

The Kingdom of the Gods

(a free-world fantasy)

11th October 2002

The realm of the gods is without borders;
No frontiers, only quasars, stars and dust;
Where every man and woman is a star,
And clothing is a shroud or but a crust
Wearing fine robes or in the nuclear nude
Like shining stars when draped in coloured rays,
Creating magick circles in the mind;
A way of life of crowded happy days.
Each star is born to tarry here awhile
As simple plants prepare their seeds and pods;
For what is life if we must think in chains?
A sordid mire for we potential gods.
A beach of paradise and lovely blossoms,
A timeless moment based on premonition.
Miraculous, like madness of the mages;
What better guide have we than intuition?
Did you, not long ago, resolve to act
And patterns of establishment disown,
To think you left the rat-race far behind
And then create another of your own?
How grand could be the kingdom of the gods
If we could happiness and life relate;
If we could live in love and harmony
A magick aeon, new, to recreate.
Fantastic is the kingdom of the gods
A land where shadows come to meet and cross;
Where much potential only goes to waste
And so much gold is hid beneath the dross.
The moon in fullness is blowing my mind
And my cosmic expansion is glowing;
Bathing our kingdom in silvery light

And each moonbeam is part of our growing .
 Here less and less of the west and its sham
 And less of the work toil and labours,
 And not to depart from the rhythm of life,
 Or have to keep pace with the neighbours.
 The world of the gods is a world indeed
 A luna cult, in joy to dance and shout:
 Is it not a matter of great wonder
 That a full moon night always freaks us out?
 With abandoned glee by the azure sea,
 With its sugary beach of golden sand,
 And a musical madness, so divine,
 In a moonlit magickal wonderland.
 We made a cleft with the world we left;
 The abyss was crossed and never too soon;
 To become insane was our greatest gain—
 A kingdom of gods and the silver moon.
 In the luna light of a dreamtime night,
 And a canopy vast of countless stars;
 A fantasy world and with deep insight,
 As the gods float by in their aerial cars.
 In a sperm splashed spangle of spongy spray
 And a seminal stream of celestial stars;
 Where the life-force comes from the milky way,
 And the lust of life is the passion of Mars.
 A stream of light discharged, but not too soon,
 So deep in the depths of a cosmic womb:
 Yet who can this wonder of life narrate
 Of a mystery which magick does not generate?
 In tune with Orion and hearing its bea
 In fire of its suns and tropical heat;
 To generate vibes, so colourful grand,
 From the crystal sea and the sun-soaked sand.
 The kingdom of magick and dance and joy;
 Glick, glick guitars and the rhythm of drums:
 A world full of gods and goddesses too,
 Bare to the bubbles with sun-kissed buns.
 When fantasy is gone our world is gone;
 For we can only live in the fantastic;
 Without our dreamtime, how can we endure,
 That sham world producing only plastic?
 Be naked and free by the rolling sea

And what shall we care about dresses?
Remember but this, that the sea breeze kiss
Is the way that the cosmos caresses.

So here in this land with its crunchy sand
Let me live and die 'neath its azure sky;
If I dare to leave I will always grieve
And sigh and cry when the palms wave goodbye.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath