

## The Dreamtime Oracle

Though each man and woman is born god and goddess,  
They suffer from laziness, mind muck, delusion,  
Amnesia, apathy, greediness, grasping,  
With nightmares and horrors and fears in profusion.

The stone circle's whirling and digging in deeper;  
The sky overcast with the clouds of pollution;  
Who can escape from the violence and hatred,  
And who is awake to provide a solution?

The dream goblin runs through the mind of the maidens;  
Grotesque is the world of adults and abstractions:  
Great totems and towers point the way up to heaven,  
Yet none can be snug with so many distractions.

The ride of the fire horse is wasting our substance,  
And every machine is a treadmill of sorrow;  
For who in the world can escape from the boredom,  
And who will awake to a better tomorrow?

The Aquarian Merlin is sleeping and waiting;  
The star beacon rays from the Cosmos is glowing;  
The saint-kings and sages now stir in their cavern:  
The cosmic fraternity, one by one, growing.

The rune stones are dancing, the cosmos awakens;  
The dragons are roaring with fire and with thunder;  
The galaxies shine without thought or reflection;  
The cosmos expands in awareness and wonder.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath