

KEYS
FOR
ESCAPING
PRISONERS

*Songs on the
Path of Initiation*

by

MATTHEW SUTHERLAND

KEYS FOR ESCAPING PRISONERS

(Songs on the Path of Initiation)

By

MATTHEW SUTHERLAND

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Dedicated with Love to:

All blindfold Prisoners who hunger for the Morn,
and to Mary for her endless patience.

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Invocation

Hail! Divine Goddess and Sacred Muse!
Oh hear compassionate one, my sincere Invocation
And lead me once again to Thy Secret Garden,
That Thy Hidden Beauty fill my thirsting Mind.
For without Thy radiant, all pervading Beauty
(the Glorious Face of Love)
There be no true Memory of the secret Light;
No Peace wherewith to Serve humanity;
No Power with which to slay the Dragon;
No Patience to suffer painful Transformations;
No Skill to ride the fiery Elemental Steed;
No Poise to wield the potent Wand of Life;
No Art to uncover the Stone of the Wise;
No Concentration to penetrate the Mystic Veils...
For all is but a jungle of hopeless despair;
A chaos of dull confusion and endless searchings;
A Labyrinthine Desert filled with lifeless phantoms...
Until Thy Glorious Blessings like ripened dates
Rain down upon Thy wandering children.

Hail! to Thee bright Goddess!
Accept the sweet incense of this my Invocation,
And grant that my Inner Sight be purified
In the scintillating Waters of Thy Inspiration,
Cleansing it from all corruption and earthly grime;
That Thy Glorious Wings may waft
With sacred modulations
The secret Strings of my sevenfold Lyre!

SONGS ACROSS THE DESERT

And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well used they shall attain,
And to the end persisting safe arrive.

John Milton. Paradise Lost. Lines 194 -197

1

To see with single Eye the moving Drama,
To ride the magic Horse of Passion,
To penetrate the Net which binds us tight,
Through the Door of Liberation flashing!

2

Transparent Winged, along the orbits of the stars,
I represent with fiery pen the Truth,
I gallop through the dust of Ages
With lucid Eye and spirit hoof.

3

What am I if I live unquestioned,
Accepted by myself as merely me?
What am I if I merely feel the Drama
But never with the Eye of Wisdom see?

4

Who am I that my parents named me,
Granting me a part upon this Stage?
Who am I that I've long forgotten,
After many lives through every Age?

5

Where am I but here where I AM!
Yet this dusty Stage I search for clues,
Where am I that I cannot find Me?
Lost in this Desert with other dreaming fools!

6

Like Arabs do we wander these shifting sands,
Seeking for that blessed Constancy,
Yet all the precious things we ever grasped
Have gone... or changed since infancy.

7

We follow our own footprints in the sand,
Never knowing to what or where they might lead,
Yet still we must tread this Mystery Circle,
Until we be pure in Thought, Word and Deed.

8

To touch the fickle garments of this life
Is to grasp at Dreams with wanting fingers,
Yet, as we faithfully follow that distant Star,
The stubborn Desire for them still lingers.

9

All we Seekers have had sweet moments
When we thought "at last a Ray of Light",
But Sleep hung heavy on our tired eyelids,
Stealing that Beauty from our earthly sight.

10

But what matters it that we should weep,
Cleaving the skies with fretting tongue?
Do we now find the Cost too steep
To pay for our Immortal Song?

11

This Earth about us like a wheel doth turn
And wounds us nearly to the Core,
That our hearts may bleed, and heads unlearn
The worldly hopes that bind us to the floor.

12

Oh what a vain circus is this mutating world,
Even we friends are shallow and strange,
We say such things with sincere tongues
Which our actions belie and rearrange.

13

In whirlpools of Illusion ever spinning,
Circle the Sleeping dancers in life's well,
Where do they come from and where do they go?
Perhaps down from Heaven and up from hell!

14

Chaos ends where Peace begins;
Attained by striving in the Night,
Behold! the Morning chorus sings:
Be thou reborn as perfect Light!

15

Opinion as Wisdom struts like a peacock,
Truly unconscious of its ridiculous Cage,
With Heart sealed in lead and tongue like a sword,
Mocking all True Seekers who follow the Sage.

16

In exile are we... the Seeds of Heaven!
Cast into the darkness of this potter's Clay,
In longing do we seek our Home Eternal,
Yet, still more to learn in this Mystery play!

17

Thoughts above us swiftly flying,
Instinct urging from below,
The True Power active in the centre,
To make us New and keep us so!

18

A blazing Flame above our heads,
A hissing flame beneath our feet,
A Golden Star within our Hearts,
To Pacify where both flames meet!

19

Sometimes when happy sunshine gilds the Mind,
The powers of the lower earth begin their fight,
Struggling with every means at their command
To enslave the Mind and banish Light.

20

If you Know and are Wise. then teach!
Let your words be sweet and point the Way,
But speak not that you Love and truly care,
For these be Secret Acts not words of clay!

21

Oh how to conduct with this trembling Pen
The Elemental Singers from the Silence borne?
Who like a spray of scattered gem-drops
Vibrate the Lyre and then... are gone!

22

Beautiful flowers are the Songs of Angels,
Along with all the Stars within the Deep,
Their patterns printed on the Waters,
Gleaming with the Secret Songs they keep.

23

Look not at me with those blindfold eyes,
Painting falsely with your Magic Brush,
But dip it deep within your Spirit's Well
That you may worship Truth with us!

24

My sandals bear the scars of many paths,
And through the years I have gathered much,
But when first I saw your precious tears fall.
My Heart lay bare with a breathless touch!

25

Only after the Storm will true Peace descend,
To soothe your aching brow from cruel blows,
Bringing the Inner Silence and deep Perception,
Written in golden script on virgin snows.

26

Drop not the heavy latch upon your Heart
To join the circus games of sense,
Nor shut your inner ear to the Still Small Voice,
For who but I can true Wisdom dispense?

27

Dark ignorance is by far the greatest Sin,
For without this Sleep all sins would die,
And we the ignorant can ne'er be guilty...
Till time Awaken us from this dreadful lie.

28

Oh, how the Stars do glitter on their course,
While we, this sullen wheel do tread,
They sweetly Singing through Infinite Space,
While we, to this sad Dream are wed.

29

One day the Dawn above the snow-capped Mountain
Will beat upon the windows of your eyes,
And You, like the Phoenix with Wings of Fire,
Will from this desert swiftly Arise!

30

We have drunk so deeply of the Lethe
That our Memory fades around the Key,
Which shines within our Hidden Hearts,
Awaiting our Call, to Hear and to See.

31

How long the Night of common things doth last,
Though as we truly Seek we gather Faith;
How far the eastern Star of Love,
"Oh, come to Me", it sweetly sayeth.

32

But my tears have washed a darksome Glass,
How else could I have known. that I KNOW?
For I see a Beautiful Truth concealed
Within the Glass, more pure than snow.

33

I have touched the Hem of beauteous Nature,
All robed in sacred splendour blazing,
I have drunk a magic draught from Isis,
She left me charmed; in devotion gazing.

34

Nature is the simple book of Holy Laws
That complex Man cannot seem to Understand,
And so, goes he wandering with painful burdens
With sorrow's footprints in the sand.

35

Except that we be born again
The Kingdom of Heaven be only dreams,
Except that we be cut and polished
We will never know what Twice-Born means.

36

Except the feet be washed with heart-blood
True Love and Harmony can never be,
Except the Cross be changed to Gold
Never will the Eye of Wisdom see.

37

Except peaceful Seekers we all become
Never will our serpents sleep,
Except our life be lost forever
Never our Good Harvest will we Reap.

38

Except we slay desire for worldly dreams
Never will we gain the Peaceful state,
Except that all false dreams be broken
Never will we pass the Living Gate.

39

For Love is At-one-ment with all True Being,
Concealed within Veils; material and dense,
A Marriage of our flame with the Greater Flame
Beyond all illusions of material sense.

40

Wisdom is that glorious all pervading Mind;
The unspotted Light from Mirror Pure,
Full of Goodness; Love's own Voice,
That will all Secrets of the Mysteries cure.

41

The warmth of Silence is Love's embrace
In the vast intensity of an open Sea,
That Mind be unveiled in the power of Peace
And be Twice-Born in Secrecy!

42

Kind care and sadness glaze the Lover's eyes
And gentle the condition of beastly sight,
And with soft caress on the serpent's head
Over hell's fire reigns without a fight.

43

Some love the soundings of empty brass
While praising Beauty in the Field,
Giving ever so little to their fellows
Their Hearts in lead are firmly sealed.

44

Since thou with Bindweed bound my Tongue
And scattered Yew upon my head,
Oh how I have wept within the Night
And broke my heart upon my bed.

45

The Light hath shown me all my weakness
And my Nightingale cries have reached the Moon,
With thy strong right hand my walls have you broken
That I Know I will be Twice-Born soon.

46

Thou hast mingled salt with my simple Waters
To humble and bend me like a supple reed,
Thou hast bound me firmly with these cruel cords
To slay the Dragon and release the Seed.

47

Twelve Gates of Light, the cause of all Paths,
Upon which we Pilgrims must wend our weary way,
Out of the dreaming wells of deep Illusion,
Into God's Golden Kingdom... the Everlasting Day.

48

This little frame we conjure 'round
Became at birth our Looking Glass,
That by life's colours richly stained
We gather Treasures and quickly pass.

49

I've watched the world with philosophic intent,
Built glorious kingdoms in the unknown Air,
Filled teeming empires with my Imagination,
And dressed these Runes with Love and Care.

50

Perhaps far off in some distant Future
Someone will smile at these simple Runes,
And Remember how he himself did write them,
While wandering and Singing among the dunes!

51

When Wisdom is gathered in the joyful Harvest,
So far beyond the dark thoughts of Man,
We will come to KNOW the great Illusion:
A serpent encircling the Kingdom of the Sun!

52

The Plot of Gold far over the Rainbow,
Is the Source from which our Minds did fall,
Into this dream within a Dream,
Till we break through. the Eye in the Wall!

53

Within the Maze of thundered Destinations,
Flaming friction are the city streets,
With the tearful eyes of many troubled
In the rushing tides of wheels and feet.

54

One Night when the Moon beamed full on the waters,
A vision of terror stood clearly revealed,
In my Eye. sad millions in service to Mammon,
All blindfold, all fighting, all slaves to their greed!

55

One drop from out the Depths unsounded
To water all our sleeping Seeds,
One glance of the secret Eye of Nature
To enlighten all our thoughts and deeds.

56

One flash of glorious Light upon Thy Seekers
To calm their troubled minds with Peace,
One song from out the Tenth Gate of Heaven
To break the fetters and bring release.

57

One flower of Inspiration breathing
To bring to Light forgotten Dawn,
One loving glimpse of sweetest Wisdom
To lift with Wings beyond the Storm.

58

One Sword to slay the sleeping sickness
That holds with sluggish mists the Dreamer,
One Lamp from out the Ancient Centre
To faithfully Guide to our true Redeemer.

59

No more with bitter tears do I stain my cheek,
Nor beat my bruised Wings within this Cage,
But casting resplendent petals on your cruel face,
I will with simple Love dissolve your rage.

60

True Friendship can never die,
Though circumstance the bond may try,
But hand in hand upon the Mountain,
Together climbing to that Living Fountain.

61

Now the years of fruitful labours in the Earth
Have left deep furrows on the toiler's brow,
As the reddened Sun goes down in the West
And purple shadows soothe the aching plough.

62

Oh glorious Stream breaking onward to the Sea,
Down many a fall and rocky steep,
Never ending Cycle ever repeating
Till your waters all mingle in the salty Deep.

63

A council of royal Oaks upon the Way,
Whispering with mystic tongues so sweet,
Have called me back to Nature's scented woods,
To rest may aching Heart and bleeding feet.

64

May your Hearts be full of Wonder,
May your Courage never fail,
May all your Doors be opened,
May you find the Holy Grail!

65

A spirit-voice did call at the Midnight hour
And mockingly enquired why I sang here below,
I replied that these Songs must here be sung,
For my Brothers and Sisters, their Hearts to restore.

66

Oh stand thou fixed in the Neutral Centre
When the cruel Storm around thee roars,
Oh stand thou Peaceful on Eternal Ground
While Light pours through thine open Doors!

67

The time will come when the beasts arise,
And all that is Good be banned or slain,
But a Few will carry the Gems of Life,
That Seekers may still the Treasure gain.

68

Orpheus did not merely pluck a Lyre,
But Founded the Mysteries of the Sevenfold Choir,
That Heroes now Guided could find the Fleece,
And with that Wisdom. Eternal Peace.

69

The Storm disrupted my inner waters
And my Hopes were scattered in the winds,
But when my waters re-found their Balance.
My Hopes returned like long lost Friends.

70

Crown not this unworthy head with Laurels,
Nor praise the Pipe through whom Light blows,
But unveil my Songs within the desert.
These Songs, unheard by listening crows!

71

Thou so-called seeker of the Light,
Storing all proud knowledge in thy blindness;
Know, that all the Gates of Truth are bolted
Until you Act with Love and Kindness!

72

This awesome Mystery of poor suffering Man,
Bound upon the Cross of earthly trials,
Shall water your eyes with deepest Pity
And teach you dark ignorance to truly despise.

73

Intellect is cold, like a Winter's Moon,
Not a symphony, but a stumbling tune,
A reflection for cats with caps of learning,
'Round the Heart of Truth endlessly turning.

74

Charity really does begin at home,
Who, when asked for bread would give a stone?
But some go helping everywhere,
While back at home. no Love to spare!

75

How glorious is that blessed Light,
So softly falling through my placid Mind,
Which Lights with happy Wisdom bright
Those Simple Truths so hard to find.

76

What we gain from the Myths is not what they mean,
But only a fraction of the part that we've seen,
The truth of it is, intellect. false teacher,
Not satisfied with seeking becomes a preacher!

77

For most, Humility is a weak-kneed thing,
Not self control of Inner King or Queen,
The Proud must struggle like the Ram to the Light,
While the Humble gain Wisdom without a fight!

78

Her lips are sweet, but Love's are sweeter:
The kiss of Truth in her Secret Chamber,
Her arrows not with lower fire burning
Are shafts of Light, Love and Learning!

79

The Light we need is in the Seed,
A shining forth of Love in deed,
Though not the deeds of the dusty stage,
But the potent Love of the happy Sage.

80

The Sun is found by sunny folk,
Who calmly bear the heavy yoke,
A wound within, a Song without,
In Secret carry True Love about.

81

Love (the True Seeker) is always finding,
Calmly, the Clue of its Self rewinding,
No longer deluded with maze-like deceptions,
The Self flies free in deep, Wise Perceptions.

82

Some need the Teachings writ large on stone,
Something 'real' to whet their appetite on,
But Lovers, in touch with all Higher Laws,
Shame the Guardians of the Thirteen Doors!

83

It's not the strength of this world I seek,
For its power, though proud, is really quite weak,
Real Power is fixed in the Neutral Centre,
Yet outwardly Loving, Compassionate and Tender.

84

A Golden Flower within the Heart,
Twelve petals embracing a radiant Sun,
The Central Axis of all creation.
Unmoving ground to rest upon.

85

Hands that grip and legs that stand,
Strong on the highway earning bread,
Enjoying the Sun and braving the Storm,
Early to rise and late into bed.

86

The bells of Awakening rang loud in the Tower
And commotion great shook the Castle floor,
As the Sun king arose from sorrow's Tomb
With radiant Peace from Nature's Core!

87

Come! let us scatter the royal petals of our Joy,
Let us strengthen the bonds of Love and Trust,
Let us fill our Minds with the Fruits of Wisdom,
Let us create sweet Heaven in this lowly dust.

88

With a cry hurled suddenly into the Game,
But the why and the wherefore Few of us Know,
As we follow our Orbit to the Western Exit,
The Wise, the foolish, the proud, all will go.

89

Me'thought I'm spoiled, a cup of tea will do,
When I saw how few True Wine had tasted,
Me'thought myself selfish all drenched in Dew,
Then I realised without me the Wine would be wasted!

90

With two eyes greedily eyeing the desert
Mankind is chained to reality,
But with Single Eye fixed on Eternal Truth...
The Seer unveils Actuality!

91

There be soft Golden sand between the stones,
With nimble feet no moans or groans,
Wisdom with such a swiftness moves,
Her Lovers move lightly in the grooves!

92

A separation to make it clearer,
What's out the further, what's in the nearer,
Removing the bandages covering our Kin,
That we now become Good and the real Task begin!

93

All acts are seen by the Heavenly Lords,
Who separate Kind Hearts from cruel swords,
Hearts be Gold, swords be stones,
To give us sweet Peace. or break our bones!

94

It is within You, a secret Store,
A Guiding Power, a Loving Sun,
Oh, lift the rusty latch, throw wide the Door,
Reach in with Faith and find the Stone!

95

The more we KNOW, the less we know,
Behind each Veil lie vaster spaces,
But with Joyful Flames we Light the darkness,
Lifting with Beauty the troubled Races.

96

Draw back the curtains for the Sun will soon rise
And cast its Radiance through all your Disguise,
Open the windows and hear the birds Sing.
Be filled with the Love and Wisdom they bring!

97

Never lose Faith, though the Mind may Sleep,
Never lose Hope, though the eyes may weep,
Stand by your Post, be it ever so long,
Be Good, be Brave, be Loving and Strong.

98

Know you not the Treasure stored deep in your ground,
A peaceful Oasis with this body around?
Know you not the Holy Kingdom of Eternal Light,
Where the dumb will Speak and the blind will have Sight?

99

Like a Wonderful Symphony mid the noise of the Storm,
Let the Melody of Love bring forth the Corn,
Do Right, judge not and climb to the Sun,
Let not the Mind rest till the Victory be Won!

100

Gold or White, it shines so bright,
Beneath the Valley, above the Height,
No Veil may bar that Magic Star,
That Living Treasure of the Light.

101

We are never alone though all seem dark,
And the night-time echo with cries of pain,
We are never alone lit bright with the Spark,
While that Jewel of Peace and Love doth reign.

102

Rests the Lotus on the glassy surface,
While roots vibrate in the fiery mud,
Waves the Stem from Earth to Heaven
With peaceful Petals upon the Flood.

103

When Day comes breaking o'er the land
The clouds are chased with Spears,
Then Seekers arise from foolish dreams
And cast away their fears.

104

But now I feel the thirst for Wine,
To grant me Vision's Wings of Power,
To fill me with the Holy Ghost
And bring the sleeping Mind to Flower.

105

Come! fill the Cup of Space with Holy Fire,
And let the world to its own affairs,
That Vision tear the threadbare garments
Of sorrow, tears and heavy cares.

106

Away with sadness (sorrow's handmaid)
And all her tribe of shackled joy,
Ah. let the Stream of Wine flow swiftly,
Bestowing Wings to this earthbound Boy!

107

No more will Sut's dark tricks outwit me,
To clip my wings within his Cave,
Keep thy snakes for wicked sleepers,
Who blind, go dancing to their grave.

108

Ah. rosy Wine enflames the Cup,
Painting with its Fire the lips,
Transmuting with its Life the drinker,
Perfuming the thirsty Boy who sips.

109

Illusions of the earth go spinning,
Adding nothing to my Precious Store,
Too false it spins with busy nothings,
With it a spinning I will no more.

110

Away with phantoms and all non-drinkers,
So learned with their Hearts in ice,
Away with dusty books and ledgers,
With Love find Wisdom in a trice!

111

Within the lower stream are all non-drinkers,
Scoffing at the Stream of Wine so true,
They merely drink the lower waters,
Alone vain shadows do they view.

112

But I will with Wine be quite Transmuted,
That my Glass be like a new-born Eye,
To See through all the Veils of matter,
And fly with Vision's Wings on High.

113

Twice times Seven threads all knotted
Where Light and darkness bind us here,
Four magic steps to untie this riddle,
Transmute the Cross and be a Seer!

114

Oh Holy liquid of the Sun God,
Thou Fiery Inspirer of dull intellect,
I quaff thy Life with true devotion,
That I the Holy Temple may erect.

115

To learn to See is to learn to fly,
But to learn to Love is to learn to die,
To Will, to Know, to Dare and keep Silent,
Cooling with Peace the wrath of the violent.

116

Bring jugs of Wine and Golden Bread,
With reverence set them on a pure white sheet,
Let us eat and sup, my Brothers and Sisters,
Across the River by the fields of wheat.

117

The azure Blue Dome caught the Rays of the Sun,
First Spear of Gold consumed all shadows of Night,
Seven Spears followed of the flaming rainbow,
Granting all who witnessed the Glories of Sight!

118

Her Speech was like many Nightingales Singing,
And caught by Her tongue I dissolved entire,
Her melodious Voice lit Fires with its Magic,
And carried me swooning from this Earthly mire.

119

This Earthly life and vain delusion,
Which binds the sleeping Eagle fast,
Grants not the Royal Bird its Freedom,
Till all base metals into Gold be cast.

120

Faith is the Will to grasp what's Hidden,
Unstoppable Force reserved from desire,
But the Virtues are truly Magical Rods,
To Create and Transmute with Holy Fire!

121

The ancient Yew like Saturn sits,
His sacred Silence pervading the Air,
Gently feeding on our grief and sorrow,
Dissolving sharp thorns and dark despair.

122

The Royal Oak carries Jupiter's Power,
Unyielding strength of the King of Space,
Protecting Rod against the Lightening,
Bringer of Joy and soothing grace.

123

Rowan Queen, Rowan Queen,
Protection from those shades unseen,
Electric blue, Secret Power,
From Thee all curses cringe and cower.

124

The Fountain of Truth is the Fountain of Self,
And Virtues the only Spiritual Wealth,
All else is dross that has served its span,
Yet this selfsame dross moulded the Man!

125

Though the stars may fall and clouds hide the Good,
Let the Spirit of Wisdom penetrate the Flood,
With Heart held high, calm, full of Trust,
Let the Spirit of Goodness Act through your dust!

126

One man's test is another man's playground,
Yet all are encased in Caves of fire,
Sometimes thorns, sometimes roses,
Until the Light of Wisdom Inspire!

127

Now it is time to draw forth the Sword
From out of the stone and find the Grail,
And how full of True Light is my Magic Lamp
Against the Dragon I will surely prevail!

128

Can you Hear us on the Mountain?
Can you See us on the Height?
Echoes of a thousand Voices
Sent forth these Gems of Love and Light!

129

I'm a Tree with many branches,
Lots of Fruits and full of Fire,
Roots in Heaven, leaves among you,
Birds are Singing, strum the Lyre!

130

I knew a fool with a Heart of Gold,
Whom learned monkeys sought to teach,
But the more the poor fool resisted,
The more the learned monkeys preached!

131

I'm so foolish, I'm so Wise,
Eye in Gold, feet in clay,
Glorious Light, clouds of thunder,
Between both High and lower way.

132

What is not, yet seems to be.
Forms the Veil betwixt Thee and me,
And though Time ticks it does not move,
Illusively durating in Eternity.

133

God and Eternity cannot exist,
For all that we know in IT subsist,
And all that is known is doomed to die...
Except WE knowing through a dreaming I.

134

Thought cannot the Truth unveil,
For this selfsame Veil is Thought to be,
And until the One is done with dreaming,
Illusions only will we ever see.

135

When the tide is in, no Golden Sand,
Sea and caves in endless strife,
When the tide is out, a Golden Way,
The jewelled Path of Truth and Life.

136

Oh, what that Beauty that draws us to Truth?
Unpaintable, unspeakable, unsingable proof!
And what that Beauty that brings us to Peace?
Unbreakable, unshakeable, invulnerable Release!

137

The times when I truly succeeded,
Are the times when I simply let go,
'Twas then I shone like polished Diamonds...
A simple outlet for the Loving Flow.

138

There's a rose-marble Well in the Golden City,
Where all True Seekers shall find sweet rest,
And drink the Living Waters of true REMEMBRANCE,
From Holy Grails, at the Master's behest!

139

My Love is yours and mine flows through me,
Nothing Good should we selfish keep,
We will soon be together my Brothers and Sisters,
In that Wonderful Land across the Deep.

140

Joy untold and Beauty everlasting
Will fill you deeply among our Kin,
Praise and laughter welcome Home,
Thou Hero having conquered Sin.

141

The Sword slips easy from out the stone,
A magical Will from the Centre Within,
Purifies the circle from all corruption,
That the Golden Age of Peace reign sweetly again.

142

Arise! bright Bird on Wings of Flame,
And Wake this sleepy world with Song Divine,
For See! the Night has stripped Her jewelled dress,
And with His rosy Light the Day doth shine!

143

He the Sun, thou the Moon,
One in Union, one in Light,
To blissful haven shall ascend,
To Life in Light beyond the night.

144

And You who read me, line by line,
Fear not warm Heart, the Reaper. Time,
For with his singing blade he severs sorrow,
Replanting You for a New Tomorrow!

SONGS ACROSS THE THRESHOLD

Fire. "I crackle and blaze!
bear me who can!
Who cannot I craze—'

Flute. "But I am a man."

Fire. "What most you cherish
I burn away,
Be purged or perish!"

Flute. "I pass and pay."

Fire. "No gain I offer
For all that's lost.
No prizes proffer—"

Flute. "I know the cost."

Fire. "What I take, I hold,
The rest resign.

And the tested gold—"

Flute. "Ah, that is mine!"

(G. Lowes Dickenson. from: The Magic Flute)

A Prayer

O Supreme Lord of fiery Wisdom,
Conqueror of all actions here,
Be with me always in my weakness,
Bestowing Love. . . the end of fear.
Accept this praise of Thy perfections;
Goodness, Wisdom and Purity,
And grant to me when truly worthy
Thy Marriage and its surety.
In Thee is Peace and loving kindness,
Beyond reflections of this Lunar Night,
Oh Thou pure Fountain and true Redeemer,
Thou art the Beauty and the Sight.
Homage to Thee on Thy holy throne,
Dwelling in Thy sacred Peace and Power,
I invoke Thy Spirit of Living Wisdom. . .
Descend in me this darksome hour.

Master's Voice

Hear my Voice in your Inner Heart. . .
Be a Dragon Slayer my young Hero!
Do Right (though the heart will bleed)
That you may stand welcome in our Presence!
The Threshold takes its belongings back,
Therefore remember:
To be free, you must leave go,
To be free, give all to the Fire. . .
Save the True Gold!
With which to strive against the Night.
Or remain entangled
In the Web of Nature's Mystery.
It is your choice!
To march along the Royal Highway,
Controlling the senses firmly and wisely,
Not with the lash but with patient Love;
Or to sit ineptly by the Way. . .
The slave of every passion!

The Test

I seek the Treasure in the Underworld,
Deep in the Womb of the Earth;
Though there be many tests and cruel trials
In the labyrinthine tunnels
And chambers of Nature's Goddess.
All my impurities are work
For Her mysterious ministers.
My tears fall like precious jewels. . .
But I sparkle and glitter
In the time of my Testing!
I conjure it, I desire it,
Striving boldly into the place of Trial. . .
With a Holy Light and Words of Power.

Initiate

When deepest words are wasted in the speaking,
And your aching Heart is silent as a frosted stone;
When your tired eyes no longer see the Wonder,
And on the thorny Path you walk alone;
When the painful Night seems to you eternal,
And still no Light seems there to be. . .
Then it's time to weigh the ancient anchor,
And cast your barque upon the Inner Sea.

When no loving hand is there to soothe your brow,
And endless troubles oppress your mind;
When words of comfort have flown the Winter,
Another more deserving soul to find;
When all your doors are surely bolted,
And your Wings lay languid in this earthy Cage. . .
Give not your tongue to sorrow's bitter spite,
Nor on the ignorant vent your rage.

When your heart hath bled with scarlet sorrow,
And washed with life-blood your weary feet;
When all things seem but hollow shadows,
And the soul unwraps its winding sheet;
When deserted, lonely and despised,
And spoken of with slanderous lies. . .
Then send thou forth sweet Thoughts of Love,
And cleanse with Light the blackened skies.

For Thou, another holds the Golden Keys,
And awaits your coming with outstretched arms;
For Thou, a greater Sun than Lights the heavens,
Who with His secret Peace all trouble calms;
For Thou, a precious Robe of Potent Love,
Most Sacred Fire of scarlet red;
For Thou, a Crown of jewelled Wisdom,
Glittering with Power upon Thine head.

Tribulations

When I do consider this World's Wasteland;
How tragically imprisoned within its tiresome grip
We somehow stumble on, plagued by ceaseless cares,
Diseases, losses and dashed hopes;
Struggling with all the self-created trials of fickle Fortune;
When I do consider this with tearful eye
And the vague Remembrance of my former state,
My heart is brought to breaking in this life's furnace,
And I wonder at the crowds of laughing prisoners
Who dance in a dream at the edge of destruction!
Oh! what plots and pains lie in wait for Seekers here,
And at times what gay abandon for sleeping prisoners!
Oh that my Beloved could these bitter wounds relieve,
And bring cool waters to the place of burning,
Oh that she could with soothing fingers close these eyes
That with hopeless tears have burned for Her,
And Guide me Home from these tribulations.
Still, though the thorns of this world's ignorance
Cut with stinging wounds the Hearts of Lovers,
There is a Light that Powers above this Tragedy,
Residing in the Hero's Will to be Victorious
And vanquish all the lower forces of the Past!
To reap full Honours at the appointed time;
So far exceeding all human thought
And dimly lit imagination!

Message from the Tomb

Oh why have you forgotten Me
When all is broken in the Wasteland?
Have I not with yearning awaited your heroic Return?
Remember when you swam the great River of Death
While Beasts of the Waters sought your life?
Remember when you entered the Cathedral of Terrors
And descended the steps into that dread Womb?
Remember when your hand was forcibly held. . .
Cruelly burning in the flame,
And your attempts to fool the Dark Priest
With pretended pain?
Remember when you called out loud:
"Behold the Light!"
And how the White Stone was struck
With a sudden, blinding Illumination;
Lighting up that dark Cathedral Cave
With Glorious, effulgent Light?
Remember when you fearlessly fought
The dark ones in the Labyrinth,
And at your mere touch
Their garments burned with sudden flames?
Oh...when will you Return?
There you stand upon the far River bank,
Yet, will you dare repeat the Awesome Task?
Come then my Hero,
Heal this dreadful curse
Which binds with cruel cords thy King;
To Heal the Wasteland
And bring the Light of Spring!

The Knight's Lament

Love and Beauty, I see Thee clearly,
But my eyes are full of tears;
Brother and Sister, I love Thee dearly,
Yet. . . my eyes are full of tears.
The days are hard, the nights are long,
This Pilgrim's feet are bleeding;
But there is Goodness in his Heart,
With Bread his hunger feeding.
All his ways are crooked ways,
Without the Golden City;
To Teach him the Way; the Wisdom of Love,
And to suffer Royal Pity.

Lost Love

How sweet the Fire of Love's perfumed kiss,
When with Her magic lips of gleaming coral
She presses sweet caress of Benediction,
And moves the trembling Heart to ecstasy.

As the warm southern breeze
Plays with the wings of the fiery dragonfly,
So does my Love waft me quickly Home. . .
Borne on the waves of Her Holy Breath.

Ah... but never more,
Yet never more will the leaden years be kissed
As I was once in the Joy of my Youth;
Or the bitter with the sweet be mingled in my Cup,
But wandering forlorn with bleeding feet;
Pining and burning with the Flame of Remembrance,
Along the sharp, cutting stones
Which cruelly dress the lonely Path to Paradise.

Sonnet

To me this phantom World doth all seem bare
As all alone I wander sadly in the crowd,
My life. . . a Wilderness of deep and dark despair;
My sight. . . a care-worn tear-filled thunder cloud!
I dare not hope to touch love's earthly hand,
Lest dragons burn me with their cruel fire,
I dare not hope for love's kind comfort here,
Lest my Horse from Earthly longings gasp and tire!
Oh. how I yearn for Love's sweet, radiant smile,
To take this too, too bitter cup away,
Oh. to have Her pluck these cruel thorns
And Guide me Home upon the Golden Way.
Still, though I must bear a heavy, lonesome Tree,
God's Love is mine and this gives Life to me.

The Light

Too long, too long have I sought for Thee,
Oh Light of lights. . . felicity,
When to my darksome mind Thy Rays
Will as the lightning all dross erase?
Oh when will the Voice from the Silence sound,
To shatter false temples to the ground?

No answer still for those who seek
This masquerade of paste antiques,
For children outgrow their teaching toys
And in god-like Arts re-find their Joys.
And so with us we dissolve away
Those bonds which bound us yesterday.

'Tis then that kindly Light will lead,
A reflection of God; a Golden Seed.
To the Inner ear its Voice will tell
Of Secrets Divine from that Holy Well;
To the Single Eye all forms will be Light,
And the Mind will find Wisdom. . .
In the Joy of its Flight!

The Nightingale's Lament

The Nightingale doth bleed with bitter cares,
While Sings he sweetly to the scarlet Rose,
A bitter cup, that none but he may drink
With silvered nerves all bathed in Fire.
Meanwhile, the Bee is free to come and sup,
Whilst he must sit and wet the Earth with tears;
Crucified with many a sharp and blackened thorn,
Till sweet extinction return him to his Love. . .
Who waits within the Sacred Gardens of the Sun!

Realisation

Through the tunnels and the caves,
Along the snake-hole passageways;
A mythical pageant of all experience;
Stamped with sacred pictures on the walls;
A living Drama teeming with Mysteries.

Passage through this Labyrinth
Is the cutter and polisher of precious stones;
Full of intensity and symbolism;
A clue of mysterious experiences;
A Way of sloughing off the serpent skins,
Layer after layer; sticky with attachments;
Peeling crude buds for Flowers freedom,
Revealing Inner Petals never seen,
Through baths of golden tears
And sunny days of laughter. . .
Upon the Way of Victory!

Then to fly, or swoon, in almost breathless Bliss;
A Youth Eternal; among our beautiful Kindred
All dressed in shining Robes of Blessed Light,
In the Loving Care of those Golden Priests,
Amid the apple groves, the sparkling pools,
The shining rivers and gem-emblazoned buildings. . .
Within the Golden Gardens of the Sun!

Actors' Robes

We are never what we seem to be,
And blindly, though kindly, we meet,
Dressed in painful costumes for the Night.
And thus far off our Thoughts we share
As best we can in illusive Masquerade;
Spirits all. . .
Behind these Parts that we must Play.

And therefore, in days gone by
(misunderstanding this simple Truth)
Have we caused each the other so many pains,
Which stained our pillows with precious tears.

Oh that these Veils were lifted
From whom we Truly are,
If only for a moment of a scene of Time,
That pure Romance return to this sullen Earth
As in the Ancient days of unwritten history.

Then how much Love and Joy would bless our world,
And with a careless gesture. . .
Scatter our Royal Petals of Deep Delight
Into the Hearts and Minds of poor Humanity.

Love's Wand

Oh for those deep Inspiring moments,
When Time is banished by that Golden Wand,
And all our dark forgetfulness among these clouds
Where dwell with heavy burdens the un-romantic dead,
Is filled with Choral Songs from Loves own Breath,
And makes the blindfold Eye to see Celestial Kingdoms;
Bathed in Glory and Power and Wonder. . .
Even here, among the dead, the half-dead and the dying!

Trials

Poor soul with broken wings;
Stumbling through the tunnels dark,
With Faith and doubt in dire contest,
Yet with gleaming armour ever striving onward!
Lighting the way of evil shadows,
While passions embody themselves
In seething waves of ghastly forms,
Cut after cut; tear after tear,
The sweet bird stumbles ever on;
Glittering in the blackened Night,
Through the leaden, choking air...
Murky with cruelties and secret plots.
Oh how the ground doth open up
Like the very jaws of inconstant hell;
Like a pit of death before the soul,
When all its past foundations
Once so beautiful and secure. . .
Are seemingly fractured and powdered into dust.

Yet, these conditions of the Night will not prevail,
When once our Gold is truly Tested in the Fire,
For like the Phoenix from its own ashes arising,
We will merge in Peace with that Golden Choir.

Question

Oh sky at Night,
Your crystal Eyes do peep
Across the Deep of Space,
Winking secret, celestial Messages,
Oh what boundless immensity or Parent
Made thee visible to me?
Was it the same Cause
That gave me Sight to see thee?
If this being so,
Do I then see my Heritage before me. . .
We being born from the self-same Well?

Before the Birth

Like warm Christmas candles
On a Winter's Night,
The fiery Stars glittered
And magically blazed.
In the deep frosty Sky
The Music of the Spheres
Spread their Message symphonic
To the silent Earth.
Jack Frost with his icy brush
The windows dressed
And hung with gem-stone lanterns
The frozen doors.
The Queen of the North
(draped in blue-silvered robes)
Passed like a whisper on shivering wings
And brushed with her misty fingers
The tinkling icicles. . .
Her song strangely hidden
In the cold, moaning winds,
As she veiled the sleepy world
With her snow-white sheets.
Meanwhile, tears like hot jewels
Did sadly fall from beauteous eyes,
Once so full of honeydew and fire,
And froze there. . . still.
Like glass-granite stones;
Gripping the velvet cheeks
With sorrow's freezing hand;
Imprisoning within its icy wall
The warm flame of Love.

Not yet would the humble snowdrops
Nor delicate crocus flames
Dare their innocent heads
Above the bitter snows;
Nor yet would the laughing daffodils
(dressed in happy solar gold)
Dare to imitate the Sun of our Love. . .
While rules that Queen of the Wintry North!

The Enraptured Nightingale

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

While resting bewitched
Upon your Mystical breast,
In the Charmed Flames of Vision
I dreamed a dream;
You led me in to your Inner Chamber
(a Garden of plenty with many fruits laden)
And there, oh my beautiful Beloved,
You anointed my head and feet
With fragrant oils,
While your loving fingers soothed
The strings of my Being,
Till your Chamber was filled
With the Songs of our Rapture,
As Winged like Twin-Doves
We soared in delight
Till the dew of our flight
Glistened like pure, coloured gem-drops,
(a garment of Bliss, our many coloured plumage)
Vibrating as one Chord
In the secret Ecstasy of Love!

Then calmly you cooled me
And your hand was upon me,
With a sigh. . . I slept. . .
And lost you again.
Now the black robe of my sorrow
Weighs me with burdens,
And once again full is the land with my weeping,
(echoes the cry of the Nightingales lament)

As I wander heart-broken
The lonely parched Desert.
Ever longing, and searching
This Labyrinth for you. . .
Oh, only for you. . .
My beautiful Beloved!

Time

Hedged in with thorns,
The buds un-beautiful to see,
Suddenly, with a cry of pain burst forth,
Unveiling radiant petals to the Sun!
And while I watch
(entranced and drunk with Nature's Work)
They swell with all their glory to the Eye.
And when their Message has at last Ascended
Upon the blissful waves of the perfumed Air,
The Scythe of Time
Lops them from their Earthly stems. . .
And casts their worn-out shadows to the ground.

Love's Guidance

She sits within the Gardens fair
Patiently waiting among the flowers,
Forever calling to her Lover
Who languisheth in Sleep.
She scatters petals within his dreams
Reminding him of Home,
While all alone, he dreams of Her. . .
A Prisoner within the Deep.

The Sleeping Singer

Oh for a song, a song to sing,
With which the Flowers of Love to fling;
This tired old earth enwraps the tune
While trying to seal me in deepest gloom.
But there's a Voice from long ago,
Like a secret stirring beneath the snow,
And when I hear its sweetest tones,
It fills with joy my earthly bones.
Deaf must I be, or fast asleep,
Thus only could this secret keep.
Perchance it's time for earthly things,
To labour low and rest my Wings?
But Lovers at Night must sing of the Day. . .
Inspiring with Beauty their Friends on the Way!

Autumn

My life is draining away,
Autumn touches me deeply,
All that I once loved is fading,
Everything folds and disappears,
Laughter and tears are almost behind me,
I am flowing onward to the West. . .
Gently dissolving in my Fiery Essence.
I cannot speak a tale beyond telling,
Silence enfolds me in deepest Peace. . .
Infinite Joy shines through my leaves.

Sailing

Raise the sail, ring the bell!
The Sun is going down beneath the Deep;
Cut the waters, wet the prow!
We're on the voyage of our lives,
And nothing, no nothing will ever be the same.

Oh sing a song and rule the crew,
All the way down to the Western Deep,
Offer bright flowers for fortunate weather
Into the hands of Neptune's beautiful daughters;
All misty-eyed with the dolphin spray.
Laugh and sing through salty adventures,
With the wind in our hair
And the dew in our eyes. . .
Sailing the course of the Sun!

Elemental Steed

Seven coloured and secret is my Fiery Steed,
Trained we both after many hard falls.
Gripped with calm yet firm endeavour
We gallop onward and ever upward,
Yea! even to the Entrance of the Gates of Glory!
Once enemy, now my friend,
Full of harmonic powers of vital life;
Held with the bit of patient peace;
Steered with the reins of secret purpose
And spurred with the powerful points of desire!
Behold! the lower waters are closing behind me
And a glorious Sun beckons in the distant East.
Flowers so beautiful everywhere dancing
And blossom laden trees emitting sweet perfume;
Chorus divine of Nightingales singing,
Call me onward through Gardens of plenty;
A brief time of sweet and joyful rest. . .
Tasting the fruits of Beauty and Goodness.

Now far behind me you hellish voices,
Beneath the treacherous waters of the Underworld,
For here shines True Light above your ruins;
Glittering with the promise of Wisdom's Treasure.
I now begin a Higher Path of loving Service. . .
To sow and to reap, measure for measure.

Service

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

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

Request:

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

The Path

Though clouds of passing things brought many tears,
And some appeared to break the Holy Bond,
Though West winds blew with raging tempests,
No evil claimed my Magic Wand!

Fly! thou darkness, fly!
This Circle be a Window on the Light,
Through which these radiant beams from Hidden Sun
Come forth to end the dismal reign of Night!

Now all the powers of evil in retreat,
Like a heavy shroud around this weeping Earth,
Attempt with cruel acts to keep their ancient rule;
Spreading dreadful fears and dire uncertainties.
But Thou, oh Victorious Light
(Consuming with Thy Holy Flame the hosts of evil)
Are the Opener to the Way of Love and Wisdom;
Bringer of the Golden days of Spring;
Holy Protector and guide to the worthy
And Wielder of the mighty Rod of Power.

Oh Thou, most glorious Inspirer of Thy servants
And the everlasting strength of Peace,
How shall we praise and honour Thee. . .
Thou who art beyond all thought and speech?

"Be thy praise the use of Gifts granted thee,
To spread My Message to this Hall of Sorrow.

Let not the tongues of the spiteful,
The ignorant and the blasphemer offend thee,
Nor let the burden of the flesh deter thee,
But keep thy rock of Peace in times of trial.
Be a Warrior for the Light of Truth;
Slay all ignorance with the Sword of Wisdom;
Open thy Mind to the great Stream of Beauty
That all thy lower mud be washed away.
Honour me with thy suffering;
Praise Me both in Works and in Silence.
Thus will you join thy little flame
To the great and most glorious Eternal Flame,
And I will transform thee into more than Man.

"Behold! the Wheel of Life has turned
Once more upon its ancient circuit,
And once again the Hosts of Virtue return;
Each servant with a special Path. . .
Laden with Gifts for lower Egypt.

"Fail me not thou Hosts at My Command
But build another Holy Land.
Thus am I praised and honoured;
Thus will you meet Me in the Garden of the Sun!

SONGS ON THE PATH TO THE TREASURY

The wise man becometh a Lyre which is all a'quiver
and resoundeth beneath the hand of God.

Lamblichus

.....He who receives Light from above,
from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;

John Milton. Paradise Regained. Lines 289-290

21. For where your Treasure is,
there will be your Heart also.
22. The light of the body is the Eye:
if therefore thine Eye be Single
thy whole body shall be full of Light.

St. Matthew. Chapter 6

Humility

To learn to die is to truly live.
Till we have nought we cannot give,
What lives forever is covered o'er
With layers of pride and empty show.
The Mirror clouded by desire,
Reflects not Light but lower fire,
(Thence come creatures of the Night
to mimic Power and banish Light).
What must outward let it be,
Be still, Within, and humbly See
The way to Peace: a pure Mind,
Subdue desire true Power to find!

For:

Humility as the Crown of Virtue reigns,
To slay all vice and break the chains,
For the humble are with Wisdom fed. . .
Light for Gold and fire for lead.

The Poet's Path

Boy with the Spirit Pen!
Pour forth thy magic Runes
In beautiful spoken Oracles,
Clothing transparent Truth with Mysteries!
Strike forth the vital strings with Power,
That Earth's foundations tremble
And crumble to the Inner Eye.
Get thee Wine wherewith to Fly;
To melt away the lower lead
And walk the streets of Paradise.
Drunk with liquid Force. . .
Sing of Hidden Truths,
Of Keys, of unknown Doors
And all Eternal things and Beings,
Who, radiantly smiling down upon Thee,
Have patiently awaited your Symphonic Return!

Freedom

When Prometheus finds a Herculean strength
Drawn deep from the Sun to a beating Heart,
As onward to the adamantine peak of Actuality
His eyes are flashing with the eagle's flight. . .
Then no more do the hours of sleep oppress,
Heavy with hopeless laments of lost pavilions.

For thus do we lovers ever strive:
With a Faith and magnetised desire
To the Beauty of the Life Eternal. . .
Ever onward to the Holy City.
And the vast and stirring trumpets resound
With the Joy of that Living Symphony. . .
Springing from the height of Dawn
Upon the outstretched jewelled Wings
Of joyous Freedom!

Un-requested Kindness

The Path is firmly closed to all unkind,
Who never think of aught but truth;
Whose heads be cap-stones upon Heart's tomb
And know too much to hear the Call.
Who never dare to work with Fire
But keep unlit their selfish way;
Dreading every step for fear of falling. . .
Never knowing that un-requested kindness
Be the very angel at the door!

The Poet's Remembrance

Long, long ago, in the Fire of Love,
When snowflakes danced in the moaning winds. . .
Decorating the lonely hours.
When fairy dances moved me deeply
With the golden heart of a mystic poet;
Embraced by the velvet Light of Vision
Or awoken in the midnight hours
With magic songs of deep delight.
Knowing life to be an exile,
A mere dream, a cunning Web,
A shifting desert of passing things.

Later, the fairies left. . . the curtain fell!
The singing boy was deaf and blinded;
Drowning in the stream of lower passions;
Beguiled and chained,
Tempted and stained. . .
The death-bells tolled necessity.
And then the loving heart was hardened. . .
Yet softened now and then
With the charmed tears of dear Remembrance
Of that distant chant of glorious Love;
Trembling with melodious hymns of Beauty,
Like a babbling stream of lucent liquid
Embracing its Treasure of many gems.

Yea! two streams for sleeping humanity:
 One madly leaping in frenzied convulsions
 Into the lake of vice and death;
 The other, alive with Inspiration -
 Carries her Lovers to the Sea of Light!
 She, that simple Water, transmutes Her chosen!
 Oh joy of Life!
 Renewal of our Inner Being!
 Flowing through the Golden circle;
 Bestowing sight and happiness. . .
 And powerless are the beasts of Night!
 Hush! . . . the tinkling bells of magical enchantment;
 Of innocence, of wonder and unknown kingdoms,
 And flashing garments of holy beings
 Enrapt with the royal hues of Wisdom:
 Smiling stars who Golden in the Indigo
 Rejoice for all who penetrate the Mystic Veil.

Oh Sons and daughters of the Primordial Flame,
 Know you not from whence descended
 Into this painful masquerade of Life?
 Oh why the lukewarm shade of Love?
 Would you not see the boundless Light
 Hidden within your rebel powers?
 Oh come true poet,
 Return to the heights,
 And to sing and make glad in My eternal meadows;
 To soar into the Golden Sea of Light
 And sound the mysterious depths of Hidden Soul.
 Maybe the stone of black marble will open wide,
 Even now while you walk this grimy world,
 And the Child, like a Ray of Light,
 Fructify the Germ of Life. . . the Christ Sun!

Oh how. . . tell me how
Were we blind to this simple love;
This rose of high Initiation;
This glorious Star;
This single Eye;
This Peace. . .
This Christ-light in our Hearts?

Calm Centre

Sometimes upon this Path of Life
When all seems dark and the struggle hard,
Then comes sweet Peace,
To lead us back to that Simple state,
Where the soft radiance of Heaven
Calms with gentle hand our troubled minds,
Revealing how,
In the heated frenzy of the game. . .
True living has passed us by!

Then how our complex lives are simplified
And filled with summer goodness,
Flowing like a calm harmonic stream
In all directions from the Hearts rich core,
And we are stilled;
Within our rightful place;
Viewing all surrounding troubles
With a calm but firm composure. . .
From the Beauty of our Central Standing Ground!

How comes it then
That we so swiftly lose that state
And filled with bitter cares bemoan our lives?
How comes it then
That we so quickly grasp at all commotion
And bewildered go jumping everywhere?
One fleeting moment is all it takes
For the rebel powers to grasp our reins. . .
And draw their dismal clouds across the Sun!

Therefore be ever watchful
From your little Golden Seat;
For see how these changing moods
Are like the horses hooves,
Seeking ever to unseat the dreaming rider.
Get not involved in pushing and pulling
As you travel life's mysterious highway,
But rule the Fiery Steed
With the gentle grip of Conscious Presence,
Calmly watchful in bright perception:
A precious diamond for eternal Light. . .
A Guiding Star to your Brothers and Sisters!

Orpheus

Oh fairest of the Gods Thou art
Arising from out the Lake of Sleep,
Shaking thy dewy locks that weave fair patterns
Upon thy rose-misted brow;
Leaping to thy feet
As sprightly as the meadow daffodils.
What splendour adorns thy beautiful face,
Like some radiant Angel
Come forth from the Sun;
How could the moth resist you?
As if some stately Flame had wandered here,
Deep among this Earth of clay
Where darkness like a heavy shroud
Veils the Inner Eye of humankind!

What Duty calls thee here then,
Among these dreaming clouds called life?
And if thou would secret be,
Then answer me I beseech thee
Some simple enquiry:

Of what high nature are those magic aromas
That waft about thy marble-like form,
Perfuming my drunken brain with ecstasy?
And what those warbling melodies
Which linger on in my perceptions,
Bringing Holy Visions of a Central Glory
More fiery pervading than the rest?

And yet, no end to this extension,
Like some potent all-proceeding Light,
Penetrating each Mystic Veil like silken crystal
Which fringes the Fountains
And Chalices of Heaven.

Oh God, let not my tinctured Tongue
Be stilled awhile,
Nor let Thy Holy Flame abandon me,
But Thy Fire send coursing
Through these lyric veins. . .
The Wine of Poesy!

Oh how Thy fruitful Essence blows aloft
Among the woven Rays of Angels,
Whose fiery radiations
In a sudden rush of vibrant rapture
Have drawn me upward to a higher view. . .
Upon the glorious Wings of Inner Vision!
And yet, no static flight is this:
A blazing chariot hurled ever upward;
Ever ascending to Higher Kingdoms,
Like a fiery Thought,
Borne upon the Wings of a Spiritual Lance,
Till at some point halting, I cannot tell,
(the Mind being carried beyond all language)
We perched as it were in an Aureate Light
Booming with the Orders of Invisible Rulers. . .
In the Light of God's Consciousness.
And everywhere vast multitudes of Holy Sparks,
Blazing within that Light of Lights;

Each Spark a choral Heart of Love Divine
Filled with joyful, vibrant Life,
Singing for all Eternity!

When all at once. . .
The Whole aflame with Ecstasy and Song Divine
Went spinning in a blazing tumultuous Whirlwind;
Bursting like some exultant sparkling Fountain
Across the Diamond Floor of God's Temple Invisible!

Oh God, Thou art All in All,
The beginning, the middle
And the end of All!

What shock of shocks
And sorrow's fruitful tears,
As like the lightning flash
Which dashing through the atmosphere
Finds its prison within the Earth,
I fell far down into this waking Dream
And felt again the weight of mortal clay,
That hangs like a twisting serpent
Around some Heavenly Stem. . .
Clinging tightly with its suffocating grip.

Oh Thou, Orpheus, a King of the Sun,
Thine Answer have you given,
Yet in Silence, never speaking. . .
Thy Living Lyre enough!

Seekers and Finders

Some a Garden seek, all wet with rain,
A Few, all wet with tears, a Garden do become,
. . .They shall be truly Beautified!

Some to Love aspire, with moral law,
A Few, with broken hearts, True Lovers do become,
. . .They shall find their True Beloved!

Some for knowledge thirst, with all their mind,
A Few, still their Mind, and Wise Ones do become,
. . .They shall find the Holy Treasure!

Purpose

The Seeds lay ripening beneath the land,
Unseen, unheard, as if in dreams,
And so are we, en'clothed in flesh,
Amassed in roots but lacking shoots,
Come Awake! the summer rains are here!

Oh summer days and truthful rains,
Ease the burden below the main,
Lift we Seeds and let us stand,
With gladness rejoice the Gardener's Hand,
Hear our prayer Lord, hear our prayer!

Growing Goodness fills the fields,
Waves of young Corn greet the Sky,
Man! lift up your Shoot to Hidden Sun,
Whose Inner Secrets ye know none,
Lift up I say, and greet the Dawn!

The Golden Corn in splendour looking Up,
Has left the soil, has Won,
Now hark! the Herald Angels sing:
"Be thou reaped thy first Work done,
And hear the cries of many.

"Once Corn of life, now Bread of Light,
Go feed the hungry souls,
Who lacking strength to rend the Veil
Turn to darker ways and pain. . .

"My Child: go give thy Light and Life and Love!"

Hymn of Praise

Lift thy Heart in pure Devotion,
Sing thy praise in Voice of Love,
Spread wide thy Wings in upward flight,
Bearing witness. . . Angelic Dove.

Crown thy head with jewelled Wisdom,
Prune thy Heart to scarlet-rose,
Burst the banks of Loving rivers,
Overflowing friends and foes.

Hear the chords of Cosmic Globes,
Symphonic Celestial in purple robes,
Breathe the breaths of one enchanted,
Drinking Essence from goblets Gold.

Tear wide the Veil of earthly dreams,
Enter into Light, Life and Love,
Shower forth thy blessings in endless number,
With radiant Power from Peace above.

With Life Eternal, on for ever,
Carry thy burdens for others' sake,
That they may too rejoice in Union,
And from God's own Cup therefrom partake.

The Call

The day draws on, the light is dim,
Come Home my Love, come Home,
Oh quit this painful sphere my Friend,
Come Home my Love, come Home.
The Angels call with sylvan sound,
Your happy Friends in Light abound,
The Treasure in their Hearts have found. . .
Come Home my Love, come Home!

Thy youthful bloom on happy cheeks
Will not the years outwit,
Alone your Heart with Loving Dew
Will wash the stains from it.
So close your eyes and come to Me,
An Inner Light across the Sea,
Casting shadows far from thee. . .
Come Home my Love, come Home!

So far beyond this darksome Earth,
Simplicity to find,
Away! above the flagging world,
The jailer of the Mind.
Now break the fetters of the soul,
As the bells of Gold begin to toll,
Hear their peals of Freedom call. . .
Come Home my Love, come Home!

A distant Light, a Guiding Star,
Shines bright Within your Cave,
Let not the stormy fruitless doubt,
Drown it like a wave.
For Faith be eyes to what's not seen,
Unbending Will and Vision keen,
Which penetrates this painful Dream. . .
Come Home my Love, come Home!

To Gardens of Beauty and honey streams,
Come Home my Love, come Home,
Unveiling Mysteries beyond all dreams,
Come Home my Love, come Home.
Brothers and Sisters all as One,
Who trod the darksome Path long gone,
All sing this deep inspiring Song. . .
Come Home my Love, come Home!

The Awakening

Freed from all deceitful forms
Which moulded me through many painful lives,
Now Awake! upon the Sunlit Mountain,
So far beyond the languid body's sleep.
Onward! to the Eastern dawn of Comprehension,
Where every Thought is seen within the Living Air,
Like multitudes of beauteous Birds
Who wing their swiftly Singing Flight
Within the Universal Mind of God!

A Wish

May Thy words of Wisdom be planted deep,
Beneath all my dreams in fertile Sleep,
And when Morning paints away the Night,
May Thy seeds of words be Poems of Light!
And when their sweet flowerets fill this brain,
Keep thou, I beseech Thee, the Memory unstained,
Like pure liquid colours on a crystal floor,
The Beauty of Wisdom reflect Ever more!

Early Seeker

Your eyes like innocent pools do question me
And search what I cannot tell,
Your lips breathe words, oh such kindly words,
So sweetly spoken your doubts to quell.
Nay, I cannot reveal the final answer;
That mysterious Power for which you long.
Nay, I cannot simply play the Teacher;
To give you stones were truly wrong.
I Know that Time withholds the final answer
And will with many labours your Self unveil,
I Know your Spring dreams will be torn away
In the cruel blasts of the Autumn gale.
But this dear one, I cannot Teach you,
For you would think them death-like stones,
Oh, you who come to me for Flowers,
Receiving nought but sorrow's bones.
Therefore, accept this kiss upon your cheek,
And this warm embrace from a Loving Friend,
Let me for a few moments hold you thus,
That you learn, only Love can True Wisdom send!

The Poet's Secret

Star blaze, indigo sky,
Midnight crisp and keen,
Flowers dream, spirits fly. . .
For the Gems of the Fairy Queen.

Silver ray, Golden shield,
Moonpath sharp and steep,
Pilgrims climb, passions yield. . .
To the One beyond the Deep.

Golden Boy, secret Wand,
Hidden, bright and clean,
Magic Child, I respon. . .
To thy beautiful Golden Beam.

Magic Mirror, rare delight,
Twin-Lights, Mind and Soul,
Here below with Single Sight. . .
Of the glory of the Goal.

So my weary head, it's time for bed,
Upon my Heart to lie,
That I may slip between the stars. . .
And roam the Paths on High!

Love

Love is not where knives are drawn,
Nor where the tongue of spite is heard,
The Tongue of Love is sweet and mild,
Its Heart being torn. . . speaks not a word!
Love is gentle, Love is kind,
Never breaks a bond, nor promise,
Love still stands when all else falls,
Oh listen, you doubting Thomas!
Love's not for those who dressed in thorns
Travel a selfish lover's path,
Who drink the life from those who give,
Then brand them with a fiery wrath!
Love is never Understood
By those especially who praise it most,
For Love in Silence performs sweet Acts,
As Secret as the Holy Ghost!

The swine are always at the table,
The wolves are always at the door,
And Love (crucified in between them)
Performs good works Forever more!

From Heart to Mind

Behold the Dawn!
Of Mystic Breath and Sacred Word;
Lighting up a Sea of Fires,
And trembling through the Holy Choirs,
The final end of dark desires. . .
Within the Golden Heart of Man!

Hark! the Voice of Secret Wisdom
And true Remembrance!
Of Love and Understanding,
The clue of Truth unwinding,
The bells of Freedom chiming. . .
Within the Mind of Man!

Progress

In the Royal Palace of my Love,
Where marble coolness holds Pure Waters,
Beneath the Blue Dome of my Heavenly Turban,
In the Secret Garden of my Attunements. . .
The whispering feet of my Beloved
Are drawing closer; ever closer,
And little tears of glistening jewels
Speak their silent message of Remembrance,
To She who ever draws me on to Paradise!

Inspiration

Oh for a Lyre
All fiery strung,
The beasts to quell
With noble Song,
From darkness to Dawn
In the touch of the fingers,
A sweet fragrant power
To move the Mind,
And break the black spell. . . with LIGHT from the Stars!

Oh for a clean Glass,
Full to the brim with liquid diamonds,
Glittering and flashing;
Vital and Healing;
To cleanse the dull nerves
And make the frame dance,
To illumine the brain
With beams of Gold,
And bring the Winged Joy. . . with LIFE from the Stars!

Oh for an Angel Wise,
With fair golden locks
All woven with gems,
To speak with honey Tongue
The Teachings of Love,
And warm the cold Heart
With the Wisdom of Goodness;
In sweet dulcet tones;
Sweet Voice of the Heavens. . . with LOVE from the Stars!

Twin Flames

The Paths of Life be Mysteries
To Moths and Butterflies alike.
To both there is a flame of their rejoicing:
One, from Earthly fire its flame be born;
The other, the Central Sun of our Delight!

To Lovers

Oh radiant Lovers!
Swing wide the gates of your Hearts,
And hear the glorious Songs of Freedom
Vibrating in the Sea of Fire!
High pitched like celestial skylarks,
Who decorate with glittering Songs
the Golden Sunbeams. . .
Which striking dawn upon your coffin-lids,
Will draw you forth from your ancient tombs,
Invested with the Seven-fold Robe of awakening Gems,
(the Planetary reflections of your Hidden Sun)
And carry you in bliss on the Orient Way. . .
Into the depths of Love and everlasting Peace!

The Muse of Inspiration

The Goddess of Beauty, Truth and Goodness
Breathed flames of exaltation upon my Flowers,
And with a fragrant Kiss. . . my Heart flung Open!
Unloosening my sleeping Tongue
With precious Tincture of Remembrance,
And flooding my blindfold Eye with sacred Light!

A Hopeful Thought

May your feet tread softly the Path of Peace,
And your Cup of Beauty overflow
With the sweetest Songs of Rhapsody:
From out Heart's Well. . . the Wine of Love!

May you be forever established
In your own Space of warm velvet Silence;
Earned after many self-created thorns.
In the Garden of Wisdom, Purity and Goodness,
In almost breathless Bliss,
Where the Mind is Free and full Creative
In ever ascending circles of Perfection. . .
A glorious Sphere of Super Conscious Light!

May you to Gold be truly transmuted. . .
Calm and Peaceful as the mystic Sapphire;
Inspired with the Love of scarlet Rubies;
Open to the Life of the Golden Topaz,
And find your Beloved in the House of the Sun!

May you truly climb the Mountain of God
With Joy attending your subtle motions;
High-tuned Wings to the Hidden Sun!
Your breath, like a child in gentle slumber;
Your step, like an Angel in meadows of Peace;
Your gaze, like a fawn in Wonder dreaming. . .
The Treasure Inspiring you deep Within,
Transmuting with Fire each serpent skin!

To Seekers

A Sage sits placid upon the White Stone
(Salt in the Centre of the Winding Threads)
Whispering Mysteries of Mystic Delight
To all who listen with the Inner ear!
Dip your Pen deep in the Well of His Magic,
Whence come enchantments from the Holy Mountain. . .
Amid the rich incense of His Holy Thoughts.

Memory Dancing

There's an Island from long ago
I visited in the Night;
There's a place I would love to show
But it's Hidden and far from sight!

But Sight can see it with Single Eye
With Mind attuned in flight;
It's the only True Place for you and I,
A City of Golden Light!

What more would you have me
(tongue-tied as I am)
What more would you have me say?
It's simply I woke up
Beneath Nature's make-up,
On this marvellous, Golden Day!

I Am

I think, therefore I seem to be,
I feel, therefore I need to be,
I KNOW, therefore I AM!

A Plea

Oh great and glorious Mount Meru!
Whose breathless Apex is the Hidden Source
Of the Holy Light of God;
Emanating from that Triple Crown
Of Mystery Divine!
Send forth Thy Living Waters
To we humble Pilgrims,
Who suffer on the great Golgotha
Of Thy great and awesome Unveilings!

Sapphire and Gold

All my Planets are shining bright,
The Sun warms me through and through,
I'm like an old sack full of many coloured Jewels,
But mostly I'm Sapphire Blue.
I secretly behold me in the Stream,
An animal reflected in the flow,
I see many struggling in painful rapids
Which they hate but cannot let go!
But within my blue shines blessed Gold;
A dazzling Sun in a pure blue Sky,
A wonderful Treasure; Centre of centres,
The Light of my Heart and Eye!
My spirit Steed tugs at my magnetic reins,
As if to reach Heaven in a single leap,
My rebel powers yearn for total dominion,
To trample Me low and my true Gold to keep!
But I, like you, am a Mystery of mysteries,
Many times unfolded through numerous histories,
And one day washed Clean in the Wisdom of Love,
We will live as pure Flames in the Stream Above!

Blessings

Oh how deep have I slaked my thirst,
With the purest Milk from Nature's sacred Breast,
Yet still the Treasure Store with a stone is pressed,
And still that Wonderful Land retains its Secret Beauty!
But sometimes, within the ever changing Veils
Of this Earthly Illusion,
The Goodness of God; a pure, simple Wisdom,
Shines down from out the Treasury;
Penetrating every layer of that painful stone;
Cooling with its Peace profound
My fretful Brow and aching Heart,
At once allowing me my Freedom Flight,
So far beyond this shadow show
Of bitter woes and scalding tears. . .
Into the shining Realms of Beauty sublime,
Where dwell our Sacred Kindred in the Light!

A Command

Be a pure Glass.
Be Still. . . at Peace.
Be Silent and Open,
Yet full of Joy!
And be as an Eye,
Whereby
The Light of God
May flow through you unresisted
Into all things and beings;
Into the ocean of lower life;
Vital, Healing and beautifully Creative!
I Command You!

Seven Fathoms Deep

One voice and seven strings
One Sun in seven rings,
One breath through seven notes,
One keep in seven moats.

One light through seven colours,
One king on seven horses,
One father and seven mothers,
One path and seven courses.

One gold in seven metals,
One water in seven vessels,
One love and seven helpers,
One peace and seven shelters.

One lock with seven keys,
One life in seven trees,
One fire through seven lights,
One day and seven nights.

One truth through seven heavens,
One alone and seven sevens,
One beauty in seven veils,
One treasure and seven jails.

One and seven equal eight,
To help the fire circulate!

Teach Me

Oh Lord, teach me to walk
Where the ignorant but dream,
Teach me to keep my Mirror clean.
Teach me to leave go
And how to be Still,
Teach me to manifest Thy Holy Will.
Teach me the way of gentleness,
The way of self-help free from duress,
Teach me to slay the ignorance of sin
And how the Crown of Wisdom to win!

Receptivity

Leave go and fall, leave go and fall,
Fall to the Star of your Inner Life!
Empty your Cup, empty your Cup,
Be filled with all the Mysteries
Of who and what you truly Are!
Be Peaceful as the snow at midnight,
And listen to the Spirit whispering
In the Silent depths of Receptivity.
Then breathless bliss of perfect Beauty
Will fill your empty Cup with Treasures rare.

And now, having at last returned
To that Blessed Radiance of perfect Peace. . .
Behold! the Veil is torn like some aged sackcloth,
And now what glorious Treasures fill the Mind!

Simple Music

Green holly, red berry,
Winter nips but I am merry,
Robin red, fields of white,
Heart be warm this frosty Night.

Star bright, sky deep,
Comfort children while they Sleep,
Clear drops, waters thunder,
Wash away the weight they're under.

Buttercup, sun blaze,
Children laughing while they gaze,
Hawk's feather, needle pine,
Help them drink the Mystic Wine.

Pigeons cooing, peckers knocking,
Sounds of keys, doors unlocking,
Granite wall, mountain peak,
Reveal the Sacred Ones they seek.

Wind a'blowing, poplar dancing,
Children of Life, Eye entrancing,
Kettle sing, crackle fire,
Simple music of the Lyre.

White horse, stone mound,
Signs of magic on the ground,
Pebble brook, river flow,
Dance of Life, melted snow.

Lightning strike, crumble walls,
Greater strength found in falls,
Tumble sea, crashing waves,
Freeing Gold from dreary caves.

Melted ice, Eye open,
Wisdom's here, no more groping,
Windows clean, petals wide,
Inner Flame with you abide.

Trinity

Pure Water, deep delight,
A crystal Mind reflecting LIGHT.
Golden Flame, calming strife,
A Peaceful Heart with vital LIFE.
Fire and Water; Hawk and Dove,
Made One in the Secret Mystery of LOVE!

New Age

The blossom laden Trees
Joyfully scatter their perfumed Seeds
On coloured Wings;
Borne on the Wind never to fall;
Strong willed and balanced;
Yet Reflected on their shining Paths
Through heavy Elements of the Earth:
While gliding serene,
Above the stream,
Shining clean,
Outside this dream,
Thoughts agleam,
With Nature's Queen,
Inside what's seen,
With Vision keen. . .
Forever unfolding Flowers to the Sun!

The Harvest

Oh what Golden Goodness fills me now!
My strong oaken vats are full of True Wine;
My barns are bursting with the Golden Grain;
My cool, silent vases are filled with Pure Oil;
My crystal jars glowing with rich Amber Honey,
And my tables are laden with all Precious Fruits!

A still, small Voice calls from Within:
"Thou hast Reaped, now thou must Sow!"

Song

On rose-lit mornings, sparkling dews,
Do litter lawns in ones and twos.
Chorus of joy, harpists employ
The dancing fingers of Master Musician,
To purify all. . . the Choral Physician!

A Vision of the Knight's Beloved

Your lovely eyes are more dear to me
Than all the stars of Heaven;
More beautiful than Jami's wine-stained glass of bliss;
Brighter than the diamond's treasured lights of purity;
Softer than the velvet petals of the blue Viola;
More kindly and graceful than an Angel's gaze
When watching enchanted her true beloved,
And more deep entrancing
Than the Star Sapphire's potent power.

Oh to see you walking in your blue attire
On the winding, flowery paths of Home,
As you lightly wander in the fragrant waves
Of the warm Southern breeze;
Perfuming with the sweet balm of your holy presence
The peaceful meadows and gently swaying reeds;
Your subtle movements more ravishing than honeyed waters
Weaving with flowing witchery among the stones;
Your perfect form as supple as the solar reed
Smoothly waving in the golden Sunlight;
Your radiant face more deeply enchanting
Than all the flowers of Heaven,
And your joyful smile a mystic blessing
To all who pass along the blissful streets of Paradise.

Oh, to be the gems upon your gentle breast
And sail bewitched to your precious, Inner Kingdoms!
Oh, to be the blessed ground beneath your happy feet
And feel the soft beatings of your joyful journeys!

Oh, to dream within the woven flowerets of your hair
And joy forever in the deep magic aromas
Of your beautiful dreams!
And oh, to embrace thee and be wholly transfigured. . .
As Twin Flames merged in the Essence of God!

New Day

Now dawns the Royal Face of the Sun!
And the Queen of Night. . .
(dressed in glittering garment of many stars)
Disappears in a sudden blaze of golden flames!

Now radiant shoals of Light and Life
(shot forth with Power from His fiery disc)
Pervade all things and beings with vital Healing,
Till all the Earth is trembling with Song
And risen to active Service. . .
To the Sun of our Love!

Now Choirs of vibrations shepherded by Angels,
Moving all things and beings on the Orient Way,
Unfold the Sacred Plan with Hidden Power;
A whirlwind vast in Transmutations,
To 'Lower Egypt' be Inundations,
To the Most High be Salutations,
From whose Holy Cup is poured this bright, New Day!

The Holy Grail

Oh gather all we Seekers
Around the Holy Grail,
Oh hear His sacred Teachings
With which we cannot fail.
Come! behold His Holy Radiance
Casting out all doubt,
Oh drink His blessed Waters
To end this bitter drought.
Now Spring-time of Creation
Fills all the Earth with flowers,
The sky vibrates with Bird Song. . .
The Heart with secret Powers!

To Future Nightingales

May the words of thy tongue be beautiful and true,
Like heavenly fire-birds from Golden Star Island,
Who, armed with golden quills of fire
And girded with the blazing breastplates of the Sun,
Come swiftly sailing on bejewelled Wings of Power,
Through purple clouds of precious incense shining!
Sent forth by the fragrant Breath of the Holy One,
Across the vast unconscious gulf of dreamy Neptune,
Whose moody Waters capture less vital thoughts
And drown them in the deep brooding flood of Sleep.
A glorious, vital and Immortal flock,
Blazing with splendour; electric and keen;
Who penetrate with unaffected Joy the heavy fog,
That hangs like some leaden, weary forgetfulness
Around these Plutonian entrance doors of earthly wit.

Oh, how should I say that these Victorious Birds
Have the Power to Remember and slay regret:
With living Songs, wherewith to mount the Winged-Steed
And o'erleap with fiery Enthusiasm
The barricades of the Mysterious Moon;
With Simple Truths, dressed in fascinating Veils,
Calling forth the mighty hosts of shining Thoughts
And all the Spirits of Imagination
From unsuspected Wells of Vital Consciousness;
And with Beauty cleansing with pure liquid gem-drops
And sparkling Life the grimy windows of the Mind.
That now all things are bathed in Holy Flames. . .

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

A Gift

I will kiss with Love your tear-stained cheeks
And softly Light your eyes with Spirit Flames,
I will stir with Joy your poor, broken Heart
And fill with Vital Power your sluggish veins,
I will with blessed Radiance feed thy Sight
And with Charmed Melodies hymn the passing hours,
I will fill you up full with the Strength of Peace
And make you Simple like the meadow flowers.

Reverie

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

Venus-Lucifer

Hail! thou Ocean of Light, filled with Treasures rare,
That blasts with blinding Ray despondent clouds and
dark despair!

For those whose fiery passions be firmly ruled with Love
Receive the wondrous Fish of Inspiration from above,
Who, like vibrant Sparks of living Thoughts Divine,
Flash like lightning into Minds like yours and mine!
Amazing mazelike intellect with threads of Gold,
Revealing our shining Central Stone of old.
Then, transmuted with developed Wings of Fire,
Fly! having conquered the metals of beastly desire.
Thus from the ashes flying like a whirling flame
Shall the Phoenix remember its Original True Name.

Five Little Gems

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

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

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

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

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

Praise to the Light

Praise to the LIGHT!

Which takes up the burden of the truly worthy,
When under dire affliction and cruel testing;

Which comes like a thief in the Night,
Unsuspected in Power and Glory;

Which counts past failure as nothing,
If we be truly contrite and labour mightily with Love;

Which is quick to the faithful,
And banishes evil at the moment of defeat;

Which disciplines the Seeker;
For then Humility wins the Crown of Wisdom;

Which bestows the Sword of shining Wisdom;
With which to slay dark ignorance. . . the source of all Sin;

The bestower of the only true Riches;
A Treasury of Gems hid deep in the Sun;

Which transforms the Mind to pure Diamond,
A Mirror of Truth, Beauty and Bliss;

Which gives Remembrance of our Inheritance,
And joins the Twins in Alchemical Marriage;

The Source of all Eternal things and beings,
Of which, creation is but a dark Reflection
Of an Eternal and Secret Work of Art;

Which makes this creation to vanish from sight,
As if it never was - which it is NOT;

Which is the Light and Life of every being. . .
The Eternal Peace and only True Rock of Safety!

Praise to the LIGHT!

KEYS FOR ESCAPING PRISONERS re-clothes the wisdom of the ancient sages and mystics, so often misunderstood by most modern interpreters.

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