

Old Pu-tai

The Old God of Hippyness,
Pu-tai the rotund rollicker;
Leading his crazy army
Of tangle-trash tramps
And hermits full of joy:
Drop-outs of another age,
The sacred and the insane,
Who sang with mystic madness,
With hearts so full of gladness.

The loafing larikins,
The laughing rogues,
Monks, mumpers, mockers,
Renegades and shockers,
Who lampoon everything on earth
And even gods in heaven:
All wild abandonment
And absolute delight,
Living their joyful hours
Throughout the day and night.

Can those who talk now,
And find life one long tease,
Ever hope to capture
The joy of men like these?

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath