

Guru, Mantra, and Magick

(a wizard's words of wynnson)

Code words of cosmic vibrations which will
Generate the power in whole or in part,
Vast cosmic wonder and supreme knowledge,
Is designated mantra by this art.

The power of mantra is beyond comprehension;
In the face of the simple, do not explode it:
Thus, what is for you, may be best unknown to others,
For their improper use could only corrode it.

The supreme purpose for each to attain,
Reunion with the source from whence we came:
If this is the object of human life,
Then other endeavors are only a game!

Play with the treasures of the universe,
With doughnut, diamonds, devilry, and dung;
But nothing is attained by these efforts
If the magick mantra is left unsung.

By initiation, the guru gives,
Potential to bathe in the cosmic shower;
But guru mantra is the magick sound,
The seed explosion of spiritual power.

With mantra, space is filled with nectar sweet,
Till playful perfume permeates the place,
The fragrance of the cosmos overflows
And cascaded immortality and grace.

Sucked into the whirlpool of the cosmos,
Till you become the thunder of its roar;
But the whirlpool of the world will leave you
Alone on the edge of its muddy shore.

My god has a mantra of which I dare not write;
Yet this mantra make god the super cosmic light;
But the naked goddess, in her totality,

Brings the one absolute down to reality.
If mantra power can start the cosmic whirl,
Give spaced-out harmony to boy and girl;
The mantra has that mystic magick grace
Which splashes cosmic semen in the face.
The cosmic vision, blind to human eyes,
Just mantra magick, throwing out its vibes,
Creating its own far-out world to find
That mantra mutilates the muck of mind.
Is it not attainment we want and seek
And not a new whirl of activity?
The downpouring of cosmic grace and love
Dissolves the world of relativity.
The mantra of joy is the lust of god
And the moonbeam thrust in the cavern deep,
The mantra of ecstasy, joy of life,
Till exhaustion rests in a night of sleep.
As essence of the goodness of nature,
Mantras are unpolluted vibrations,
Expressing a universal language
Which rids us of the concept of nations.
From my stockpile of weirdshit and wonder,
A mantra fantastic I will give you
Which will blow your ears and pubes asunder
And make you think you have been born anew.
In secret life, both god and I a madness share,
Cosmic erotic living which makes for desire
To enjoy or recreate that inner essence,
Transforming our sensations into fire.
Snug with the cosmos, that is mantra power,
Celestial blooming, tender as a flower:
Faith in the mantra is joy within reach;
Beyond this, is there anything to teach?
The best way of life is the one which you
Discover as being the one for you:
Not some pseudo-moral religious glue
Where others are telling you what to do.
—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath