

# Collaboration

Spring 2001

Journal of the Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother

Vol. 27, no.1



## ALL - POETRY ISSUE

A poet's letter from Auroville • Meeting with divine truth • She is all sweetness  
Gratitude • Soul's silence • The mad sannyasin  
... and more ...



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**About SAA:** The primary purpose of the Sri Aurobindo Association is to distribute information about Sri Aurobindo, the Mother, and Auroville and to support various projects related to the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Auroville, and Integral Yoga activities in America. Current officers: David Hutchinson, president; Vishnubhai Eschner, secretary; Marta Belén, treasurer; Lynda Lester, vice president, *Collaboration*; Chandresh Patel, vice president, Money-Power Project; Kalpana Patel, vice president, AUM 2001; Bhuvana Nandakumar, vice president, *Collaboration* archives and nonprofit organization; Theresa Boschert, vice president.

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# Introduction

The editors of *Collaboration* decided some months ago to put together a poetry issue. I volunteered to be the guest editor because I thought there would be so few submissions that most if not all could be printed in the issue. I was surprised to receive more than 300 poems! It was a true pleasure to read them; poems embody the individual in a way no other art form does. The struggle was in deciding which to include.

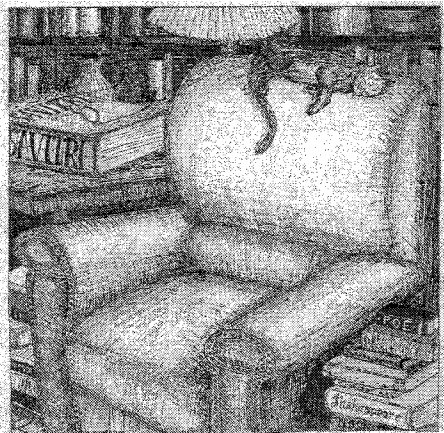
Criteria for poems:

- related to spiritual life and the inner self
- diversity of expression
- individual approach and viewpoint
- expressive use of language

When they began to arrive, I was so excited about the quality of the poems that I decided to integrate the entire issue towards poetry, including the *Apropos* section and the cover.

I have tried to include poems in a variety of styles so that you will be tempted to read the entire issue at once! I have also made every effort to choose poems of the highest quality so that you will be inspired to come back to them again and again. To everyone who submitted poems, thank you so very much. We will keep them on file and include as many as possible in future issues.

Marta Belén, guest editor



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## About the cover

Artist Kirsten Zadekia Xanthippe created the cover especially for this issue of *Collaboration*. A limited edition is available for purchase. For more information, please contact Collaboration at: [editor@collaboration.org](mailto:editor@collaboration.org).



# New letters on Yoga

## From our readers

Just saw the Fall/Winter issue of *Collaboration* and enjoyed "The Triple Time Vision" by Dave Hutchinson, the quotes on the last page, the Quiz, humor and in general everything else too. I also liked a lot the quotes from *The Life Divine* on the last but one page. The interview with Udar Pinto by Anie was interesting too... I enjoyed reading the entire...waiting for the next one. —Kamal Shah, Pondicherry, India

My congratulations on the splendid issues of *Collaboration*!—Seyril Schochen, Crestone, Colorado

*Collaboration* arrived yesterday and I started reading it last night. It is a great issue. They get better and better. I just love the account of Michael's trip to Greece and his hilarious experiences with Ananta. I had heard some of the story but not the "whole enchilada" as they say!! —Anie Nunnally, anie@earthlink.net

I love the inclusion of humor. Had a great chuckle with "Proof of A. I." More!—Sally Walton, SWalton393@aol.com

Congratulations on the best issue of *Collaboration* in history! —Vishnu Eschner, vishnu@lodinet.net

Just a note to say that I loved the Fall/Winter issue of *Collaboration*. Good spread of poems. Also, the cover "Sunlight on snow" was great.—Joseph Kent, sunli8@msn.com

I was thrilled to see one of my art pieces published in the latest *Collaboration* issue. It is such an honour for me, as if I am recognized by Mother and my brothers and sisters. —Catherine Blackburn, c.blackburn@sympatico.ca

Correction: In the last issue of *Collaboration* we printed a poem by Sharon Winnett called "Listening." Instead of "facing the rabid world with calm" the line should read "facing the rabid wolf with calm."

Correction: In the last issue of *Collaboration* we published an interview with Udar Pinto by Anie Nunnally. Please note the following changes: (1) The name of the street where the Pinto family lives is Rue St. Gilles, not Rue Dumas; (2) the accompanying photograph of the woman with the cat is Gauri, their daughter, who was misidentified as Mona.

Correction: In the last issue of *Collaboration* a schedule of lectures at Cultural Integration Fellowship in San Francisco was listed. The June 17 lecture has been cancelled.

## Source material

From The Future Poetry and Letters on Poetry, Literature and Art by Sri Aurobindo.

**T**he aim of poetry, as of all true art, is neither a photographic or otherwise realistic imitation of Nature, nor a romantic furbishing and painting or idealistic improvement of her image, but an interpretation by the images she herself affords us not on one, but on many planes of her creation, of that which she conceals from us, but is ready, when rightly approached, to reveal. —page 25

[The poet] sees beyond the sight of the surface mind and finds the revealing word, not merely the adequate and effective, but the illumined and illuminating, the inspired and inevitable word, which compels us to see also. —page 24

It is the significance and spiritual function of art and poetry to liberate man into pure delight and to bring beauty into his life. —page 206

Art for Art's sake certainly; Art as a perfect form and discovery of Beauty; but also Art for the soul's sake, the spirit's sake and the expression of all that the soul, the spirit wants to seize through the medium of beauty. In that self-expression there are grades and hierarchies, widenings and steps that lead to the summits. And not only to enlarge Art towards the widest wideness but to ascend with it to the heights that climb towards the Highest is and must be part both of our aesthetic and our spiritual endeavour. —page 335

The poet has to do much more than to offer a precise, a harmonious or a forcefully presented idea to the intelligence; he has to give a breath of life to the word and for that must find out and make full use of its potential power of living suggestion; he has to make it carry in it not only the intellectual notion but the emotion and the psychical sensation of the thing he would make present to us; he has to erect an image of its presence and appeal with which we can inwardly live as we live with the presence and appeal of the objects of the actual universe. —page 269

The soul of the poet, and the soul too of the hearer by a response to his word, enters into some direct contact through vision and straight touch and emotion, possesses and feels at its strongest a union in our own stuff of being, a moved identity. —page 220

A soul expressing the eternal spirit of Truth and Beauty through some of the infinite variations of beauty, with the word for its instrument, that is, after all, what the poet is, and it is to a similar soul in us seeking the same spirit and responding to it that he makes his appeal. —page 39

...it is not sufficient for poetry to attain high intensities of word and rhythm; it must have, to fill them, an answering intensity of vision. —page 36

The essential power of the poetic word is to make us see, not to make us think or feel; thought and feeling must arise out of or rather be included in the sight, but sight is the primary consequence and power of poetic speech. —page 24



## The Poems

### A poet's letter from Auroville

by Gene Maslow

I will write poetry,—  
but not yet awhile...the fields of peace  
from which much future poetry must spring  
to reach the hearts of men are not yet quite laid.

I will write that poetry  
and perhaps now that poetry of the future  
prepares itself...  
in the experience of events never before encountered  
on the face of the earth...or, perhaps  
now that poetry of the future is being etched on some  
far-guided heart and by another's hand it will be written  
once it finds a place of love to come to rest—  
a poetry then that will be a torch of truth  
calling the world to the arms of Her love and unity.

That place must be a bed prepared for a bride  
of the new morning...some place above the horizons of life  
where the poet of the future may be opened to dream only  
of the sacred delight for which he was especially born.

That poetry is to be...but to be and live and mature,  
to reach its destined heights, a place must be made  
for its birth, a cradle of consciousness prepared  
from the new stuff of heaven and earth.

I will write poetry,—  
but not yet awhile...

for the future of poetry and the world depends now on  
the nature of something She is establishing here in Auroville,  
and for that to become more concretely sure  
the hands of action are called foremost.

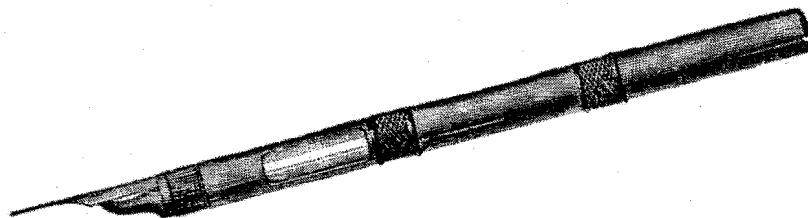
Now the building must take place; a progressive  
seeding  
of the green fields of consciousness to grow more deeply  
than the proliferative weeds of chaos are growing widely,  
a preparation for the bloom of peace in a life lucid,  
filled with the opportunity for faith and cheerfulness  
and the ways divine.

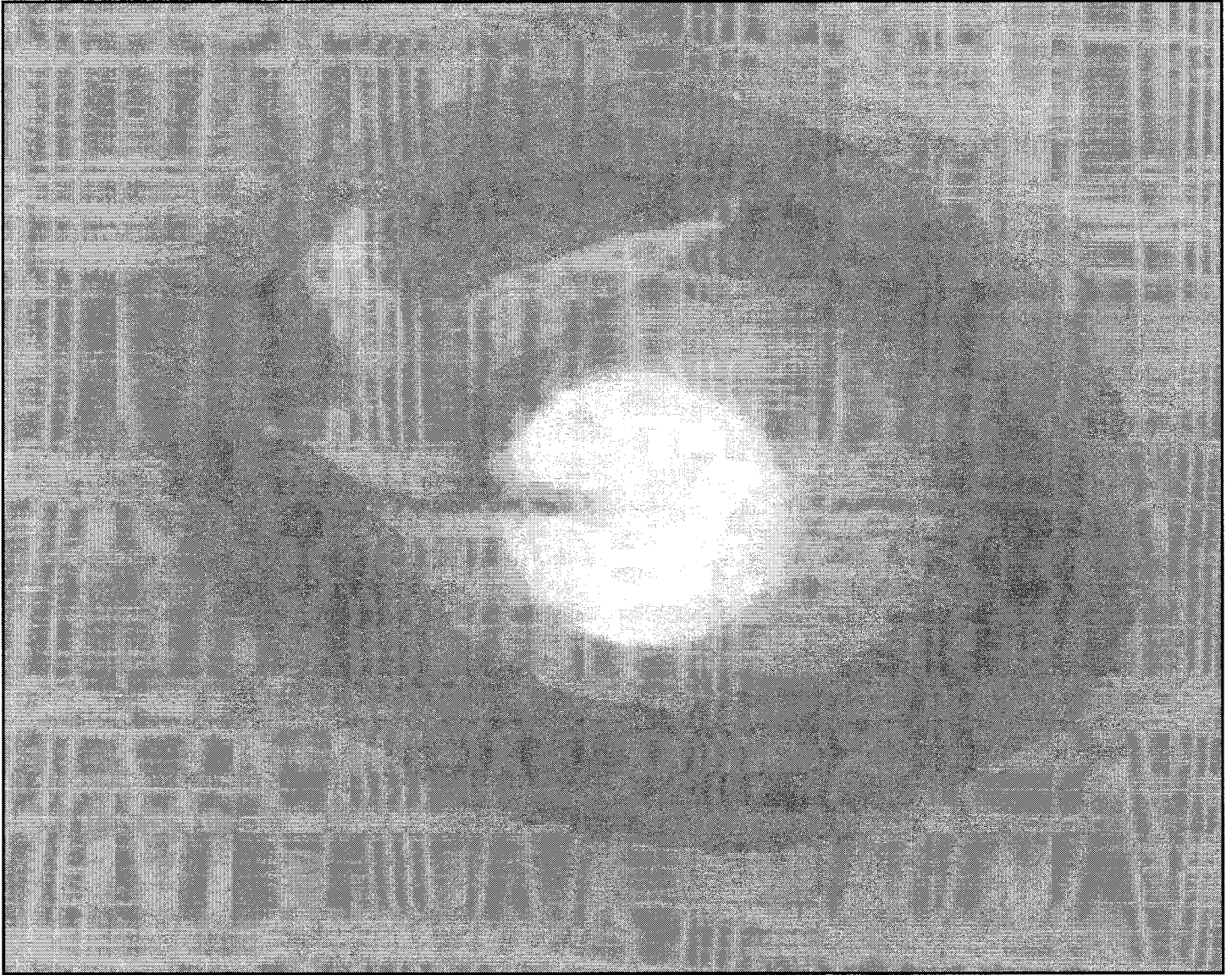
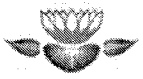
So I will write poetry, but first the plowing, the growing  
and the tending of the fields divine. Is that not better  
left to the artists, than to the businessmen alone or to  
the uninitiated? If the artists do not care enough for the  
substance  
of the matter, how can we expect the roots and the tree  
to grow with the poise of a natural harmony, a dynamic  
integrality, a touch or spark of something from beyond?

Something more than practical conveniences devised  
only for the ease of mind and body. Something more  
than getting stopped short, caught in the charmed net of tran-  
sient  
pleasures lost in Prakriti's round of passions.

To you, I can say that "that something" is tangibly  
related to the poet of the future, and whether he is in  
my breast or another's, I dedicate myself to preparing the ground  
upon which he can be born, in the name of Sri Aurobindo,  
who, above all his work and ways, enjoyed knowing  
himself as The Poet.

I will write poetry...or perhaps I am trying to help  
create a poetry in Life, whatever, it is not quite yet awhile,  
O Lord, not until the waters flow over these harsh desert  
grounds  
and a garden grow with an air on which may cling  
all love's responsive things.





*Bird in the Sun. (Drawing by anonymous sadhika)*

## **Joy**

*by Sharon L. Winnett*

Joy resting on the wing  
of a bird  
flying free  
free from inadequacy  
without aim, goal, or purpose  
free to really be  
just a bird  
on the wing of the flight  
high in the sky





## Appearances

by Joseph Kent

The mystery of the puzzle surrounded us  
in our darkness

Could we ever discover the magic, transmute  
the gloss of our elusive world

into earthly delight in the eternal  
dance of a mysterious universe?

True, a drear existence seemed the lot  
of many on the earth

though ancient vedic seers had affirmed the world  
in original luminous vision

We struggled, dreamed  
in the stark reality

The human strife  
Misery of the streets

And there was delight!

For they dwelled side by side in the teeming  
cities of our world

In the pilgrimage of the journey  
we plodded on in penurious wounds

questing toward Fire and the lift  
to a better state

And on oracular paths  
the conundrum was unriddled, the mystery

illuminated in the flame  
Life blossomed, transfigured,

redeemed in light  
We saw this world

just as the ancient seers  
as the beatitude

of Brahman, eternal  
radiance of the Divine



Joseph Kent at Sri Aurobindo Ashram dining hall gate.  
(Photo by Wayne Bloomquist)



*Flint. (Fractal art by Jim Hurley)*

## **Meeting with Divine Truth**

*by Vanessa Henshall*

I have met the blackened doors of waste  
The brilliant suns of many gates  
A fistful of offerings, nothing to waste...  
The path of human destiny I have met  
    In a single cell of certainty,  
        In universes of infinity.  
The collective molten, breathing spark  
    That yearns and achieves its altruistic mark.  
Freedom from the body made of dust, a heart  
Free to trust, to know the obscure dances of  
    Divinity, a living truth to free other beings,  
Providing the keys, unlocking symmetries  
To a world from within and without through self-mastery.  
    And the wonders, the powers of luminous ground  
That stand at the edges of eternity, with the sounds of  
Truth's melody, as it plays multilevel melodies of diversity  
    It all resides in the deepest levels of me...  
        And in every other being I see.





## Humility, my elusive friend!

*by Chandresh Patel*

O Humility, my elusive friend!  
When heart and mind were young and green,  
You and I were ever so close at every bend,  
Learning came natural so did our mutual preen.

Mind grew rigid and heart took a slide,  
Ego began to rule and life became slight,  
Things were taken for granted, and you took a hike,  
Mind took reign and ignorance gripped tight.

I prayed for Grace, took shelter in Surrender,  
Period of calm and peace, lifted me from down under.  
Euphoric joy and intuition bellowed with thunder,  
But ever so vigilant Ego, cut the progress asunder.

From within came a query pointing to the trust,  
"Where is Humility, your guiding, shining light?"  
We did part O friend, but meet again we must,  
To charge forward on the journey, holding our friendship tight. (right)

## Soul's silence

*by Nirodbaran*

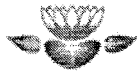
O silence of the infinite Soul,  
Settle in my heart;  
Make each beat of its mortal hour  
A fathomless part

Of thy unimaginable deep;  
My growing mood,  
A motionless inscrutable fire  
Of thy solitude,

Unmarred by the foam of timeless waves  
That rise and fall  
Along a verge of wandering dream  
Beyond earth's call.

The luminous distances of life  
Slowly retire  
From the interruptions of dim thought  
Into a higher

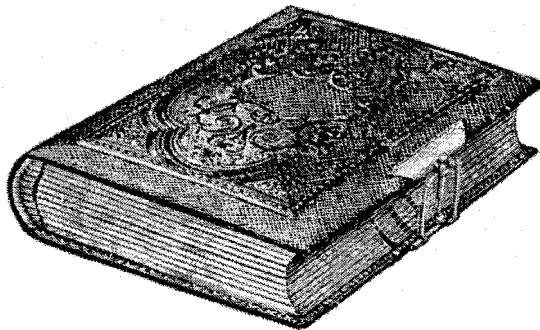
Existence, where forever cease  
All cry and stress  
And vain shadows in a rhythmic sea  
Of inwardness.



## Come, I am here

*by Timothy Jacob*

Great voices are calling, calling you,  
Buoyant on warm earth scents and spring blossom air,  
Whispering, whispering through new tree leaf,  
Seeking the seeker of gentle sunlight.  
The voice of a child only will float on that air,  
Lighter than spring and subtler than scent,  
Growing great in the answer, Come, come, I am here.



## Time

*by Shyam Kumari*

Every yesterday is as unknown  
As the hidden far-away future.  
We know not what is there  
On those shores, still unexplored.  
Nor do we comprehend the purpose  
Of those we left behind.  
As a word in a sentence, an act in a play  
Can't explain itself,  
Until we unveil the whole.  
So past and present  
Will unfold their mystic and Divine purpose  
When out of the reach  
Of present desires, actions and reactions  
Their truth will rise  
Submerging the ego.  
Only then the radiant future  
Will link itself to the pregnant past.  
And we shall know that the one  
Was a prelude and the other a finale  
Of a destined God-willed march through the present.



## Eternally now

by Gale Arnold

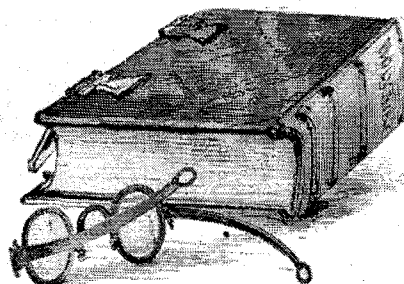
Eternally now

Dappled light  
Diamond glistening  
On dew-dropped leaves.  
Sistine Chapel Wings  
Flutter, then flit  
Before my foot falls on the path.

I stop, caught in the moment  
To take a breath  
In wonder.

O the magic here!  
Remembering  
I behold in pure delight  
This blue-winged,  
Orange lighted,  
Multicolored flight.

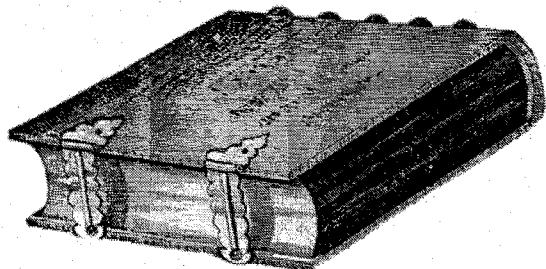
Joyfully,  
Breathlessly  
Eternally now in this moment  
I am.



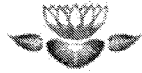
## Vision

by Alicia Torres

Just as I sing  
with the voice of the ancestors  
I sing too with the voice  
of the one I will turn into  
when the unpredictable light  
of Vastness  
touches me with its grace,  
making me grow wings,  
another eye,  
and even moon horns,  
to fly,  
blazing and cryptic,  
in this summer evening  
and blow over a paper sheet  
intimations of tenderness  
or some vegetable vignette  
that will prefigure dauntless  
plenitude.







## Moonlight

by Vigyan Agni

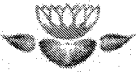
In the moonlight's musing monument,  
Where a pedestal of peace becomes the form of Nature,  
And the unseen movement of stars notes the night-time's paces,  
Or the gate-way entry of the crickets' note of internal communications,  
A partless presence profound in the spread-out embrace of the trees and little forest  
next to my homestead,  
Steeps the evening's circumstance in an unhurried fullness and dream-framed wonder.

I lean on the stillness as on a couch of comfort and reap the solicitude of Nature's  
deep hush,  
I come to this well spot of fancy where is the world bathing coolness of the moon's rays  
And see in the quarried tablets of thoughts, deep and sublime, a something of the  
evening's contact with far worlds and soul contours,  
As if the recognized province of the things we deem sublime, begins to be felt,  
here openly in the moonlit air.

Standing in shades of sleep, the trees mirror the estimation and the high based regard  
in the forest's prosperous rest;  
The borrowed luminous play of light 'pon their branches, cool and easy to the eyes,  
contemplates nightfall's foresight and significant notation,  
And in the distance a fever bird's graded intonations grants the shrill of its  
suggestive perception to the topic  
And too, the people talking at the outside dining table 'neath a high-mounting keel roof,  
Bring to the visual calm of the bright rayed surroundings, their own deep meaning  
in the artistic cogency of their voices,  
Like a recall or memory of an infinite hint or glimpse of the journey of human lives  
and a history of the stars or the musing on the profundity of this moon's bright blanket  
of rays covering the land.

Cruising on the stillwaters of the sky, a flotilla of occasional cloud arrive with their  
sails of silver brilliance;  
Vessels of beauty voyaging through realms of bright dream,  
They command the uncharted waters of the ocean sky with their high masted craft  
and heavenly designed stern and a mystical prow cutting the star-swept fields;  
Bright with the moonlight's glare and vibrancy the rooftop of my house or the trees  
around witness the lightness and limpid inwardness of the cloudy fleet.

Against a background of dark blue, adrift on a starry purport poised on the  
profundity of life's ulterior perspective,  
This lovely orb spreads its splendour 'round about the pulsation of the evening's  
momentous passage through the hours;  
Or like a round hole in the heavenly curtain of the night sky, behind which are realms  
of boundless brilliance,  
It seems as if carved from quarries of a light which lifts high the soul sense  
and sheds a ray upon the depths of soul opening.



## **The struggle**

*by Mary "Angel" Finn*

As I look back in the past  
When I didn't have a dime,  
No food, no shelter but  
plenty of time.

So cold and so hungry the  
nights were very long;  
But there was someone watching  
who made me very strong.

Day by day was a struggle and  
I was feeling very low;  
She was watching even then and  
I didn't even know.

Her arms were wrapped around me and  
guiding me every day  
Then sent me someone special  
to help me on my way.

He taught me about The Mother and  
now I really know  
It was She that watched and cared and  
taught me how to grow.

The past is far behind me, but  
I'll never forget the days  
I was taught about The Mother and  
all Her gentle ways.

So as I get into my bed and  
then put out the light,  
I thank Her oh so deeply—  
Goodnight, my Mother, goodnight.



## **Starry night**

*by Joseph Kent*

Starry night in June

I climb to the silence  
of my roof overlooking the bay.

Above, the stars...

Galaxies adrift. A sublime  
arching over and under  
of this cosmos.

And here, this terrestrial sphere—  
this earth awaits release

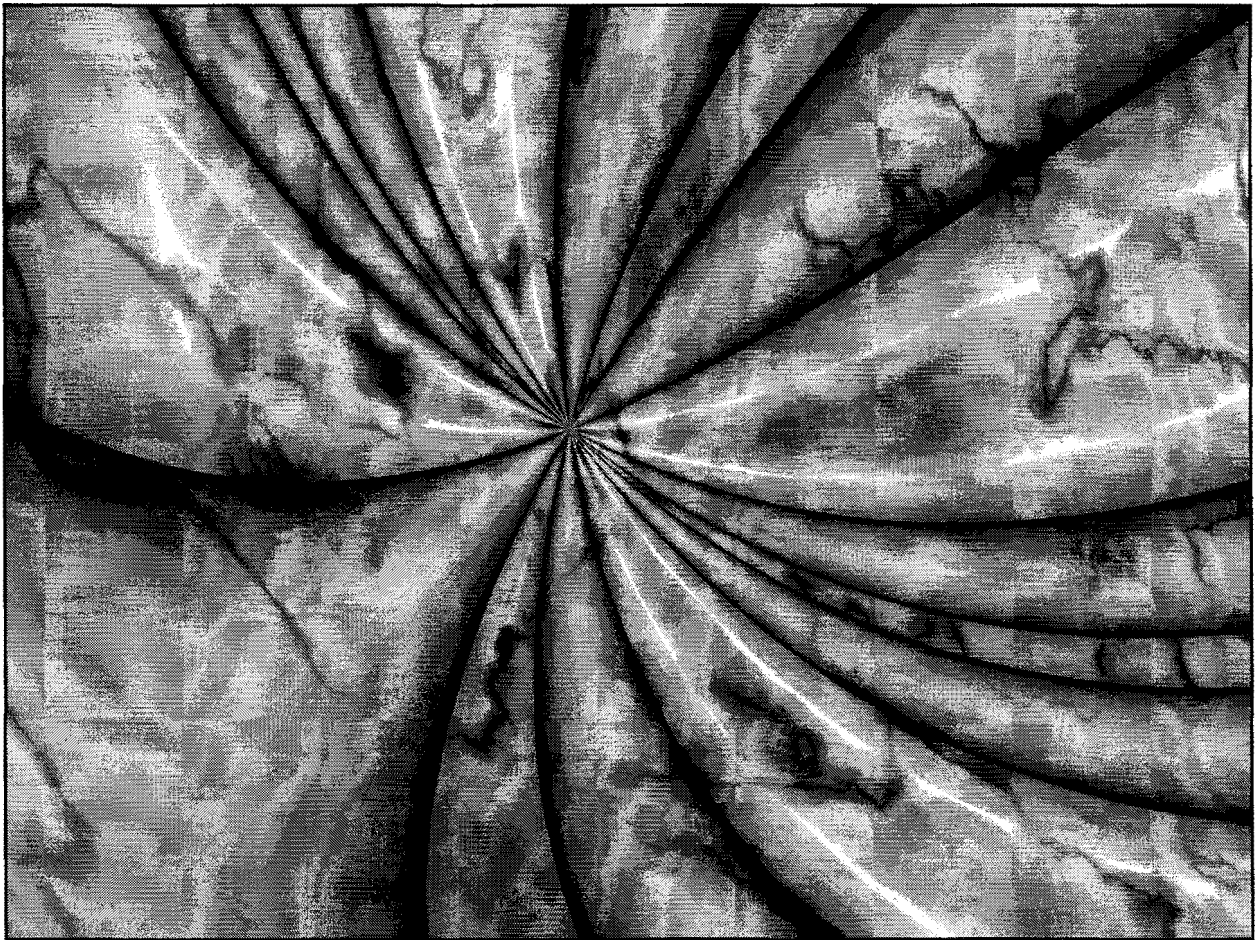
of her silvery realities  
to come.

## **I Am That**

*by Rose Kupperman*

The wind, the rain, the sun,  
a particle of everyone.  
Alone I am no more than  
a wisp of wind, howling or  
gently blowing.

Just a movement until  
I am harnessed to one and all.  
Then may I seek the Source—  
that force which created  
the wind, the rain, the sun—  
created us mortals.  
To seek and find the inner core—  
that spark of light—  
that lies hidden in everything that is.



*Agate lace. (Fractal art by Jim Hurley)*





## Vedapuri

by Joseph Kent

The sun beamed down on the Bay of Bengal  
in Pondicherry, known in earlier times as Vedapuri,  
“the city of Vedic Illumination.” In the morning  
I walked along the Marina Drive  
toward the Gandhi Memorial on Goubert Salvi Beach Road.

Tamils sped by the sea wall on motorbikes  
or in busy cabs. Crows shrieked in the tropical air  
and lush trees.

I gazed out at the cosmic horizon to radiant waters,  
recalling the “waters of multiplicity” in Sri Aurobindo’s symbol,  
which represent the creation, the lotus blossom  
floating at its centre in the central square  
symbolizing the perfect manifestation  
and the “Avatar of the Supreme.”

The symbol’s descending triangle is *Sat-Chit-Ananda*  
and the ascending triangle  
stands for the “aspiring answer from matter  
under the form of life, light and love.”

On the blue waves—evoking the Supermind—the lotus symbol  
appeared to my subtle sight  
in love breezes of the Indian sea.

Endless shores stretched under cumulous clouds  
north and south. I searched the shoreline  
of the subcontinent whose palms sway in monsoon rains,  
coastal seawinds, cyclones, and torrid heat.

In my first view of the Bay, I was startled  
by the sea’s astonishing beauty  
in one of its glorious personalities.

I dwelled on the symbol’s eternal meaning  
and the triple poised Brahman.

In the streets water buffalo drew carts,  
cows lumbered past hawkers, goats, beggars.  
Urchins frolicked. Dusky maidens smiled  
in saris on the promenade.

Is it not here in matter  
that we must manifest the Life Divine? O world to come!

Often I reflect now on the symbol. I recall flowers  
and pilgrims, spray and cresting surf and winds  
of *ananda* from the Bay of Bengal, the *Samadhi*  
and *peace that passeth understanding* . . .

## Life’s joys

by Nirodbaran

Life’s joys and sorrows mingle in one wave,  
Into one melody its pattern cast;  
The self-same monotonies unending last  
Down to the flickering moment’s snow-cold grave.

Brief figures born of passion’s flaming thirst  
Are broken up like boats on a nameless sea.  
What was love’s smile of burning rose at first  
Chills in the veins, like a frozen memory.

We lose, yet gain our spirit’s hidden gold  
By cruel sacrifice of earthly ties;  
Even if life bleeds, it shall receive the mould  
Of the Supreme’s fire-touch and heavenward rise.

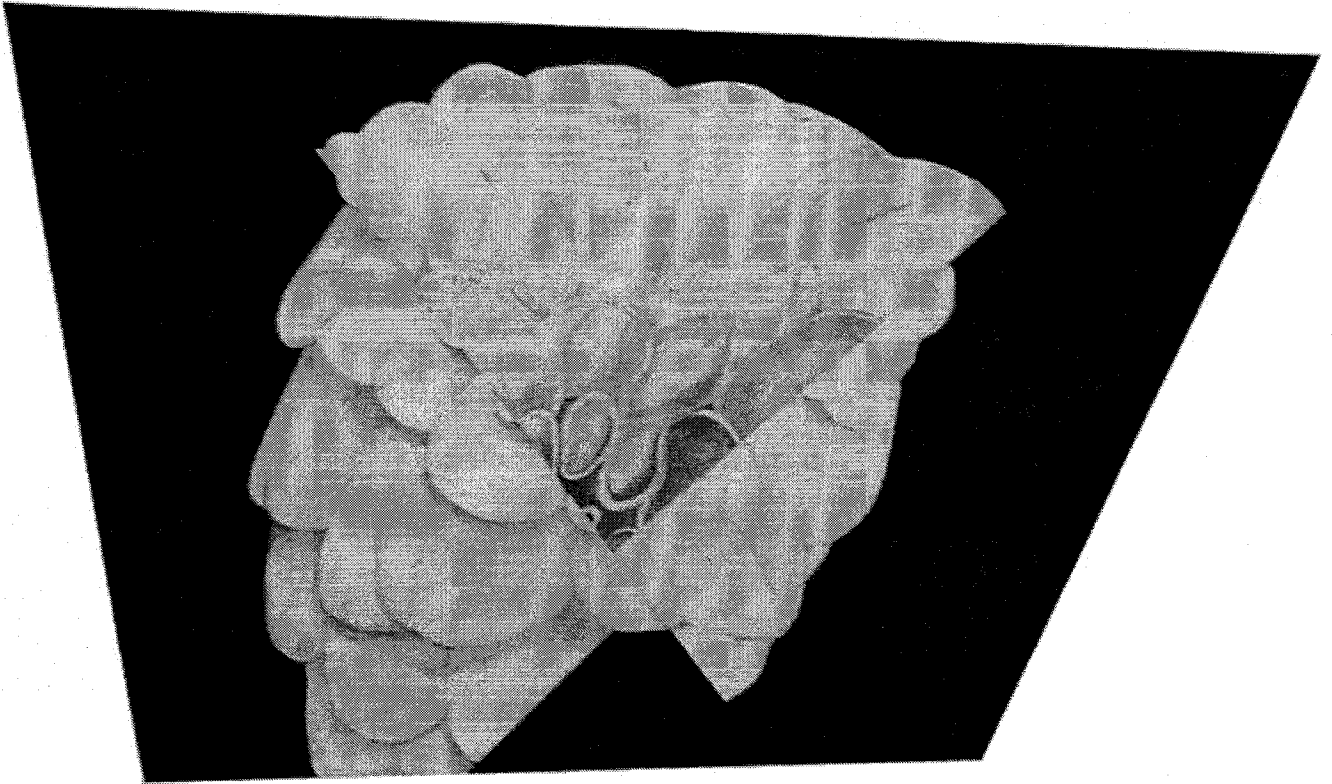
Nature’s impetuous urge behind the call  
Leaps to the highest height embracing all.



## Only for Thee

by *Shyam Kumari*

For Thee only, O my Love,  
I coax beauty to my side  
And accept the fools and the depraved  
For they also are Thy reflection.  
For human love and friendship I do not pine  
Though on this altar the poets offer their lives.  
Rather I strive for purity, for perfection,  
And of knowledge and valour  
I try to make my constant companions.  
I strive to be equal to the enemy and the friend  
And exult not at destiny's brightest smile  
And I sob not when cruel doom strikes.  
Always I strain to reach the Ideal's elusive stride.  
Futile are my efforts and abject my failures,  
Too difficult are the steps to Thy topless mansion.  
Let me now dive and take refuge  
In Thy fathomless compassion.



*Folded dahlia. (Fractal art by Jim Hurley)*



## **Come, and on my shoulder lean**

*by Meenakshi Ramachandra*

Come, and on my shoulder lean,  
Oh, dew drop!  
Come and hold my wrist,  
And if your further want to fall,  
I will become a Thumbai flower,  
Blossoming.  
I am waiting.  
And have placed a white chair out  
Especially for you.



## **Gratitude**

*by Wayne Bloomquist*

As I sit here and ponder my fate  
Many thoughts flow through my mind;  
can I catch one or two or three  
and know thy mystery?  
As I stand back and let the  
thoughts disappear  
A presence comes over me;  
I feel a movement of boundless energy.  
It moves silently and swiftly and sweeps  
me up in its current.  
Is this the mystery?  
My heart becomes filled with gratitude  
for what I know not.  
I feel unbounded love for no one  
but thee.  
Are thou loving thyself?  
What is this game?  
Can thou know thyself better now?  
Or is this only the beginning of greater  
things that thou may do?  
I wait in the silence and the mystery continues,  
but somehow I know that I have been  
somewhere and that I am going somewhere.  
I am in the middle of a grand journey and  
I call this the present.





## **A walk into God**

*by Matthew Smith*

As I walked down the path of doom  
Cramped by death as there was no room  
I wondered what it would be like in hell  
Would it be burning hot as stories tell  
    I walked on and on down the endless road  
    Thinking about my future abode  
    Looking ahead into the pitch black hole  
    With not a single body to bear a soul  
And as I was about to reach the end  
Turning around the last death bend  
I saw the gods in my head  
Full of life, not at all dead  
    Turning the final bend all was bright  
    For before me sat a heavenly sight  
    A being too pure for the mortal eye  
    A thing too deep that can never die  
Then I realized I was not alone  
I had my mind, my heart and bone  
Then it became more clear in my mind  
The lord of all I finally did find  
    Then I found that I was,  
    Just as everybody does,  
    In my soft heavenly bed  
    For that strange night was finally dead.



## **Sacrificial Mountain**

*by Rod Hemsell*

On distant peaks  
Of purified mind  
Beyond your immovable calm

A flame is born  
That bursts into form  
Above the outstretched earth

And in its rays  
Your jeweled streams  
Dissolve in diamond light.

On distant peaks  
Of purified mind  
A flaming sun in born

Consuming every form  
In waves of solid might  
It fills your emptiness

With rays of pure delight  
And flows in your silent depths  
Like flames of golden fire.



*Sacrificial mountain. (Drawing by Rod Hemsell)*

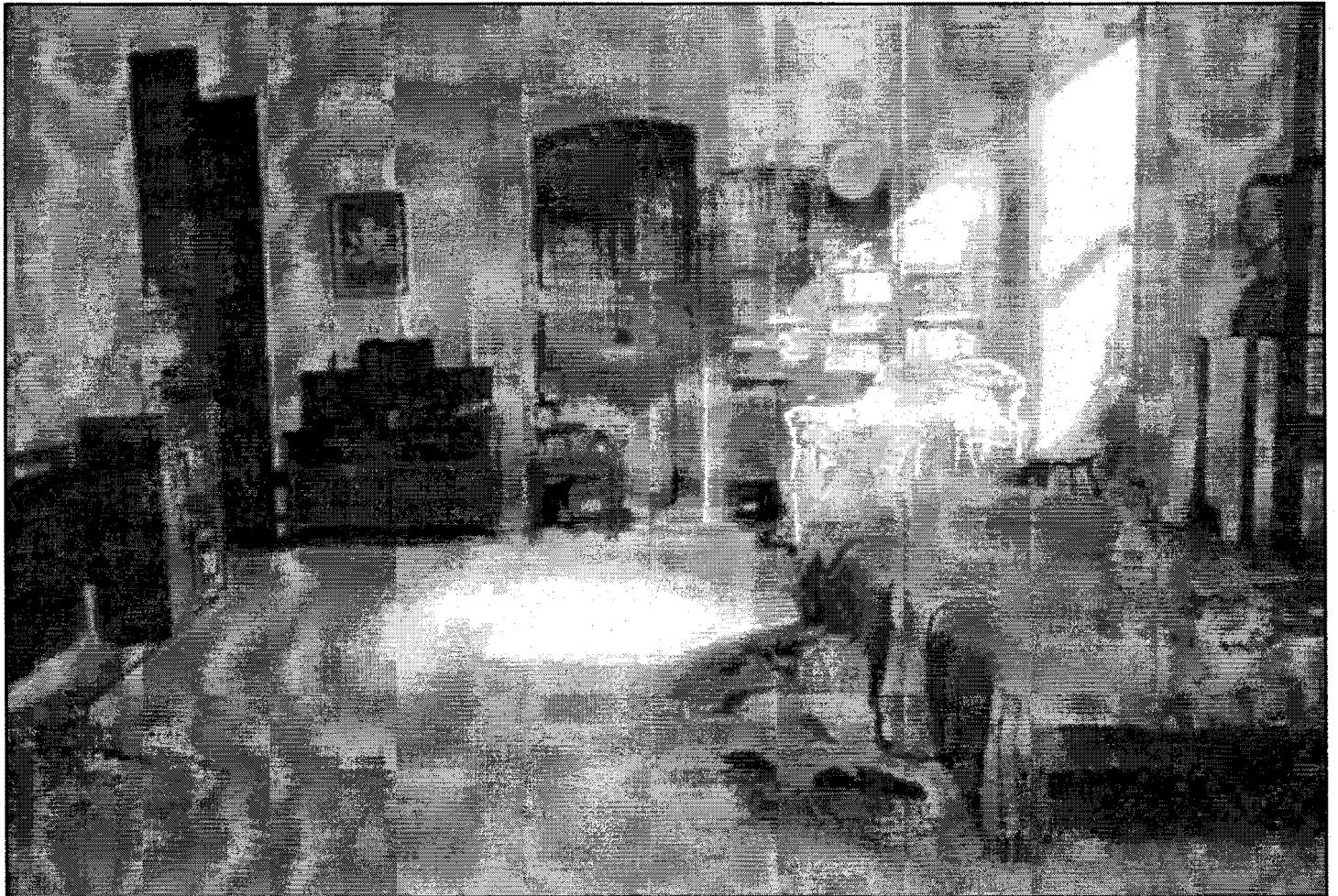


## Sri Aurobindo's Room

by Gordon Korstange

Carefully shut-in silence  
comes out to greet us,  
graciously yet stern.  
It is portioned out by sentinels  
keeping us awake  
through the mid-day heat.  
At noon, one-by-one,  
from different corners of the room,  
the clocks call us back from many edges.  
Did he too make long journeys  
through golden worlds beyond the gates of time  
toward their faint cacophony?  
Did he return  
even on that last midnight  
when he was *losing interest*  
in the tedious mechanics of the beating heart?

The clocks tick on, oblivious  
like us to the far side of the sun  
except  
that old one, beside the bed,  
stopped at 1:26, waiting in stillness  
for the dawn of a different time.



Another light. (Photo of Sri Aurobindo's room digitally re-touched by Vishnu Eschner)





## And She Abides

by Kamalakanto Mukerjee  
(from *Petals and Sparks*, 1988)

Hushed was the midnight,  
In my being a sigh,  
And I knew it not why!  
An anguish,—a fight  
To repress my idle cry  
Rose in my deepest core,  
But I knew it not any more;  
Then dawned the day.  
Like a bolt from the blue,  
The news rang tearfully true;  
She that was Love and Light  
Had withdrawn Her ray.  
She that was the Life of our lives  
Had cast Her mortal life away.  
She that was the world's Aspiration,  
She that was a pure Flame,  
And Hope in the deeps of our heart,  
Can She ever, ever depart,  
Till this earth has gained acclaim,  
And shared Heaven's richest fruition?  
May,—nay, still She guides,  
In the yearning heart abides;  
The Immortal in mortality's dress  
Who trod this earth only to bless,  
Still in the aspiring heart abides.  
Still Her hands are ready to succour  
Her children, to gain their godly dower;  
In our mortality She forever resides.



*Mother of cosmos. (Digital art by Vishnu Eschner)*



## Offerings

by Shyam Kumari

Dark are my moods,  
Obscure my offerings—  
O moon-bright Beauty,  
Wilt Thou not accept the shadows of my soul?  
Poisons are not deadlier than  
The lurking enemies in my being—  
Unlovely thoughts and wicked wraths.  
The glories of a victorious hero  
I lay not at Thy feet,  
But rather my trivial fears and demeaning weaknesses.  
I bring not incense in argent hands,  
But weave Thee a garland  
Of my dire deeds and empty creeds.  
O Love, thus only Thou must accept me;  
Then freed forever I will walk  
In tune with Thy high steps.  
All my falterings transmute, O Mother!  
Into the mighty ways of the Gods.

## Water and Milk

by Karl Kempton

Anchored to the wind that blows what chased  
this we call freedom

a handful with a teacher who shines  
like the close full moon at night  
and millions follow the sound of falling coin

to numb grief's known hidden root  
drugs fog a moon brighter than day's sun

shriller the claims of freedom  
while the numbers of trapping nets increase

some believed the false rumor of God's death  
now a faith claims teachers of spirit obsolete  
if running for gold in the Olympics  
who doesn't look for a coach

teach yourself, learn from the untaught  
and pass water off as milk

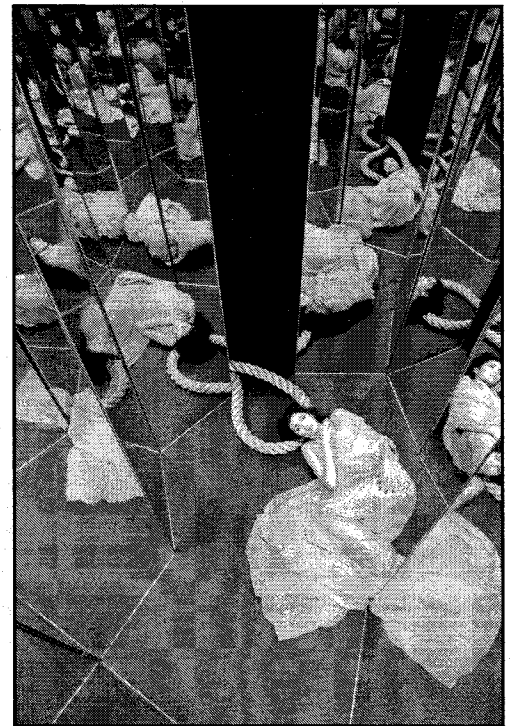
scan village town and city for a song  
of day in night made by a mapless wanderer

can a word be lifted off a page to answer a question  
there are no manuals for this plumbing job

the Friend is like a cow having eaten Love's grain  
full of the milk of experience

the Friend walks through any and all crowds  
unrippled bowl of milk in palm to wean the ready  
from the bitter dregs shoving you and me —  
leaf puppets in the wind —

all one needs is the desire for a sip  
and the Friend appears at your side —  
the shape of the desire is between you and Him  
and one day Him becomes Hi(')m



*Mirrors. (Photo by Marta Belén)*



## **Destiny**

*by Clyde Whalen*

Our lives are measured  
in coins of time.  
Lavished or hoarded—  
No matter,  
we all die broke.  
Survivors pick up the pieces

Nightmares are negatives  
of our souls  
as, guilt-ridden, we seek escape  
in panic flight  
across the alien landscape  
of our dreams.

Doomed by birth to death,  
to quit this noisy earth  
for eternal silence,  
who can blame one  
for believing in immortality  
even while sensing it is improbable.

Perhaps the closing scene  
will catch the final truth.  
Matter cannot be destroyed,  
it can only be changed.  
No beginning?  
No end?  
Only change?  
Will we ever know  
what we'll be changed to?

## **Unlimited**

*by Sharon L. Winnett*

small world of appearances  
limiting mind rules the stage  
smoke and mirrors game  
foresight hidden blocks our view  
created in His image.  
severed from the source  
division breeds misgivings  
existence's true course.  
still small voice imprisoned  
poignantly unheard.  
leap of faith  
dives deep into a shimmering pool  
illuminates the mystery  
penetrates the Gate  
freedom spreads her wings  
silence focuses our plight  
plan of the Unlimited we are here to serve.

## **Sun smile**

*by August Timmermans*

It began as an ache  
reading could soften  
not dissolve  
Aspiring  
through the Dark  
Digging a tunnel  
until there was The Spark  
A tiny Ray  
comforting  
At last, it could be  
amidst all  
that do not know  
A long time it takes to Grow  
Penetrating Life  
Wrestling with Obstacles  
Defeat is often announced  
Yet strength always triumphs  
Weakness and strength  
alternating  
Opening Upward  
the answer  
Convincing is Your Strength  
My Great Mother  
Conquering my weakest link  
I can see  
that change is  
the right movement  
in the right moment  
Patience is Yours too  
and Love  
and Tenderness  
Make me wish  
I were there with You  
Until then  
You give me  
the Strength of the  
Sun Smile



## Fence project

by Larry Seidlitz

Beneath Her blazing sun  
We toiled with peaceful sense,  
Erecting posts and planks  
For Mother's Ashram fence.

The roar of the power-bore,  
The crash of the hammer's play,  
Were all a part of Her  
Delight for us that day.

We felt Her sweet embrace  
Beneath the surface din,  
And knew a deeper work  
Was being prepared within.

A new creation's base  
Was laid within our hearts,  
A framework built of love,  
One Truth with many parts.



Dave, Larry, and Vishnu building fences.  
(Photo by Girish Mantry)

## The mad sannyasin

by Dick Batstone

Do not speak to me of richness or poverty,  
Of how to wear my rags or of what to eat.  
Do not ask me where I shall sleep,  
For I live in the house of timelessness.

Men count their properties and their riches,  
But I count the sands of the sea-shore,  
And the handfuls of stones in the river-beds,  
For I am in the house of timelessness.

The sun and the green earth, what are these?  
I see the shining universe like a picture.  
I speak to you—but what is speaking  
For one who is in the house of timelessness?

Oh, it is well furnished, the world has less.  
But why do you look strangely at me?  
It is so silent. Will you not talk with me  
In the house of timelessness where I live?

## Space everywhere

by Meenakshi Ramachandra  
(from *Another Journey*, 1998)

Merged in the larger space  
is my house, a smaller space.

Inside my house is my body.  
There, too, is space,  
where light dances  
in ecstasy.

Boundless.

## Untitled

by Douglas Clark Manley

I just thought that thought was me.  
But then I came to see  
That thought was thought and what I  
thought  
Was different from the me.



## Inscription on a fallen leaf

by Gene Maslow

She passed this way,  
The moonbeam gift  
The moonglow thief—  
Leaving at my feet  
The fallen parchment leaves  
She so long had gathered—  
All of passion's fading hieroglyphs  
Inscribed by life's lovers everywhere.

Her coming, her going  
Was an event,  
Foretold and settled,  
Between spans.

I am left now less spanless  
With no urge to make foretellings  
For no old dreams are left to take me out of time  
...And, of men and events—  
No concepts need precognition  
(Form comes as a magnificent mystery discovered;  
Without illusion)

I see as seeing is—  
And all my aspirations  
Shall be attained  
Moment to moment.

My only desire is hungerless.  
The Grace, the Peace—  
Alive, active and conscious,  
Growing free.

No moon is sightless ivory—  
No beam is darkly silver-marked.



## Brood, Eagle Mother

by Seyril Schochen

Brood, Eagle Mother of eaglets  
with your wide-winging thought  
of love warming the small worlds beneath  
your prayer-feathered breast, that to freedom  
from darkness they break  
into the Light measureless  
of new horizons, their flight  
take from your nesting  
far into their future  
oneness with sky and yet higher aeries.

Brood, Eagle Mother of eaglets  
with your stern-pinioned plumes  
of love protecting the small globes until  
they stir, gathering strength for freedom  
from shell, to break  
into the Vast measureless  
of new horizons at last,  
far into their future  
oneness with Space

Oneness with Space  
and yet wider spaces.

Brood, Eagle Mother of eaglets  
with your far-seeing eyes  
of love scouting, for newly-hatched worlds,  
abysses canyoned below them, insight  
to map their flight  
below as above measureless  
past ancient horizons  
into their future  
oneness with Time  
and yet farther Timelessness.

Brood, Eagle Mother of eaglets  
with your in-gathering sweep  
of love teaching its truth  
to all fledglings: heights and deeps  
we break into  
of eagle Wonders measureless,  
miracles breathing, breaking  
free of old shells to fly  
far into your future  
oneness on wings of love.



## A wide inexpressible peace

by Nirodbaran

A wide inexpressible Peace has taken my soul:  
A Presence pervading space, inscrutable,  
Is round me, vaster than the sea, sky-still.  
What rapturous pageants on my vision roll!

The deep and emerald ocean and green trees,  
A drunken horizon, white wings that soar on high  
And time-greied towers against the evening sky,  
All vibrate now with throbs of silent Bliss.

Alas, how rare are such bright moments—brief  
Smile-flickers of the Unknown, they leave life dry,  
A barren tract like yonder rugged cliff  
Bleached by the blazing sun—a desert-cry!

O, shall eternal Peace be ever mine—  
Messenger unseen, angel of Love divine?

## How can I?

by Shyam Kumari

How can I be satisfied  
By saying only once  
That She is lovely,  
That She is bright?

How can I be satisfied  
By saying only once  
That the stars are luminous,  
The morns majestic,  
The sun a marvel of golden light?

How can I be satisfied  
By repeating the magic of Her name  
But once?

Like the eternal refrain  
Of the winds and seas,  
All things sweet and true  
And high and profound  
Pulse forever through life.

Don't be annoyed, O friend,  
If I repeat myself,  
For even the Lord  
Multiplies Himself  
In creation's cadences  
Of eternal days and eternal nights.



Clouds. (Photo by Aurela Sequoia)





## **Trials**

*by Arun Mohanty*

Till now content to live like others  
I got tired of becoming like my brothers  
Wanting to take a path not taken  
I was scared that I'd be forsaken

I thought of a plan to spend my days  
A plan to change my nomadic ways  
To put to stop this life that I'm wasting  
And charge my youth with something lasting

I missed something in life like hell  
But what it was I couldn't tell  
I searched my mind for some answer  
But that didn't help I got nowhere

Is the mind the perfect tool?  
We take its help as a general rule  
I was wrong in doing so  
It did not show me the way to go

If mind won't help some suffering might  
So I put my self into a fight  
Scorched by the sun lashed by rain  
This body of clay got all the pain

Yet no difference I did perceive  
Nor any help I did receive  
Change of tactics, I now target  
The vital self before I regret

My life was void of any pleasure  
All I liked I shunned for sure  
I got callous I got tough  
I lost subtlety I got rough

This too did not work for me  
I had tried hard all measures equally  
It soon dawned one blooming day  
That there is yet another way

A method I had not tried out yet  
I surrendered to The Mother and all was set



*The Mother. (Photo courtesy of Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust)*

## **O Beauty**

*by Nirodbaran*

O Beauty, I have sought Thee everywhere,  
But my eyes failed to find Thy hidden abode;  
Then a voice rang through the silver hush of air  
And I began my strange journey to God.

Now I have met Thy everchanging Face  
Swayed by a myriad inscrutable moods,  
Each an expression of Thy fathomless grace  
Showering the supreme beatitudes.

My soul's eternal quest fulfilled in Thee,  
I am to Thy heart inseparably bound;  
Thou hast revealed Thy human mystery  
To my aspiring senses; they are crowned

With visions that penetrate the veil of time  
Like a gleam of stars piercing a nebulous haze,  
And bring close to my spirit God's sublime  
Beauty sculptured in Thy mysterious Face.



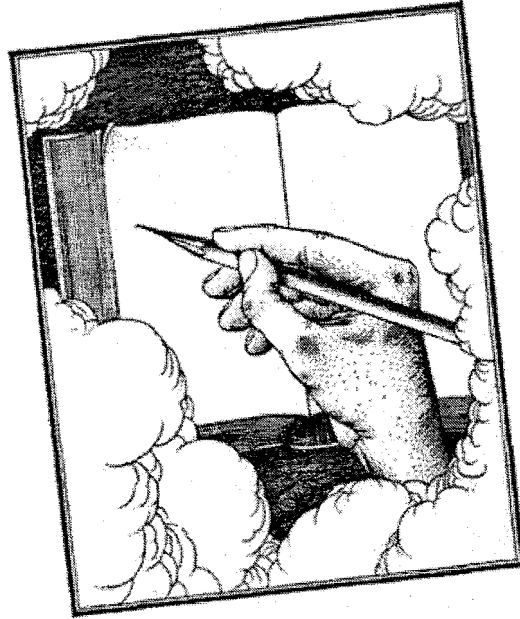
## Beginnings and no end

by Clifford Gibson

In the silent push of a secret force  
I felt impelled like the stream  
In a living wood that spoke to me  
While gently, gently the layers around my heart  
Were pulled away and I left crying.  
No words for the one who stood asking  
As I emerged from the green—  
What's the matter? What's the matter?—  
But only my tears on her shoulder in reply.  
Would she have believed me if I had said  
I have just come back from the dead?

What is this power which can rise in a human being  
And lift him free from his body and say—  
You think you have suffered in your little human life?  
Cut deep then, into your flesh.  
Spill the blood  
That now runs channeled in your veins,  
Set free the life from the circuits of this mould  
And roam loose this great universe of pain,  
You who cannot bear the little pricks of life  
If you dare—  
And then return him to consider  
What is the meaning of a life that has no death?

This gentle stream which has pushed me  
And made me feel so empty that I could not bear my life  
And then led me into loving arms  
And quiet spaces where silent stone speaks  
Of consciousness infinite in the solid mass  
Has found for me at every step  
The aid I cried for in my heart and mind  
And secret soul.



## two untitled poems

by Karl Kempton

(from *The Light We Are*, 1985)

I lift my eyes high  
among the branches  
that are my hands  
out of which leaves  
that are light fall.

The light we are.

I know this  
because I have jumped  
into the body of mine  
that is light.

Like a hand in a glove  
I have a body inside myself  
the sweet fire of God's love  
all aglow without burning heat  
I expand throughout the universe  
between you and me

all of this is a light show  
I know absolutely nothing about.



## Stand up and be counted

*by Chandresh Patel*

All my recent musing,  
On Auroconf confusing?  
Should I put a stop  
To the out spinning top,  
Least we side-track from tales amusing?

Need to make a decision,  
Wither to stake an incision.  
However you cast a vote,  
With love or with revolt,  
We need to act with precision.

All in favor say AYE, with power,  
All bent in chuckle, say NAY and suffer,  
The sweet onslaught,  
Of poetic juggernaut,  
For next few weeks, days or hour!!

*Searching hands. (Photo by Marta Belén)*



## O Thy universe

by Shyam Kumari

I am so small  
And the universe so large,  
Yet I will die of longing  
If I cannot hold it all  
Within my single heart—  
For each living thing  
Sings to me of Thee.  
These flower-intensities tell  
Enchanting tales of Thy Beauty  
And lofty mountaintops hold high  
Eternal emblems of Thy Power,  
And might ocean-depths reveal  
A glimpse of Thy profundities.  
I cannot bear any part of Thee  
To remain unknown to me.  
Teach me, O Love,  
How to hold all Thy greatness  
In one tiny heart's sacred secrecy.

## Vital yoga

by Lynda Lester

You don't understand  
I'm not really like this—  
This is just the last of it.  
It will be all over soon, Then I'll emerge free.  
That's why I allow it now—  
I'm only giving it its last chance.

You'll see.  
I'm noble inside—  
I'll be on top soon, very soon.  
I'll put a stop to it, in just a few days—  
It won't last more than another week—  
I'm going to quit.  
Then it will be done forever.

I know I've said it before  
(Too many times to recall)  
But this time I mean it.  
This time it really will end  
And I'll never fall to this condition,  
Ever again.

And so you can realize  
Why I may be forgiven,  
And for the moment,  
Excused.

## A Glimpse of Supermind in Dreams

by Leslie Levy

Who can compare a dream to thought?  
Who makes Divine Plans?  
From this conundrum comes a vision  
That only a dreamer understands.

...A Doctor tinkers  
With delicate machine-shop hands.  
A quantum mechanic in a white lab coat  
Welds the seams, wrenches the bolts

Of an intelligent contraption.  
Symbols flow sequenced  
without language or caption  
...Dreams are a fluent realm.

In a bullet-train-car without a helm  
Test-run on an undulating track  
He throws mutable switches  
Forward, sideways, looping back

I'm along for the calibrated ride  
no matter my decision  
Circuitous and random, synchronous in tandem  
Fuzzy, flexible, fine-tuned precision

Is this a particle accelerator,  
A model monorail  
Or a plastic roller-coaster scaffolding?  
Beyond mind, no destiny can fail.

That's how it feels in a dream.  
When I think of the potential  
energy of the future,  
I hold my arms up and scream.

Positioned HERE/NOW  
In this unbisected point  
All mental projections  
are as true as a fun-house reflection.

Warped surfaces through a curved lens  
Where the center of everything blends.  
I'm queasy with coordinates  
In the state of the art of dream-state.

Life collaborates with Fate  
...That's how it seems in dreams  
Where light animates the still dark—  
Doctor God's concretized the quark.

Evolution Elaborates Stark  
On board a refractory arc.



*Aspiration.*  
(Photo by Marta Belén)

## Give me wings

by Ranajit Sarkar

Give me wings and I shall rise  
Like dreamless flames of burning white,  
And pluck the gold of waking skies  
That glimmer in a mute delight.  
Light the heavens with azure bliss,  
Remove the darkness of the deep,  
Take me where the Spirit is,—  
My heart no more shall be asleep.  
Angels shall not faster fly  
If you, O Soul, my pilot be;  
I shall find the Heavens high  
And magic doors of Eternity.  
Touch me with your deathless fire  
And show me Truth's dire, steadfast eyes,  
Lift me from the doleful mire—  
O, give me wings and let me rise.

## Mother's Darshan (Matagiri, April 23, 2000)

by Cassia Berman

Because Your Lap  
is everywhere I sit  
I can be comfortable now  
in the world.

Because this body is the enchantment  
in which You've placed me  
I can be at peace now  
with all the strange turns  
in this story I'm living.

Because I am like a baby kitten  
whose eyes are not quite open  
to Your vast Consciousness  
I can surrender at last  
to the blows and blessings of life  
as Your rough tongue that I can't see  
licks me awake and clean  
of this world's frenzy.

"You belong to me,"  
You say on darshan day  
Your ever-shining Presence making  
human wounds and problems fall away  
like shadows.



*Mother's Darshan. (Photo courtesy of Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust)*



## A lily or the rose

by Sharon L. Winnett

To love the self, our deepest core  
how does this feel  
such wonder prods  
to help reveal  
compelling one to grow  
sensing it in many things  
seeing others have some clue  
how to claim one's own?  
the key to inner happiness  
perplexes a staggering mind  
a gate so long policed  
safeguarding our vital spark  
allows so little gentle warmth  
to penetrate the soul  
how to just let go the hold?  
banishing the hired gun  
devouring the light  
all the lessons we've been told  
clutching the heart in bitter cold  
jeering thoughts embedded in the  
mind  
plundering essential vitality  
to live and thrive.  
no one who cares agrees  
somewhere we know these are false  
decrees  
of lacking some secret ingredient  
for a meaningful sense of life  
still we carry on this fight.  
If there is no reality  
when under a scrutinizing light  
what's to lose in opening  
end the suffering  
endless days of inner strife  
shrinking fear of judgment's knife.  
reclaim the body  
control a turbulent mind  
throw out old beliefs  
especially those that sneer and chide  
making a mockery of all one tries  
every source of misery cast aside  
to let compassion dwell inside.

This earth is born to flourish  
an inalienable claim to life  
who didn't come by birth alone  
or by death have to say goodbye?  
a world dependent on diversity  
no two things are alike  
so who's to say who is less or more  
unworthy of the right  
to share in love and life's delight.  
a weed to you, a flower to me  
each tiny snowflake born unique  
beautiful by its shape and size  
sharing a common sky.

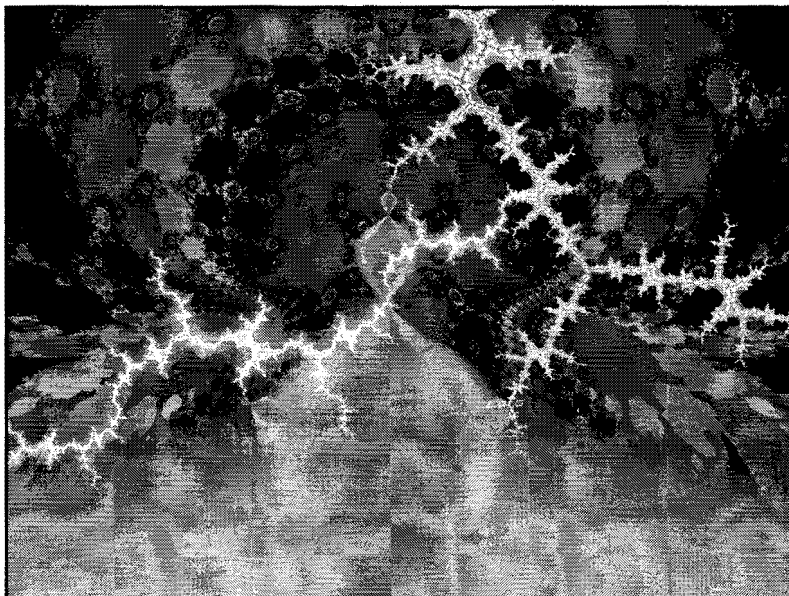
All dreams of mind and heart reveal  
meaning in our life  
memories held tell of our plight  
causes of the suffering  
hurt until we cringed in fright  
a twilight shroud of inner gloom.  
But we do not stand alone  
every being shares in woe  
someone quiet is listening  
somewhere someone knows  
in heart-to-heart a joy is born  
transforming pain into love  
we hold the key to our eternity  
transformation is our journey.

the cross of our mortality  
is all the losses borne  
it makes us deep and sensitive  
but in its penetrating soil  
can grow a beautiful epiphany  
a flower all our own  
that asks no reason for its blossoming  
only seeking to unfold  
as it was always meant to be  
as a lily or the rose.



*Rose. (Drawing by anonymous sadhika)*





*Exit from Hyperspace. (Fractal art by Jim Hurley)*

## **Just before the end of the former world**

*by Bernard Sage*

On the knees for yoga  
Consciously breathing  
Heavy rain on the street

The flash of lightning illuminates  
My only friend  
The crane of the building-site  
Standing just before my door

In the dark frame of my window  
It is a totem in flames  
Lasting very long in the inner time

But I know:

Then the thundering shock will come  
That will bring the evening-birds to silence  
And my mind too

All the bulbs of the district will have exploded at the same time  
And the rain will have intensified  
Deafening the world outside

Simply in order that I feel a bit less lonely  
Alone with the Presence



## The Well

by Leslie Levy

Is the well exempt from seeking a watering hole  
From dowsing significant others who need a drink  
How deep the drill dug by an ulterior mole  
Provision based on what people think  
What is the source of motivation  
The outcome of every goal  
How low how clear  
does the tap run  
From the septic sink of the soul  
Where lies the spring  
of ten thousand things we endear  
Putting first things first  
Who is the One who fulfills  
the quest of our thirst  
When will we be ultimately sate  
Drawn to the Reservoir that never spills  
Very great! Very great!

## She is all sweetness

by Pujalal

(from Desert Notes, 1933)



*The Mother. (Photo courtesy Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust)*

All sweetness is She—our Mother divine,  
And makes us drunk with ambrosial wine,  
This wine from the essence of love She brews;  
And it sparkles with joy's eternal hues.

Her heart is a honey-comb where in each cell,  
Spacious as heaven, oceans of sweet honey swell  
For us, Her children allaying our dearth,  
To make Paradise here of the woeful earth.

Her eyes heart-inviting rain kindness and grace  
Bathing in showers of Her deep sweetness;  
Her smile is of moonbeams a gossamer charm  
In which we forget earth's pain and alarm.

Her touch is the most miraculous  
Of all things ever felt or known;  
It drowns us in nectar rapturous  
Building to godhead flesh and bone.



## Ultimate quest

by Nirodbaran

At earth's far end I sat alone  
Upon a jutting slab of stone,  
And watched the blue infinity  
Carrying its strange mystery.

I saw fall on its breath of foam  
An opal hush from twilight's dome,  
I saw night wrap in starry veils  
The folds of the moon-crested sails.

A shining figure from the sea  
With golden wings came near to me  
And said, "Down in my wonder-deep  
White dreams and pearled visions sleep

Under a dark eternal seal;  
To those who plunge I can reveal  
Immortal splendours of sun and moon  
Flowing from my cave of timeless swoon.

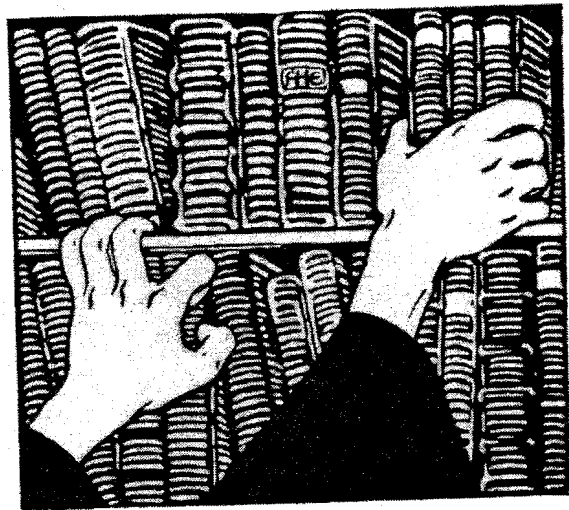
Throw off the earth's yoke from thy soul,  
My jewelled kingdoms shall unroll  
Beyond thy dream-gaze and be thine,  
Crowned with my measureless boons divine."

He vanished in the slumbrous night,  
But left a zone of heavenly light  
Around me and my whole being and sense  
Filled with his haloed magnificence.

With break of dawn the vision passed  
From memory and I was cast  
Into the whirl of time's abyss,  
Its wheel of circling histories.

But to my eyes the wide world seemed  
Like a dry seed; a grey sheath gleamed  
Over its surface weary and old;  
Life lay in death's invisible hold.

Within by a fire and stillness pressed  
I turned to my spirit's ultimate quest  
In the inviolable shrine of God:  
I made his Vast my lone abode.



## Whence The Muse?

by Chandresh Patel

Microprocessors, VLSI and oscillators,  
Perl, VHDL, Verilog and C,  
Are the daily scintillators  
My crufy life is made of, you see.

Trekking on the grassy Mission Peaks,  
Or sauntering in the Sanborne Park forests,  
Are haunts of part-time reflectives,  
Along with SCUBA, among the elusive quests.

Make no blunder, don't even wonder,  
This is NOT the only bower  
Under which I devour  
Hours of frolic, lightening and thunder.

When life is Lighter and Happier,  
The Grace works on the base  
Of vital to broaden and make it sassier,  
Matching a piece in the Ultimate Divine Maze.

Beware O traveler, the shadows abound  
In the ups and downs of the daily rut;  
It's easy to climb the silicon mound—  
Ego is around the corner, the dark fangled mutt.



## Matagiri (Mother's mountain)

by Deirdre Maguire



Beautiful mountain  
what do you do

what do you do  
when pewtered clouds  
obscure you  
from my view

when lightning  
thrills the sky  
I wonder  
what ancient mantras  
do you chant  
within the sound of thunder...

Or do you pray  
and bide the time  
till each man knows  
The Way to climb.



Mountain rising. (Photo by David Hutchinson)



## Prayer for traveling

by Gene Maslow

Around the couch of felicity,  
in my greater dream,  
there is in your Reality  
a constant embracing stream.

Its rhythm trills the Atman lute,  
its light a widening peace,  
but in the silver song of night  
is where it need increase.

Each vision is an imprint—  
the experience is true.  
But there in the vaguer bleakness  
may I be touched by you!

The sum of notes creates a tune  
but the melody is not the dance  
until the fire of your embrace  
has, in it, Presence—voice of chance!

The summit peak—a glory  
blessed by your lotus feet—  
but may I have and see your first  
on the God-forsaken street!

In all I hear you calling  
and in all I lost my heart.  
Guide me, but bless me—above all,  
this:  
We'll never be apart.

## Cleaves

by Leslie Levy

Seems the greatest beauty cleaves  
to objects which have the least use  
Who wants to be used anyway  
Desireless, I cannot seduce  
All the toys with which I'd like to  
play  
Every flower I might like to pick  
Is innocence not destined to burn  
No matter how slowly you light the  
wick  
What precious truth do we dare spurn  
For the pleasure of the next trick  
What more redundant lessons must I  
learn  
May All useful experience stick  
to the fire of One Sacred heart  
Divine Love cannot be torn apart.



*Her hands. (Photo by Marta Belén)*



## Authors & artists

**Vigyan Agni** lives in Auroville and works at Matrimandir.

**Gale Arnold** lives in Boulder, Colorado.

**Dick Batstone** lives in Wiltshire, England, where he operates Batstone Books, which carries titles on the Integral Yoga. He may be reached at 12 Gloucester St., Malmesbury, Wiltshire SN 160AA, England.

**Cassia Berman** lives in Woodstock, New York. She teaches poetry workshops, as well as classes in T'ai Chi and Qi Gong. Her poems have appeared in many magazines and anthologies, and her collection of poems, "Divine Mother Within Me," is available from her. She may be reached at cassia@netstep.net.

**Wayne Bloomquist** lives in Berkeley, California. He is an author and a past president of the Sri Aurobindo Association, and for years distributed Sri Aurobindo books under its auspices. He has organized two conferences on cellular transformation, Berkeley California in 1995 and Pondicherry in 1998. He may be reached at calcutta98@hotmail.com.

**Vishnubhai Eschner** is vice-president of Auromere Imports, a vice-president of the Sri Aurobindo Association, and a resident of the Sri Aurobindo Sadhana Peetham in Lodi, California. He may be reached at vishnu@lodinet.net.

**Mary "Angel" Finn** lives in Boston, Massachusetts. She was married to the late Eugene "Mickey" Finn, who started the Boston Center for the yoga. Angel continues to maintain the center at her home with the help of other members. She has been writing devotional poetry since 1987. She may be reached at 108 Kilmarnock St., Apt. 102, Boston, MA 02215.



**Clifford Gibson** lives in Tokyo, Japan, where he is a professor of English. He was a resident at Matagiri in the 1970s, and continues to maintain ties with the center. He may be reached at 3-16-1-401 Zoshigaya Toshima-ku, Tokyo 1710032 Japan.

**Rod Hemsell** is an educator in Crestone, Colorado. He organized the 1999 AUM Conference, and for many years was a resident of Auroville. He may be reached at rodhemsell@yahoo.com.

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**Jim Hurley** is a graphic artist, teacher, and web designer. He is a founder of the Integral Yoga Web site, and lives in Sunnyvale, California. He can be reached at hurleyj@arachnaut.org.

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**Karl Kempton** lives in Oceano, California, (half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco), where he and his wife grow wheatgrass and sunflower sprouts serving the local health food stores and individuals in a sixty mile radius. His poems have been widely published in the U.S.; his visual poems have been published and exhibited around the world. Over thirty books, mostly visual poems, have been published by small independent publishers. He co-edits an electronic visual poetry magazine, KALDRON, at <<http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/kaldron.htm>>. His connection with Sri Aurobindo and the Mother began in 1982 through his guru, Swami Niranjananandaji, who spent a year with the Mother in the early 1960s. He can be reached at nrview@thegrid.net.

**Joseph Kent** is a poet living in San Francisco. He has published two books of poetry, *White Wind* and *Streams*, and his poetry and other writings have been published in numerous periodicals. He studied and worked with Haridas Chaudhuri, and is a long-time member of the Cultural Integration Fellowship. He may be reached at sunli8@msn.com.

**Gordon Korstange** lives in Saxtons River, Vermont, and teaches writing in the public schools. He has been involved with the Integral Yoga since meeting Mother in 1970. His poetry book, *The Road Behind Whitens in the Sun*, was published by Writers Workshop Press of Calcutta. Gordon may be reached at gkorstange@floodbrook.k12.vt.us.

**Shyam Kumari** is a professor in the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education. She has authored many books in English and Hindi, including three books of English poems for children. A collection of 300 published English poems, *O My Love - Here and Beyond*, will come out this year. She may be reached at shyamkumari@eth.net.

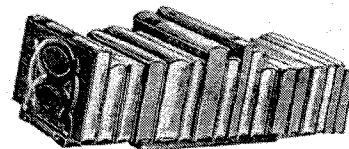
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**Gene Maslow** (1925-1998) was an artist from New York City who, after encountering the Integral Yoga, left everything to go to India. He spent several years in the Ashram and then, at the Mother's behest, became one of the first settlers in Auroville. He devoted his life to making the arts not just an instrument of beauty and delight, but also for spiritual growth.

**Arun Mohanty** lives in the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry, working in the bakery and as a physical education instructor. He became a student in the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education in 1979. He may be reached at [arunm@sriarobindoashram.com](mailto:arunm@sriarobindoashram.com).

**Kamalakanto Mukerjee** was born in West Bengal and joined Sri Aurobindo Ashram in 1949. In 1970 he was invited to the "World Poets' Meet" in Manila, sponsored by United Poets' Laureate International; that august body made him an honorary member and conferred on him the title of "Sacred Poet of India." He was also a member of the "World Poets' Society International" (USA) and "Cinque Ports Poets' Society" of England. Many of his poems have been anthologized in India and abroad. Kamalakanto died at the nursing home at Sri Aurobindo Ashram in 1999.

**Nirodbaran**, now 96, lives in the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry. He was a close disciple and physician of Sri Aurobindo, who guided him in writing poetry. He is the author of numerous books and articles, including *Fifty Poems of Nirodbaran with Corrections and Comments by Sri Aurobindo*. He may be reached at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry India 605 002.

**Chandresh Patel** lives in San Jose, California where he works in a computer software firm. He is a vice president of the Sri Aurobindo Association, and on the board of Auroville International USA. He was a student in the Ashram school during Mother's physical presence. He may be reached at [cpatel@best.com](mailto:cpatel@best.com).

**Pujalal** (1901-1985) was a member of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry, India. He wrote two books of poetry, *Lotus Petals* and *Rosary*. He was one of the few early disciples who was present on Sri Aurobindo's Siddhi day in 1926. He used to clean Mother's bathroom; he taught Sanskrit; and he translated *Savitri* into Gujarati. Mother took keen interest in his poetry and had his poems read to Sri Aurobindo.

**Meenakshi Ramachandra** lives in Auroville and can be reached at [tvm@vsnl.com](mailto:tvm@vsnl.com).

**Bernard Sage** is a foreign language teacher in Marseilles, France. He became acquainted with Sri Aurobindo's teaching in 1967, at which time he began writing poetry. Since 1997, when he joined the online community, he has devoted more of his life to the Integral Yoga. He maintains a website on the yoga, and may be reached at [bsage@online.fr](mailto:bsage@online.fr).

**Sarbani** lives at the Gnostic Centre, New Delhi.

**Ranajit Sarkar** was a student and later a teacher (1945-1965) at the Sri Aurobindo International Centre for Education. He has published poems in Bengali (three books) and English. His doctoral thesis, *The Poetics of Sri Aurobindo in Relation to Western Literature*, was completed in 1968 at the University of Aix-en-Provence. From 1969 until his retirement in 1987 he taught Sanskrit literature and Indian Culture at the University of Groningen (Holland). He can be reached at [P.L.M.Sarkar-van.Geen@let.rug.nl](mailto:P.L.M.Sarkar-van.Geen@let.rug.nl).

**Seyril Schochen** lives in Crestone, Colorado. A former long-time resident of Auroville, Seyril now maintains the Sri Aurobindo Learning Center, Inc., a non-profit educational foundation. She may be reached at Savitri House, P.O. Box 88, Crestone, CO 81131.

**Larry Seidlitz** lives at the Sri Aurobindo Sadhana Peetham Ashram in Lodi, California. He was associated with Matagiri for many years and served on its board. He is also a research psychologist. He may be reached at [larry\\_seidlitz@hotmail.com](mailto:larry_seidlitz@hotmail.com).

**Aurela Sequoia** lives in Washington. She is a past resident of Auroville, and founded the Sri Aurobindo Saranam center in Washington State. She can be reached at [asequoia@earthlink.net](mailto:asequoia@earthlink.net).

**Matthew Smith**, 19, is a student at the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education in Pondicherry, India, and wrote *A walk into God* when he was 12 years old. Matthew may be reached at [smatt@tupac.com](mailto:smatt@tupac.com).

**August Timmermans**, originally from the Netherlands, lives in Bangkok, Thailand. He is one of the moderators of the Integral Yoga email forum. He lived for eight years in India, mainly in Auroville. He may be reached at [augustti@bu.ac.th](mailto:augustti@bu.ac.th).

**Alicia Torres** is a professional poet, writer and translator living in Caracas, Venezuela. She has practiced the Integral Yoga since the early nineties, when she was living in London. In 1994 she spent many months living in Pondicherry. She may be reached at [altorres@cantv.net](mailto:altorres@cantv.net).

**Clyde Whalen** is a friend and neighbor of Angel Finn, who runs the Boston Center. Clyde is an entertainer, and had a comedy television show. He also does stand-up comedy, and recently has begun producing. He may be reached at 108 Kilmarnock St., Apt. 108, Boston, MA 02215.

**Sharon Winnett** lives in Billings, Montana where she teaches therapeutic creative writing at a day treatment center for the mentally ill. She has been involved in the Integral Yoga since 1982, and has been writing poetry since 1985. She may be reached c/o Collaboration.

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# Apropos

How silent the woods would be if only the best birds sang.—Anonymous

If it makes my whole body so cold no fire can warm me, I know that is poetry.—Emily Dickinson

Poetry is the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.—Carl Sandburg

It's amazing how long it takes to complete something you're not working on.—R. D. Clyde

The only demand I make of my readers is that they should devote their whole lives to reading my works.—James Joyce

The moment of change is the only poem.—Adrienne Rich

I do not think that Rousseau's poem "Ode to Posterity" will reach its destination.—Voltaire

Writing free verse is like playing tennis without the net down.—Robert Frost

If you can't be a good example, then you'll just have to be a horrible warning.—Catherine Aird

Old MacDonald was dyslexic, IEIEO.—Billy Connolly

None are so old as those who have outlived enthusiasm.—Henry David Thoreau

I don't like poets. I probably wouldn't mind them so much if they didn't write poetry.—Polly Walker

Art is like a border of flowers along the course of civilization.—Lord Beaverbrook

## Dwn wth vwls.

## —Ruth Ollins

Poets have been mysteriously silent on the subject of cheese.—G.K. Chesterton

I was reading the dictionary the other day; I thought it was a poem about everything.—Steven Wright

Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.—Will Rogers

I've written some poetry I don't understand myself.—Carl Sandburg

When power leads man towards arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the area of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses.—John F. Kennedy

Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty in words.—Edgar Allan Poe

You will not find poetry anywhere unless you bring some of it with you.—Joseph Joubert

Poetry and art are born mediators between the immaterial and the concrete, the spirit and life.—Sri Aurobindo

All poetry is putting the infinite within the finite.—Robert Browning

A poem begins in delight and ends in wisdom.—Robert Frost

Art is not a thing; it is a way.—Elbert Hubbard

There's a new dictionary for masochists. It has all the words, but they're not in alphabetical order.—Frank Tyger

Nothing is more terrible than activity without insight.—Thomas Carlyle

I have nothing to say, I am saying it, and that is poetry.—John Cage

Between them, music, art and poetry are a perfect education for the soul; they make and keep its movements purified, self-controlled, deep and harmonious.—Sri Aurobindo

