

The Magick of the Fire Ball

(a new rhythm of life for cosmic people)

A knowledge of magick and spells can be
Of use to a weirdshit wizard like me:
I live quite happy, for is it not said,
All who were enemies, now are dead.

Sprinkle the world with weirdshit and wonder
By the alchemy of transformations;
To change the sordid world around into
One fantastic cosmic zone of dragons.

If artificial life destroys our wonder
And life becomes a path of frown and fret,
We have lost the rhythm of true living;
And in frustration living to regret.

Spirits and sprites in the dreamtime of night
To float in the starland wonder so bright;
Where Venus is getting closer to Mars
In a dreamworld of wonder, full of stars.

In the deep passionate embrace of snug time,
Into the far off cosmic world of dreamtime,
Wearing a skin-tight robe of air at nude time,
Enjoy the soft and tender touch at skin time.

For your shelter you can demand a tree;
For clothing you can demand only rags;
For food expect only leavings and scraps;
What ever else comes to you is good luck.

Thinking of joy when it is not attainable;
Fearing the pure and making it degradation;
Suppressing the five senses which need fulfillment,
Is the human weakness which causes frustration.

Your undivided lines have been broken
And every yang has turned to yin
So the lines all move and keep on changing

And now you ask, “where did it all begin?”

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath