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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 support various projects related to the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Auroville, and Integral Yoga activities in America. Current officers: David Hutchinson, president; Vishakha Bichlani, secretary; Marta Belén, treasurer; Lynda Lister, vice-president, Collaboration; Chandresh Patel, vice-president, Money Power Project; Kalpana Patel, vice-president, AUM 2001; Bhuvana Nanakumar, vice-president, Collaboration archives and nonprofit organization; Theresa Bosche, 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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**Author and artist biographies**

About the poets and artists in this issue

**Apropos**

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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.*
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, sunh8@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 wolf 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.

The aim of poetry, as of all true art, is neither a photographic or otherwise realistic imitation of Nature, nor a romantic furnishing 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 psychological 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 trans-
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.
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

illumined 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)
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 keet 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.
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 . . .
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
Crammed 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.
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)
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

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 They high steps. All my falterings transmute, O Mother! Into the mighty ways of the Gods.
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?

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

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.

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.

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-greyed 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

O Beauty
by Nirodaran

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!!
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 They 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.
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
as it was always meant to be
as a lily or the rose.
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)

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 crufty 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,
it's 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!

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.

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.
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.

Vanessa Henshall lives in Delanco, New Jersey. She has been writing poetry and short stories since the age of ten. She may be reached c/o Collaboration.

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 hurleyj1@arachnaut.org.

Timothy Jacob lives in West Hurley, New York, near Matagiri. He was a resident of Matagiri in the 1970s and early 1980s, and continues to visit regularly. He may be reached at 288 Spillway Rd., West Hurley, NY 12491.

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 studying and working with Haridas Chaudhuri, and is a long-time member of the Cultural Integration Fellowship. He may 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 periodicalcs. 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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Leslie Levy is a licensed acupuncturist living in Alhambra, California. She also is an experienced practitioner of Tai Chi Chuan and Hatha Yoga. Her poetry has been published in many magazines and anthologies. She may be reached c/o Collaboration.

Deirdre Maguire lives in Chestnut Ridge, NY. She is a long-time friend of Matagiri. She may be reached at 241 Hungry Hollow Rd., Chestnut Ridge, NY 10977.

Douglas Clark Manley is a participant of the Integral Yoga mailing list. He may be reached at manleyc@htlc.net.
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 arunn@sriaurobindoashram.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.

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.

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.

Sarbanii 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Kirsten Zadeka Xanthippe lives in Sacramento, California where she works for the California State Assembly. She plays and sings early music and paints and draws for fun. She may be reached at zadekia@pacbell.net.
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