

## PENTECOST

Poem dissimilar to its predecessor. Will it lead somewhere this time? Reflections on the weather, proper to beginning a conversation in English.

TO-DAY thrice halves the lunar week  
 Since you, indignant, heard me speak  
 Indignant. Then I seemed to be  
 So far from Christianity !  
 Now, other celebrations fit  
 The time, another song shall flit  
 Responsive to another tune.  
 September's shadow falls on June,  
 But dull November's darkest day  
 Is lighted by the sun of May.

5

10

Autobiography of bard.  
 Lehrjahre.  
 Wanderjahre.  
 "The magician of Paris."

Here's now I got a better learning.  
 It's a long lane that has no turning !  
 Mad as a woman-hunted Urning,  
 The lie-chased aletheophilist : \*  
 Sorcery's maw gulps the beginner :  
 In Pain's mill neophytes are grist :  
 Disciples ache upon the rack.  
 Five years I sought : I miss and lack ;  
 Agony hounds lagoan twist ;  
 I peak and struggle and grow thinner,  
 And get to hate the sight of dinner.  
 With sacred thirst, I, soul-hydroptic,<sup>1</sup>  
 Read Levi<sup>2</sup> and the cryptic Coptic ;<sup>3</sup>  
 With ANET' HER-K UAA EN RA,<sup>4</sup>

15

20

*How clever I am !*

And **כפרה רצניעיהא**  
 While good MacGregor<sup>5</sup> (who taught freely us)  
 Bade us investigate Cornelius  
 Agrippa and the sorceries black  
 Of grim Honorius and Abramelin ;<sup>6</sup>  
 While, fertile as the teeming spawn  
 Of pickled lax or stickleback,  
 Came ancient rituals,<sup>7</sup> whack ! whack !  
 Of Rosy Cross and Golden Dawn.<sup>8</sup>

25

30

\* Truth-lover.

35 I lived, Elijah-like, Mt. Carmel in :  
All gave me nothing. I slid back  
To common sense, as reason bids,  
And “hence,” my friend, “the Pyramids.”

40 At last I met a maniac  
With mild eyes full of love, and tresses  
Blanched in those lonely wildernesses  
Where he found wisdom, and long hands  
Gentle, pale olive 'gainst the sand's  
Amber and gold. At sight, I knew him ;  
Swifter than light I flashed, ran to him,  
45 And at his holy feet prostrated  
My head ; then, all my being sated  
With love, cried “Master ! I must know.  
Already I can love.” E'en so.

50 The sage saluted me राम । राम ।<sup>9</sup>  
लमबा पडाव की बडी दाम ।  
जानी यह सब से मुशकिल काम  
है । वाह शावाश । तुमहार नाम  
सितारों में सीने से लिखा है ।  
हमारे पास आप चेले । हम दवाई  
55 चित्ता के वास्ते देंगे ॥ हां , said I :

“I'm game to work through all eternity,  
Your holiness the Guru Swami !”\* Thus  
I studied with him till he told me बस ॥<sup>10</sup>  
He taught the A B C of Yoga :  
60 I asked कि वास्ते ।<sup>11</sup> क्या होगा ॥<sup>12</sup>  
In strange and painful attitude,<sup>13</sup>  
I sat while he was very rude.<sup>14</sup>  
With eyes well fixed on my proboscis<sup>15</sup>  
I soon absorbed the Yogi Gnosis.  
65 He taught me to steer clear of vices  
The giddy waltz, the tuneful aria,  
Those fatal foes of Brahma-charya;<sup>16</sup>  
And said, “How very mild and nice is  
One's luck to lop out truth in slices,  
70 And chance to chop up cosmic crises !”

My Mahatma.  
What price  
Kut Humi ?

?????? Oh,  
how wise  
Grampa must  
have been,  
Bobbie !

\* The correct form of address from a pupil to his teacher. See Sabhapaty Swami's pamphlet on Yoga.

He taught me A, he taught me B,  
 He stopped my baccy<sup>17</sup> and my tea.  
 He taught me Y, he taught me Z,  
 He made strange noises in my head.  
 He taught me that, he taught me this, 75  
 He spoke of knowledge, life, and bliss.  
 He taught me this, he taught me that,  
 He grew me mangoes in his hat<sup>18</sup>  
 I brought him corn : he made good grist of it :—  
 And here, my Christian friend, 's the gist of it ! 80

The philo-  
 sophical im-  
 passe. Practi-  
 cal advice.  
 Advice to poet's  
 fat friend.

First, here's philosophy's despair  
 The cynic scorn of self. I think  
 At times the search is worth no worry,  
 And hasten earthward in a hurry,  
 Close spirit's eyes, or bid them blink, 85  
 Go back to Swinburne's<sup>19</sup> counsel rare,  
 Kissing the universe its rod,  
 As thus he sings "For this is God ;  
 Be man with might, at any rate,  
 In strength of spirit growing straight 90  
 And life as light a-living out !"  
 So Swinburne doth sublimely state,  
 And he is right beyond a doubt.  
 So, I'm a poet or a rhymer ;  
 A mountaineer or mountain climber. 95  
 So much for Crowley's vital primer.  
 The inward life of soul and heart,  
 That is a thing occult, apart :  
 But yet his metier or his kismet  
 As much as these you have of his met. 100  
 So—you be butcher ; you be baker ;  
 You, Plymouth Brother, and you, Quaker ;  
 You, Mountebank, you, corset-maker :—  
 While for you, my big beauty,<sup>20</sup> (Chicago packs pork)  
 I'll teach you the trick to be hen-of-the-walk. 105  
 Shrick a music-hall song with a double ong-tong !  
 Dance a sprightly can-can at Paree or Bolong !  
 Or the dance of Algiers—try your stomach at that !  
 It's quite in your line, and would bring down your fat.  
 You've a very fine voice—could you only control it ! 110  
 And an emerald ring—and I know where you stole it !  
 But for goodness sake give up attemptiing Brünnhilde;  
 Try a boarding-house cook, or a coster's Matilda !

Still you're young yet, scarce forty—we'll hope at three score  
You'll be more of a singer, and less of a whore.

115

Each to his trade ! live out your life !  
Fondle your child, and buss your wife !  
Trust not, fear not, street straight and strong !  
Don't worry, but just get along.  
I used to envy all my Balti coolies<sup>21</sup>

120

In an inverse kind of religious hysteria,  
Though every one a perfect fool is,  
To judge by philosophic criteria,  
My Lord Archbishop. The name of Winchester,  
Harrow, or Eton<sup>22</sup> makes them not two inches stir. 125

125

They know not Trinity, Merton, or Christchurch ;  
They worshi p, but not at y our back-pews-hi gh-priced  
Church.

I've seen them at twenty thousand feet  
On the ice, in a snow-storm, at night fall, repeat  
Their prayer<sup>23</sup>—will your Grace do as much for your Three

130

As they do for their One ? I have seen—may you see !  
They sleep and know not what a mat is ;  
Seem to enjoy their cold chapaties ;\*  
Are healthy, strong—and some are old.  
They do not care a damn<sup>24</sup> for cold,

135

Behave like children, trust in Allah ;  
(Flies in Mohammed's spider-parlour !)  
They may not think : at least they dare  
Live out their lives, and little care  
Worries their souls—worse fools they seem

140

Than even Christians. Do I dream ?  
Probing philosophy to marrow,  
What thought darts in its poisoned arrow  
But this ? (my wisdom, even to me,  
Seems folly) may their folly be

145

True Wisdom ? O esteemed Tahuti !<sup>25</sup>  
You are, you are, you are a beauty !  
If after all these years of worship  
You hail Ra<sup>26</sup> his bark or Nuit<sup>27</sup> her ship

Live out thy  
life ! Charac-  
ter of Balti.  
His religious  
sincerity. Re-  
lations of poet  
and the Egyp-  
tian God of  
Wisdom.  
Crowley dis-  
missed with a  
jest.

\* A flat cake of unleavened bread. As a matter of fact they do not enjoy and indeed will not eat them, preferring "dok," a paste of coarse flour and water, wrapped round a hot stone. It cooks gradually, and remains warm all day.

	And sail—"the waters wild a-wenting Over your child ! The left lamenting" (Campbell). <sup>28</sup> The Ibis head, <sup>29</sup> unsuited To grin, perhaps, yet does its best To show its strong appreciation Of the humour of the situation—	150      155
	In short, dismiss me, jeered and hooted, Who thought I sported Roland's crest, <sup>30</sup> With wisdom saddled, spurred, and booted, (As I my Jesus) with a jest. <sup>31</sup>	155
Slowness of Divine Justice. Poet pockets Piety Stakes. National An- them of Natal.	So here is my tribute—a jolly good strong 'un— To the eunuch, the faddist, the fool, and the wrong 'un ! It's fun when you say "A mysterious way" <sup>32</sup> God moves in to fix up his Maskelyne tricks. He trots on the tides, on the tempest he rides (Like Cosmo); and as for his pace, we bethought us Achilles could never catch up with that tortoise !" No flyer, but very "Who's Griffiths ?"* No jackpot ! I straddle the blind, age ! At hymns I'm a moral ; In Sankey, your kettle may call me a black pot. Here's diamond for coke, and pink pearl for pale coral. Though his mills may grind slowly—what says the old hymn? <sup>33</sup> Tune, Limerick ! Author ? My memory's dim. The corn said "You sluggard !" The mill "You may tug hard," (or lug hard, or plug hard ; I forgot the exact Rhyme ; that's a fact "If I want to grind slowly I shall," A quainter old fable one rarely is able To drag from its haunt in the—smoke room or stable ! You see (vide supra) I've brought to the test a ton Of tolerance, broadness. Approve me, friend Chesteron !	160      165    170  175      180
But this talk is all indigestion. Now for health.	So much when philosophy's lacteal river Turns sour through a trifle of bile on the liver. But now for the sane and the succulent milk Of truth—may it slip down as smoothly as silk.	180
Reasons for undertaking the task.	"How very hard it is to be" <sup>34</sup> A Yogi ! Let our spirits see At least what primal need of thought This end to its career has brought :	185

\* "Who's Griffiths ? The safe man." A well-known advertisement, hence "Who's Griffiths" = safe.

190 Why, in a word, I seek to gain  
 A different knowledge. Why retain  
 The husk of flesh, yet seek to merit  
 The influx of the Holy Spirit ?  
 And, swift as caddies pat and cap a tee,  
 Gain the great prize all mortals snap at, he-  
 195 Roic guerdon of Srotapatti ?<sup>35</sup>

200 With calm and philsoptic mind,  
 No fears, no hopes, devotions blind  
 To hamper, soberly we'll state  
 The problem, and investigate  
 In purely scientific mood  
 The sheer Ananke of the mind,  
 A temper for our steel to find  
 Whereby those brazen nails subdued  
 205 Against our door-post may in vain  
 Ring. We'll examine, to be plain,  
 By logic's intellectual prism  
 The spiritual Syllogism.

Our logical  
 method. Clas-  
 sical allusion,  
 demonstrating  
 erudition of  
 poet.

210 We know what fools (only) call  
 Divine and Supernatural  
 And what they name material  
 Are really one, not two, the line  
 By which divide they and define  
 Being a shadowy sort of test ;  
 A verbal lusus at the best,  
 215 At worst a wicked lie devised  
 To bind men's thoughts ; but we must work  
 With our own instruments, nor shirk  
 Discarding what we erstwhile prized ;  
 Should we perceive it disagree  
 220 With the first-born necessity.

Whether or  
 not spirit and  
 matter are dis-  
 tinct, let us in-  
 vestigate the  
 fundamental  
 necessities of  
 thought.

225 I come to tell you why I shun  
 The sight of men, the life and fun  
 You know I can enjoy so well,  
 The Nature that I love as none  
 (I think) before me ever loved.  
 You know I scorn the fear of Hell,  
 By worship and all else unmoved

Impermanence  
 of the soul.

	<p>You know for me the soul is nought<sup>36</sup>                  Save a mere phantom in the thought,                  That thought itself impermanent,                  Save as a casual element                  With such another may combine                  To form now water and now wine ;                  The element itself may be                  Changeless to all eternity,                  But compounds ever fluctuate                  With time or space or various state.                  (Ask chemists else !) So I must claim                  Spirit and matter are the same<sup>37</sup>                  Or else the prey of putrefaction.                  This matters to the present action                  Little or nothing. Here's your theories !                  Think if you like : I find it wearies !</p>	<p>230</p> <p>235</p> <p>240</p>
<p>Recapitulation                  of principal cos-                  mic theories.</p>	<p>It matters little whether we                  With Fichte and the Brahmins preach                  That Ego-Atman sole must be ;                  With Schelling and the Buddha own                  No-Ego-Skandhas are alone ;                  With Hegel and the—Christian ? teach                  That which compels, includes, absorbs                  Both mighty unrevolving orbs                  In one informing masterless                  Master-idea of consciousness—                  All differences as these indeed                  Are chess play, conjuring. “Proceed !”                  Nay ! I'll go back. The exposition                  Above, has points. But simple fission                  Has reproduced a different bliss,                  At last a heterogenesis !</p>	<p>245</p> <p>250</p> <p>255</p>
<p>Bard check-                  mates himself.                  Consciousness                  and Christi-                  anity.                  Dhyana and                  Hinduism.                  Sammasa-                  madhi and                  Buddhism.</p>	<p>The metaphysics of these verses                  Is perfectly absurd. My curse is                  No sooner in an iron word                  I formulate my thought than I                  Perceive the same to be absurd                  (Tannhäuser). So for this, Sir, why !                  Your metaphysics in your teeth !                  Confer A. Crowley, “Berashith.”                  But hear ! The Christian is a Dualist ;</p>	<p>260</p> <p>265</p>

270 Such view our normal consciousness  
Tells us. I'll quote now if you list  
From Tennyson. It isn't much ;  
(Skip this and 'twill be even less)  
He say : "I am not what I see,<sup>38</sup>  
And other than the things I touch."\*

275 How lucid is our Alfred T. !  
The Hindu, an Advaitist,  
Crosses off Maya from the list ;  
Believes in one—exactly so,  
Dhyana-consciousness, you know !

280 May it not be that one step further  
"‘This lotused Buddha roaring murder !’ ?<sup>39</sup>  
Nibbana is the state above you  
Christians and them Hindus—Lord love you !—  
Where Nothing is perceived as such.

285 This clever thought doth please me much.      Bard is pleased  
with himself.  
But if das Essen ist das Nichts—  
Ha ! Hegel's window ! Ancient Lichts !  
And two is one and one is two—  
"Bother this nonsense ! Go on, do !"  
290 My wandering thoughts you well recall !  
I focus logic's perfect prism :  
Lo ! the informing syllogism !

The premiss major. Life at best  
Is but a sorry sort of jest ;      Sabbé pi Duk-  
kham ! †

295 At worst, a play of fiends uncouth,  
Mocking the soul foredoomed to pain.  
In any case, its run must range  
Through countless miseries of change.  
So far, no farther, gentle youth !

300 The mind can see. So much, no more.  
So runs the premiss major plain ;  
Identical, the Noble truth  
First of the Buddha's Noble Four!

305 The premiss minor. I deplore  
These limitations of the mind  
I strain my eyes until they're blind,  
And cannot pierce the awful veil      Beyond  
thought, is  
there hope ?  
Maya again.  
Vision of the

\* *In Memoriam*      † All is Sorrow



Visible Image of the Soul of Nature, whose Name is Fat- ality.	<p>That masks the primal cause of being.                  With all respect to Buddha, fleeing                  The dreadful problem with the word <span style="float: right;">310</span>                  “Who answers, as who asks, hath erred,”                  I must decidedly insist                  On asking why these things exist.                  My mind refuses to admit                  All-Power can be all-Wickedness. <span style="float: right;">315</span>                  —Nay ! but it may ! What shadows flit                  Across the awful veil of mist ?                  What thoughts invade, insult, impress ?                  There comes a lightning of my wit                  And sees—nor good nor ill address <span style="float: right;">320</span>                  Itself to task, creation’s ill,                  But a mere law without a will,<sup>40</sup>                  Nothing resolved in something, fit                  Phantom of dull stupidity,                  And evolution’s endless stress <span style="float: right;">325</span>                  All the inanity to knit                  Thence : such a dark device I see !                  Nor lull my soul in the caress                  Of Buddha’s “Maya fashioned it.”<sup>41</sup>                  My mind seems ready to agree ; <span style="float: right;">330</span>                  But still my senses worry me.</p>
Futility of all investigations of the Mind into the First Cause.	<p>Nor can I see what sort of gain                  God finds in this creating pain ;                  Nor do the Vedas help me here.                  Why should the Paramatma cease<sup>42</sup> <span style="float: right;">335</span>                  From its eternity of peace,                  Develop this disgusting drear                  System of stars, to gather again                  Involving, all the realm of pain,                  Time, space, to that eternal calm ? <span style="float: right;">340</span>                  Blavatsky’s Himalayan Balm<sup>43</sup>                  Aids us no whit—if to improve                  Thus the All-light, All-life, All-love,                  By evolution’s myrrh and gall,                  It would not then have been the All. <span style="float: right;">345</span></p>
Faith our only alternative to Despair ? So says Mansel.	<p>Thus all conceptions fail and fall.                  But see the Cyclopædia-article                  On “Metaphysics”; miss no particle</p>

350 Of thought ! How ends the brave B.D.,  
 Summarising Ontology ?  
 “This talk of ‘Real’ is a wraith.  
 Our minds are lost in war of word ;  
 The whole affair is quite absurd—  
 Behold ! the righteous claims of Faith !”  
 355 (He does not rhyme you quite so neatly ;  
 But that’s the sense of it, completely.)

I do not feel myself inclined  
 In spit of my irrevent mind,  
 So lightly to pass by the schemes  
 260 Of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel (one,  
 Small though the apparent unison),  
 As if they were mere drunken dreams ;  
 For the first word in India here  
 From Koromandl to Kashmir  
 365 Says the same thing these Germans said :  
 “Ekam Advaita !”<sup>44</sup> one, not two !  
 Thus East and West from A to Z  
 Agree—Alas ! so do not you ?  
 (It matters nothing—you, I find,  
 370 Are but a mode of my own mind.)

The Advaitist  
 position.

As far as normal reasoning goes,  
 I must admit my concepts close  
 Exactly where my worthy friend,  
 375 Great Mansel, says they ought to end.  
 But here’s the whole thing in a word :  
 Olympus in a nutshell ! I  
 Have a superior faculty  
 To reasoning, which makes absurd,  
 Unthinkable and wicked too,  
 380 A great deal that I know is true !  
 In short, the mind is capable,  
 Besides mere ratiocination,  
 Of twenty other things as well,  
 The first of which is concentration !

Mind’s superior  
 functions.

385 Here most philosoehers agree ;  
 Claim that the truth must so intend,  
 Explain at once all agony  
 Of doubt, make people comprehend

Does truth  
 make itself in-  
 stantly appa-  
 rent ? Not  
 reason.

THE SWORD OF SONG

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But the results of concentra- tion do so.	<p>As by a lightning flash, solve doubt          And turn all Nature inside out :          And, if such potency of might          Hath Truth, once state the truth aright,          Whence came the use for all these pages          Millions together—mighty sages          Whom the least obstacle enrages ?          Condemn the mystic if he prove          Thinking less valuable than love ?          Well, let them try their various plans !          Do they resolve that doubt of man's ?          How many are Hegelians ?          This, though I hold him mostly true.          But, to teach others that same view ?          Surely long years develop reason.<sup>45</sup>          After long years, too, in thy season          Bloom, Concentration's midnight flower !          After much practice to this end          I gain at last the long sought power          (Which you believe you have this hour,          But certainly have not, my friend !)          Of keeping close the mind to one          Thing at a time—suppose, the Sun.          I gain this (Reverence to Ganesh' !)<sup>46</sup>          And at that instant comprehend          (The past and future tenses vanish)          What Fichte comprehends. Division,          Thought, wisdom, drop away. I see          The absolute identity          Of the beholder and the vision.</p>	<p>390</p> <p>395</p> <p>400</p> <p>405</p> <p>410</p> <p>415</p>
Some poetry.	<p>There is a lake* amid the snows          Wherein five glaciers merge and break.          Oh ! the deep brilliance of the lake !          The roar of ice that cracks and goes          Crashing within the water ! Glows          The pale pure water, shakes and slides          The glittering sun through emerald tides,          So that faint ripples of young light          Laugh on the green. Is there a night</p>	<p>420</p> <p>425</p>

\* This simile for the mind and its impressions, which must be stilled before the sun of the soul can be reflected, is common in Hindu literature. The five glaciers are, of course, the senses.

So still and cold, a frost so chill,  
 That all the glaciers be still ?  
 430 Yet in its peace no frost.  
           Arise !  
 Over the mountains steady stand,  
 O sun of glory, in the skies  
 Alone, above, unmoving ! Brand  
 435 Thy sigil, thy resistless might,  
 The abundant imminence of light !  
 Ah !  
     O in the silence, in the dark,  
 In the intangible, unperfumed,  
 440 In gust abyss, abide and mark  
 The mind's magnificence assumed  
 In the soul's splendour ! Hear is peace ;  
 Here earnest of assured release.  
 Here is the formless all-pervading  
 445 Spirit of the World, rising, fading  
 Into a glory subtler still.  
 Here the intense abode of Will  
 Closes its gates, and in the hall  
 Is solemn sleep of festival.  
 450 Peace ! Peace ! Silence of peace !  
 O visionless abode ! Cease ! Cease !  
 Through the dark veil press on ! The veil  
 Is rent asunder, the stars pale,  
 The suns vanish, the moon drops,  
 455 The chorus of the spirit stops,  
 But one note swells. Mightiest souls  
 Of bard and music maker, rolls  
 Over your loftiest crowns the wheel  
 Of that abiding bliss. Life flees  
 460 Down corridors of centuries  
 Pillar by pillar, and is lost.  
 Life after life in wild appeal  
 Cries to the master ; he remains  
 And thinks not.  
 465           Th e polluting tides  
 Of sense roll shoreward. Arid plains  
 Of wave-swept sea confront me. Nay !  
 Looms yet the glory through the grey,  
 And in the darkest hours of youth  
 470 I yet perceive the essential truth,

	Known as I know my consciousness, That all divisons hosts confess A master, for I know and see The absolute identity Of the beholder and the vision.	475
Fact replacing folklore, the Christian snig- gers. Let him beware.	How easy to excite derision In the man's mind ! Why, fool, I think I am as clever as yourself, At least as skilled to wake the elf Of jest and mockery in a wink. I can dismiss with sneers as cheap As your this fabric of mine own, One banner of my mind o'erthrown Just at my will. How true and deep Is Carroll <sup>47</sup> when his Alice cries : "It's nothing but a pack of cards !" There's the true refuge of the wise ; To overthrow the temple guards, Deny reality.	480
		485
		490
For I speak subtly.	And now (I'll quote you scripture anyhow) What did the Sage mean when he wrote (I am the Devil when I quote) "The mere terrestrial-minded man Knows not the Things of God, nor can Their subtle meaning understand ?" A sage, I say, although he mentions Perhaps the best of his inventions, God.	495
		500
Results of prac- tice. The poet abandons all to find Truth.	For at first this practice tends To holy thoughts (the holy deeds Precede success) and reverent gaze Upon the Ancient One of Days, Beyond which fancy lies the Truth. To find which I have left my youth, All I held dear, and sit alone Still meditating, on my throne Of Kusha-grass, <sup>48</sup> and count my beads, Murmer my mantra, <sup>49</sup> till recedes The world of sense and thought—I sink	505
		510

To—what abyss's dizzy brink ?  
 And fall ! And I have ceased to think !  
 That is, have conquered and made still  
 Mind's lower powers by utter Will.

515 It may be that pure Nought will fail  
 Quite to assuage the needs of thought ;  
 But—who can tell me whether Nought  
 Untried, will or will not avail ?

Nothing. The  
 Apotheosis of  
 Realism and  
 Idealism alike

520 Aum ! Let us meditate aright<sup>50</sup>  
 On that adorable One Light,  
 Divine Savitri ! So may She  
 Illume our minds ! So mote it be !

Gayatri.

525 I find some folks think me (for one)  
 So great a fool that I disclaim  
 Indeed Jehovah's hate for shame  
 That man to-day should not be weaned  
 Of worshipping so foul a fiend  
 In presence of the living Sun,  
 And yet replace him oiled and cleaned  
 530 By the Egyptian Pantheon,  
 The same thing by another name.  
 Thus when of late Egyptian Gods  
 Evoked ecstatic periods  
 In verse of mine, you thought I praised  
 535 Or worshipped them—I stand amazed.  
 I merely wished to chant in verse  
 Some aspects of the Universe,  
 Summed up these subtle forces finely,  
 And sang of them (I think divinely)  
 540 In name and form : a fault perhaps—  
 Reviewers are such funny chaps !  
 I think that ordinary folk,  
 Though, understood the things I spoke.  
 For Gods, and devils too, I find  
 545 Are merely modes of my own mind !  
 The poet needs enthusiasm !  
 Vese-making is a sort of spasm,  
 Degeneration of the mind,  
 And things of that unpleasant kind.

Is "The Soul  
 of Osiris" a  
 Hymn Book ?  
 How verse is  
 written.  
 Prayer.

	So to the laws all bards obey	550
	I bend, and seek in my own way	
	By false things to expound the real.	
	But never think I shall appeal	
	To Gods. What folly can compare	
	With such stupidity as prayer ?	555
Marvellous answer to prayer. Prayer and averages.	Some years ago I thought to try	
	Prayer <sup>51</sup> —tests its efficacy.	
	I fished by a Norwegian lake.	
	“O God,” I prayed, “for Jesus’ sake	
	Grant thy poor servant all his wish !	560
	For every prayer produce a fish !”	
	Nine times the prayer went up the spout,	
	And eight times—what a thumping trout !	
	(This is the only true fish-story	
	I ever heard—give God the glory !)	565
	The things seems cruel now, of course.	
	Still, it’s a grand case of God’s force !	
	But, modern Christians, do you dare	
	With common prudence to compare	
	The efficacy of prayer ?	570
	Who will affirm of Christian sages	
	That prayer can alter averages ?	
	The individual case allows	
	Some chance to operate, and thus	
	Destroys its value quite for us.	575
	So that is why I knit my brows	
	And think—and find no thing to say	
	Or do, so foolish as to pray.	
	“So much for this absurd affair <sup>52</sup>	
	About” validity of prayer.	580
	But back ! Let once again address	
	Ourselves to super-consciousness !	
Are the results of meditation due to auto-hypnosis ?	You weary me with proof enough	
	That all this meditation stuff	
	Is self-hypnosis. Be it so !	585
	Do you suppose I did not know ?	
	Still, to be accurate, I fear	
	The symptoms are entirely strange.	
	If I were hard, I’d make it clear	
	That criticism must arrange	590

An explanation different  
 For this particular event.  
 Though surely I may find it queer  
 That you should talk of self-hypnosis,  
 595 When your own faith so very close is  
 To similar experience ;  
 Lies, in a word, beneath suspicion  
 To ordinary common sense  
 And logic's emery attrition.  
 600 I take, however, as before  
 Your own opinion, and demand  
 Some test by which to understand  
 Huxley's piano-talk,\* and find  
 If my hypnosis may not score  
 605 A point against the normal mind.  
 (As you are please to term it, though !  
 I gather that you do not know ;  
 Merely infer it.)

Here's a test !

610 What in your whole life is the best  
 Of all your memories ? They say  
 You paint—I think you should one day  
 Take me to seek your Studio—  
 Tell me, when all your work goes right,  
 615 Painted to match some inner light,  
 What of the outer world you know !  
 Surely, your best work always finds  
 Itself sole object of the mind's.  
 In vain you ply the brush, distracted  
 620 By something you have heard or acted.  
 Expect some tedious visitor—  
 Your eye runs furtive to the door ;  
 Your hand refuses to obey ;  
 You throw the useless brush away.  
 625 I think I hear the Word you say !

A test. The  
 artist's concentration on his  
 work.

I practice then, with conscious power  
 Watching my mind, each thought controlling,  
 Hurling to nothingness, while rolling  
 The thunders after lightning's flower.

Yogi but a more  
 vigorous artist.  
 Indignation of  
 poet suppressed  
 by Yogi and  
 philosopher  
 alike.

\* See his remarks upon the Rational piano, and the conclusions to which  
 the evidence of its senses would lead it.



	Destroying passion, feeling, thought, The very practice you have sought Unconscious, when you work the best, I carry on one step firm-pressed Further than you the path, and you For all my trouble, comment : “True ! “Auto-hypnosis. Very quaint !” <sup>53</sup> No one supposes me a Saint— <sup>54</sup> Some Saints to wrath would be inclined With such a provocation pecked ! But I remember and reflect That anger makes a person blind, And my own “Chittam” I’d neglect. Besides, it’s you, and you, I find, Are but a mode of my own mind.	630                      635                      640                     645                     650                    655                    660                    666                    670
Objectivity of universe not discussed.	But then you argue, and with sense; “I have this worthy evidence That things are real, since I cease The painter’s ecstasy of peace, And find them all unchanged.” To-day I cannot brush that doubt away ; It leads to tedious argument Uncertain, in the best event : Unless, indeed, I should invoke The fourth dimension, clear the smoke Psychology still leaves. This question Needs a more adequate digestion. Yet I may answer that the universe Of meditation suffers less From time’s insufferable stress Than that of matter. On, thou puny verse ! Weak tide of rhyme ! Another argument Will block the railway train of blague you meant To run me over with. This world Or that ? We’ll keep the question furled.	
Preferability of concentration- state to the normal.	But, surely, (let me corner you !) <i>You wish the painter-mood were true!</i> To leave the hateful world, and see Perish the whole Academy ; So you remain for ever sated, On your own picture concentrated !	

But as for me I have a test  
 Of better than the very best.  
*Respice finem !* Judge the end ;  
 The man, and not the child, my friend !  
 675 First ecstasy of Pentecost,  
 (You now perceive my sermon's text.)  
 First leap to Sunward flings you vexed  
 By glory of its own riposte  
 Back to your mind. But gathering strength  
 680 And never, you come (ah light !) at length  
 To dwell awhile in the caress  
 Of that strange super-consciousness.  
 After one memory—O abide !  
 Vivid Savitri lightning-eyed !—  
 685 Nothing is worth a thought beside.  
 One hint of Amrita<sup>55</sup> to taste  
 And all earth's wine may run to waste !  
 For by this very means Christ gained<sup>56</sup>  
 His glimpse into that world above  
 690 Which he denominated "Love."  
 Indeed I think the man attained  
 By some such means—I have not strained  
 Out mind by chance of sense or sex  
 To find a way less iron-brained  
 695 Determining direction  $x$ ;<sup>57</sup>  
 I know not if these Hindu methods  
 Be best ('tis no such life and death odds,  
 Since suffering souls to save or damn  
 Never existed). So I fall  
 700 Confessing : Well, perchance I am  
 Myself a Christian after all !  
  
 So far at least. I must concede  
 Christ did attain in every deed ;  
 Yet, being an illiterate man,  
 705 Not his to balance or to scan,  
 To call God stupid or unjust !  
 He took the universe on trust :  
 He reconciled the world below  
 With that above ; rolled eloquence  
 710 Steel-tired<sup>58</sup> o'er reason's "why?" and "whence?"  
 Discarded all proportion just  
 And thundered in our ears "I know,"  
 And bellowed in our brains "ye must."

Fifty years of  
 Europe worth  
 a cycle of  
 Cathay.  
 Method of  
 Christ. The  
 poet a Christian.

With reservations. Deus in machinâ. Pontious Pilate as a Surry Magistrate.

Mystic mean-ing o Pente-cost.	f	Such reservations—and I class Myself a Christian : let us pass Back to the text whose thread we lost, And see what means this “Pentecost.”	715
Super-con- sciousness is the gift of the Holy Ghost.		This, then, is what I seem occurred According to our Saviour’s word) That all the Saints at Pentecost Received the gift—the Holy Ghost ; Such gift implying, as I guess This very super-consciousness. <sup>59</sup> Miracles follow as a dower ; But ah ! they used that fatal power And lost the Spirit in the act. This may be fancy or a fact ; At least it squares with super-sense Or “spiritual experience.”	720        725
Poet not a materialist. Mohammed’s ideas.		You do not well to swell the list Of horrid things to me imputed By calling me “materialist.” At least this thought is better suited To Western minds than is embalmed Among the doctrines of Mohammed, The dogma parthenogenetic * As told me by a fat ascetic. He said : “Your worthy friends may lack you late, But learn how Mary was immaculate !” I sat in vague expectant bliss.	730           740
Verbatim re- port of Moslem account of the Annunciation.		The story as it runs is thus : (I quote my Eastern friend <sup>60</sup> verbatim !) <i>The Virgin, going to the bath,</i> <i>Found a young fellow in her path,</i> <i>And turned, prepared to scold and rate him !</i> “How dare you be on me encroaching ?” <i>The beautiful young gentleman,</i> <i>With perfect courtesy approaching,</i> <i>Bowed deeply, and at once began :</i> “Fear nothing, Mary ! All is well ! I am the angel Gabriel.” She bared her right breast ; (query why ?) The angel Gabriel let fly	745          750

\* Concerning conception of a virgin.

755	<p><i>Out of a silver Tube a Dart</i>  <i>Shooting God's Spirit to her heart—</i><sup>61</sup>                  This beats the orthodox Dove-Suitor !                  What explanation could be cuter                  Than—Gabriel with a pea-shooter ?</p>	
760	<p>In such a conflict I stand neuter.                  But oh ! mistake not gold for pewter !                  The plain fact is : materialise                  What spiritual fact you choose,                  And all such turn to folly—lose                  The subtle splendour, and the wise</p>	<p>Degradation of                  symbols. Es-                  sential identity                  of all forms of                  existence.</p>
765	<p>Love and dear bliss of truth. Beware                  Lest your lewd laughter set a snare                  For any ! Thus and only thus                  Will I admit a difference                  'Twixt spirit and the things of sense.</p>	
770	<p>What is the quarrel between us ?                  Why do our thoughts so idly clatter ?                  I do not care one jot for matter,                  One jot for spirit, while you say                  One is pure ether, one pure clay.</p>	
775	<p>I've talked too long : you're very good—                  I only hope you've understood !                  Remember that "conversion" lurks                  Nowhere behind my words and works.</p>	<p>Practical                  advice.</p>
780	<p>Go home and think ! my talk refined                  To the sheer needs of your own mind.                  You cannot bring God in the compass                  Of human thought ? Up stick and thump ass !                  Let human thought itself expand—                  Bright Sun of Knowledge, in me rise !</p>	
785	<p>Lead me to these exalted skies                  To live and love and understand !                  Paying no price, accepting nought—                  The Giver and the Gift are one                  With the Receiver—O thou Sun</p>	
790	<p>Of thought, of bliss transcending thought,                  Rise where divison dies ! Absorb                  In glory of the glowing orb                  Self and its shadow !</p>	

THE SWORD OF SONG

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Christian mystics not true Christians. What think ye of Crowley ? His interlo- cutor dis- missed, not with a jest, but with a warning.	<p style="text-align: center;">Now who dares</p> <p>Call me no Christian ? And, who cares ?</p> <p>Read ; you will find the Master of Balliol, Discarding Berkeley, Locke, and Paley'll Resume such thoughts and label clear "My Christianity lies here !"</p> <p>With such religion who finds fault ?</p> <p>Star, it seems foolish to exalt Religion to such heights as these, Refine the mystic agonies To nothing, lest the mystic jeer "So logic bends its line severe Back to my involuted curve !"</p> <p>These are my thoughts. I shall not swerve. Take them, and see what dooms deserve Their rugged grandeur—heaven or hell ? Mind the dark doorway there !<sup>62</sup> Farewell !</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">795</p> <p style="text-align: right;">800</p> <p style="text-align: right;">805</p> <p style="text-align: right;">810</p>
Poet yawns.	<p>How tedious I always find That special manner of my mind !</p>	
Aum !	<p>Aum ! let us meditate aright On that adorable One Light, Divine Savitri ! So may She Illume our minds ! So mote it be !</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">815</p>