

Song of the Pagans

Spontaneous is our Pagan life
And dogmas are our ruin;
To copy weeds from other creed
Results in our undoing.

While rules are made for mini-men
Who live in mental cages;
Spontaneous is our Pagan life
And has been through the ages.

All take their turn to lead the dance
Invoking elementals;
All take their turn to read the scroll
Explaining fundamentals.

And naked be the neophyte,
To know the joy of living;
As man and woman make overtures
As who shall do the giving.

Without the emblem of the cult,
What pagan dare assemble?
Then show the world the joy of life,
Though mini-minds may tremble.

The Shrine, the Stone, the sacred Thing,
Roll the drum and toot the flute;
To feel the rhythm of real life,
Of ecstasy in Absolute.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath