

## From Where I Stand

By Ward Parks

From where I stand, O Meher, the path seems clearly laid.  
The sanctions have been granted, the tolls and tariffs paid,

The pack is on my shoulders, the commission in my hand,  
And plain the charge, that bids me be true to Love's command.

And though the part assigned me makes me less man than mule  
And though prostration brands me in worldly eyes a fool,

I know to win this station many a war I've fought  
And my humiliation is a treasure dearly bought.

O God, how many lifetimes in the wilderness we stray!  
What strange hallucinations beguile us from the Way!

How many luring promises have led to cul-de-sacs,  
And how many yearned-for freedoms prove burdens on our backs!

But what the mind conjures at in You, Meher, grounds basis,  
And in Your streaming glances my thirst finds its oasis.

Then let my soul's prostration become my branding fire  
And like Your mule in service still drive me every higher:

For that which now's my burden is the Summons and Command! —  
And life seems free and glorious, O God, from where I stand.

## The Proud Philosophers

By Ward Parks

“God is dead! And we’re the new Prophets!” —so en masse the heathen  
philosophers cry.

“People, rejoice! —and sing, and celebrate, as we watch God die!”

But if God’s death spells our felicity, then why has the world become so pale?  
Why are wars and despair, hatred and division our modern tale?

All color fades from the portrait image when you cut the lifeline to the Source,  
And revolving wheels cycle futility in the great concourse.

Yet it is true my God-Friend perishes as long as I am still alive,  
For this stage has room for only one of us to bloom and thrive;

And into the yawning hollow chasm wrought by His departure from the scene  
Is spawned this brood of haughty pundits who gloat and preen.

But can I, no hero, summon courage to tread the march and accede to death?  
Only when dear God is the pulse of my heartbeat and the wind of my breath,

Only when this portrait-image disgusts me with all its false-flag sham and pelf  
Will God infuse me with the grace to forget myself.

Then will my mind’s own proud philosophers will be shown purveyors of the Lie,  
And “Ward is dead! O sing and celebrate!” —will my true Self cry.

## To Catch the Hukki

By Ward Parks

Though on this field of seasoned veterans I'm green and fledgling as a rookie,  
Still dare I hope to bait the Glance and to catch the Hukki.(1)

O, do not audit my deserving: on that account I know I fail!  
To try my strength in joust or hastilude were to no avail.

I've seen what means a real hero, and the spectacle of it overawes.  
What seems beyond all reach unthinkable, he the hero does.

He proves the higher possibility, overhurdling every block and ban;  
Who walks that road in the end emerges as the Perfect Man.

In a tourney that attracts such champions, what hope is there for the likes of me?  
And yet I'll not be a coward daunted to turn tail and flee—

For I know that the flame within that drove me to quit my home and my cozy den  
For this field of trial, kindled, cannot be snuffed out again:

For beneath the wash of daily surfaces, flatteries that please and stings that  
smart,  
I have seen Your Face, and from that, the arrow has pierced my heart.

Then by what means, by what ruse, what stratagem, when companions next at  
the tavern meet  
And the rounds are passed, might I contrive to secure a seat?

What tomfoolery might attract the notice and pause in its roving the God-Man's  
Eye?  
Only if the thought of Him is what prompts every breath and sigh.

Only if, on the page of every moment the name of Love has been inscribed,  
To overlook my countless failings can the Judge be bribed.

Gambling on that, though without deserving, Ward stakes, to bait and catch the  
Hukki,  
Merit and sins of a crore of lives with the cosmic bookie.

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1 "Hukki" is a Marathi word that Baba used to refer to the Beloved's whim or passing fancy.