

Rhapsodiae Coronae Mundi

poems

by

Murshid Samuel L. Lewis

(Sufi Ahmed Murad Chisti)

ARJUNA. 997

Hail to Thee, blessed Krishna, all Creation salutes its Master!
When man fights not, the animals serve Thy bidding,
When animals are afraid, the plants are ready,
When the plants avail thee not, the elements arise;
Out of the empyrean comes the cosmic fire,
The heart of earth's ego is broken by the blow,
But he who sees the Hurler of the thunderbolt,
Knows beauty ever follows destruction's train,
Blessed art thou, Arjuna, slayer of thy foes,
Who served the Lord against thy nearest kin,
Who followed God, not the impulses of selfhood,
Worshipping not destruction nor the ravages
By which his evil kinsmen reaped their Karma,
But recognising beyond the Eternal Purusha—
Brahma, master of gods and men and fire,
Who fashioned all, and who deserves all devotion.
Om! Hari Om!

KRISHNA. 996

Nothing was, not even a whisper in the Universe
When Krishna took out his flute and played;
The light-rays trembled.
All the ethers in the Cosmos danced cotillions,
The elements swayed back and forth in joyous rhythms,
And the earth and planets became,
The sky and sea appeared.
Krishna continued with entrancing melodies!
The earth rolled on through galaxies of stars,
Her trembling breasts were moulded into mountains,
Her shimmering bosoms become these drooping valleys.
And in the night the grass appeared,
The timid shrubs raised up their leafy heads,
And the stems of mighty trees arose,
While the God of Love charmed elements into Beauty.
First was Beauty, and then was men;
Whoever seeks his God must bow to Beauty,
Guardian of every threshold of Paradise.
(This is the angel with the fiery sword
Who keeps all ugliness of self away).

.....

Krishna still plays his flute,
Will play his flute till the last lingering soul
Partakes of the wondrous blessings of his Creation.

GUARDIAN OF THE CHALICE. 973

The Holy One came to his people,
And His Own received Him not.
The Holy One sang to the beasts and birds,
But they died with His blessed song.
So the Holy whispered to the stones,
And a monolith grew where He spoke.
He breathed into it the breath of His life,
Saying : "Tarry, tarry till I come again,
Tarry, guardian of the sacred traditions,
For I come and go, but when Dharma delays,
I return to continue My work.

Seek him in all forms, even in the dust beneath thy feet.

CASTLE OF GESSER KHAN. 922

Signposts of the past, pointing toward the future,
The rocks retain for ages what man forgets.
Gone are the early Buddhas,
But soon the Coming One
Will hold the Universe beneath His sway.
Signposts of the past,
Beckoning onward and upward,
Giant fingers telling us to pray.
Watch then and pray, pray then and watch:
In that hour you think the least, cometh the son of Men.

BANNER OF THE RULER OF THE WORLD. 859

The mountain opens its heart to those lost to selfhood,
The mountain reveals its light to all holy pilgrims,
The mountain offers its treasure to them that seek.
Above the clouds of doubt and clouding delusion,
Above the dismal darkness of death's abyss,
Siva, the Mighty Lord of the Universe,
Casts off his garment of Power and Majesty.
Revealing His nature as purest Beauty and Love,
And takes the ego-purgers to His Bosom.

AGNI YOGA. 938

She holds in her hand the Light.
The future ages give the greatest promise,
When man will know the purpose of his being.

Few yet have raised their heads above the mist,
But ever are the Masters, watching, waiting.
She holds in her hand the Light:
The everlasting fire cannot burn out,

The everlasting thirst will soon be quenched.
The Lords of Karma serve,
And he who strives will reach his destiny.
Hail, Agni Yoga! Portent of coming enlightenment!

The gods return to earth in human guise.

MAITREYA. 861

Why look for me, knowing not whether I be not yourself?
Seek me in the crowd—I am that one seeking the hardest;
Seek me in the solitude—I already await thee there.
Who am I? Tell me whom you are and you are answered,
I am the Saviour of mankind and the Lord of Love,
The Most Hidden and the most Manifest.
When shall I come? When you go.
I am hidden in the rocks, I am the lowest of Creation's forms,
and I am the Lord of all Manus;
I am hidden in the rocks—before you see your Lord,
you must be the most humble of the most humble;
I am hidden in the rocks—I am the strength that binds atoms together;
I am hidden in the rocks—I am the Beauty which sparkles in jewels;
I am hidden in the rocks—I am remain as a guiding post along the way.
Like the moon, I shine on the path where you are,
I am the mystery of the mysteries and the Guardian of the Chalice.
Tomorrow I come with a sword and a lotus,
A lotus for the warriors and a sword for the falsifiers of peace.
I am hidden in the rocks—when frozen minds crack, I escape through the crevices;
When thorny hearts bloom roses, I am an incense to all the Gods.
I am Maitreya, I am Mithra, I am Metatron,
The humanity in God and the Godhood in humanity.

THE CROSSROAD OF CHRIST AND BUDDHA. 579

Shadows of frozen ether,
Where the living darkness weaves its spell of mystery.
Deep from the earth were the secrets of the rishis
Whispered into the hearts of man:
And the Lord from the East came there,

And the Lord from the West visited the place;
Even the rocks were sanctified because of their presence.
A temple arose on the heights where Christ was worshipped,
A stupa appeared in the valley where Gautama was adored.
I only see the adoration and the worship,
For though the eyes are double, vision is one,
So come, write in obeisance to both.
Shadows of frozen ether,
Penumbrations of the living brightness
Which crept unwittingly into Time's net,
But left the entrance open for the seeker.

LAO-TSE. 537

The child born old (a truth and not a fiction,
Wise words come from the lips of innocent babes).
Minerva born an adult was no fable,
For neither age nor youth are of the soul,
The child born old and master of his destiny,
His body serves him like a well trained buffalo,
Carrying him despite its timid fears,
Safely forward on his endless journey.
The child born old—eternal for that matter,
Eternity behind, eternity before—
Oblivion is transformed to revelation,
And by the self, the self becomes transmuted,
For nothing is but Tao, the Infinite.
Hail, thou servant of Tao, who to this day
Hast not forsaken the purpose for thy being.
Let all the world learn something of thy teaching
And like thyself attain the blessed state!

NAGARJUNA, THE CONQUEROR OF THE SERPENT. 552

Oh Master, my noble Master, who attained the highest Wisdom,
Who saw the foolishness of this world and of that,
Who found pure Suchness beneath the evanescent,
Teaching the fancifulness of sensual seeming,
From him the spirits of evil temptings were banished,

Delusion and egotism from his nature vanished,
The Serpent of Wisdom bowed before his presence,
When he, enlightened, found the Pure Existence.
Transitory are all these conformations,
But Truth is found in deepest meditations.
Neither in this world nor that.
Neither in that world nor this.
Far beyond lays pure Suchness,
Where the Master gained bliss,
The Master gained bliss.
Salutation to the Perfect One, the Wholly Enlightened One, the Most Supreme Buddha.

MILARASPA. 551

When the ear hears light
And the eye sees sound,
When the self seeks self,
And no self is found,
With the mind at peace,
And the heart awake,
Lost in deep meditation
At the soul's daybreak;
And the soul's daybreak
Sees him still at rest,
With Amida's Boundless Light
Shining through his breast.
Shining through his breast.
Namotasa Bhagavato Arhato
Samma-Sambodasa.

RDORGE. 550

The sage has climbed where fools would fear to tread,
The dauntless one know nought of diffidence,
Lust appears in many tempting disguises,
And sin is magnified a thousand fold
When travelers near the threshold of the gods,
The dauntless one moves onward, dreading nothing,
The pilgrim knows, save self, there is nothing to fear,

And when the self has by the Self been conquered,
One awakens to find the journey was only a dream.

CONFUCIUS. 545

"I carve no further roads for man,
But only travel on that self-same course
My ancestors tread and their forbears, the ancients.
The Truth is hidden in the distant past,
The Truth is clouded by our daily temptations,
But Truth continues through sempiternal morrows;
How can I change the Truth, break Heaven's Love?
I only clear the rubbish from this path,
To make the earth a better place for all."
Across the rocky glen of hopes and fears,
The master calmly controls his wandering thoughts.
Harnessing them like a fiery steed when broken.
He continues straight along life's difficult highway,
Ever performing his duties to gods and men.

THE WHITE HORSES. 581

When clouds cover the sky,
And the sun hides his face,
And the weary traveler wanders from the trail,
The servants of the Messengers of Light
Set out to guide the wayfarer toward his station.
The master of the three worlds from his heights
Reaches the hearts and minds of those in need,
Giving them wherewith to reach Valhalla,
Where they may quench their thirst with heavenly nectar.
Free from the flowing fountains in the Garden of Life.
Mount and rise the horse of hope, ye erring one,
Render Thanksgiving unto your Lord for His blessings,
And home to those Holy Ones, His Servants.

BUDDHA THE CONQUEROR. 542

Fire or Snow, frost or heat, rain or drought, fog or soot,
Imperturbably sits Tathagata;
Upward to Heaven tempted by joys,
Imperturbable sits Tathagata;
Enticed with lust, tortured by pain,
Thrown into darkness, encased in ice,
Imperturbable sits Tathagata;
Imperturbable sits Gautama the Gina.
Destroyer of Mara and his insidious following.
The whole world was tested when Buddha was tested,
The whole world reaped harvests when our Lord held his peace,
For the life is but one, and the light is but one,
And Truth is but one, and the Way is but one.
In that light shall we see light forevermore.

THE CHALICE OF CHRIST. 543

The whole earth abideth in darkness,
But his Light enlightens the world,
And people are living in misery,
But his Light enlightens the world,
The minds of men are lost in a fog,
But his Light enlightens the world,
O Saviour Christ, O Master of Men;
Alone, yet not alone!
Grant us this boon, we humbly beg,
To join in thy love-born devotions,
To stand by thy side in prayer,

To help thee in bearing this burden,
That all mankind may be blessed by thy Light.
Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, the Source of Light. Amen.

MOSES. 541

The master Law-giver stood atop the mountain,
With all the three worlds laying at his feet,
For by self-victory he had conquered all.
The chariot of the Lord is there: selah!

The glory of the Lord abides: hallelujah!
Illuminated, he has attained his station,
Moshe ben Amram, Messenger of God.
His hands aloft to bless the Israelites,
The right for strength, the left for inspiration,
The twain together perfection (Only God is perfect,
But through His servants Grace is given to men.)
An Israelite within, a most noble destiny,
For one who surrenders all these outer desires,
Bearing the burden of many human failings,
Yet never for an instant forgetting his Lord.

MOHAMMED ON MOUNT HIRA. 544

In the Name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!
All praise shall be to the Ruler of these worlds,
All praise to Him for His glorious Revelation,
Bestowed upon our Prophet (on whom be Peace),
Who in the silent watches of the night,
Betook himself in prayer to the Bestower of gifts;
And through the Angel Gabriel was revealed,
Our Holy Book, the Qur'an, for us to study:
I bear you witness it was so revealed.
All praise be to Ar-Rahman, Ar-Rahim;
The Message of God is sealed, for truth is now on earth.

PADMA SAMBHAVA. 539

With countless libraries standing where he may read,
And numberless laboratories wherein to work,
The scientist still holds that he knows nothing;
And though we may spend millions, Truth eludes our grasp.
Meditate on this student of trees and stones,
To whom the flowers spoke, the waters sang,
The souls of cosmic elements revealed themselves.
So libraries carried him: records
Stretched in the dust before his footsteps.
No obstacle could stay his dauntless movements,
Master within and conqueror without.

He Who the Mountains Vanishes They Shall Teach:
The light within reveals the world without,
The light without inspires the soul within.

TSONG-KHA-PA. 540

By union with the minerals he became a gem,
By union with the plants, he blossomed as a lotus,
By union with the beasts, a royal tiger,
By union with mankind a perfected gina,
By union with the devas, he mastered thought,
By union with the gods, he gained the Universe.
But when he found the Way, he lost these gains,
And when he walked the Way, he was the Way.
Buddham Saranam Gacchami!
Dharmam Saranam Gacchami!
Sangam Saranam Gacchami!
Om Mani Padme Hum!

MOTHER OF THE WORLD. 536

O Thou veiled One,
Whose speech is the silence of Thy suffering Heart,
Whose words unuttered fall like dazzling jewels
In the throne-room in the Center of the Infinite;
We kneel before Thy bounteous Presence in prayer;
Whose light inspires our souls,
Whose breath invigorates our spirit—
Thou sacrificing, All-pervading Mother,
Through Thine own womb-pangs were we born,
Through Thy unselfishness have we been raised
From the basest of the base to manhood's guerdon.
Thy tears the milk of all Creation,
And Thy sweat the honey-dew
Sipped by these ignoble children.
O you who reap of blessings and of grandeur,
Abase yourselves before your Mother's feet,
Render thanks to that most Benevolent Person,
Without Whose labors you would not be here,

But Thou, most Holy Spirit, Mother Divine,
To Thee we offer praise for every favor,
Humbling ourselves before Thy Heavenly Throne,
Hailing Thy Glory through endless kotis of aeons.
Without Thee less than naught are we,
But through Thy magnanimity,
We have been raised to quaff the purest nectar.
Praise to Thee forever, Mother of gods and devas and men,
We worship and adore Thee, Soul of our souls.

THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD TO HER CHILDREN:

I am the Voice of One who weeps no more;
My tears bring comfort when I see you elevated.
Now I return to earth as My own offspring,
To spread the luster of the enlightened spheres,
To call all to repentance, unveiling the Way,
Return ye, oh my children, to your proper abodes,
To your tents, o Israel, to your Father's mansions:
The feast is spread and but awaits your coming,
Return, my children, your mother calls you anon.

THE SIGNS OF CHRIST. 555

Whereby shall I know Him at His coming?
Teach me, oh master, so I mistake him not.

.....

With His hands He will serve,
With His feet He will travel,
And the heart's mysteries,
Shall the saviour unravel.
He will go from place to place,
Begging for his daily bread,
Nor shall he ever have a home
Where he'll lay His humble head.
For to win the Crown Divine,
And become a Holy Master,
Nothing may He call His own,

Ought of self would bring disaster;
But to suffer greatest pain,
Meekly bear a mighty cross,
In the end, tremendous gain,
Loss of self is not a loss.
To him that overcometh,
every creature shall bow his head and bend his knee, sayeth the Lord.

THE RED LAMA. 473

Earth and air and fire and water and ether,
On many planes and garbed in various dresses,
Danced to the sweet melodies of piping Devas,
And thus the Universe came into being.
The elements are ever thrilled to ecstasy,
And all Creation responds to Heavenly music.
The master bids the world: "Arise, awake!
The day is nigh! I summon you to duty!
The flaming sky heralds the coming Message,
The call to life, to Beauty and to Action."
The notes are many, breathed from a single reed,
Revealing, yet concealing the Rohans' secrets.
Arise, Awake and Learn! Arise, Awake and Learn!

THE MOTHER OF TURFAN. 482

Ah, Love Eternal, which can never be
Restrained to types nor limited by our concepts!
The first word of the infant lips is "mama,"
The first thought of the primal mind is "ma!"
Whatever vehicle in which one functions,
Whatever be the plane of manifestation,
The first impression is the truest and the best;
The first shall be the last, the last the first.
Awake, my soul, and recognise thy Mother
Who bore thee ere thou moved out into space.
Son, behold thy Mother! Mother, behold Thy son!

BURNING OF DARKNESS. 470

Thus sayeth the Lord:
Even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death abide I with thee,
Even in Gehenna's gloom or in the bottomless pit;
Wherever my servant journeys, My Light will lead him.
While My candle may be burning in the forehead,
While My altar fire is glowing in the heart,
A single step from aimless, blinding blackness
Will bring the soul to fields of boundless light.
Wherever two or three be gathered in My Name,
There am I in their midst—sayeth the Lord

SHE WHO LEADS (A psalm) 465

Sing ye praises of Love, all the world.
When one follows where Love leads,
Drear chaos becomes transformed to living Beauty,
The mountains bedeck themselves in gracious hues,
Storm clouds doff their togs of anger and terror
And don their gowns of lavender and pink;
The troublesome trail becomes a path of marvels,
The difficult journey a series of pleasant steps,
Through Love the grimest hell is turned to Heaven,
Through Love the vicious man is made a paragon,
Through Love and self-surrender all is won,
For in a single instant shall this change
And we awake as from a loathsome dream.

TREASURE OF THE WORLD. 469

I climbed the steepest mountains,
Dragged the vastest depths,
Flew high above this terrestrial atmosphere;
Or burning desert sands I sought,
And faced the raging torrent—
In vain, alas, in vain, to end my search.
And when I thought too late, I stumbled on it,
For neither late nor early is that hour

When that which has been sought comes to one's grasp.
Wherever be thy heart, thy treasure is—
Eternal Truth by Christ our Lord bespoken,
By Sakya Muni our Savior was it proclaimed :
Wherever thy heart be, thy treasure is.

LEGEND—THE MESSIAH. 314

Lo, it was night upon earth,
When a great being rode Burak thereto.
A holy man saw him and trembled,
Casting himself in awe upon the ground.
The angel of the Lord departed, leavings a scroll,
Written in the Heavens by a mighty blazing star,
And as it wrote, the sage beheld these words:
Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord,
Let all the world keep silence at His coming.

MIRACLE—THE MESSIAH. 315

He comes, He comes, the Saviour comes,
Bows everyone before Him,
The Lord of Light in resplendent light,
And Heaven and earth adore Him.
He comes, He comes, the Master comes,
Spirituality conquers lust,
While everywhere, all join in prayer
And bury themselves in the dust.
The dawn is here, the day draws near,
His brightness illumines the world,
Lord of men and jinn will uproot sin,
The banner of Truth is unfurled, unfurled,
The banner of Truth is unfurled.

FIRE BLOSSOM. 468

Even in deepest darkness some impulse beckons onward,

To climb and seek unswervingly for liberation;
Though the mind avail not and the senses be useless,
That undying fire burning in every heart,
Instills within an urge to rise and seek.
An endless stream of groping humanity moves on
Through incarnation after incarnation towards its goal.
A single spark of that blessed flame brings wonderment,
Transforming night to brightness, dark to day:
The self, Purusha, comes forth from Its hiding place,
And illusion is dissolved in Cosmic Light.
He that baptizes with Fire and with the Holy Spirit is Savior of the world.

THE LAST ANGEL. 65

Here is the synthesized symposium of every Scripture,
Where speech is dumb, and Reality stands unveiled,
In the last hour all This shall fall away,
The music of the ages combining in a trumpet call,
Through Sound were Heaven and earth created,
Through Sound will Heaven and earth be purified.
Agni Yoga turns dross to gold and pebbles to flashing jewels;
The burning brightness of Devaloka effaces Passion's flames,
The screening of veils Maya are dispersed;
In the Day of Alast righteousness shall triumph,
In that great and terrible hour of Final Trial.
Lo! the Son of Man cometh in clouds and glory,
Garbed in majesty to judge the quick and the dead—
In an instant shall Creation be transformed,
And the four-square city open its pearly gates.

DREAM OF THE ORIENT. 139

He sleeps; his eyes do not perceive
That in his slumbers Beauty's face is masked.
The trees of knowledge grow high, but the foliage is thin,
No fruits can ripen when the soul is barren.
(I heard a man proclaim his blatant cry:
"Banish the gods from the sky, drive then from the sky!"
But he who can look upward as he treads,

will unveil the sky from the gods and meet the gods.)
O foolish man who sleeps and cannot see
That blinding ignorance beclouds out vision!
For every tree and cloud is Beauty's sanctuary,
And there is not a form in all the world
That does not bend its knee before the Graces;
But he whom ignorance still binds—he is the sleeper.

LAST PATH. 214

His way is ended.
The rising moon reveals the final station,
Where he may rest and meditate in peace,
No longer tread the difficult mountain morasses,
Entangled deeply in Samsara's net.
The goal draws near,
The master of his lower nature
Falls into that peaceful silence of Samadhi,
To waken in the Pure Land of the Blessed.

NICHOLAS ROERICH, THE MAN WHO KILLED TIME.

I once.....but was it I?
It was in the land of Beauty,
The realm of enchanting lights, of colour symphonies,
The plane of dreams-made-facts,
Where forms grew from the substance of the sphere,
Which Life Itself had molded.
Intoxicated I, and then awoke in a body of clay.
I thank my God for giving me this body
Whereby to paint those haunting memories,
Realities that spirit-blinded persons cannot see.
And so I came to bring you all the Message
Of Beauty, Love and Action—Truth Divine.

NICHOLAS ROERICH, HERO ASPIRANT.

He seeks where lesser souls have never trod,
He climbs the long abyssal steeps toward God,
He holds the Chalice close into his breast,
He toils his patient way, and knows no rest.
His master eye sweeps untold miles of land,
He holds high Himalayas in his hand;
Colossal genii whisper in the storm,
And on his palette hide in subtle form.
He speaks, yet not a word flows from his tongue,
While endless sermons, symphonies unsung,
Breathe out from every motif that he etches,
And Heaven embraces Earth in all his sketches.

NICHOLAS ROERICH, THE PIONEER PROPHET.

Om! Om! om mani padme hum!
Fish of the ethereal ocean,
Fish in the Universe of vibration.
Denison of the akasha of sound,
Alchemist of realms unfathomed,
Molder of the destinies of the race.
Prophet in chromotones,
Depicter of Eternal Truth,
Of words unspoken, yet portrayed in every aspect:
Hail, Master! Hail, hero pioneer!
Champion of all the Muses!
Om! Om! Om Mani Padme Hum!