

Moon-Women

Gordie Best

For Her and Others Moon- Women

Gordie Best

Inspiration

I wait for the man who can take the Book of his heart and express the deep values contained in there. Let the Muslims of this generation pray fervently for insight and plead to the One True God that they not explain the Word as if it is a kindergarden lesson.

Wake you people of the prophet and acquit yourselves as the great commentators of the past have done. You say you fear the sword of the fanatic? Shame that you fear, when so many are the examples in your history of men putting no value on fear and flinging their words of inspiration upon an ocean of wrath.



Heaven

The desire of the heart is to see
Others happy through the love of God
For this is the True road leading to
Delights of the 'substantial' Soul.

Fruits

These delicious orbs of higher worlds

Impart truths and wisdom with every bite
Each savoury taste opens a chamber within our chest
A flavour sets a seed growing into mighty plants
New insight and greater perfection
Which we long to impart to those about us.

A Perfect Pair

Imagine if Islam and Christianity had learned to work together back in 650 AD. Imagine if the Christians had been patient enough to teach the Muslims of the special character of Christ and they had recognized the divine authority of Muhammad.

They would have made a perfect couple because each had much of what the other needed. Neither needed to feel inferior or superior because it was the same message with a different social slant.

Imagine if the Christians had looked hard enough to recognize that Ali, Hasan and Husein had prophetic powers and innate knowledge. This would have given power to the minority Shia group and would have shamed the ruling Sunni caliphs.

Forward

How much we will learn in our journey and we are only at the beginning of that journey. We who do not go forward because of our worth but by the grace of God and his loving kindness.

Joys will be added to joy, surprise will be added to surprise and happiness because He is always revealing his signs to us. If we walk onward confident and remain confident that all barriers will fall away then truly happiness is meant for us even here in this world.

The Soul and How I am seeing it.

It seems strange that man has been so slow to accept the soul as the very essence of man. The body is as a remote controlled car which the soul directs with cameras and other sensors mounted on it, allowing the controller to perceive from the cars perspective. The problem becomes that the controller has forgotten that he has another body and that body needs to be cared for. The car has some programmed functions but is totally dependent on the soul.

When the car crashes or the batteries die, the soul just keeps working the controls with no results. He needs a tap on the shoulder to remind him of his other body. When the car rests (charges) he goes about in what he thinks are dreams, then returns forgetting all. The soul has much greater abilities than the car and that eternal life.



Thought

What we have learned so far of the universe and its reality trying to make a description that covers all instances It is but a drop in a very big bucket and the object is moving in an unknown direction, speed and time is vast beyond us or is time and space but a small part the laws being outside and the time is a duration it will take us to discover something of the wonders of unfoldment. It needs perspective and a new viewing platform, many viewing platforms, us going out to spot trains and boats, life rafts and ice ranches in the non-vacuum of space.

We are in a sea of riches, knowledge is streaming at the speed of gravity. Well we need to move out plopping ourselves on couches of Moon rock and Mars ice contemplating vast spaces that have no real distance but the limitations inside our imaginations, vision is moving in as dreams and words of the new messengers unfolding seven new dimensions vectored spaces stretching into our dreams and awakening a thought that all is as a thought and who is thinking?

An Age of Vision

We have come into an age that seems against all things Godly. Every event, every ad, tells us to attach ourselves even more to this physical reality. The pain of this world draws us more and more into a morass. We must then respond in like manner or with no consideration or manners.

But the very power of this chaos, awaiting us, as we awake each new day, is but a reaction to a higher power that has been calling to us in a new package for the last 170 years. Each day we steer away from asking the One True God for help.

A call from our hearts will bring a response from Him, because he has promised us. But the power is now beyond anything that has ever been available to us in the past.

'Oh God, I am but nothing before You. Will You take pity on my self and lead me into Your Garden!'

Something like this, because we have nothing to brag about and He has been waiting and prodding us for ages to glance in His direction.

'Then Job answered the Lord:
I know that thou canst do all things
and that no purpose is beyond thee.
But I have spoken of great things
which I have not understood,
things too wonderful for me to know.
I knew of thee then only by report,
but now I see thee with my own eyes.
Therefore I melt away;
I repent in dust and ashes.' (Job 42)

We claim to know things when we are truly lost. Maybe we can fool others but there are two who know the truth.

This is an age of vision, of revelation, when God's bounties will be rained down upon us. But so few, so far, have turned in His direction. If we intent to go ahead into our civilization of complexity, then we will need vision because there are no precedents.

New is the news of our future. No pathways to follow on. Machinery has been provided to build the roads and freeways.

The two tools are consultation and vision. They must work together but vision must always bow to consultation.

What is the Internet? a New Freedom?

Many are the Near Death experiences Describing the transition region A place where we make choices If we go on to the Worlds of Paradise Or to the depths prepared for those who Have failed themselves.

For in heaven our ideas as in dreams take Physical form and we dance about them. Where do we dance in the contingent world? Half a population that has retreated to Basements, home theatres and the Internet. This is now where we make choices.

Temptation is now exactly like that other world For there is no one watching and few limits Onward where our eyes wonder, our ears harken. The time is special because God has set us free We can now show what our true character is.

But if you follow through where is the paradise of the Internet? is it that new first person shooter? Or is it the writings of a new prophet calling you? Where are the champions of the new messengers? This is a call to the blogosphere. Come you champions. You will not be popular in this world but you will be fulfilled with the Spirit of the Kingdom.

Wealth in the World

We live in a world of wealth. Those of us who are wealthy can be well off in two ways:

- 1) We play a part in a world of physical prosperity.
- 2) We feel a sense of well-being unrelated to our physical wealth.

What is evident is that physical wealth is not a road to happiness and lack of opportunity is not a good reason for unhappiness. We find few happy people. What makes a person happy is a sense of purpose and a means of carrying that purpose forward.

What is better than a life lived in creating circumstances for the betterment of the condition of others? What is more fulfilling than the education of the young so that they may enter the world with the tools of understanding?

We are all servants to someone and whatever we do in private or public we will be judged accordingly.

So my, not so logical, argument leads to my conclusion that we are all servants and that we can either do well or poorly in our lives as servants.

Leaders are the most noted servants and are required to work for Justice and the well-being of their peoples.

Divine Trust

That we are traveling outward into unknown territory is the prevailing pattern of our lives as explorers and human beings. We travel, we see, we learn, we wreak havoc. But then we reflect while others lick their wounds. This all happens because we do not know who we are and how the physical world is actually part or a reflection of the spiritual world. It, the universe, will show us if we reflect, how we can improve as a people.

Looking for Something

We started out looking for something

We arrive with hope in our heart
What we had in mind is not what we find
We carry on with new goals defined.

Moon base, soul place
Family life growing
In a protected spot
Inspiration at a new pace.

Lifted now, removed from
Crazy mother Earth's grip
Visions of a wider truth
Wisdom about to give birth.

No longer halted in mid-stride
We follow through on thoughts
Meditating longer we see above
Propoganda pelted perpetually.

Silence sometimes is golden
Now we know the human cost
Of allowing the greedy to rule
Removed from that, we prosper.

(one moonman meditation)

This is a Guideline for the Space Farer

Psalms 139

LORD, thou hast examined me and knowest me.
Thou knowest all, whether I sit down or rise up;
thou hast discerned my thoughts from afar.

Thou hast traced my journey and my resting places,
and art familiar with all my paths.
For there is not a word on my tongue
but thou, LORD, knowest them all.
Thou hast kept close guard before me
and behind and hast spread thy hand over me.

Such knowledge is beyond my understanding,
so high that I cannot reach it.
Where can I escape from thy spirit?
Where can I flee from thy presence?
If I climb up to heaven, thou art there;
if I make my bed in Sheol, again I find thee.
If I take my flight to the frontiers of the morning
or dwell at the limit of the western sea,
even there thy hand will meet me
and thy right hand will hold me fast.
If I say, 'Surely darkness will steal over me,
night will close around me',
darkness is no darkness for thee
and night is luminous as day;
to thee both dark and light are one.

Thou it was who didst fashion my inward parts;
thou didst knit me together in my mother's womb.
I will praise thee, for thou dost fill me with awe;
wonderful thou art, and wonderful thy works.
Thou knowest me through and through:
my body is no mystery to thee,
how I was secretly kneaded into shape
and patterned in the depths of the earth.
Thou didst see my limbs unformed in the womb,
and in thy book they are all recorded;

day by day they were fashioned,
not one of them was late in growing.
How deep I find thy thoughts, O God,
how inexhaustible their themes!
Can I count them?
They outnumber the grains of sand;
to finish the count,
my years must equal thine.



That Old Call for Unity

There is only one direction that we can go
That will be pleasing and full
All else leads to chaos and failure
Now is the moment to fix our focusing eyes.

We put efforts of great perspiration
into smaller goals of little lasting value.
Now is the point to turn each face to Unity
A centre of overcoming our own prejudices
Of finding the heart of the common between us.

Pain is on the road, but what is new about that?
It is the looking into ourselves and seeing

Our inadequacies, then trusting in God that
He will help us at every turn
and support us when we slip for He will.

He will help us to bring up strong children
Educating them and freeing them from a cycle
of violence by our curbing them when any sign
appears of improper behaviour.
Never a reward for improper behaviour!

Rewards when the good was done and punishment
with wise and pointed remarks to show
We will not accept anything but the best.
Encourage them to keep trying in good humour
Make the child happy, show him learning is
the true pleasure and not nonsense and ignorance.

Point the children to unity and co-operation,
Then the battle is half won.

What is My Job

God will inspire this soul when
he has taken the time to enter humbly
the centre of learning.

Tasting that fruit of the Garden
I walk about wondering and puzzled
Who am I, that I could understand this
and even convey this place to a stranger?

But to a friend I will feel compelled
to step on the pedal of persuasion

accelerating us both onward as she
drives my soul about the world of her delights.

To speak a word of enlightenment to you
to convey a letter of love to my love
To rain down nitrogen on the soil of her field
That a seed may grow, a plant of our entangled
Lives.

We ride the plains of rapture
We run the paths of the forests of mission
Stop in the meadows of relief, nourished by light
Fly up upon the drafts of exhilaration, hand in hand.

As the world flies apart
We concentrate our splendor in a small circle
Fusion occurs radiating sparks of brilliance
Among sighted and blind,
Immediate air pulses with its heat.

I describe what has happened till now
but have no knowledge of the future
that it must be more than can be imagined,
Thoughts being imprisoned in the present.

Integrated Pairs

One of the great accomplishments of society
is the creation of integrated pairs.
Couples whom are so mutually supportive
that they act as one person.
This applies with male and female.

In the modern world such couples are rare.
It is a sign of our times
That persons are not aware of such an exulted state.
Two souls unite through choice and effort.

Their direction is identical and devotions deliberate.
The truth on one is united with wisdom in the other,
Making a new being far greater than we have seen before.

A Moon or Mars colony is an excellent proving
Ground for the fostering of such unions.
It can be a test of viability in any new society.
If we know what we are looking for
We will recognize it when we see it.

Is there anyone out there who knows such a couple?
I talk not about romantic love or
passionate affairs that go on for years.
We are looking for a couple with perfect
Communication, love, understanding, loyalty and morality.
To think of one person is to think of the other.

Backbone

Statement

Oh, how sorry we are for you Baha'is
How boring to spend your days in futile study
of obscure writings that mislead and depress.

Response

It is good of you to be so concerned for us.
We are swimming in an ocean of sweetness
Will you not give it a try?

Like any true scientist you must test a system
Over and over until it pleases you or fails.

Statement

But why would I do that?

This world offers me great pleasures and fame.

Where would I be if others saw me as I see you?

Response

We will always be here.

Moving from strength to strength.

The world is a souring lake, overcrowded
with persons without backbone

Flapping like a flag in the winds of change.

A prayer for space farers.

As a group, we need aids in our daily lives to encourage our endeavors. Scientists, explorers, engineers, futurists, astronomers, businessmen. We need to be comforted and inspired. I have chosen this prayers from the Baha'i writings as an excellent example.

'O God, O Thou Who hast cast Thy splendor
over the luminous realities of men,
shedding upon them the resplendent lights
of knowledge and guidance,
and hast chosen them out of all created things
for this supernal grace,
and hast caused them to encompass all things,
to understand their inmost essence,
and to disclose their mysteries,
bringing them forth out of darkness
into the visible world!

"He verily showeth His special mercy to whomsoever He will."

'O Lord, help Thou Thy loved ones
to acquire knowledge and the sciences and arts,
and to unravel the secrets that are treasured up
in the inmost reality of all created beings.
Make them to hear the hidden truths that are written
and embedded in the heart of all that is.
Make them to be ensigns of guidance amongst
all creatures, and piercing rays of the mind
shedding forth their light in this, the "first life."
Make them to be leaders unto Thee, guides unto Thy path,
runners urging men on to Thy Kingdom.

'Thou verily art the Powerful, the Protector,
the Potent, the Defender, the Mighty,
the Most Generous.'

- prayer by 'Abdu'l-Baha



Evil World

What do you say of the evil in this world!
Where is the explanation of its existence.
There is only one extrapolation.
That there is no love here.

Why dwell in a land of no love?

Why stir feelings that bring not unity?
Hypno beasts lay here, flapping fish upon sand.
But we can turn outward, treading lands of crystal streams.

Moon Magic

It will be a time of starting over
When we have been given a second chance
to do it right and start a clean slate.
It will be a test of man's imagination
and I am confident that we are up to the job.

It is now that the programmers are in place.
It is now that the electronics are more than ready.
All the mining and roving machines, robots
and toys of manipulation are as child's play.
It is time!

The artist are waiting to step in on a broad canvas.
The craftsmen want to create a new idea of home,
The musicians have a new beat and score.
The athletes stretching the ideas of extreme.

Ant's Eye

We think we understand but we don't
and how could we comprehend such events,
the coming of a message to Moses
we know little but claim much
Jesus had the dove but what power kindness
Muhammad had the angel but we see
but the dust from His cloak.

We claim to know the universe
but it escapes us even the smaller particles
big bangs and strings of power tinkle
in brains striving, but time is too short
for God needs our attention for eternity
Much yet to come, not but a start
have we begun within an ant's eye?

Rising Above

Some have risen above that time.
Look closely at the time of Muhammad
That great revealer of the Word
How his hands were chained by
a backward people!

Much he was informed of wisdom
of the One True God.
What could that people
who buried their daughters
Take in, a Koran most limited.

Now those peoples of the Prophet
Want us to accept this Book as the
All sufficing revealer of God's will.

Another Messenger comes for our times
But only a few see it and
they are slaughtered
Driven out into arid places
Defamed and accused of spying

Only a few have risen above
the killers of daughters
Others now send their girls with TNT belts
To kill other Muslims.
Use the meditations of God.
Solutions are just out of sight.



New Worlds for Old

Even as the world is insisting
in going madly in the wrong direction
We will rely on Him
and love one the other.

Even as men think their violence
and have only a response of anger
We hold to a thought
of love and tenderness.

Many are living in a land of self,

Alone, isolation will drive persons crazy
While we cling to faith
and have certainty in His grace.

Each of the despairing watch
as another delight is snatched from their world
while we smile, our rapture
as knowledge overcomes us

The Writer

And I write to you of heaven
here in the morning with a prayer
In the afternoon, I write to you of Him
In the evening, I speak to you of the day

Every word has been written of what I feel
Yet it is just starting, this love
It can not be written but I continue
For when you are not here
What am I to do but wait and write to you.

One True Civilization

That is a choice we have to make.
Perhaps at this moment it seems impossible
But when we move out, can we not do better?
Can we not actively participate and observe
To see what works and what does not.

A new perspective out there.
And if we want to be true scientists

then we must act with true kindness
For if we do not than perhaps the problem
is us and the solution will not happen.

For no one should despair of success
it will come but will we be there to see.
Will others praise us as part of the solution
So we start and do everything we can.
So no one can say that we did not try.

And when the generations pass out there
Off planet they will get new perspectives
A new heart for the building of true civilization
and know finally that it can be done,
A made world with a system
of bringing all into the circle.

On the Creation of the Universe

And the thought process of gathering the information
to use as a base for intellectual endeavours.
We need not fear, as some seem to think,
that we will get uncontrollably
confused in our efforts
to understand the universe and its creation.

Fear is the tool of those who wish to control us.
With all the sources of knowledge,
including science and the messengers
We have enough to move forward with confidence.
Never panic if all seems to be in disarray!
The very process of disarray is
a clue to our understanding.

Find a calm centre and push on
Into avenues not well travelled.

What is the Secret?

We must turn to God.
Turn away from the person that wishes
all the pleasures of this world.
Ourselves. We will always have some.
What a waste to obtain the riches of
this place and lose the rewards of the next.

God will see to our enjoyment if we turn to Him.
But it must not be our goal.
Secrets are those things that people
refuse to discuss, to investigate.

How is it that a prophet comes and
no one listens?
How is it that guidance is given
and no one follows?

What is it with this world and these people?
They rush forward into life
without asking the questions.
Never could I understand persons living
without knowing their purpose.

A life circling and spiralling in a tailspin
Only asking, making some last minute cry
as life comes to a crash.

We are souls.

Can you not feel the convulsions as it seeks
to free itself of the dirt of the city
Freeing itself of a society of darkness.

It wants the pleasures of deep union
Lowliness before God and
oneness with other like souls.
Ah, the Secret!



Please Stay

Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!
From the things of this world
He's warning you away!

All these things are leading you
Astray from your Lord
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!

You may make passion your idol
Worship corruption and decay
Can't you hear the Messenger
He's calling you away!

Reach the souls on the hillside

This life is just for play
Seek the hearts of His loved-ones
He's calling you away!

Just government has come from above
You can build it with your hands
Reach for His unity and love
He is asking you to stay!

The Way things Now work

A meditation on a sign, maybe a vision, maybe a fact.

I sat in meditation in my easy chair,
Thinking deeply on my great love of the Koran
And how it happened, and how it happened

It came to me that reading of the Dawood translation
Of the chapter 'Thunder' number thirteen
It made me cry, so beautiful, so beautiful

I was branded as a lover, chapter 13
A number 13 Muslim, so much I wanted to speak
Of my love for the word of God, the word of God.

Later I got up to check the rain outside
When I opened the curtains a flash of lightning
In February deep thunder, lightning and thunder

I concluded that God wanted me to read Thunder, the Chapter
So I read it aloud, noting the many wonderful verses
Many wonderful passages

Guardians

Everyone has guardian angels, one before and one behind
Today I went to do shopping and the bank
A little heedless of the lights, heedless of the lights

A man called out behind me, be careful
The lights had not changed and traffic was turning, passing
When I cross a woman tells me coolly to be more careful

A scruffy old white man and an small black woman
Behind and before, guardians of mine?
This time I noticed them, but how many other times
Have I paid them little attention



Black Girl, where'd you come from?

Velvet dark skinned girl
With your black hair all a'curl
And your teeth like lustrous pearl
Black girl, where do you come from?

Was it island Caribbean?
Or was it country African
Where barefoot you ran?
Black girl, where'd you come from?

My birthplace is this land.
Grandpa's too, he tilled by hand.
Don't you, can't you understand?
Canada is where I come from.

No! Of course I am not white.
Still this land is my birthright
In its heritage I delight.
Canada is where I come from.

A blend of different colours all
Like maple leaves seen in the fall
We can all stand very tall
Cause Canada is where we come from.

(by Shirlee Smith)

Green Rivers, Green Lakes

Temperatures rise, mud replaces
Icy surfaces, solar waves penetrate
My heart weeps, watching changes
Too early and all is imbalance
Much too early, hold off, hold off

A perfect system was slow changes, one leveled
Hundreds of kilometres of flat plain
Water clear, grass holding tight, matting the earth
The soil held in place, man nowhere of any account

Trees grew, shoulder to trunk, man small stuff
Tight, hundreds of kilometres, across ontario

South to north, of rolling hills, lakes, boulders, black-flies
No more, no more, trees gone, water foul, they raged through
Those men, stripping your beauty, too early, too early.

But the sun is rising and men are in disarray.
The gardeners are soon to arrive
With seeds and hoes, brawn and brain
But especially the love, the spirit of the trees
Come back, the goodness of the plains

Forgetting the Inner Dialogue

There is much that goes on in our minds
that is of no use to us or anyone else.
Yet it demands our attention and will
not allow us to go off and investigate
new avenues. These idle thoughts are
what we must deliberately subdue using
methods long used in the east.

Detachment is what we are seeking and freedom
from idle fancies is our goal. It can be
achieved by diligent striving. Some call
it meditation, some will wish to seek help
working in groups others will want to do
this alone. The goal is to have control
over the thoughts of the mind on demand.

If we wish all thoughts to stop or in
other words, we have no attention wasted
by idle thoughts, than we have succeeded.
On demand we should be able to quiet the
mind, but then what is it that will take its place?

Perhaps there is something the mind has been trying to tell us but the noise has been overwhelming or we have not listened.

Sit comfortably in a quiet setting. Allow the mind to ramble but be aware that effort must be made to detach the person from the thought. You cannot stop thoughts but if they get no attention they will go away. You will have to keep asking yourself: Am I now following a thought. Then detach. Effort, like in all endeavors, must be made.

Fifteen minutes in the morning or evening to start. Over the weeks make it longer. You will find that when you are doing jobs about the house or workplace there are times you can practice this while going about your business. Start to find out who you are. Do you like yourself? Is there something you want to change?



It's yours: come and take it.

Lost and dying, hollow men in the cities

Wolfmen and eagles of the wounded mountains and plains
Small seeking creatures looking
for the missing ancient forests
You wander far, then go back to your nests
On arriving back, chaos, violatation.

Memory has died and history has not spoken clear
Only fragments, which move a few sober souls
You look about, tears falling, is there any hope?
But the centre is whole, the pillar stands waiting
The ceremony will not start without you.

Indian native man, woman arise and approach
The mystic smoke, breathe deep the pure leaf
Walk towards the path of certainty leading
To the campfire of Baha, Messenger of the planet.
It is being held in trust for all God's humans.

It is your Faith, the point round which you can circle
Reach out and take it, come complete the cycle.
Warmed by the Words and Deeds of Truth
Some already stand with outstretched arms,
Hearts unified at His fire, inspired
by the valiant martyrs.

Then go heal the world.

There was a commercial on TV for a video game called Gears of War. It moved me to tears and I wrote this poem.

Gears of War

He tries only to live and save
those who's tears wet their cheeks
or is it the rain? the sky no longer
blue and the men no longer cheered
by killing and more mortality.

He has not felt the light that waits
for his sight, hiding behind gloomy shades
that rain down sadness and fear or not
fearing but a constant dread of no end
to defence and little hope of wellness.

It is time to leave his planet
depart among the refugees that world
lost to those how desire such things
he goes among the stars to start over
in the light of the intermediate spaces.

Games are not the future and war is
a game of despair and we have no time.
Levitate with mind and heart above
mist and rain and do not use those
weapons of rage in worn out places.

Of Being Woven

"The way is full of genuine sacrifice.
The thickets blocking your path are anything
that keeps you from that, any fear that
you may be broken into bits like a glass bottle.

This road demands courage and stamina,
yet it's full of footprints!

Who are these companions?
They are rungs in your ladder. Use them!
With company you quicken your ascent.
You may be happy enough going along,
but with others you'll get farther, and faster.

Someone who goes cheerfully by himself to the customs
house to pay his traveler's tax will go even more
lightheartedly when friends are with him.

Every prophet sought out companions.
A wall standing alone is useless,
but put three or four walls
together, and they'll support a roof
and keep grain dry and safe.
(from Rumi)

Free of Lies

It seems like we are already living in a desert of materialism.
What would happen if all advertising were to be removed?
What if the only ad for a business was on the business itself?
What if all internet ads were stripped off and we were back
to the basic product of information and communication?

Not possible? I say we could do this when establishing new
colonies on the Moon or Mars or elsewhere, that we could
drop this huge blight from the society of our new land.

We could live a life as free of lies
as has not been seen
for two hundred years in this world.

The Nature of the Future

By what we learn now we must be changed
When the timing is right we must act
The nature of the future is the result
Of our steps and determination now.

If we turn to the spirit of the one God
Each will be inspired with knowledge
The future depends upon an innate stream
Not from the mind but from the higher worlds.

Through the mind, daily we will dance lightly
about innate flowers, giving fragrance and colour
Then apply them to the problem of the times
Assured that each situation is not beyond us.

Secret Forces

These are the secret forces
coming up from a hidden source
Demanding a certain level of devotion and detachment
Little is asked and much is given
to those who are attentive
This is the time of Grace
and the knowledge rains down into cupped hands.

Oh, for a barrow to catch this revelation of truth
Into the future with forces exploding
and subtleties of silicon, negative electrons
I am your anode and you are my cathode, hold me!
Shivers glue us into a one volt barrier
The potential of this union is great, blasting!

Through falsehood into the ceiling of union.

Secret forces undeniable at work when most dither.
Moon rise and sun rise, rocket rise and satellite
Much now is entering the world of thought
where only men of detachment can survive,
the others they were warned,
told what had to be done to pass through
this new world of Hypothesis



Lifeboats

Sleek and fresh are the timbers of that white ship
Now sailing upon the rough seas of human turmoil
Lifeboats full of populations half drowned cry out
To her as it passes smoothly nearby.

Some curse the vision
because it is the wrong shape
Others wish to board it as pirates,
thoughts of slaughter
A few wish only to save their lives
and their families
A line is thrown out, the man tying the rope

is stabbed, the rope cut.

A sleek ship passes smoothly on a rough sea
Nearby a large leaky vessel,
crew sick and starving
Through pus eyes they spot their enemy,
firing all remaining guns
Sleek ship moves out of range unharmed,
calls across signalling assistance.

Leaky vessel is sinking, lifeboats for some.
Firm and adaptable is
the new craft in its maneuvers
Assured are its crew and confident
its passengers of reaching harbour,
landing in spring, simple happiness.

We are the Children?

And the children are moving out.
We are moving out beyond your reach
To a new valley, a wide open plain.
We will build the simple homes to start
then we will send for our mates.

When did a pioneer not have pain?
The trial on the trails will be great,
But the companionship will be excellent.
Canyons of the Moon, Rift trenches of Mars
we shall tame your long lonely cliffs.
Caves and passages we shall scrape out of you.

Water shall flow again in your deep crevices

and erode your ancient sandstone.
Air will rust your flanks and overhanging ledges.

Our children will spread out upon the land
with new ideas and call this place home.
That blue light in the heavens will be the home
of their parents but mean little to them.

So be it

So be very careful
What you wish for
Dreams conducted while awake
What you yern for
Be careful

Is it for your own self worth?
Is it for your worldly worth?
Is it for those beautiful legs
on that girl that go up so high?

So be very careful
Do you want to be a healer?
Has this life become a heaven for you?
Yern for that benefit to all
Has the powers of the kingdom
displayed themselves to you?

What you ask for could come true
but what is the secret in your heart
Search it and chase out the sour fruit
Clean that house for the very best
Be awake to the new potent powers.

An Ode to the Winds of Joy

Many years, generations you struggled.
With your own selves knowing the truth
Knowing the right and finally getting it right
You then raised the call, time now so limited
Much is now dependent on His mercy

How He moved that angel in, to save the day
Your companion lifted by joy, you followed
Finally moved by gladness
Door to door you went
Tight was the world threatening to squeeze you out.

Hosts were calling you and you laughed
Crying as you presented the Message
They stood before you dumb, but expectant
Inviting you in, for dreams had pointed the way
The Message, Ruhi now able to make up
for your lack of coherence

You laughed through tears as, at last,
old friends were waking to the history of God.

When the time comes you are lifted up
Kindly greeted into the other room
Where the purified congregate
To welcome you, to hear your song
They explode in glorious smiles
Their energy blessing you, encouraging
Those positive traits that you brought with.

He told you in a quiet moment,
"There will be much for you to do here
But for now just rest, now just rest.

Springing from the Heart

What is my faith?
It is a springing, a gushing, of joy from my heart
A welling of tears from my eyes
It is the inspiration of a slowly developing understanding
It is remembering to read the Word
It is the deliberate teaching of the Word
It is the love which grows as each day unfolds
Watching the signs of God, so clear,
as the old world rolls up.

Strange Mother

What are we to think
Of a woman who abandons her pure child
Left in the desert, he is enslaved and imprisoned
Carried away far to the West
But this mother denies her own flesh
'It is a child of some evil Russian mother!'
Will she carry on so even to her death bed?

But the child prospers and grows strong
In a foreign land it becomes a father
For the innocent, the poor and the desolate
He inspires generations to turn to God
With a new message of love

But she says he is a bloody British spy
He is a bastard of a foreign enemy.
He is a monster that I threw to the wolves

She says such lies and believes them
But I think she is looking in a mirror
Seeing her own crimes
Blaming them on this spotless youth.
She cries he is a Zionist conspirator

Such great pain has this young one bore
Only for the uplifting of all peoples
He even speaks well of his mother
And predicts a sweet reunion in time
Will the mother finally give up the pretence?
The old order is lamentably defective.

She says he works with the CIA
to cause her downfall

But he only wants to see his mother happy
The woman sits mornfully upon shifting sands
Grasping dried desiccated bones
of an older adoptive son
Spirit has long left this spot.
Grow well fresh youth
for you are the hope of us all.



Hosts About Us.

They are guiding
They reveal signs
When we are asking for guidance
And I ask for guidance
This is when they can help

And they leave us alone
When we do not ask
When we do not invite them
Please attend us
We are error prone

Hosts, guardians from other realms
They will teach us
Each step of the way

We must invite teaching
That is when they can help

We call on God
and He sends his hosts
The Quality of Heaven

Could it be that we
Live in Heaven and
That it is for us to loose

Here among the crowds
Of unaware we love and learn
The citizens are linked
Supporting and praying
for each other and
the salvation of all.

That is what I feel
Awake among the sleepers
When we are doing services
For mankind we live in paradise

Subtle Powers

There are shadows across the truth
Powers lie in wait for those who choose to seek
Disipline and much of a heartfelt attitude
Will open them out and hide them too
From prying eyes they claim you lie
But I only hint at the value of love
That desires a higher source
and a greater mission

Worldly objects lure you onward to greater darkness
Designed as light and glitter it does not deliver
Caught in the flashing lights you bypass the master works

Perplexed you wonder what nonsense this is
He cannot know anything for I would have seen
Was my thirty years but a smoke screen
Perplexed I wonder what nonsense this is

Nay, for God, knowledge is the most glorious gift of man and the most noble of human perfections. To oppose knowledge is ignorant, and he who detests knowledge and science is not a man, but rather an animal without intelligence. For knowledge is light, life, felicity, perfection, beauty and the means of approaching the Threshold of Unity. It is the honor and glory of the world of humanity, and the greatest bounty of God. Knowledge is identical with guidance, and ignorance is real error.

-- Abdu'l-Baha -- Some Answered Questions,

Love of Mankind and the Internet.

God has given us this gift so we can express our love. The Internet will continue because love of individuals for individuals and our general heartfelt love for mankind will encourage us to develop beautiful websites.

The Internet is not about money and making a profit. The real profit is the connecting of people together in common interests. Look at the best sites and you will find love.

They surrender to Him

God creates you tender:
after weakness He gives you power
Then old age and grey hairs conspire
He creates whatever He desires

You can not make any to hear
save those who believe.
In these revelations clear
they surrender to Him.

You cannot make the dead hear you.
Nor can you guide the blind
They are a stumbling kind
He creates whatever He desires

You can not make any to hear
save those who believe.
In these revelations clear
they surrender to Him.

You can make none hear except
those who believe Our signs
and have come to clearly resign.
After weakness He gives power.

You can not make any to hear
save those who believe.
In these revelations clear
they surrender to Him.

Let not those who disbelieve
go driving you to despair
God seals the hearts of the foolish

And opens others to green Gardens

They surrender to Him (2)

God creates you small and tender:
after weakness He gives you strength
Then old age and grey conspire
He creates whatever He desires

You can not make any man to hear you
save those who truly believe.
In these revelations so clear
Will you surrender to your Lord?

You cannot make the dead to hear you.
Nor can you give guidance to the blind
He creates whatever He wants to
They are a wayward and stubborn kind

You can not make any man to hear you
save those who truly believe.
In these revelations so clear
Will they surrender to their Lord?

Let not those who disbelieve
go driving you to despair
God seals the hearts of foolish ones
And opens Gardens and
breathes sweet air to others.
(based on Koran)

The heavens and the earth

It is the promise of your Lord;
and God does not fail His promises.
Yet most men do not understand
Yet many deny they will have
any meeting with their Lord

They only know the show of this world,
and are reckless of the Hereafter.
God created the heavens and the earth.
Yet many deny they will have
any meeting with their Lord

Do they not think for themselves
that God created the heavens and the earth
and all that lies between them.
Yet many deny they will have
any meeting with their Lord
(koran 30)

Isle of Islay

Lyrics of Donovan Leitch
Album: A Gift from a Flower to a Garden

How high the gulls fly
O'er Ilay
How sad the farm lad
deep in play
Felt like a grain on your sand

How well the sheep's bell
music makes
Roving the cleff

when fancy takes
Felt like a tide left me here

How blessed the forest
with birdsong
How neat the cut peat
laid so long
Felt like a seed on your land

How high the gulls fly
O'er Ilay
How sad the farm lad
deep in play
Felt like a tide left me here
Felt like a grain on your sand
Felt like a grain on your sand