

The Scroll of Rainbow Glow

The Gurudev, his magick much maligned,
May yet be understood, awake to find
Unstable is the world of shifting sands
And yet he holds the cosmos in his hands.

I can but raise my hand to point the way
And indicate there is a path to tread;
I show the way but can not show the goal
So do not quote what Dadaji has said.

You are the twilight soul who saw the day
And now stand at the gate of deepest night;
Heaven and hell are never far away
Yet only you can choose the dark or light.

Does the wise one seek for light in darkness
Or drink the water from polluted streams?
The things you think are making obstacles
And what I say may not be what it seems.

In the yoga of twilight, shadows grow dim
But candlelight illuminates with grace
My fantastic meditation magick
Exploding into cosmic time and space.

So speak with care about the higher things
For one who speaks is one who does not know;
Are there not things for which there are no words,
Forever something which we cannot show?

I came so gentle but in thunder go;
My words will wonders of the cosmos show,
Where I can find the fertile field to seed,
And make you know what is your greatest need?

The mask of gold must be the mask of god
To hide the rudeness of the idol's face
And ever since men raised and worshipped stones,
Myth is the wisdom for the human race.

Where this truth came from, nobody can place

Or guess the point in far out time and space,
So worry not or shed a single tear;
The most important thing is, it is here.

In lonely solitude of hills and caves
There is a place of peace and happiness
Where those bewildered by the whirl of life
Can barter it for everlasting bliss.

The sword is sharp, but cannot cut itself;
There is something coins can never buy
The cup of joy can empty be or filled
The wand may help the will in magick high.

Reality is a united oneness
Of god and the soul and mind and body,
So that which is enjoyed by anyone
Must share its rhythm with all others.

The clouds did once obscure the light of life;
But through the mist, illumination grows
And he or she who once in darkness slept,
Becomes awakened as the soul who knows.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath