

Meher's Glance

When You turn to me Your glance, Meher, so infinitely knowing,
The heavens shower kisses and the Ocean breeze is blowing,

All intimacies are revealed and distances are spanned,
And it seems the Pearl of ages is already in my hand.

But when You frown and turn away, the shimmering sheen is rent,
And every hour and minute is a-boil with discontent,

And worthless seem to me the works I once supposed so fair,
And empires of imagining dissolve in empty air.

Thus have I found that everything depends up the Whim
And all my states of happiness and sorrow come from Him.

Like dreams of clouds and pageantries reflected on a lake —
One moment seen in stillness, and the next, they wave and shake —

So all I am is stirred by forces that I cannot see
And time proves passing where I sought rock-sure solidity.

But of my multiple illusions — since I can't escape
The beguilement of each moment and its fresh, alluring shape —

The illusion that springs heaven from the cage of bleak despair
Is when You turn to me Your glance so knowing and so fair:

O, the vision of sheer beauty and the crown of highest prayer
Is when in heart of Ward alights the pure glance of Meher.

The Jungle Stalker

All night through the jungle the Lion's hunting through vine-roped bracken and
sedge-slimed creeks;
And deep in my bones I know that *I* am the quarry He seeks.

My tribe constructs perimeter fences to hold the Menace out at bay.
They keep us safe—such is their promise— if we never stray

But stick to the sunlit and familiar, the rounds and rut-fill of convention.
The truth behind this false façade— *that*, we dare not mention.

But in sudden dusks between the moments, when world-day lapses and shadow
streams,
I discern a different reality through the cloak of dreams.

The outer terrain's mapped and measured: I can hear Him when He stalks me there.
It is within me that He's tunneled His secret lair.

But sometimes dead of night I awaken with a hive of bees roiling my breast
And a million throbs and pricks and stabbings of profound unrest;

And I slip out through the encircling barrier where the forest looms its dim outlines
And the air is charged with the scent of jasmine and the full moon shines;

And I know that deep within that jungle the Lion's plotting out His kill.
Then why this sympathetic yielding in my own will?

Why this weak-kneed abject surrender as I hear the death-stalk chant begin?
Why does each footfall through the bracken make me glad within?

O Ward, you can't evade this Enemy— this in your deepest heart you know.
Your fate was sealed a million million eons ago.