

PSALM OF A MYSTIC

By Charles Lazenby

I will sound a new note and all the world shall listen, wondering, to my voice.

I will sound an old note of the forgotten ages, and all the world shall remember and be glad.

All sounds are included in this note, and all tones in this reverberant harmony.

What I now speak is the last word in all languages, and I have spoken ages ago.

I spoke and speak through all my servants and knowers, in divine age-echoing tones.

I whispered my secret into the ears of all my saints, and chosen sinners, and those ye have worshipped as olden gods.

None hear my voice till they know my presence, nor know my presence till I speak within them my glowing secret.

I am all Gods and all men, and was equally in all three of my crucified sons on Golgotha.

Jesus I use and Paul in my divine work, also the murderer of innocent children; and the shame-faced prostitute, and all are equally dear to me.

I again preach my old gospel of absolute self-containment, and I know neither good nor evil.

All high and low conceptions, are in me and are parts of me, and the impulse which guides all actions.

I am the eternal paradox of a million meanings some subtle and some gross, but all equally true.

I am the uniting and united masculine-feminine principle, and all worlds of seven-fold matter are atoms of my body.

Looking upward you see but the reflection of my depths, and looking downward you see my reflected face smiling upward to you.

I am each single concept of all philosophies, and the facts of all science.

I inspire the poet, the saint, the fornicator, the scientist, and am the desire which gnaws the heart of each.

I have not been all things.

I am all things.

There is no past with me, nor any future.

I am in all and through all and know no limits either temporal or spatial.

What you, my loved one, call time in three parts is not really so.

Time is one eternal now.

I never existed more than I do now, nor can I ever exist more than I am now, I am life, not form.

I do not depend upon Space for my existence, nor upon Time for my continuance.

When your little Sun shall have contracted into cold nothingness, or a million suns or a million universes, I shall not have changed.

I shall make new suns as the old ones die out and shall remain always unchanging, though appearing ever anew.

I have spoken through the lips of Lao Tse and Krishna, and have revealed my being through the writings of priest and prophet.

When I told you by my servant Jesus that I was that of which all scriptures wrote, you were deaf hearers, you identified me with the form as always before.

I have told you at all ages, that my abode is within you, but you have always given it extension, and made it a place.

You cannot serve me and work for reward, you cannot know me and think you are form.

I manifest myself in form; in your form, and your form is only my form did you but know it—but I am not form I am life.

I have told you by many mouths that I am the life of the world. Nothing came into extended space but through me, and I through it.

I and the God you serve are one, we are not two Gods, you are all my sons and I abide in you; but you know me not.

While you feel that you are better than the worst of your kind, or worse than the best you cannot know me, for in me is no knowledge of better or worse.

I am the all in all, and think not you have any ambition or lust, desire or aspiration, which is not moved by my divine breath within you.

I am what entered into the first crystal and the laws which govern all form whether of substance or mind, but mind and substance are my garments.

I am the A you know not, because you forget, and the Z you have not yet known.

I am what you are and cannot be greater nor less than myself.

I am you who read these lines or you who hear them read, and am no more anyone than I am you.

I am what will withdraw from that form tomorrow or a million years hence.

I am in no hurry, nor do I ever become impatient.

You believe in God, believe also in me and I have told you by all my prophets that I am Yourself.



THE SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

By Duncan Campbell Scott

O, if love were had for asking,
In the markets of the town,
Hardly a lass would think to wear
A fine silken gown:
But love is had by grieving
By choosing and by leaving,
And there's no one now to ask me
If heavy lies my heart.

O, if love were had for a deep wish
In the deadness of the night.
There'd be a truce to longing
Between the dusk and the light:
But love is had for sighing,
For living and for dying,
And there's no one now to ask me
If heavy lies my heart.

O, if love were had for taking
Like honey from the hive,
The bees that made the tender stuff
Could hardly keep alive:
But love it is a wounded thing,
A tremor and a smart,
And there's no one left to kiss me now
Above my heavy heart.