I was still caught up in

the experience. I was *hoping and praying for a little more time*, a little more intensity of being caught up, or bathing in, Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram between my soul and the soul of God. *so we can dance with that fire across the desert tonight*, so the intensity of the sunset and the rising moon and the sky, and the expanding of the bliss of the experience would last the whole night. I think I went to bed around 7 a.m. that morning, still bathing in the bliss as I drifted off to rest. I would have bathed longer, but I needed to get up at 9:30 to go to work, and I wanted time to spend in the formless Satyam Consciousness.

*for there is still
a warm summer's rain falling
and the night is still swollen
with our desire
so tonight will be ours
and we will hold each other close
until tomorrow comes*

and the night is still swollen with our desire, is my desire to continue this experience, in wanting to bathe in this experience, to delight in this Holy Stream while at the physical. *so tonight will be ours and we will hold each other close until tomorrow comes*, is the going out and seeing the sunset, the rising of the big red moon, appreciating the beauty, and wanting to feel the connection to the whole. Reflecting on the conditions of the world, and the beauty of this storm, and appreciating the karma being worked through with all the natural disasters in 2011, still I was not getting caught up in the ideas of separateness of the cosmic play to the point of losing the bliss and ecstasy of the Holy Stream. My desire was to worship the Word completely, from subtle to gross, and dance between the form and formless, and to hold the awareness of Shiva and Shakti ever being in union.

*but before the morning sun comes up
with our bodies still intertwined
we will cast aside our clothing
and dive into that fire
and dance into love*

The whole evening, from around 7 p.m. when I first stepped outside, until about 7 a.m. the next morning when I was getting ready for bed, I worked, hoped (desired), and prayed so that I could keep alive this experience of love and beauty within the form, and at the end of it all, dive into the absolute pure Satyam consciousness...*with our bodies still intertwined we will cast aside our clothing and dive into that fire and dance into love*

*and when the morning sun rises
all we will have left
is our memories
of a love that once was
and a love that is eternal
and a heart and soul that dance as one*

This last stanza is very difficult to explain, but I will try. We can have these experiences of bathing in the Holy Stream, the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature. If we are disciplined and focused, we will also be able to dive into love, the Satyam Consciousness when we meditate. When we come back out, that love we experienced in association with form will be a love that we once had, and is now a memory. Now we are experiencing the love that is the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram of our nature, and we have a new day, a new moment. This is why it is so important to learn to surrender to the moment. It is important to accept or embrace the preciousness of each moment and each day of our life. We can have this love affair with Leela, the cosmic play, during our active time. Then we must dive into the stillness of the Satyam Consciousness without form in our meditation. We then come back out for the next creative day. Our life can be filled with one hand on our beloved (formless Satyam Consciousness) and one hand on the sunrise of the new day (Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram consciousness with form).

We can focus on the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of life (God) and begin to live within the realm of our higher nature until we are ready to go to bed, or have the peace of meditation, and dive into the pure Satyam Consciousness. Then we will come back out knowing we have another opportunity to fall in love, spend another day with our beloved, until we again want the peace and ecstasy of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram without form. This is the state they call enlightenment, the state they call Realization. This is possible to attain for anyone who is sincere and willing to have the discipline to attain it, because it is our very nature. Our Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature is the same Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram of God.

Twenty One

The 2012 Retreat Poem is about the Sacred Fire, about seeing the essence behind the form, within the form, and of the form.

*WELL HERE I sit
watching the rain fall
along with some old memories
of a younger man's life*

I was sitting watching the rain fall, and memories started happening, like they do with everyone. There were *memories of a younger man's life*, memories of my younger days, of this incarnation and a few others, so I began to write down this poem.

*memories of lost years
and chasing illusions
of lover's broken promises
and bouquets of flowers and tears*

*memories of lost years and chasing illusions...*I could see clearly how I had gotten caught up in Original Sin. I could see how I had spent wasted years chasing what I thought was the truth. *of lover's broken promises and bouquets of flowers and tears*. If one has the courage of self-honesty, they will be able to see, like I was,...*all of my sins*

being laid out before me like a feast at the devil's table...to see all the beliefs of what one thinks will bring love and happiness into our life, seeing how we have the samskaras of both incompleteness and separateness that need to be worked through and gone beyond.

*of a search for love
in the music and the wine
and in all the beauty of the earth
even in the heavens above*

From the age of three, when I had the experience of being out of the body and communing with God, and experienced Satyam, which is the nature of God and also everyone's nature, I have spent the rest of my life trying to get back to that state of consciousness. This has been my spiritual journey. Before I had the sacred mantras, I tried looking for love everywhere...in relationships, in studies, in athletics, in music, in wine. This is what this stanza is about...*and in all the beauty of the earth*, about my time seeking beauty, and trying to express this love and beauty with words, with art, and philosophy, and my poetry...*even in the heavens above*. Life, for me, has been about seeking the beauty of essence and form, inclusive of the inner essence radiating all the way through to the physical manifestation of beauty.

*and as the rain falls
the moment seems hidden
along with my soul
in the shadows of the dance*

Unless one is ever-vigilant, the influences of the mayac sheath and Original Sin will blind a person to the beauty of life and God. Then we must once again make the effort to identify with our wholistic nature, and see the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of our soul and life.

*of sunlight and moonlight
and warm summer days
and long starry nights
and how it was*

This is about those moments when we get caught in the illusion, or idea of separateness, and can no longer feel the love. *the moment seems hidden*...we cannot come to the moment (our eternal nature). Thoughts are distracting us. The past, the

future, ideas or beliefs, are distracting us *and the moment seems hidden*. And *along with my soul...* is when we are not feeling that love, or our Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature, when we are not identifying with our soul. *in the shadows of the dance...* the dance of *sunlight and moonlight and warm summer days and long starry nights and how it was with you*. The dance I get lost in is in the three bodies,* this dance that catches so many of us and makes it difficult to realize our wholistic nature. The cosmic dance can be beautiful or painful, depending on whether we are identifying with our wholistic or limited nature.

*to dance with you
in the summer rain
how we laughed and cried
and held each other tight*

This is the beginning of being open to life, to truly feel open-hearted and open with life, with the summer rains, with the animals, with nature, with human beings, with friends, with family and even as young lovers. *to dance with you in the summer rain how we laughed and cried and held each other tight...* this is coming to that state of love, beginning with family, evolving into romance and love of another, even infatuation with the beauty of life, romance, even infatuation with another, the beginning of surrendering to the ever-newness of the Divine Impulse. It is the desire to feel connected to another, and experiencing this connection within the human family, and ultimately with all life (God).

*and if i close my eyes
i can still feel
the touch of your body
against my skin tonight*

Like everyone who has experienced love and wants more, there will be the desire to surrender and feel the ecstasy of the Satyam. Not only is this a memory for me this lifetime, but it is also a fairly universal feeling amongst lovers. Sometimes my memories just don't seem to stop once they start; like an avalanche, they go back in time, including other lifetimes and times in the heavens. *and if i close my eyes i can still feel the touch of your body against my skin tonight...* if one is willing to live in the moment, then their memories will be as full as the moment was, including all they were aware of in the moment. And there is no greater moment or memory that one can have than that feeling of ecstasy which love brings to our heart.

* The soul takes on three bodies; the causal, astral, and physical, to explore existence. These three bodies are all under the influence of Maya and Original Sin.

*oh the touch
of your golden body
against my soul
and on my skin tonight*

This stanza is expressing more than just the body and senses. It is experiencing the beauty of the soul radiating through. When it is no longer enough to have just the physical senses (Sex), we will want to add Love. And when Sex and even Love are no longer enough, we will want more and must strive to attain Prayer (Thankfulness and Appreciation for all life). Then when Sex, Love, and Prayer do not fulfill us, we will seek Transcendence in order to experience our completeness, our wholistic nature, and the wholistic nature of all life.

*and your kisses
so sweet and warm
touching my heart
like sunlight on water*

This is about the surrender into Satyam (Love), the feelings of Love and ecstasy when one comes to the heart. This can happen with a literal kiss, a connection with another, or the Holy Stream...*your kisses so sweet and warm...*this union with God, the connection with the Christ/Krishna Consciousness, *and our kisses so deep and warm.*

*and our kisses
so deep and warm
started the fire
that inflames my soul*

*and our kisses so deep and warm started the fire that inflames my soul...*This stanza is about the experience that started with me seeing the soul within Maggie, when I first met her, prompting me to want to see the soul of everybody. For the next few years, I was obsessed with seeing the soul in everyone I encountered. It was easier to see in some, and more difficult in others. This is what this line means...*and our kisses so deep and warm started the fire that inflames my soul.* It is to look for that eternal Satyam in all forms and behind all the forms. This seeking is what truly helps make my life a journey towards the Open Path. This desire for Satyam is what I want to see and experience above all else. It allows me to live in the experience of seeking love and experiencing love. However, because no soul is omniscient, and because the Open Path includes the

Four Natural Inclinations,* there will be growing pains along the way. However, as Hazrat Inayat Khan said, one of the greatest secrets of happiness in this life, is in the continuous learning and growing, and the study of life and God is the greatest study of all.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
about those sweet kisses
that awakened my heart*

Before meeting Maggie, my experiences with love had been dichotomized. I could feel the love in the mystical experiences, and I could feel a limited form of love in my worldly experiences. However, the experience of seeing and feeling the beauty of her soul radiating from her body brought both heaven and earth together for a wholistic experience. With the (sattvic) effort, I was able to experience this wholisticness not only with her, but with others and with nature. I began to have experiences of Shiva and Shakti ever in union, with moments of sabikalpa samadhi, which I have made the effort to experience continuously.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
about that perfect touch
of your body against mine*

God is the *dance and the dancer*. God includes *both* the formless Satyam Consciousness, and also the Divine vibration of that Consciousness all the way into form. *and as the rain falls no one knows about that perfect touch of your body against mine...*this is the ecstasy that can be experienced with the union with the Christ/Krishna Consciousness (Word), and to feel the dynamics in our cells and in all the atoms of our body, which is happening all the time. This awareness of the Christ/Krishna Consciousness that permeates all life is a state of ecstasy filled with Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram. This ecstasy can also be experienced with the union of Shiva and Shakti in activity (Tantra), not just in the quiet or stillness of meditation (Shanti).

* **Four natural inclinations:** While exploring and expanding their vision and knowledge, the Mystics discover that the human being has four natural inclinations. 1) The first inclination is the desire to experience peace, love, or ecstasy. This is the *Om Satyam* nature and correlates to the eternal nature of the soul. 2) The second inclination is the desire to know and attain knowledge and power. This correlates with the *Om Shivam* and the causal body or the mind. 3) The third inclination is to enjoy, appreciate, and experience beauty and joy, which correlates to the *Om Sundaram* and the astral body. 4) The fourth inclination is action. We want to do, explore, and wholistically experience the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of all life, which is possible in the physical body.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
how my soul dances with you
in the summer rain*

At all times, I am looking to experience the dynamics of Satyam Consciousness. I'm not just talking about doing the mantra, *Om Satyam*, but to actually feel the bliss, intoxication, and energy in all my cells. This is about the awareness of that *perfect touch of your body against mine*, and then having this awareness while active...the *dances with you in the summer rain*. The *perfect touch* is to be inwardly aware of this Satyam (Soul) Consciousness, and to feel or experience this connection of all life.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
of this golden fire
that dances in the summer rain*

This stanza is about experiencing the bliss of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram. Although I am not a very extroverted person this incarnation, I am willing to write about my mystical experiences in my poetry. I am also willing to share my experiences and what is uplifting to the human spirit with my talks and spiritual retreats. The mystical is available to any who tread the inward journey with concentration and discipline because it is our eternal nature.

This poem expresses how inwardly I am experiencing the bliss, joy, and delight of life, without expressing the joy outwardly in an obvious or extroverted manner...*no one knows*...not making it obvious for the whole world to see. This does not mean that others cannot be aware of this joy that I feel, only that I am not calling attention to it with my words or behavior, other than in my poetry.

There are many very visible realized souls that offered to share their journey.* One of the many blissful Holy Ones that this planet has had in my lifetime was Bhagwan Sri Rajneesh (Osho). He was ostracized from many countries in the world. He came to America, and was eventually jailed in America on issues of freedom of religion, and then was released from jail. When he tried to go to other countries they would not let him in; his life seemed too controversial. Finally, his home country of India let him back in, but seemed reluctant to do so. And why this ostracizing from the world? Because he said that God is a celebration; life is a celebration; Sex is legitimate, along with Love and Prayer and Transcendence, and should be a celebration. The world does not seem quite ready to accept this mystical theology and delight in the celebration of life.

But there will be those who are willing to embrace the mystical journey, and it is these delightful souls that will come to my poetry with an open heart and enjoy the love and beauty and celebration that I attempt to share in this book. My life has been blessed

* See Reading List

with many mystical experiences and visions of Holy Ones, from childhood onward. I have attempted to express what was shared, with my poetry, and have even given a brief interpretation of the poems in this book, in order to share with others what has been shared with me.

*dances in the sunshine
and moonlit starry nights
dances on earth
and dances on the water*

I'm not just referring to a dance with a young lady in my youth. *dances in the sunshine and moonlit starry nights dances on earth and dances on the water*. Water is symbolic of consciousness, "Let Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven." This dance of wanting to be in love (Satyam) both in the heavens and on earth, and to have the Satyam (God) Consciousness at all times, is what true spirituality is about. This experience of pure Satyam is what the soul is calling out for, whether *in the summer rain* or *sunshine*, or *on earth*, or *in the heavens above*, and ultimately the formless God Consciousness. This celebration of love and beauty and the joy of living life, is what I have attempted to experience with my life and share with my poetry.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
of this golden fire
consuming my memories*

A few stanzas ago we had...*well here i sit watching the rain fall along with some old memories of a younger man's life*. Once this *golden fire* catches, it consumes the past, and even burns samskaras, helping us to attain freedom into life.

*burning all of the desires
in my body and my soul
like so many ashes in the wind
all except that one in my heart*

The longer we can identify with this intense Satyam feeling, this *golden fire* within us (the soul), the more we will burn the bonds of our samskaras, our memories and beliefs of incompleteness. When we come back from that experience, we just won't want to pick up the limitations of our samskaras again. We will just say, "As a child I ate as a child, spake as a child, and I played as a child. Now I have other things I would rather be

thinking about, and doing, and talking about.” We can leave our limited karma behind. We can continue on with our learning and growing because the grace of God (*Shalom*), the Word (*Om*), says that all has been given and we are complete. We are the ones who choose to identify with either this tiny limited past karma that is our view of reality, or with our higher nature. This small karmic bondage is such a minute part of life compared to all of God. We have free will, and we can choose to live with a larger more wholistic view of life.

*to dance with you
in the summer rain
and laugh and cry
and touch your golden body*

My poetry is about the beauty and delight of this love affair that I have with Satyam or the Sacred Fire. The Sacred Fire is this love of love, recognizing and seeing it in all the beauty, the harmony of the essence, and in the forms of both heaven and earth. *with the delirious intensity of losing control I have danced on the mountain **tops** insanely high **and** crawled across desert floors dangerously **low** desiring more mountains and deserts.* I look to expand my vision of life or God by seeking more mountains and deserts, more essence and form, even though it will bring both laughter and tears.

We must accept the creation as having both positive or unlimited (sattvic) and negative or limited (tamasic) qualities within it. We cannot know God, appreciate life, or even be happy without this understanding and acceptance. However, that being stated, we have control of the amount of sattvic or tamasic thoughts, words, and deeds in our life, and thus we can be a master of our destiny by our vision, knowledge, and joy of life (God).

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
of the waves of beauty
in every teardrop and every smile*

When you are in love with life, including the form, there will also be teardrops that will accompany life. There will be beginnings and endings to even the most beautiful patterns. Still, we can create a vision of life that has *days of laughter, moments of sorrow* by identifying with our eternal nature of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram, *looking through the eyes of God i'm not sure i'll ever tire of...*

*and no one knows
of the waves of love
that fall from your lips
in every warm kiss*

This is the love that is overflowing when you are willing to be open, and give to life (or appreciate) unconditionally, whether to the moon and stars above, or the beauty of the earth, or a child, a lover, or the whole of life. The warmth and openness of allowing one's open heart/mind is the *warm kiss* (connection), which allows the love, Satyam, to come bubbling through and should be a part of our life. Whether it is a kiss of passion, or of friendship, or the feeling of bathing in the Holy Stream, or feeling the connection to all life, a *warm kiss* is about making a connection with another...whether a friend, lover, or God.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
how i love to dance with you
and touch your golden body*

Inside I am feeling the *touch of your golden body* against mine. Inside I am delighting with the bliss and joy I feel. I choose to keep it hidden behind an exterior of calm. During the Satya Yuga I may come out and *dance naked*, and people will be able to see this ecstasy I feel in my body and my soul and every expression I share. But for now, this ecstasy I feel is hidden behind the clothing of peace and calm and equanimity. However, anyone that is willing to look beyond the external clothing will be able to see and experience this Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram ecstasy of the soul that is *dancing in the summer rain*.

*to dance with you
in the summer rain
and laugh and cry
and touch your golden body*

This is about feeling the union with God in the form, the vibration of the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram nature of our soul, and of all life, all the way to the physical. *to dance with you in the summer rain* is a poetic way of saying, "to bathe in the Holy Stream." *and laugh and cry and touch your golden body*...is about living wholistically, Shiva and Shakti, while focusing on the Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram of life.

*and if i close my eyes
i can still feel
the touch of your body
against my skin tonight*

I like the feeling of bliss *and* delighting in life. I haven't always felt it this lifetime, and I've had to work hard to get that state of experiencing bliss along with delighting in life. If you quiet your mind and come to your heart, you can begin to feel the bliss and joy of your soul and its connection with God. *the touch of your body against my skin tonight*...to feel the radiance of the soul all the way to the physical.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
of this golden fire
that dances in the summer rain*

We all have this *golden fire* within. It is the soul. We are created in the image of God. We are the ones who have to open up and go dancing *in the summer rain* (Holy Stream), and dance *with the summer rain*. If we do not realize this Satyam within us, we won't have the experience of delight and bliss in our daily life. We have to choose whom, devils or angels, we will romance and dance with *in the summer rain*, the limited or the unlimited.

*and as the rain falls
no one knows
how i love to dance with you
and touch your golden body*

We need to accept the temporariness of the three bodies and the eternalness of the soul. We all desire to have the experience of love. We all desire human affection. We all want to feel we fit in and feel the connection to life. However, it is difficult to feel a secure connection in the temporary and ever-changing nature of the creation, but at the soul level we are all eternally connected. If we can calm down our mind, senses, and body, we can experience this connection. We need to calm down all three bodies in order to get to our soul and feel this connection. This is what this line is about...*as the rain falls no one knows how I love to dance with you and touch your golden body*. This is about experiencing the golden realm of the soul. Whomever I meet, I look to see the soul radiating through. I have worked hard to see the soul within everyone. I don't allow

other's samskaras to stop me from seeing the realm of the soul, and feeling that connection with life, either in activity or in meditation.

*to dance with you
in the summer rain
and laugh and cry
and touch your golden body*

This is about, not just being in love with God in the formless, but also being in love and delighting in the whole cosmic dance, the dance of/with Leela, all the way to the physical. *to dance with you in the summer rain and laugh and cry*...because it will include both laughing and crying. I am just striving to make the majority of my life the laughter, joy, and love. This is what the poem is about...*days of laughter and moments of sorrow*. This is what the *Mystic and a Poet* is about, being wholistic, *a dance of fire and light*, a dance of essence and form.

This last poem is about a surrendering to the nature of God/Life as a cosmic wave of both consciousness and form, and the delight and ecstasy of that dance...

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

Namaste

A Brief Pictorial Biography



1948 - 2007

APPENDIX

MANTRAS

VIBRATION OR MEANING

Namaste	I bow to the divine light within you
So Hum	I am this/I am that
Na Hum	Not this/not that
Hrim	Invoking the indwelling energy
Om and Aum	God-Consciousness
Om Satyam	Eternal truth/love
Om Shivam	Eternal virtue/harmony
Om Sundaram	Eternal beauty
Om Shanti	Eternal peace
Om Namō Ari Hantanam	I bow to the conquerors of their inner enemies
Om Namō Siddhanam	I bow to the realized souls
Om Mani Padme Aum	I am the jewel within the lotus
Om Shanti Shanti Om Shalom Shalom	Celebrating the grace of God

Glossary

- Ananda:** Bliss
- Astral:** Consciousness of senses
- Astral body:** Spirit body, host of senses and chakras; pranic body
- Aum:** Name given to God Consciousness in action; Holy stream; a mantra
- Avatar:** One who has been liberated and has chosen to incarnate and serve humanity
- Bhakti:** Love of, or for divinity
- Causal:** Consciousness of ideas
- Causal body:** Subtlest of three bodies, host of the mind
- Chakra:** A force center or wheel in the pranic body. The seven chakra seed mantras are:
Lam, Vam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Om, Om
- Chit:** Consciousness
- Christ/Krishna Consciousness:** Tat; God Consciousness in the first form of manifestation
- Darshan:** The presence of a holy one's consciousness, holy sight
- Deva:** A realized one residing in astral or causal heavens
- Devotee:** One who is devoted to God
- Dharma:** Duty of one's soul; the harmonization of one's uniqueness within the universal God-consciousness
- Divine Mother:** God
- Dwapara Yuga:** *see Yuga*
- Ego:** Individual identity; sense of ownership; has both positive identity of the Soul (Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram), and limited identity of the lower nature (four primal instincts), and is an aspect of the cosmic ego (mayac sheath).
- Eightfold Path:** A process of practices and disciplines, which leads to realization of our wholistic nature; *Patanjali*
- Four primal instincts:** The four instincts of eating, sleeping, procreation, and survival
- God Consciousness:** Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram without form
- Guru:** A stream of consciousness; the dispeller of darkness
- Holy one:** One who realizes his/her nature of Sat Tat Aum
- Hrim:** A mantra for invoking the indwelling energy
- Humility:** A willingness to learn
- Ida:** A cooling current; one of the three main energy channels in a pranic body; feminine principle
- Kali Yuga:** *see Yuga*
- Karma:** Motion; action; law of motion
- Kundalini:** Primal energy rising from the gross physical to the God-consciousness
- Liberation:** The realization of one's holistic nature of Sat Tat Aum
- Maya:** Illusion; cosmic veil that makes the One appear as many
- Mayac Sheath:** The sheath or cosmic veil that gives the illusion or idea of separateness
- Mukta:** A liberated soul
- Mukti:** Liberation; freedom into life
- Na Hum:** A mantra meaning "not this/not that"
- Nirvikalpa samadhi:** Samadhi without seed; a superconscious state where there is no sense of separateness from God as one realizes fully his identity as Spirit

Non-attachment: Process of letting go
Om Satyam: Divine eternal love; also a mantra
Om Shanti: Divine eternal peace, God-consciousness without form; also a mantra
Om Shivam: Divine eternal virtue; also a mantra
Om Sundaram: Divine eternal beauty; also a mantra
Pingala: A heating current; one of three main energy channels in the pranic body, masculine principle
Prana: Life force
Pranayama: Control of life force; also a breathing technique
Pranic body: Spirit body, host of senses and chakras
Royal Path: Combining Karma Yoga, Bhakti Yoga, Jnana Yoga and meditation
Sabikalpa Samadhi: Samadhi with seed; a superconscious state where one will still feel a slight separation for God; realization of one's holistic nature
Sadhana: Spiritual practices and disciplines
Samadhi: Union with God
Samskaras: Mindsets; view of reality that is incomplete
Sat: Eternal
Satguru: One's personal, eternal guru, determined by similarity of soul vibration
Satori: spiritual understanding or illumination
Satya Yuga: *see Yuga*
Satyam: Eternal God Consciousness as love; part of the threefold nature of God: Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram
Self: Includes the purity of our soul and the limitations of our personality
Self-realization: Realization of one's nature as Satyam Shivam Sundaram
Shakti: God manifested, the Omnipresent Power; expression of God
Shalom: Grace of manifested God-consciousness
Shiva: God unmanifested in the creation; essence of God
Shivam: Eternal God Consciousness as harmony, part of the threefold nature of God: Satyam Shivam Sundaram
So Hum: The sound of the breath; a mantra meaning, "I am this/I am that"
Sundaram: Eternal God-consciousness as beauty and joy; part of the threefold nature of God: Satyam Shivam Sundaram
Sushumna: Largest of the three energy channels rising from the base of the spine to the Crown
Tat: God in manifestation; God-consciousness in form
Upanishad: Sitting close to God-consciousness
Yoga: Meaning "to yoke." It is the science of uniting the small spirit to the large Spirit
Yogi: One who practices yoga
Yuga: Age; Creation goes through cycles known as Yugas. A complete cycle is 24,000 years. 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), and ascending Satya Yuga (4800 years).

RECOMMENDED READING — BOOKS

PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA, SRI YUKTESWAR, DAYA MATA

Autobiography of a Yogi, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self Realization Fellowship, 1946
Man's Eternal Quest, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self Realization Fellowship 1975
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Journey to Self-Realization, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self Realization Fellowship, 1997
The Holy Science, Sri Yukteswar, Self Realization Fellowship, 1949
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SWAMI RAMA

Living With The Himalayan Masters, Swami Rama, Himalayan Institute, 1978
Book of Wisdom, Swami Rama, Himalayan Institute, 1972
Inner Paths, Swami Rama, Himalayan Institute, 1979
Wisdom of the Ancient Sages, Swami Rama, Himalayan Institute, 1990

GURUDEV SHREE CHITRABHANU

Ten Days Journey Into The Self, Gurudev Shree Chitrabhanu, Jain Meditation Center,
1979
Philosophy of Soul and Matter, Gurudev Shree Chitrabhanu, Jain Meditation Center,
1977
Psychology of Enlightenment: Meditation On the Seven Energy Centers, Gurudev Shree
Chitrabhanu, Jain Meditation Center, 1974
Twelve Facets of Reality, Gurudev Shree Chitrabhanu, Jain Meditation Center, 1980

HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN, PIR VILAYAT INAYAT KHAN

The Heart Of Sufism, Essential Writings of Hazrat Inayat Khan, Shambala Press, 1999
Mastery (first printed as *Mastery Through Accomplishment*), Hazrat Inayat Khan, Omega
Publishing, 1993
Spiritual Dimensions of Psychology, Hazrat Inayat Khan, Sufi Order, 1981
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The Living Gita, Swami Satchidananda, Henry Holt & Co. Publ. 1988
Kailash Journal, Pilgrimage Into The Himalayas, Swami Satchidananda, Integral Yoga
Publ. 1984

RAMAKRISHNA, VIVEKANANDA

The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Publ., 1958
Great Swan, Meetings with Ramakrishna, Lex Hixon
Karma Yoga and Bhakti Yoga, Vivekananda, Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Publ., 1955
Raja Yoga, Vivekananda, Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Publ., 1956
Vedanta, Voice of Freedom, Vivekananda, Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Publ., 1986

G. I. (GEORGE IVANOVITCH) GURDJIEFF

Meetings With Remarkable Men, G. I. Gurdjieff, E. P. Dalton Publ. 1974
Views From The Real World, Conversations with G. I. Gurdjieff, Penguin Group, 1973

OSHO (RAJNEESH) Check with Osho International New York, NY.

Journey To The Heart, Osho, India
Unio Mystica, Volumes 1-2, Osho, India, 1980
The Book of Secrets, Volumes 1-5, Osho, India 1976

Poetry Index

The poetry in this book is from various books of my poetry. Following are the book titles, and the pages in this book where the poetry is discussed:

Some Mad Schemes and Desires: Pages 13–29, 148–154, 182–183, 278, 315

Butterfly Wings: Pages 36–50, 57–58, 85–94, 172, 318

Pilgrimage and Prophet:

–Title–
when i think about my life
i was in love with you then
somewhere
sometimes
the music was everywhere
the dark night of the soul
i remember
and i want to be in love
i pray
a little bit like crying tonight
stop and take a breath
to the edge of the ocean
when i think about you

Life and Times of a Mystic and a Poet

Page number:
page 18, 180
page 33
page 105
page 50
page 81, 95
page 59
page 30, 70, 116
page 121
page 124
page 126
page 135
page 139
page 144

Gypsy Heart:

–first line–
there's a hot wind blowing tonight
some will offer you shelter
i thought i heard her sing
well I heard rumors
i stayed for a while
i studied with a man
and i remember meeting up
i joined a small army
i traveled across millenniums

Life and Times of a Mystic and a Poet

Page number:
page 155
page 157
page 162
page 165
page 168
page 170
page 174
page 176
page 178

<i>sitting down to my first cup of coffee</i>	page 181
<i>i see you walking by my window</i>	page 183
<i>i saw someone point off to the distance</i>	page 185
<i>with the rain falling down</i>	page 187
<i>i went to a wedding where everyone</i>	page 190
<i>i watched you dance again</i>	page 192
<i>you are the alpha and omega</i>	page 193
<i>a full moon tonight</i>	page 204
<i>were you there in the garden</i>	page 207
<i>lilacs and fireflies</i>	page 209
<i>blue skies and sunny days</i>	page 213
<i>another full moon</i>	page 218
<i>i love the way the sun</i>	page 224
<i>well here i am again</i>	page 233
<i>i went to the temple where it</i>	page 238
<i>there are dark clouds</i>	page 243
<i>looking through the eyes of God</i>	page 247
<i>sitting on my back porch</i>	page 249
<i>in the dark of the night</i>	page 256
<i>sometimes it seems we walk</i>	page 258
<i>the rain is falling on the mountain</i>	page 262
<i>one more night looking up at the stars</i>	page 264
<i>i watched while the clouds rolled in</i>	page 269
<i>a big yellow moon</i>	page 274
<i>butterflies in the wind (2009)</i>	page 280
<i>with the stars overhead (2010)</i>	page 286
<i>like a ghost from another time (2011)</i>	page 296
<i>as i walked out into the evening (2011)</i>	page 303
Miscellaneous: <i>The Great Banana Tree Hoax:</i>	page 57
<i>A candle lit for you my Lord:</i>	page 82–84
<i>Well here I sit (2012)</i>	page 319

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

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

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

*I'm just another
traveler
who has set out
on his journey
I believe it was
the ancient banks
of the Nile
from which I set sail*

*but there are some
who say
it is heaven I am from
it's been such a long time
I've been upon this ocean
that I really don't remember*

*But I do remember
to be a follower of love*

*I have tried to make
a journal,
understand,
and express
the universalness
of the human
experience
and the
human spirit.
To record
this journey
from the
perspective
of someone
who has had
both material
and mystical
experiences
throughout
life. Poetry
is how i have
tried to express these
wholistic experiences.*



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